

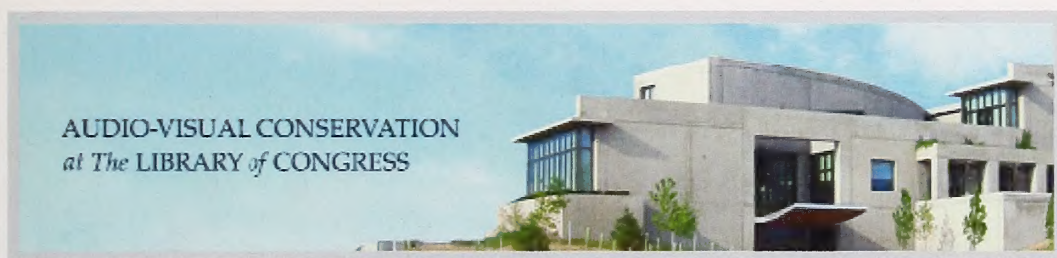


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THE New Movie

JULY, 1933

MAGAZINE

10¢

15¢ in Canada

Carole Lombard

A TOWER
MAGAZINE

**How Much Real Money
Do the Stars Have Left?**

... The TRUTH
by a MAN who KNOWS

Hollywood After Dark
by **DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.**

PN 1993
.N 4

LEAVES NO POWDER

ORIGINAL
**Comb
Dip
Bottle**

Dr. ELLIS'
"QUICK-DRY"
**WAVE
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10¢



**Beautiful
WOMEN KNOW
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BEAUTIFUL American women know the "Comb-Dip" bottle. Now for TEN CENTS milady gets the original Dr. Ellis' Special "Quick-Dry" Waveset in the improved package.

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Her Finger-Tips Gleam
Her teeth are dull...her gums soft
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

For not only may "pink tooth brush" lead to gingivitis and Vincent's disease and other serious gum troubles, but it may spoil the brightness of your teeth—and even spell *danger* for your teeth.

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Today's foods are too soft and creamy to give proper stimulation to your gums. But the massage with Ipana corrects this.

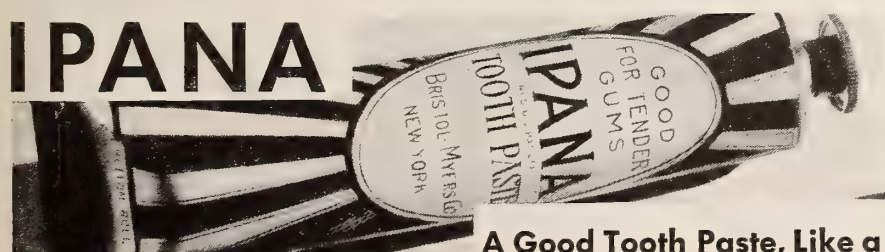
Get a full-size tube of Ipana today. Follow the Ipana method, and very soon you'll have brighter, whiter teeth. Within a month your gums will be firmer. "Pink tooth brush" will disappear.

THIS girl keeps her finger-tips resplendently manicured. People comment on it. They do not comment upon her dingy teeth, of course—but they notice them!

Examine your own teeth—and gums.

If your gums are flabby, and bleed easily—if you find "pink" upon your tooth brush—the attractiveness of your smile is in danger.

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THE New Movie MAGAZINE

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

CATHERINE McNELIS, Publisher

HUGH WEIR, Editorial Director

VOL. VIII. No. 1

JULY 1933

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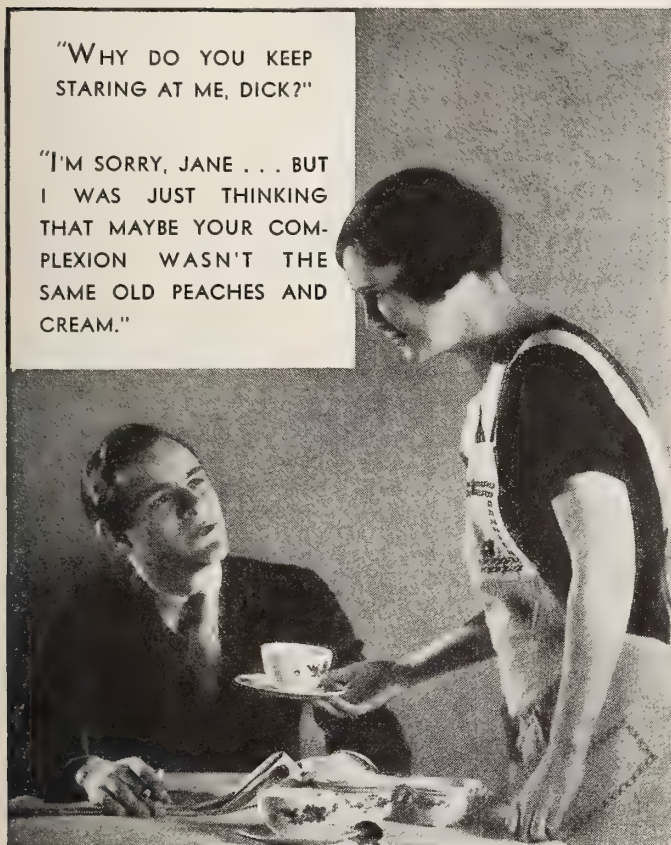
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Strange...WHAT FACTS COME OUT ACROSS THE BREAKFAST TABLE

"WHY DO YOU KEEP
STARING AT ME, DICK?"

"I'M SORRY, JANE . . . BUT
I WAS JUST THINKING
THAT MAYBE YOUR COM-
PLEXION WASN'T THE
SAME OLD PEACHES AND
CREAM."



"OH DEAR, THEN
IT IS NOTICEABLE!
DICK . . . DO YOU
SUPPOSE IT'S THAT
NEW CLEANSING
CREAM THE CLERK
SAID WAS JUST AS
GOOD AS THE ONE
I ASKED FOR!"

"WELL, I'M ONLY A
MAN. I DON'T KNOW
ABOUT CREAMS, BUT
I DO KNOW THAT
WHEN I ASK FOR A
THING IN A STORE
I GET IT."



"DICK'S RIGHT—AWFULLY
RIGHT! AFTER THIS I STICK
TO WHAT I KNOW IS GOOD
AND NO ONE'S GOING TO
TALK ME OUT OF IT, EITHER!"



"SUBSTITUTION" . . . the suggestion that you
take something other than the brand you
ask for . . . often leads to disappointment.
*Know what you're getting when you
make a purchase.* If one brand has
proven satisfactory, why be urged into
buying a substitute which may be "just as
good" . . . or may not be! Reputable
manufacturers maintain high standards for
your protection and satisfaction. *Buy
brands you know about . . . backed
by their manufacturers' good name . . .
and buy safe.*

HOLLYWOOD

DAY *by* DAY

By - - - - - ?

HELLO Hollywood! Hello everybody! Since I wrote to you last month, something has happened to change my whole outlook on life. The Associated Press, high priest among American newspaper services, announced that one hundred and seven Hollywood beauties said that their ideal man would be five feet eleven inches tall, would weigh 178 pounds and have wavy brown hair.

Well, my hair isn't quite wavy brown but the whole darned *tout ensemble* is near enough to make your Hollywood wanderer wonder whether he'll have time for this job next month.

I'm certainly not handsome, girls . . . but if that's what you want, well, I just happen to have it. My telephone number is . . .

(If the editor deletes this, I dare him to let the brackets stand . . . Girls! If you're on the level about your ideal, you'll find me without any telephone number.)

"**V**AS you dere, Sharlie?"

I wonder how *Sharlie* is going to enjoy the Baron's sojourn in Hollywood. If the Baron does as well as other visitors I've met who have come to the Movie City, it'll take about twelve years of radio broadcasting to bring him up to date again.

How the boys do have good times in Hollywood!

But this isn't what I'm being assigned to do. (Author's note: Yes, I get paid for this.)

The *Baron Munchausen*—Jack Pearl to those who remember him that way—is coming out to the coast to make a motion picture.



Photo by Wide World

Gloria's back in Hollywood after the longest absence from the movie capital since beginning her film career. And with her, Husband Michael Farmer. After his excursion into pictures in Gloria's "Perfect Understanding," Michael is regarded as having real ambitions to be an actor.

What a picture it would be if he'd talk about Hollywood the way that he does about other things. Wouldn't you love to hear Hollywood exaggerated? The boys, who are supposed to know, tell me that this isn't possible.

Wonder if you realize how very difficult it is to be dignified? . . .

The final title on the new Ramon Novarro picture is "The Barbarian." It used to be "Man on the Nile." What a title to choose after all that the English have done in Egypt. I suppose that sex-appeal is something that the British can't colonize. I'll have to ask Boris Karloff about that!

For details of the "Hollywood Day by Day" pen-name award, please turn to page 95



Photo by Wide World

Jean's happy, with a new M-G-M contract and many stirring rôles ahead of her. New contracts, too, for Lionel and John Barrymore, Ramon Novarro, Joan Crawford, Johnny Weissmuller, Frank Morgan, Mae Clarke and Stu Erwin. . . . This photograph shows Jean with her mother, Mrs. Marino Bello; and Jean's wearing flannels instead of one of her innumerable pajama suits.

All of the latest and most intimate gossip of the movie colony, written by a famous author who pals with the stars

★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★



Ruth Roland, as full of fire and ginger as ever. She's shown "bulldogging" a steer, but not like one of the wild ones of her old serial days. Ruthie's one of the smartest in Hollywood, healthy, wealthy and wise, and she's kept her fan public for all of these years. If you don't believe it, just come in and read our mail.

MIRIAM HOPKINS has your Hollywood adventurer ga-ga. She was swell before she got her suntan.

Now she's far too swell for just one woman. She hurt her leg not so long ago and has been making the most of the enforced vacation. She's got a honey of a puppy. It's only nine weeks old and answers to the name of Lucky Girl. Is that the right sort of name?

Miriam says that she keeps a

AND along Broadway, they tell me, Sid Silvers, the perfect stooge of "Take a Chance," has been giving Billy Hillpot (Billy Hughes of the Smith Brothers, to you) so many farewell parties that Billy left for Hollywood in self-defense. There's no hope anywhere of keeping away from parties.

Janet Gaynor was afraid of falling (use your imagination) in the skating scene in "Adorable." The only casualty was her maid, who slipped and strewn powder and make-up all over a costly strip of Hollywood ice. And is ice hard to get in Hollywood?

JOAN CRAWFORD gave Franchot Tone a Scottie pup. Franchot (Please turn to page 8)



Photo by Wide World

Reunion in Hollywood. A new picture with a full cast of Bennetts. Joan (at left) plays the part of the quiet, home-loving daughter; Richard (Corona Corona) Bennett takes the part of the happy father; Barbara is the stayout who prefers New York and Hubby Morton Downey; and Mrs. Richard Bennett (at extreme right), the stepmother. Connie's probably "on the set," or she'd be here right in the front row.

I WAS thinking the other day that maybe I'd better save some money. You don't last long out here once you hit the peak. I walked down Poverty Row the other day—you've heard of it; the place where falling stars learn that they're really falling—and I found some that I'd never have thought to find, working there and glad of the opportunity. Remember Rockliffe Fellows and Pauline Garon? She was one of my first screen sweethearts.

AND talking of "old-timers" . . . Remember Betty Blythe? Or didn't you see "The Queen of Sheba"? Well,—or now that Ed Wynn's coming out here should we say, "So—o—o?"—anyway, Betty Blythe will be seen as a "bit" player in Fox's "Pilgrimage." Does that do anything to you?

dog so she can talk to it.

"People think you're crazy," she says, "if you talk to yourself, so I keep a dog."

Somebody once called me a gay dog.

HIS pals want to know when Gene Raymond is going to leave Hollywood. For the past few months or so his friends have been giving him farewell parties . . . and still he's among us. The strain is getting to be more than the average man can bear. He's got one picture more to do . . . and after "Zoo in Budapest" that ought to be good news. Then he's going. And I, for one, will be glad to see him off. I'll also be glad to see him back—but honestly, Gene, I do need a rest.

Why is it that some of us can't stay away from a party?



Photo by Wide World

Thelma Todd shopping on the Boulevard



Photo by Wide World

Meet the "Little Giant," Edward G. Robinson, Jr. This is his first public appearance. This new movie feature is presented by the producers, Edward G., Sr., and Mrs. Edward G., Sr., who was Gladys Lloyd of the speaking stage. Previewed in New York, where he was born.

Photo by Wide World

You don't see Gary Cooper escorting Wera Engels, German importation, with quite as much frequency these days. You'll see him more often with Lilian Harvey, also from Berlin, though of English parents, who calls him "that great, big, beautiful man." . . . Wera, unworried, says her collection of dolls still constitutes her only love interest.

(Continued from page 7)
chot named him "Yoo-Hoo" because Joan told him that she got an awful thrill when Franchot came to the "Yoo-hoo" part in the song "Sing It Again." Fancy getting a Scottie puppy into the bargain?

They still don't know we're having a depression, over on the other side. When Uncle Carl Laemmle (I call him that because they don't print my name) heard Jan Kipura's voice in "Be Mine Tonight," he cabled him a swell offer to come to Hollywood and be a Universal star. Mr. Kipura answered that he'd be tickled to death to come for \$150,000



a picture. Some joke, eh, boss?

And someone told me that they saw Constance Bennett in a bargain department store, noted for its low prices, buying a dozen nighties for her baby. With Connie economizing, maybe I'd better see my landlord!

Celie Parker, a beauteous girl—even if you don't get the name—ran into the bathroom door and got a swell "shiner." She put

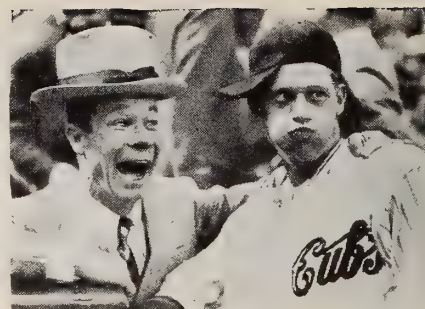


Photo by Wide World

Ten quick guesses why we are publishing this picture of Joe E. Brown and Lou Warnecke, of the Chicago Cubs, made during the filming of "Elmer the Great." Interviewed as to what he thought about the depression, Mr. Brown made an emphatic and vehement denial.

beefsteak on it and went to bed. Her kitten woke her up around five o'clock eating the poultice. Don't ask me how I know; it's hearsay.

AND I was told to tell you all that I could find out about Joan Crawford. I wish the editor were out here.

No one was more surprised than Doug Fairbanks when the fireworks went off—though he knew they were coming. Right now, Joan is dividing her time between Franchot Tone, Ricardo Cortez, Doug, Jr., and Alexander Kirkland, none of which names are mine, worse luck. I shouldn't be surprised to see something rather startling happen here in the near future. Maybe it's all a mistake!

Doug Jr. wanders around looking as if he didn't quite know what to do with himself. (I wouldn't either, under the same conditions.) And one of the girls I saw him with looks so much like Joan Crawford that it takes an expert to tell 'em apart. Katharine Hepburn has been out with him once or twice too, or so they tell me.

And by the way, Franchot Tone was a house guest of the Fairbanks, Jr.'s. at the time of the split. Franchot moved out with Doug.

THE regulars are still laughing at Johnny Weissmuller's crack about salary cuts, though really, I don't think Johnny is wholly to blame. When asked to take a fifty per cent. salary slash he replied, "I can't live on less than a thousand dollars a week." That's what Hollywood can do to you . . . and it isn't the climate.

AND, talking about salaries: There are two persons in the movie town who didn't take ad-
(Please turn to page 10)

★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★

LEO: "Sheer genius, Marion! You aren't *acting* Peg... you *are* Peg! Of all your roles, this is the one your public will love you for. I knew you would justify the most beautiful production I could give you. I'm proud and happy!"



PEG O' MY HEART, that beautiful stage play by J. Hartley Manners, with its laughs, its tears, its heart throbs, is more exquisite still in its screen version. Supported by Onslow Stevens, J. Farrell McDonald and Juliette Compton, Marion Davies is the most utterly winning Peg the heart could desire. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard from an adaptation by Francis Marion . . . A first rank Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer-Cosmopolitan picture.

★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★

(Continued from page 8)

vantage of the spot that they were in. Both of them had been making big money and they didn't like cutting the boys and girls who helped them make it. One was Jack Cohn of Columbia. Though his company did take a slight cut. The other was Charlie Rogers, who gave you "Seventy Thousand Witnesses" and "Madison Square Garden." He gave his crowd a lay-off at half pay and made the next picture on the regular schedule. In case you don't appreciate it, there are plenty of boys and girls giving him a great big hand. He didn't have to do it. He could have just called a lay-off.

RUTH CHATTERTON, while we're still on the same subject, refused to accept her fifty per cent. cut. "I'd rather take a vacation," she said, "or I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll make a picture I'd like to make, for nothing."

Ruth got her vacation and the studio is announcing three pictures instead of the original two. So perhaps you'll see Ruth in a show that she has chosen for herself. If I hear about it, I'll tip you off.

This one is for mothers only!

I don't really believe it myself, but here's how it was told to me:

Ann Dvorak surprised her mother by arriving in Hollywood after a ten-month honeymoon without even saying she was returning. When she telephoned her mother from the pier the first question her mother is supposed to have asked is "Ann, have you got a baby?"

"Sure," Ann answered, "but we

The latest picture of Charles Farrell and his wife, Virginia Valli, in the Gold Room of the smart Beverly Wilshire Hotel. Charlie's gone back to his little rattletrap roadster, frankly admits he's had a professional setback, but is just as happy and contented as ever. Charlie can take it and grin.

Photo by Wide World



Photo by Wide World

Joseph M. Schenck, who was Norma Talmadge's husband—and, incidentally, head of United Artists and one of the really great powers in moviedom—and Carole Lombard at the races in Agua Caliente. . . . Husband William Powell stood behind the cameraman and gave directions.

had to leave it behind in France because it's an idiot."

Then her hubby got on the wire and added his little say-so:

"Not only that, mother, but it had a long gray beard."

I believe that I can reliably state that there are still only two in the Dvorak-Fenton family. And if they ever have an addition, I hope they treat it with more respect.

AND this happens in reel life as well as real life. You've heard the so-called slogan of the theater, "The show must go on." Possibly you've come up against a couple of instances when it has. But for sheer drama and tragedy, I give you this.

Working on "Pilgrimage," John Ford heard of a close, very close, friend of his who had died in the East. The next day's work called for scenes strangely reminiscent . . . I can't tell you all that I'd like to tell you . . . but the job went on. And it couldn't have been easy.

It's hard sometimes, but it's up to the rest of us to remember that

Hollywood, like all of the world, is only human. I hope that Mr. Ford will understand.

AL JOLSON and Ruby Keeler were in their apartment when the earthquake hit California. The apartment is on the fourteenth floor of the Town House and when the elevators stopped running there was nothing they could do. "Never mind, honey," said Al. "At least we are together."

"That's swell," said Ruby. "Why don't you do something?"

My informant omitted to say what happened next . . . but the Jolsons seem to be about like the rest of us.

And I expect this to be censored.

Colleen Moore is boasting about four tiny puppies. They're



Photo by Wide World

Jimmy Dunn and Jane Spencer Howard, Beverly Hills society girl. Hollywood's been trying to prove it's a romance . . . but you know Jimmy. Although, at that, he hasn't been seen so much with Boots Mallory. Jimmy's working now in "Hold Me Tight."

awfully cunning, but of very uncertain vintage. You know the kind I mean.

"What are they?" I inquired. "Well," Colleen explained, "their mother was half fox-terrier and half Pekinese. We don't know who the father is but we suspect the (deleted by the censor)."

You should see their Great Dane.

MAYBE I shouldn't criticize the "Czar." The Hays office, headquarters of Moviedom, allowed Howard Hughes to make "Scar-

★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★

face," but when Educational asked permission to make a burlesque of the film it was refused.

The idea was to have a bunch of children make a parody. Two rackets, the nursery-bottle and safety-pin, were to fight it out to the finish. Three-year-old "gangsters" were to be taken for rides in kiddie cars. But the Hays office couldn't see it that way, and the deal was off.

Here is another one on Colleen Moore.

Being Irish, she would turn her Wall Street losses into a laugh. She has all her stock certificates made into a three-panel screen that you can see on the front porch any time you pass.

What a swell pal Leslie Howard is!

When one of the volunteer waitresses at the Assistance League asked him for his autograph, he wrote.

"To one who waits, and waits, and waits, charitably. . ."

It isn't much of an effort to be nice, but not many of us do it.

If you're ever in Sardi's—ask the boss how Eddie Cantor and Georgie Jessel play casino. Then duck quickly!

AFTER the separation Doug Fairbanks, Jr., moved his wherewithalls over to the Beverly Wilshire, but that didn't stop Joan from making the grill room there an almost nightly dancing place. Fanchot Tone was among her escorts.

So what?

(Below) The Wampus Baby Stars of 1932 being initiated as members of the famous Breakfast Club of Los Angeles. They are, left to right: Dorothy Layton, Toshia Mori, Lona Andre, Patricia Ellis, Eleanor Holm, Marion Shockley, Lillian Bond, Gloria Stuart and Marion Shilling.

Photo by Wide World



Photo by Wide World

Sally Eilers and her young brother, "Buddy," out for a stroll. She's going to make an actor out of him if he shows ability. You'll be seeing him sometime soon.

SPEAKING of Ginger Rogers . . .

She was pretty swell in "42nd Street" and so RKO signed her for a rôle in "Careless," now called "Purity Girl."

Ginger came through like a million and bagged a long-term contract for real money.

Nice to see a real girl get ahead.

MARLENE DIETRICH is worried.

She saw her latest picture, "The Song of Songs," and refused to sit through the whole show.

"I look like an old woman," she wailed.

Next day she is supposed to have attempted to buy the whole show from Paramount.

You don't have to believe this, for I think Marlene is smart enough to know that "The Song of Songs" is as good a show as she has ever made.

CHARLIE FARRELL and Bing Crosby.

No, they're not teaming, but Charlie Farrell's singing instructor claims that Charlie has a voice that is capable of being as good as anything on air or screen. He sang a couple of songs in several Gaynor-Farrell pictures and, while there was plenty of room for improvement, he was still lots better than many a movie star who thought he had a voice.

We'll be hearing him soon. Let's see what he can do now.

(Please turn to page 12)



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

Do you remember Eddie Phillips? Don't you remember him as Mary's dashing leading man when "America's Sweetheart" was at her screen peak? Then, look and listen for him as the villain in Tom Keene's adventure film, "Cross Fire."



★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★

(Continued from page 11)

What a woman!

They were making a scene from "It's Great to be Alive" at the Fox lot.

"Put some feeling into it, please," said Al Wuerker, the director. "Imagine the first man you've seen in eight years has just gotten away from you."

"After eight years it wouldn't matter!" murmured Edna May Oliver.

BEBE DANIELS is going to make two pictures for British International and both Ben Lyon and the baby went off to England with her. Bebe just finished "Cocktail Hour" for Columbia and had a hard time making up her mind what to do next. The Lyons make up a family that enjoys its own company and the whole affair was in the air until Ben managed to arrange things so that he could tag along. The British are making good pictures these days and Bebe once more proves that she is a smart girl.



Martha Sleeper, going up the stairs to her dressing-room, looked over the railing to call to a friend, and—snap!—the cameraman caught her. Here's a girl who's going places, isn't she?

Willum, we didn't believe you'd come to this! How about that ancient pair of pants you always wore that made you look so familiar? And that old sombrero? How are you a-goin' to apologize to your fans and readers for that French pancake you're wearing over your right eye—even if you are playing polo? What'll they be a-sayin' down Oklahoma way? . . . Will's next picture will be "The Last Adam," James Gould Cozzens' novel. He plays a New England country doctor.

Photo by Wide World



Photo by Wide World

A specially posed picture of Helen Hayes and Norma Shearer while they were abroad together. Helen had to return in advance of the rest of the party, to go into M-G-M's "Night Flight." Charles MacArthur, Helen's playwright husband, stayed with Norma and her husband, Irving Thalberg, to work on a new picture. . . . And, take it from the little birdie, don't believe everything you hear about Irving Thalberg's resigning from his M-G-M top shot.

A year from now American film stars are going to be much more plentiful along the Thames.

Here's luck to you, Bebe!

SALLY EILERS accompanied the Lyons on their trip to Elstree and the land of fogs.

HAS Hepburn gone "movie"?

Katie (she used to be Katharine Hepburn) has more fun with her tiny movie camera than anything she has ever found. Lying on top of things, or flat on the floor, she manages to get records of every embarrassing situation that arises on the lot. Her subjects are ignorant of her activities until she holds a "screening" at the end of the picture.

I can think of things, 'way back in the old days, that would have been worth plenty—to have suppressed.

Neil Hamilton is showing a funny fan letter to anyone who has the time.

"I particularly liked your work in 'The Sin of Claudette Colbert,'" says the admirer.

Well, now!

How about it, Mr. Foster?

A CERTAIN titled English gentleman threw a party in Hollywood that he thought was a wow. The press disagreed and reported it as a dismal failure.

He invited his guests to an affair in honor of "Joan." The press came to see Joan Crawford and when she didn't arrive, wrote the story that way.

And were their faces red?



★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★



This is a photograph taken on the M-G-M "lot" by Mr. Leslie Howard, the candid cameraman. It shows Robert Benchley, the humorist, and William Gargan. Leslie Howard is one of the keenest amateur snapshotters in Hollywood.



Photo by Wide World

Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant, the inseparables, watching the polo matches when Will Rogers' Riviera Colts decisively defeated the Hollywood Polo Club team.



Photo by Wide World

Cy Bartlett, Alice White's manager, and Boots Mallory at the Club New Yorker, just before Boots was taken to the hospital for an operation. She recently sought legal advice about a divorce.

Gene Markey (right), playwright and short story writer, and his wife, Joan Bennett, at the races at Agua Caliente. They are one of Hollywood's "ideal" couples.

Photo by Wide World

The guest of honor was Joan Blondell, who was there with her hubby, George Barnes.

DOROTHEA WIECK (pronounced "Veek," in case you're interested), star of "Maedchen in Uniform," arrived on the Paramount lot the other day and created quite a sensation.

Miss Wieck, who doesn't speak English very well, went into the company dining room, to be greeted with enthusiasm by Marlene Dietrich, the only other German player on the Paramount lot.

After some little trouble, a luncheon was ordered and the talk settled down to more or less trivial things. Miss Wieck liked what she had seen of America. Yes, she thought she would stay for a time . . . and she was sure that her new Paramount picture would be a success.

Then came the bombshell. . . . Marlene was wearing her usual tailored blouse, light gray and knitted, a woolen scarf, navy blue coat and white trousers.

Somebody asked, "How do you like Miss Dietrich's trousers?"

Miss Wieck pondered a moment. "If she wears them, she must have a reason, don't you think?" There was nothing left to say.

HERE'S a good one!

Anita Stewart was booked to go to the hospital for appendicitis. The night before she decided that she might as well look her best. Actions speaking louder than words, she applied a generous coating of beauty clay and went back to bed to take a nap.

George Converse, her husband, came in a few minutes later and found his wife asleep, her face a



"Pop" Arnold went to the polar regions to act in "Eskimo." While he was away the baby was born, and he didn't see his son until the child was five months old. Here you see Director W. S. Van Dyke, Mrs. Arnold and "Pop," proud father, viewing his offspring for the first time.

ghastly grey color. Remembering her appointment for the following day, he grabbed the phone and called the hospital.

Imagine his embarrassment when Anita awoke and explained that she wasn't dead, hadn't gangrene, and that, after removing the clay from her face she would be just as good as ever.

EVEN in the movies the Irish still seem unruly . . . and is Miss Maureen O'Sullivan's face red?

Somebody introduced her to Elizabeth Allen, the newcomer from England.

"How do you like Hollywood?" asked Maureen.

"It's lovely," answered Elizabeth, "but I moved into another house yesterday and the people next door played the radio all night. I couldn't get a wink of sleep."

You've guessed it. Maureen lives next door.

(Please turn to page 14)



AT the Brown Derby! Ever think of the stars of yesterday and what they do?

Well, here's what a few of them were doing at noon the other day.

Blanche Sweet and Alice Joyce were having a good time at a corner table. Maybe Alice was telling how Clarence Brown, the director, proposed to her—or is that another story?



Jean Parker is an animal adorer. She makes it a serious business to cuddle-up and ooh-oo over every pet that appears at the M-G-M studio. The other day a proud Boston bull mother showed up with a large brood of new pups, all Boston Bull, too. This was Jean's big moment, and statistical executives went almost mad while her puppy-cooing and puppy-hugging kept the cameras still and the overhead active.

Dolores Costello, who is hardly an old-timer, lunched with Mrs. Joe Cawthorne, and in another booth was a girl who seems to get prettier every day. And honestly, that isn't a gag. I mean Claire Windsor.

By the way (I seem to be using that phrase an awful lot), has anyone heard anything of Mary Philbin, recently? Remember her?

Last time I saw her she was pretty sure of herself . . . and why shouldn't she be. . . .

"Why should I work," she said. "I've saved my money and it doesn't matter if I never work again."

So what?

I HAD to check up on this one before I'd believe it myself. Regis Toomey came out to the coast as the result of a test that showed him to



Shooting scenes for "Melody Cruise," one of the finest of a series of musical pictures to come out of the RKO studios. Forty girls were selected for this picture out of more than one thousand who answered the studio call.

have a swell singing voice. "Alibi" was being cast and Regis jumped at the opportunity of playing the police undercover man. He clicked in the rôle and hasn't had an opportunity to sing since. That's Hollywood!

Here's another sufferer from Hollywood typngosis (with apologies to Dr. Seuss). Thomas Jackson landed the rôle of the detective in "Broadway" and hasn't been off the police force since. My error . . . they gave him one little change when he played the sea captain in "Terror Aboard."

JUNE CLYDE married Thornton Freeland about two years ago without any of the usual fuss or feathers. It gives me great pleasure to report that June is doing a grand job of housekeeping and that Mr. Freeland thinks she's nicer than she was two years ago. I've always been interested in June since I saw her in a bathing suit in "Tanned Legs." How's that for a memory, Mrs. Freeland?

Hollywood just isn't financially minded.

May Robson went over to Marie Dressler's the other night and the two old-timers played rummy for five cents a hand.

I asked May how she made out. "I won five cents and Marie won ten," she replied.

Page Sir Arthur Conan Doyle!



Ann Harding on her way to the set for "When Ladies Meet," in which she was co-starred with Robert Montgomery. It was during the filming of this picture that Ann revived the old fashion of wearing flowers in the hair. . . . Her next picture will be "Ann Vickers," from Sinclair Lewis' new sensational novel.

★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★

★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★

I'M always a bit sorry for child actors. Somehow, I can't see where the money they make for their future use can ever make up for the hours of childhood that they lose.

Little "Buster" Phelps, for example, had to be taken out of school because the rest of the kids recognized him and made a hero out of the youngster. After about a week there was no holding him. So out of school he came till he gets old enough to make up his mind as to the real value of things.

THE Russell Gleason-Marguerite Churchill friendship may turn out to be something hotter than that. Marguerite left the New York cast of "Dinner at Eight" to go to London to make a picture or so. The Gleasons are in London for the same purpose and Mother Gleason wrote to a pal of ours, recently, saying how glad that Marguerite was able to stay with them. "It's so grand for Russell," she wrote.

Now, if Marguerite feels the same way about it . . . it'll take care of two more for the time being.

FOX seems to think that Lilian Harvey's "My Lips Betray" is starting so big that it will need foreign versions. Lilian speaks English, French and German and insists that if they need a Spanish version she'll learn the language and be ready for them when they're ready to shoot.

And thinking it over, I'm not so sure she can't. She's like that.

John Blystone, her director, raves

about her without qualification:

"She's going to be the biggest thing in pictures. Around six at night, when other players were saying 'to the devil with the picture,' Lilian would say, 'To the devil with everything *but* the picture! Let's work!' She can't help but click."

She reported to Mr. Blystone every morning; and your particular eavesdropper heard the following lovely piece of dialogue:

"I was out with the two harmless ones last night but I had a call from the tall, pretty one."

That means she was out with Joe



Photo by Wide World

Leslie Fenton and his attractive wife, Ann Dvorak, back at work in Hollywood after their delayed honeymoon. Producers had picked Miss Dvorak as possessing virtually sure-fire starring qualities, when she and Leslie suddenly said, "Good-bye," and went off for a jaunt abroad. Now there's speculation as to whether the fans have forgotten her.

Strassner and Paul Martin and had a phone call from Gary Cooper.

THE Gaynor-Peck divorce put one of their mutual friends into a tough spot. Scarcely a night passes that one or the other of them does not drop in.

Getting tired of answering phone calls to find out whether the coast was clear, the friend had two signs made. When Janet is visiting she hangs a large "G" in the window and when Lydell drops around she hangs up a big "P."

Must sort of mix up the ice man.

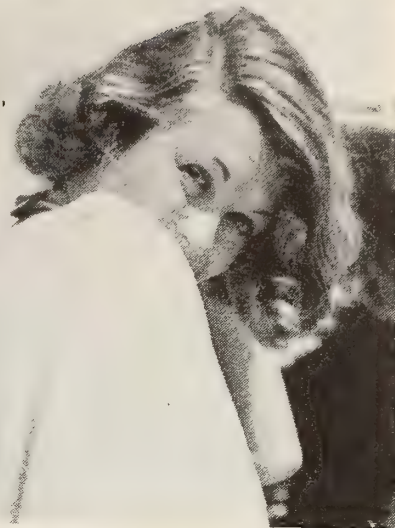


Photo by Wide World

Connie Bennett, after a dip in the pool at the El Mirador Hotel in Palm Springs. With the battle for fashion supremacy going merrily on in Hollywood, Connie, at Palm Springs, threatened to set a new style by appearing in a bathing suit with her toe-tips brilliantly cardinal. Some of the other visiting stars quickly copied. It is still too early to tell if the fad will catch on.



Three members of the second generation follow in the footsteps of their distinguished parents. Left to right, they are Rhoda Cross, daughter of Leach Cross, lightweight boxer of another generation; Frances Rich, daughter of the talented Irene Rich; and Marion Hall, daughter of Maude Eburne, the stage and screen character actress. They all appear in the same picture, "Bondage."

INDULGED myself by getting good and mad the other day. Not so very long ago, Paramount was telling the world that Nancy Carroll was one of its greatest stars. Nancy did her best, but the shows she made didn't go so well and Paramount didn't take up her contract.

The other day she went around to the Paramount lot to have lunch with the old gang and the gateman kept her waiting outside while he phoned in to see if it was okay to let her in.

Wonder how long he'd have kept her waiting in the days of "Laughter" and "Shopworn Angel!"

(Please turn to page 106)



Photo by Wide World

Viola Dana, as she is today, a photograph especially posed for The New Movie Magazine. All of you fans will be interested to know that Viola, once one of the topnotch film stars, has returned to the screen and is playing in some forthcoming productions.



HER IDEAL

By Lilian Harvey

Lilian Harvey, in Hollywood, with one of her most faithful escorts, Gary Cooper. Below: Willy Fritsch, the German film actor, who represents Miss Harvey's ideal. Gossip says they're married.

MY ideal is tall—six feet tall—and handsome, too. He is blond with dark blue eyes. I always like blond men.

He is always good natured. Never, in all the years I have known him, working with him day after day, month after month, have I seen him lose his temper. He has the most marvelous disposition of any person I've ever known.

He is always amusing, always telling funny stories, always playing little jokes on his friends, always merry and makes everyone around him feel gay.

He always thinks of others before himself. He is always attentive. He is generous. He makes beautiful love.

Above all things, he has CHARM. If a man hasn't charm, it doesn't matter what else he has. That is the most important thing.

My ideal man is Willy Fritsch. He fulfills all my expectations except that he doesn't like to ride and I like to ride. So we ride.

But I haven't had time to meet many Hollywood men yet.

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Wide World



HIS IDEAL



IRENE DUNNE AND JOEL McCREA IN THE "THE SILVER CORD."

By
**JOEL
McCREA**

MY ideal is the girl Irene Dunne was in "Back Street"—beauty, charm, an understanding heart, sympathy, poise—everything you admire in a woman. And she had a maternal feeling for her man.

I don't like the ga-ga type of woman . . . a woman who looks up at you and asks: "What shall I wear tonight? Do you like me better in pink or blue?" I like a woman

who does her own thinking all the time.

I prefer brunettes, but I like lots of blondes. Physically, my ideal girl is built like Joan Crawford. My ideal girl has a disposition like Frances Marion's. Frances has charm and intelligence; she is broad-minded about everything, the very antithesis of anything petty. I've not met my ideal yet, but I certainly have hopes.

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Settled in mind and spirit, taking the permanent rôle of adoring mother, Helen Twelvetrees is working on the second picture under her Paramount contract. It is to be known as "Disgraced." You've just seen her in Maurice Chevalier's "A Bedtime Story." Off screen she's Mrs. Frank L. Woody.

Irving Lippman

The New Movie's GALLERY of STARS

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1933



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Clarence Sinclair Bull

WELCOMED

Nils Asther has made an almost sensational come-back. His first real performance after his return to America—in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen"—won immediate public approval. Now he is to be seen in "Strange Rhapsody." He is under contract to M-G-M.



After jumping over to RKO for one picture, "Emergency Call," with William Boyd, William Gargan and Betty Furness, Wynne Gibson went back again to her old studio, Paramount, for "Her Body-guard." She still remains one of Hollywood's favored daughters.

WINNING



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Otto Dyar

PRODIGAL

Buddy Rogers is back in pictures again, after radio, musical comedy and dinner-dance palaces. His début is in "Five Cents a Glass," which may be the making of a new team, Marian Nixon and Buddy. Most of his pictures will be musicals—at least for the present.



Jean Harlow is her old gay self again and Hollywood is happy. How do you like her new jacket? It's made of silk piqué and any suggestion of mannishness is taken away by the pleated puff sleeves. The dress is red-and-white pin check. Jean is playing in "Dinner at Eight."

GAY



CHARLES FARRELL



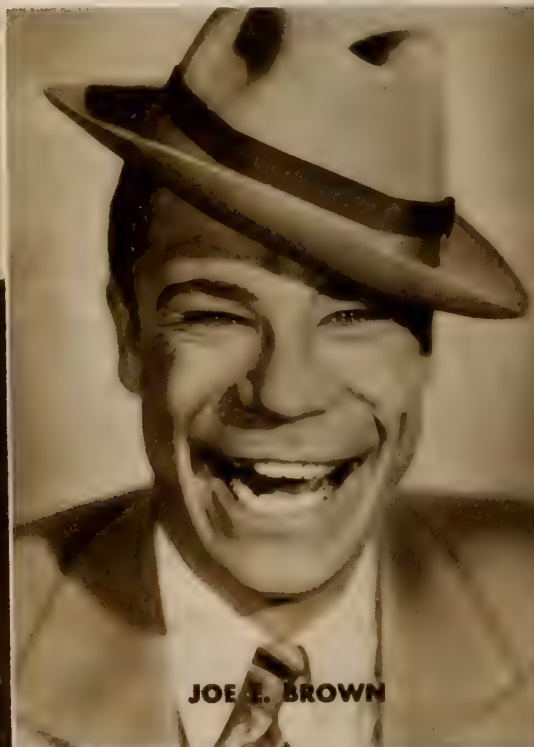
JANET GAYNOR



WILL ROGERS



MARIE DRESSLER



JOE E. BROWN

BEGINNING . . .

The Confessions of a MOVIE MAGNATE

All the Real Stars are NUTTY!

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This article was written by a motion picture executive who has had many years of experience in all branches of the movie business. Many attempts have been made to induce him to write some of the real inside stories of his observations, but not until we promised him immunity in the form of completely anonymous authorship would he consent to give us his perfectly frank views on certain phases of the movie industry. They are refreshingly cynical. They may destroy some ideals, but they are the truth.*

I HAVE been in the moving picture business too many years to know very much about it. I used to know it all. During my first few years of movie experience I knew exactly what the public wanted. I knew what kind of stories the fans liked, what stars they wanted in their pictures. I knew what would make a hit and what would flop.

Then, as the years rolled by, I discovered that the things I knew to be true were not true at all. I found that the pictures which I personally liked died the death of a dog. And the pictures I thought were terrible turned out to be tremendous smashes at the box-office.

Now, after many years of guessing, I am faced with the fact that I can guess wrong more consistently than I can guess right.

Either the movie fans are crazy or I am.

They don't back up my opinions at all. Just when I decide they are all fed up with horror pictures, along comes a horror picture that knocks 'em cold. They fight to get into the theaters showing the very things I thought they were sick of.

It's a cock-eyed business, my masters.

It isn't a business at all. It's a guess—a never-ending guess. A gamble. A shot in the dark.

When I make a moving picture today I shoot an arrow into the air, it falls to earth I know not where. I'm quoting from someone, I know not whom. (Or is it "who"?)



NORMA SHEARER



GRETA GARBO



WALLY BEERY

I AM a movie magnate, according to the press agents. Some spell it "magnut." I have had lots of publicity. I have been written up as a genius. This word is tossed around pretty carelessly in the studios. I am not a genius, between you and me. When the boom was on, I thought I was. But today I know I am just a guesser—and I have a vital part in deciding what your movie fare shall be.

It is a hit or miss part. Today I guess you want romantic drama, with incidental music, before you can be coaxed into dropping your money on the box-office shelf. Tomorrow I will guess that you want mystery stories.

And the next day I'll guess that you want something else.

AFTER long years in the business, trying to outguess you, I find that certain things stand out in my mind.

First, you don't know what you want. Neither do I. If I try to find out from you I don't get to first base.

So what do I try to do? Well, first I try to hit on some novel idea that has never been done in the studios. It simply can't be done. Every theme on earth, every idea in human experience has been used one way or another in movies.

Wild animal stuff? You've had it for years. The old eternal triangle, where one husband tries to keep two strings to his bow without too much discord? You're sick of it. Epics? You've been epic-ed to death. Comedy? Every gag that has made you laugh in the past has been used against you ever since, and sometimes you like it again and then

sometimes you just don't like it.

EVERY time I go out to play contract or spend a social evening, I am asked a lot of queer questions about the movie business.

The hostess generally has a nephew who is terribly clever. He can ride horseback and swim, so he ought to be just exactly what the movies need to make them more successful. As a favor to me, she is nearly always willing to let me make a test picture of him at my expense to see how he screens and how his voice registers.

What does this mean to me? Well, it means that the nephew has been a failure at everything else, so he ought to be a hit in the movies. The bank threw him out after he flopped there, the brokerage house found he couldn't sell bonds, and the local newspaper discovered he couldn't even write society items

(Please turn to page 73)



JOAN CRAWFORD



CLARK GABLE

**A famous producer speaks out at last -- in
one of the most revealing series of articles
ever published in a motion picture magazine**



MARIE DRESSLER as the Actress

LIONEL BARRYMORE as the Host



JEAN HERSHOLT as the Producer

JOHN BARRYMORE
as the Film Star

LEE TRACY
as the Press Agent



LOUISE CLOSSER HALE,
the Hostess' Sister

A Feast of STARS

IF you thought "Grand Hotel" boasted the greatest galaxy of stars ever assembled, you were mistaken. Because we now have "Dinner at Eight," with a cast that stuns one with its magnitude.

As a stage play, written by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman, it has been the outstanding hit of the year in New York. As a picture, the scenario by Frances Marion, the direction by George Cukor, it will probably contain the greatest all-star cast of all time.

It is the simple, but highly dramatic story of a group of people invited to the home of the Oliver Jordans for dinner at eight, and the



WALLACE BEERY as the Westerner



MADGE EVANS as the Daughter



JEAN HARLOW as the Westerner's Wife

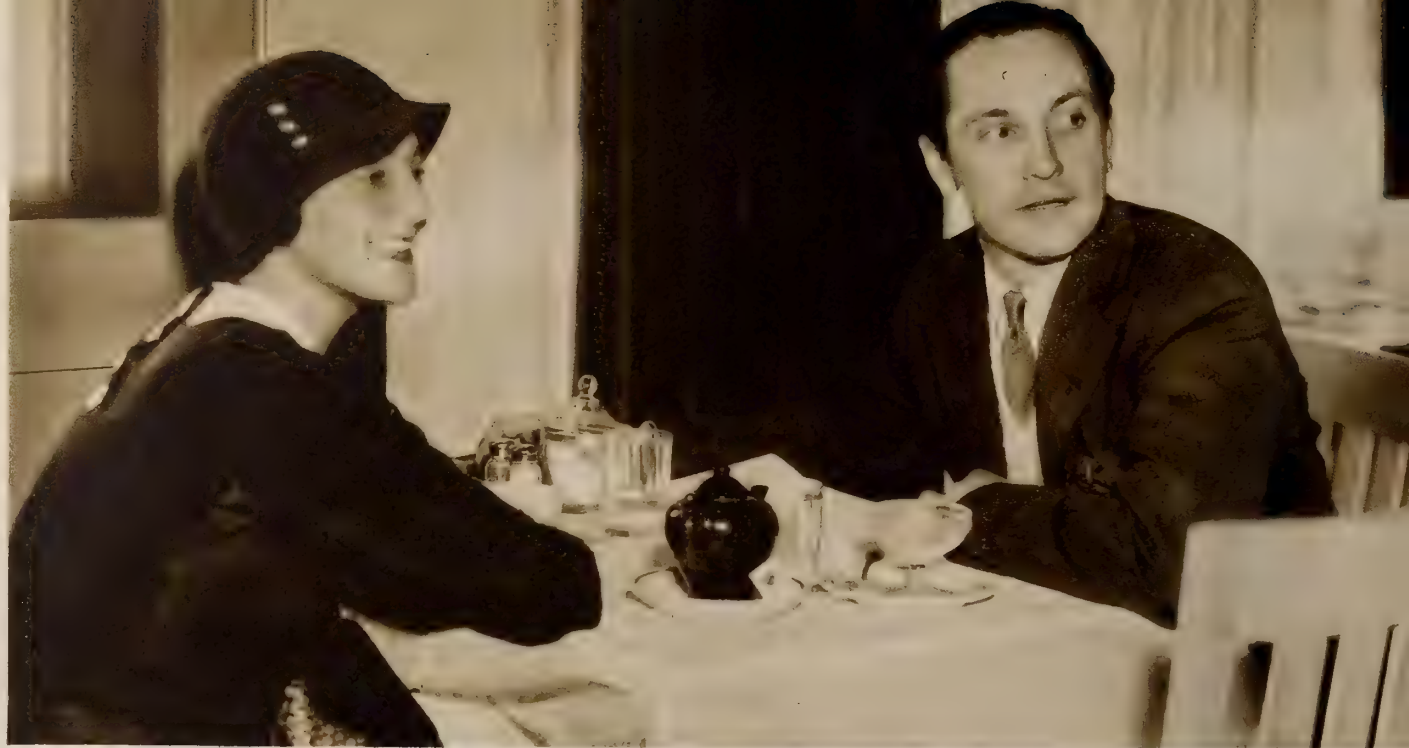


BILLIE BURKE
as the Hostess

tragedies in their lives. Billie Burke plays the hostess, Lionel Barrymore, the host; Madge Evans, their daughter, and Louise Closser Hale, the sister of the hostess. Among the guests are Marie Dressler, as the actress; Wallace Beery, as the Westerner; Jean Harlow, his wife, a former hat-check girl; John Barrymore, the falling film star; Lee Tracy, as the press agent; Jean Hersholt as the theatrical producer; Edmund Lowe, as the doctor; Karen Morley, as his wren-like wife, and almost a score of other well-known players in lesser parts.

Nothing like it has ever been attempted before.

It probably represents the greatest assemblage of stars ever to be grouped in one production—the last word in casting.



ELSIE JANIS sounds the new Hollywood cry—

Forward! MARCH!

WHEN you see Fredric March as *Marcus Superbus* in "The Sign of the Cross," you see more of him than usual, and very nice, too!

Freddy, in that chic black velvet costume with his slick black hair curled *a la* Norma Shearer looks like the sign of a cross between *Romeo* and a Follies girl. I know he has a lot of the former; any dash of the latter is purely photographic.

As you watch him, strong jaw set and eyes flashing, cracking his prefectorial whip over the shoulders of wrangling Romans, take it from me that if Freddy had his way every crack of the whip would be a wise-crack! I'm sure he goes to bed at night with a *bon mot* leaping through his thin and well-chiseled lips.

I have a feeling that he sleeps well, is hard to waken, and that once awake, the theme song, "Let's Have a Repartee!" begins. Whatever he does is evidently pleasing.

He and Florence Eldridge have been married over five years and they don't bother to remind you how happy they are. You're supposed to know that! Out here when any couple that has been married over a year starts talking about how perfect home life is, you can be pretty sure that the ink on the divorce decree is drying rapidly.

THE first time I heard of Fredric March, was right here in Hollywood, playing in that classic of the modern theater, "The Royal Family."

Everyone was raving over his performance and saying, "Why, you'd think it was John Barrymore himself!" Having heard this same phrase used about my own imitation of the younger Barrymore, I was not only interested but a bit green-eyed.

I went, I saw, and he conquered!

It was a superb performance, not entirely due to the fact that Freddy had caught most of the tricks. I especially avoid the word mannerisms, because the Barrymore knows his tricks and can drop the whole box at will. Freddy managed to combine Barrymore with March, and in my own opinion, with one eye on March's future, succeeded in exuding a great deal of



Miss Janis and Mr. March having luncheon together in the Paramount commissary. "I realized that apparently young March soft-pedals on publicity pictures with the weaker sex, and I, heaven help me, must not only be considered strong but safe."

Florence Eldridge (Mrs. March). They've been married more than five years and they don't have to remind you how happy they are.

his own charm into the impersonation of Jack—beg pardon, John.

Of course, one big success like the one March made in Hollywood and producers, who have been saying for months that an actor is not the type for pictures, will line up and fight for his signature on the dotted line. The next procedure is to cast the actor in a rôle just as far removed from the one in which he has made a hit as they can find.

Freddy, who is at heart a light comedian, but at head a good enough actor to play anything from *Uncle Tom* to *Lord Fauntleroy*, has done just about that. I mean comparatively and from a versatility angle.

He finally wound up his four years of broad jumping from melodrama to comedy and back again by winning the Academy award for the best acting of 1932, in the dual rôle of *Doctor Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde*.

No doubt his early experience in banking helped his characterization a bit and he certainly deserved the award, but as there are so many faces which should spend half the picture hidden behind trick make-ups, why disguise fresh-faced Freddy? I for one hope he will stay out from behind beards and waving teeth.

AFTER seeing him in his last three films, I've decided that his is one of the nicest faces on the screen today and if he lets them hang it in hirsute trimmings again, I shall know he is getting a "cut" of the make-up man's makings!

I met Freddy first at a party where I had consistently refused to dance all evening.

Someone presented young man March and I sud-

As one star to another, Miss
Janis counts Fredric one of the
finest anywhere, both as actor
and man.



Fredric March in his latest picture, "The Eagle and the Hawk." When Miss Janis asked him about the airplane crash, during the making of it, when Mr. March, Jack Oakie and Cary Grant were badly shaken up, he only said that working in the production had been "very interesting." That's Freddy March.

denly wanted to. We had not taken two steps before I knew why. If the government wanted to close the banks again, or the banks continue to bully the studios, with their "put up or shut up" edicts, Freddy needn't worry. He can always "go into his dance"!

Contact once established, we took off for the land of laughs, airplanely speaking, and didn't come down until the party broke up. Even then it was a forced landing!

Although he is always referring to himself as a "ham," Freddy has a line of chatter that is quite (Please turn to page 78)

Using the Typewriter to



**Here's an ingenious new
way to make a likeness
of your favorite**

(Above) Norma Shearer, type-sketched by Miss Katherine H. Parsons, and (right) Claudette Colbert's latest photograph, the subject of this month's type-sketch game. She has just finished "I Cover the Waterfront" and has begun work on "Disgraced." Read the rules of the contest on page 82 of this issue; try your genius at the typewriter, and send in your sketch.

Sketch the Movie Stars





Photo by Wide World



Here's a real treat! A trip with Doug, Jr. through Hollywood After Dark

WHAT are the high jinks among the screen stars?

There are rumors of rare revelry. However, one of our leading humorists recently described a night in Hollywood. After playing parcheesi and "Going to Jerusalem" the actors and actresses present at the party wound up the evening with a rousing Virginia reel, lemonade and lady-fingers! Hunting the southwestern Gomorrah, he had discovered Sweet Auburn. The laugh was on him, for a change.

Intended as an ironic thrust at both the outlander's idea of Hollywood's midnight orgies and the jaded palates of the picture colony, which had swung around to juvenility as a last resort, there was really more fact than fancy in the squib.

For, much as I dislike to take the joy out of life for the fond and scandal-expectant public, I am constrained to say that our big parties are few and far between, and mild rather than wild; that the smaller shindies are of the usual conventional pattern; and that night diversion among screen favorites is more apt to be work at fever pitch, or the sleep of exhaustion, than the eating of peacock's tongues, bathing nude in pools of champagne, gambling away large

fortunes, or carrying on an illicit love affair with your friend's wife in the butler's pantry.

OF course, we do have our cakes and ale—in crumbs and sips—but these are quite different from what they are popularly supposed to be. For instance, Marie Dressler would rather talk astrology than do an apache dance, while Mary Pickford prefers to cheat herself at solitaire rather than play poker for high stakes.

And Greta Garbo would rather sit on a foot-stool and muse than flirt, though she can laugh like a little girl.

As to the men—well, Clark Gable would rather talk football than tell a racy story. Bob Montgomery likes a game of chess with a good opponent better than most things, while Billy Haines would rather discuss period furniture than sex.

BUT the best way to find out for yourself is to let me act as your guide, and together we can take in some typical nights of high-low life and whoopee. At first hand, then, we will plot our curves of pleasure and wickedness on the chart of Hollywood living.

Suppose we begin at the top, with one of the ten



Photo by Mac Julian

Doug, Jr. and Patricia Ellis in young Doug's latest picture, "The Narrow Corner." Patricia is the New York girl Hollywood is raving about just now.

Old Mrs. Grundy's at it again. Since Joan's and Doug, Jr.'s separation, her tongue's wagged itself into a frenzy—even when Franchot Tone and Joan, playing in the same picture, stroll out together. (An informal picture of them is shown above on the opposite page.)

Don't miss this gay, gossipy tour de luxe with the young Prince of Hollywood

Personally conducted
by DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

or twelve major social events of the season. I won't say whose. Enough to know that the most brilliant and exclusive salons are presided over by Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, and, if you won't think I'm putting on the dog, the Fairbanks, Seniors.

Incidentally, so successful have these social arbiters been that they have broken down the upper-set walls of Pasadena and Santa Barbara where once a screen actor was regarded as more or less of an "untouchable."

Well, however that may be, here we are at the door.

Before we go in may I caution you against expecting too much. You're going to like these people a lot, I think, and you are going to be surprised to find most of them talking and behaving like Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Sadie Smith. They are not gods and goddesses in evening dress. Nor nymphs and satyrs ready to cavort in fig-leaves.

Some of them may even strike you as extraordinarily shy—or dumb. Be ready for plenty of shop-talk, but the conversation usually ranges far and wide, and if Adolphe Menjou or Bob Montgomery or Ronald Colman is in the crowd you are likely to hear plenty of repartee and witty quips.

But for your sake I hope there isn't to be any royalty or illustrious guest of honor present tonight. That would be too bad. For, then the party will get off to a stiff start and never relax to natural, easy intercourse.

Poor Hollywood feels that it is constantly under the severest surveillance and criticism, which is (*Please turn to page 83*)



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Irving Lippman

You will be delighted, if you are a Gary Cooper fan, with the article on the new Gary, by Adela Rogers St. Johns in next month's—the August—New Movie Magazine. This is one of the best articles this brilliant novelist and writer on the movies has ever done. She has known Gary ever since he first struck Hollywood, the old Gary and the new Gary, and now she contrasts the two. It's something you'll not want to miss.

Ted Cook's

MOVIE COOK-COOS

Filmland's foremost humorist

enlivens the news from Hollywood

"Ruby Keeler was so upset by the earthquake that she could neither eat nor sleep. In order to quiet her, Al Jolson, her husband, went out and bought her a beautiful diamond and jade brooch, shaped like a basket of fruit."

Some enterprising Hollywood druggist will likely make a fortune from this newly discovered insomnia cure. He'll put up diamond and jade brooches in bottles.

Miss Keeler got her brooch as a result of an earthquake. Most movie girls get their brooches by just threatening an earthquake.

No matter what dire poverty
The heroine of shift shows,
She always can afford, we see,
The most expensive underclothes.

JEAN HARLOW says:
"The only time I ever forget myself, really, is when I am hammering at my typewriter."
Which just goes to show that Jean is different.

Most blondes are apt to forget themselves when they aren't typewriting.

And also it's hard to have attitudes pliant
Toward photos of female stars looking defiant.
(Please turn to page 90)

PROBABLY the sort of thing that I present on the screen is just what the folks need these days," says Mae West.

Anyway, it's probably the sort of thing a lot of gals could use these days.

A RING, valued at \$5,000, which Carole Lombard reported lost, was returned to the actress after being discovered in a gutter near the front of Paramount studios.

Found, no doubt, by a scenario writer poking around for ideas.

Gals who pose and hide their legs
Are thought less of by many eggs.

Most heart-rending news story of the month:

The Mae West influence as the author sketches it.



How much MONEY



Mae West's diamonds are a part of her publicity campaign—a necessary expense.

Tom Mix, last year, spent more than \$13,000 on his fan mail.

**Ten thousand dollars a week seems
like a lot of money - - until you
add up a celebrity's expenses**

HOLLYWOOD is a gold mine. Its stars supply the gold—and the rest of the world supplies the miners. And how those miners *dig!*

Lured by tales—and only too true they are—of the prodigal extravagances of Movietown's *nouveau riche*, an army of money-at-any-price hunters has declared open season on John and Jane Star's pocketbooks, and canny indeed is the film celebrity who salvages twenty per cent. of his pay check.

Looting the stars is not a new pursuit, and the looters have always been cunning. But now, with their wits sharpened by the depression, they are like a pack of famished arctic wolves.

With "chiselers" to the left of him, racketeers to the right of him, blackmailers just ahead of him—and his own lavish follies leading him ever deeper into the morass of financial distress . . .

What chance has a motion-picture star to save his money?

Remember—he is forced to meet hundreds of "necessary" expenses that are unknown to the average man of equal

does a Star have left?

By **ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT** who investigated the great "Hollywood Swindle" for The New Movie Magazine



Constance Bennett spent \$12,000 during the past year on stamps, stationery and professional photographs.

Wallace Beery fought a girl's attempt to sue him, ran a barrage of publicity, spent a small fortune, but won.

income. He must be—or, at least, thinks he must be—eternally surrounded by high-priced agents, managers, attorneys, publicity men, secretaries, servants and bodyguards.

Being in the public eye, he believes that he must "put up a front."

Temperamentally, he is made to order for the schemes of the blackmailer, for he recalls how many stars have faded in the withering glare of adverse publicity. He knows that Mr. and Mrs. Public are cruelly eager to believe the worst of their idols; consequently he lives in terror of scandal.

In another particular he is the ready prey of petty larceny racketeers—he is by nature over-emotional, too quick to sympathize. A sob story, well told, sends his hand flying to his bill-fold.



Conrad Nagel, head of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, estimates that more than \$2,000,000 a year goes out of Hollywood to "fake charities."



BUT let's leave the black-mailer, the panhandler, the racketeer and their ilk for more specific mention later, and consider, first of all, the star's "necessary" expenses.

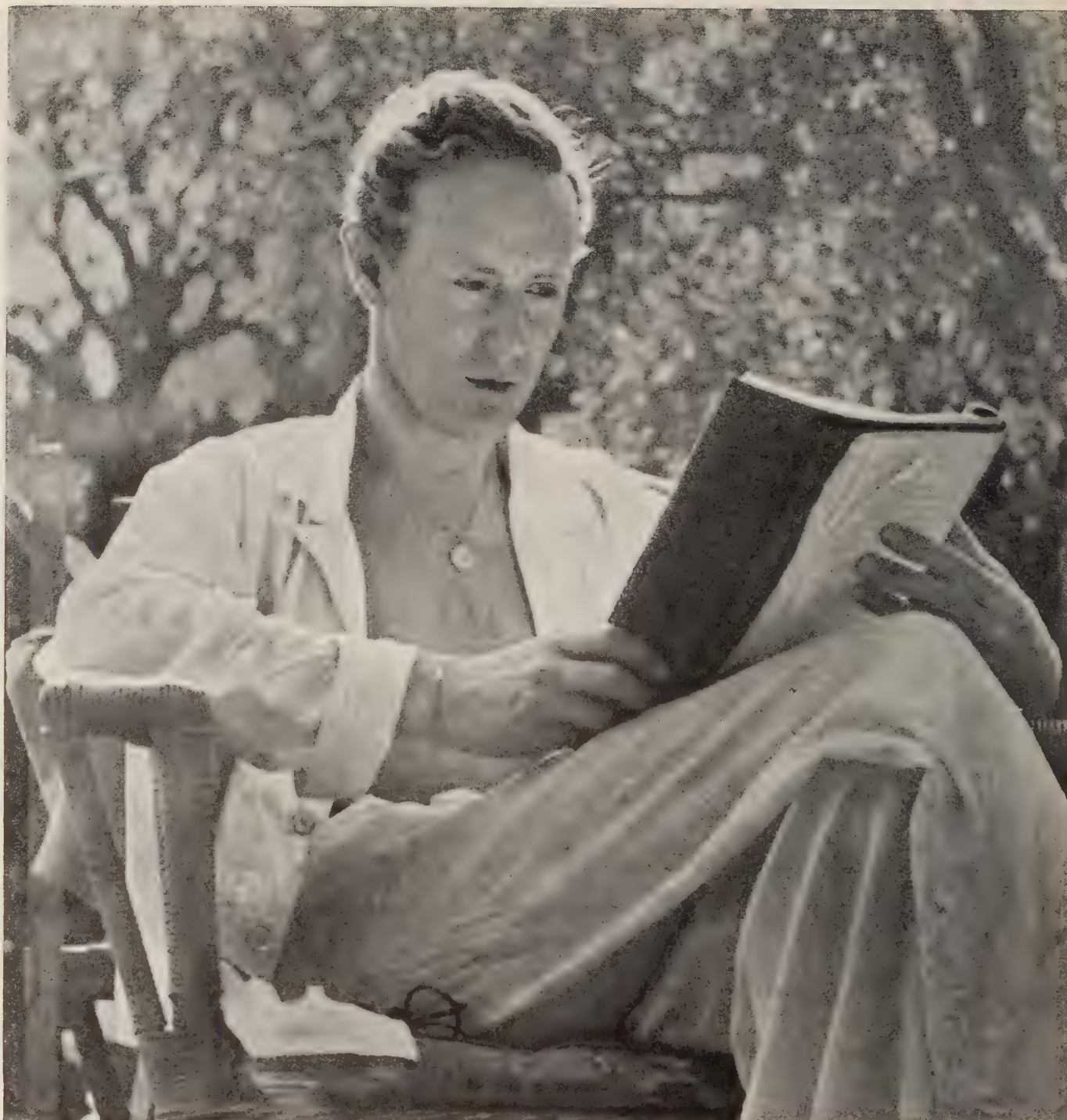
It is, of course, impossible to list the expenditures of one star and truthfully represent them as the exact expenses of every other star. It is also impossible to draw definite lines between legitimate expenses, idiotic extravagance and tribute to the various classes and degrees of swindlers.

Our "star" then, is not an individual but a composite representing the group to which he belongs. He has been created only after scanning the expense sheets of several stars. We'll assume that he's married, has one child, is paying alimony to one ex-wife and that he receives one of those ten thousand-a-week salaries which excite the envy and sometimes the indignation of the rest of us.

How much of his salary can he call his own?

In the first place, his contract with the studio calls for forty weeks a year, not for fifty-two. Therefore, his weekly wage, spread over the entire year, is \$7,692.30—not \$10,000.

His agent is not far from the cashier's window on pay day. He takes a neat ten per cent. of our star's wages. Perhaps he landed the contract for him two years ago, and has done (Please turn to page 98)



*Photographed exclusively for
The New Movie Magazine*

Photography by MR. HOWARD

Leslie Howard is one of the best—and most ardent—amateur photographers in Filmdom. He is always out with his kodak, snapping some beautifully artistic scenes and groups. He set up and focused the camera for the picture of himself (above) at Palm Springs and Mrs. Howard snapped it. He employed the same means for the Howard family group (at right) and had the butler do the bulb-squeezing. Here are Ronald, the son; Mrs. Howard, Leslie, their daughter, and the master actor, Mr. Leslie Howard, himself.



Nothing but TESTS

By RALPH WHEELWRIGHT

HE looks like Colman. Has the gentle charm of Novarro . . . the swarthy appeal of Gable . . . and the delightful naïveté of Jackie Cooper.

Until he played opposite Marion Davies in "Peg O' My Heart," Onslow Stevens was a nonentity in Hollywood. Casting directors knew him only as the chap who did the writer part in "Once in a Lifetime."

Under contract to Universal, playing bits mostly, Stevens was languishing under a contemplated lay-off. Then he was called to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to make a test. For years he had been making tests. They didn't mean a thing.

"If I had a part for every test I've made I couldn't play them all if I lived to be a hundred years old," he observes. "I tested all the feminine players in 'Back Street' and didn't get an extra part in it. My wide acquaintance with motion picture studios is due almost entirely to my testing career. It's been a wonderful experience."

Anyway, he made a test for a minor rôle in the picture "Looking Forward." At that time Marion was having trouble finding a suitable leading man. The panic was on. Finally, Marion happened to see Stevens' test by mistake. A real honest-to-goodness mistake. So honest that she was on her way out of the projection room when the compelling flavor of Stevens' voice boomed out of the loud-speaker. Marion paused and looked.

"Who's that?" she asked.

Bob Leonard, her director, shook his head. "I dunno, someone or other . . ."

Marion's hand left the doorknob. She sat down in the seat again.

"Not bad," she observed eagerly.

"No, not bad at all," agreed Leonard.

Five minutes later Stevens was flagged and handed some lines from "Peg O' My Heart."

"Be ready for a test on Stage Six at one o'clock!" he was told. Stevens admitted he was flabbergasted.

"Another test?" he asked, bewildered. "But I made a test!"

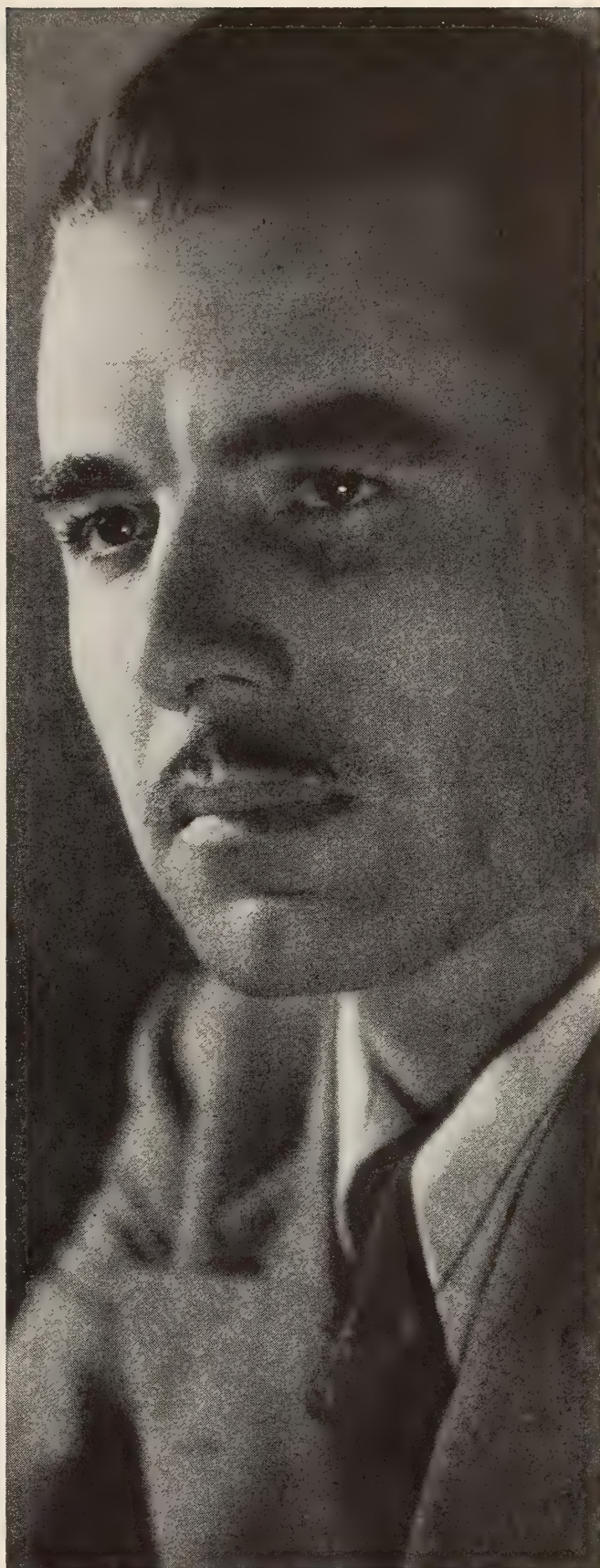
He glanced at his watch and started abruptly. "Will you excuse me? I'm a little late. I must hurry now. . . . I have an appointment to make a test!"

NEVERTHELESS, he was on Stage Six at one o'clock for another test.

"To say I was surprised when Marion Davies walked in to make the test with me is to put it very mildly," he recalls. "I felt quaky all over, but she was so swell about it I managed to get over the jitters."

"For the next two days I didn't know where I was at. I was in 'Looking Forward' and I was out of it. I was in 'Peg O' My Heart' and I was out of 'Peg O' My Heart.' I went around with scripts of both pictures, trying to learn both parts so I'd be ready for whatever decision was made."

Stevens just happened to run into that break that established him as a leading man after seven years of trying to get on in pictures. (*Please turn to page 82*)



For years Onslow Stevens did nothing but try-outs---but one clicked at last

From SHORTS to

Costumes for every summer occasion are represented in these stills from the new films and sketches made by Hollywood's famous designers

By JANET RICE

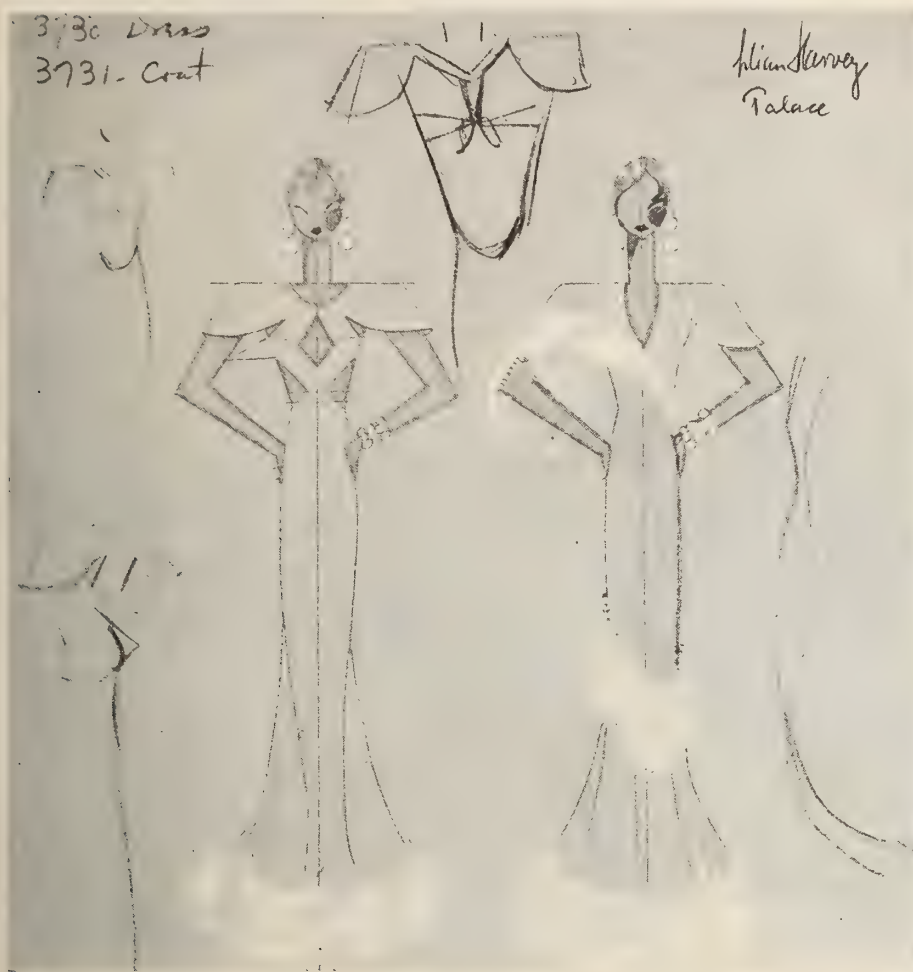


Orry Kelly designed the diagonally striped gray and white chiffon frock worn by Bette Davis, shown above, with George Arliss in a scene from the Fox picture "Working Man." The jacket is of white chiffon and black velvet. Orry Kelly's sketch is shown at the left.

A muff of massed gray violets matches the little turban worn by Sari Maritza with a sheer gray wool dress in "International House," a recent Paramount picture.



CHIFFONS in the Latest FILMS



Lilian Harvey, Fox's English importation from Germany, brought over her own designer—Joe Strassner—who is responsible for the attractive evening gown shown above which Miss Harvey wears in "My Lips Betray." Next to it are Strassner's sketches to give a general idea of the way designers work. The gown is made of heavy white crêpe embroidered in crystal beads and dotted with brilliants. The white fox band, ending in a train, is a new idea for summer fur trimming.

WITH California's climate as an inspiration, studio designers have out-done themselves in inventing warm weather costumes for the films planned for summer release.

From shorts to chiffons every wardrobe variety is represented in the movies you will see this season.

If you want to be cool and still take part in strenuous summer sports try a costume like the one Helen Mack wears in "Pleasure Cruise"—blue piqué shorts, a blue and white striped broadcloth shirt and head band with socks and sneakers.

Or if you want to be formal there's the gray and white, diagonal chiffon that Orry Kelly designed for Bette Davis to wear in "Working Man," or the tucked net by Adrian that you will see on Diana Wynyard in "Reunion in Vienna." For afternoon there could be nothing more charming than the dusty pink bolero frock Billie Burke wears in "Dinner at Eight" or the sheer gray wool frock Travis Banton designed for Sari Maritza in "International House" with its quaint flower muff and hat. And for daytime something similar to Ann Harding's swagger suit made of soft tan wool with brown crêpe trim and a gold mesh hat. She wears it in "When Ladies Meet."

Lilian Harvey had some exciting clothes designed recently for her to wear in "My Lips Betray," by her own designer, Joe Strassner, who came from

Billie Burke, looking younger than ever in her new M-G-M picture, "Dinner at Eight," wears a bolero frock of dusty pink crêpe designed by Adrian. The blouse is of tucked net.



Europe to plan her wardrobe. White crêpe, sequins, crystal beads and fur banding are all used for one low-cut evening gown. Another is of velvet with cut-out sides as well as a section cut out at the front, epaulets of passementerie and a double ruffle of silver sequins.

Boudoir pajamas of yellow pleated chiffon with an eight-inch military belt of blue satin are a contrast to her very feminine boudoir robe of pale blue chiffon with a ruffy skirt and sleeves and a shoulder yoke of Alençon lace.

Strassner's sketches show the evolution of her gowns from the original idea to the completed design.

Adrian has been busy at designing costumes for several productions including "Looking Forward," "Reunion in Vienna" and "When Ladies Meet." One of his most interesting designs recently is the wedding gown for Myrna Loy in "Man on the Nile," an interesting departure from traditional styles. He uses a pill-box hat, similar to the one he designed for Garbo two years ago as the basis for an unusual headdress.

Off the screen sports clothes are the chief interest of the film actresses when they're on the set waiting the call to action. Jean Harlow wears pajamas of every color in the rainbow on the set. Muriel Evans wears slacks of white whipcord. Maureen O'Sullivan chooses piqué velveteen slacks to wear over her pet striped bathing suit. Claudette Colbert wears a blue and white sweater with white slacks.

FAVORITE colors in Hollywood settle down pretty well to brown, blue, black and yellow with a good deal of white but little green, gray or red.

Diana Wynyard wears brown and white and sometimes two tones of brown.

Jean Harlow wears yellow in two tones, yellow and white and black and white.

Joan Crawford inevitably wears blue in all shades

FASHION NOTES

Piqué and organdy vie for trimming honors.

Shorts, popular in Hollywood off the screen, have gone into the movies.

Travis Banton predicts polka dots for summer street wear.

Sheer stripes and plaids are smart for evening.

Adrian uses the the pill box hat for a wedding headdress.

and now with her deep summer tan is wearing lots of blue and white.

Claudette Colbert wears black and white more than any other combination.

Constance Bennett wears light blue a great deal, also black.

Arline Judge likes to wear white, sometimes with a touch of red.

Miriam Hopkins wears green often in two tones or in combination with white.

Madge Evans wears brown and also blue combined with white.

Betty Furness designs many of her own clothes—her Easter costume was one, pale blue

wool with a three-quarter length coat and a gray fox collar worn with a pastel blue straw picture hat and gray suede opera pumps and gloves.

Irene Ware has an attractive white chiffon garden-party dress, hand blocked in shades of pink and blue which she wears with a blue organdy hat. She also has a white organdy hat polka-dotted in green.

Muriel Evans and Virginia Cherrill have been outfitted in two dresses made in exactly the same style and color for a sequence in "Hell Below." One was made of cotton, the other of the finest satin. The design is an evening gown with vertical insertions of double pleated ruffles increasing in width at the hem. Pleated ruffles also trim the neckline.

Hollywood is designing high hats but they're different from the Paris variety. Madge Evans wears a Cossack hat in "Made on Broadway" that sits up on top of her head—even at the back. Two rows of accordion pleated ribbon form the top of the crown which appears square at the front but curving at the side.

Alice Brady has a white straw hat with a brim lined in yellow silk which you will see in "When Ladies Meet." It's built on lines similar to tropical helmets and has a perky lacquered bow at the front.



Robert W. Coburn Photo

Helen Mack takes the ever popular Hollywood shorts to the screen for her rôle in "Melody Cruise," RO Radio musical.

Styles in vamps are changing. Greta Nissen wears an Alice-in-Wonderland comb in her blond tresses to play a modern vamp in an as yet unnamed RKO-Radio picture. Her lounging robe has a tailored collar and pleated sleeves.

**Hollywood chooses its favorite
colors—blue, brown, black,
white and yellow**



Rough black straw is fashioned into a helmet-like hat for Virginia Cherrill to wear in "Accidents Wanted," M-G-M production. It fits closely to the head.

(Left) Tulle takes on a new character when Adrian designs a gown for Diana Wynyard to wear in "Reunion in Vienna." It's distinguished by diagonal tucking.



Ann Harding wears a turban of gold mesh with a gypsy tassel over one ear in M-G-M's "When Ladies Meet." Her swagger coat is of soft tan wool with brown crêpe trimming set off by heavy corded loops.

Hello everybody! Come with KATE SMITH on this month's

Radio Rambles

HELLO everybody!
Now that I've taken up playing tennis—they got me playing tennis out in Hollywood—I'll do anything, even try my hand at a radio column. Well, if it's Radio Rambles you want from me, just step aboard the old kilocycle bandwagon and we'll start off.

If I get stuck I don't know what I'll do. I certainly can't sing for you here. Oh, I know. I'll ask Ted Collins what to do. Ted always does my talking for me when I need help—why shouldn't he help me with this?

Where shall I start, Ted?

I hope Edwin C. Hill doesn't hear about this. He may think I'm trying to muscle in on those "Inside Stories" he broadcasts. Maybe he'll try to get even with me by singing "The Moon Song."

Speaking of Ed Hill, Ted, did you know that in spite of the fact he's one of the best known newspaper men in America and has about the finest diction on the air—he had never made a talk from a platform in his life until a month ago.

But I guess Ed Hill can't help that, anymore than

Announced by Ted Collins
and written by

Kate Smith

Morton Downey can help picking "Eli, Eli" as one of his favorite songs. Now, I wonder what Hitler thinks of that one. . . . Mort's got a streak of the real Irish in him all right. One of the best singers on the air, and yet he never took a lesson.

ALTHOUGH a lot of us radio performers have been making pictures lately, Hollywood recently turned the tables when Fred Waring went on the air.

Priscilla and Rosemary Lane who sing the duets on his programs are sisters of Lola Lane, the screen star.

But just to even the score, while this was going on, Director Eddie Sutherland flew on from the coast to shoot the scenes for Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd in their first feature talking picture "International House," out on Paramount's lot in Astoria, Long Island. This hasn't stopped the Colonel and Budd from going right on with their inventions—and one of their latest is those half pieces of candy, so that Stoopnacrats won't have to bite into them to see what's inside.

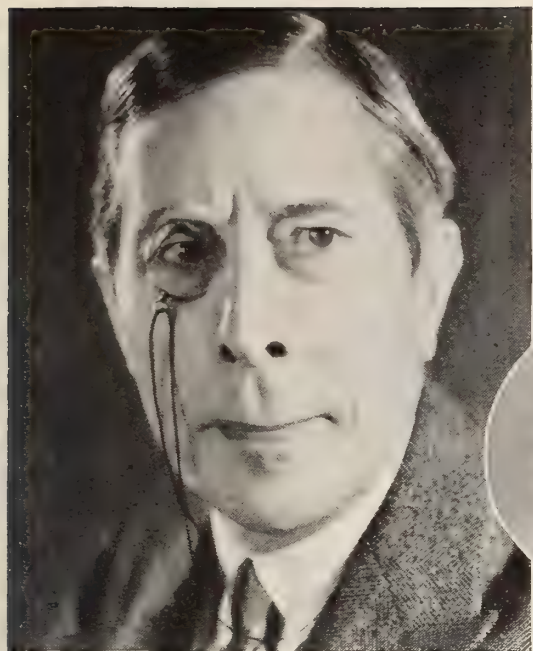
People are always asking me about how you get to



Ann Butler is crazy
about
JACKIE COOPER

Vincent Lopez selects
SHEILA TERRY





"The First Lady of the Air" gives you the gossip about your broadcast favorite

Welcome Lewis never misses
GEORGE ARLISS



and sold wicker chairs before he hit the ether waves. I guess it's the same old answer . . . radio announcers are just born and not made.

ROSS GORMAN, the star saxophonist who plays more than twenty different instruments, including, so help me, the clarinet, oboe, octivan, conosax, marimbaphone, sopranino, rothphone and terra cotta—suggests that the best practice he can think of for an announcer is to borrow his hecklephone.

NO sooner was Jack Dempsey announced as a radio feature than heck started popping around the radio stations. Not that it was Jack's fault, because the first incident happened a thousand miles away in Chicago. Little Jackie Heller—who incidentally, before he became a radio vocalist, was Chi's amateur flyweight boxing champ—collided backstage at a charity show with Ben Bernie's famous cigar (by the way, Ben, you *do* smoke La Palinas, don't you?) and painfully burned his eye. Heller went right on with his act. He explained that back in the days when he was a boxing champ he generally never left his public until both eyes were closed.

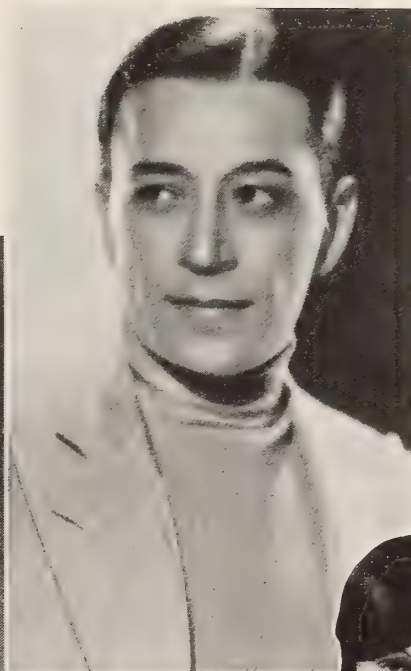
That's like Jack Benny, who claims the dimple on Nat Brusiloff's cheek was put there by a saxophone player.

be an announcer. I can't tell you much—except about the two Teds—Ted Husing and Ted Collins. Ted Collins couldn't get out of it. He was my manager and I was up in Lake Placid, and there just wasn't anyone else to do the job, so Ted Collins had to crash through. Everyone liked him so much that he's had the job ever since.

And you'll be just as much in the dark as ever when I tell you Ted Husing's qualifications for the job, before he came with CBS. Ted Husing was born in Deming, New Mexico. He was educated in New York City, got a job as an instructor of aviation, a dance-teacher (I guess I left out a letter there, Ted),



Ralph Kirby's favorite
is
ANN HARDING



Patti Pickens votes
for
GEORGE RAFT



THEN another thing happened in the CBS New York studios on the "Magic Voice" serial when Nick Dawson, who plays the part of Jim Norman, rushed into the studio and smacked his head full tilt into an overhanging mike. He went out like a light, and didn't come to until just before the broadcast.

Nevertheless, he went right on the air and played straight through his part in the sketch. Then just to top things off, Elsie Hitz, who plays the part of June Armstrong opposite Nick Dawson in this radio romance, came down a week later with scarlet fever.

As soon as the doctors told Elsie she was well enough they inoculated the radio engineers and the cast, sent them out to Elsie's home in Long Island where she was quarantined, and broadcast the sketches from her bedside.

Another story they tell
(Please turn to page 108)

**This month the radio stars pick
their favorite film stars**



Drawings By
Ken Chamberlain



What? Are we to have a Mae West cycle in Hollywood? If it should happen, this is what Mr. Chamberlain thinks your favorites would look like.

Our Hollywood Boulevardier

Denies Everything

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: *This is the first True Story of Katharine Hepburn. It explodes many myths and contradictions. Mr. Howe speaks with authority, having known Miss Hepburn long before she went to Hollywood; in fact, before she didn't go to Bryn Mawr.*)

By HERB HOWE

BEING an old friend of the Hepburn family I have naturally hesitated to come forward with the truth about Katharine, or "Heppy," as she was called by her classmates at Bryn Mawr. But since murder will out, who better than an old friend to slip the news (noose)?

Let us start with denials and proceed to facts denied.

In the first place, Heppy did not attend Bryn Mawr. "I did not attend Bryn Mawr," screamed Miss Hepburn, flinging herself down in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard, a defiant patch on her denims. "That was another girl."

This seems to leave Bryn Mawr without a leg to stand on; at least, without Heppy's, which, by the way, is one that any Alma Mater might be proud of.

I think we've made it plain that Heppy did NOT attend Bryn Mawr; that was another girl (Mae West).

So much for the confusion of personalities.

The report that Miss Hepburn was a débutante in New York's exclusive "Four Hundred" appears equally libelous. This also seems to have been the unhappy Mae West, who on being given the bum's rush to Blackwell's Island following her début in "Sex," became, *ipso facto*, a member of the East River-Sutton Place set with whom she exchanged the morning yoo-hoos! across stream.

It is not true that Heppy is worth sixteen million dollars. She thinks she must have been confused in this instance with Andy Mellon, possibly through similarity of names and denims. Incidentally, Heppy, who is generous to a fault, intends to endow Bryn Mawr with the sixteen million and perhaps the entire Mellon fortune.

It is not true that Heppy is a New Yorker or New

Englander. There is nothing *nouveau* about her as you'd readily note from the patches. Miss Hepburn comes of an old Southern family, born and bred

in South Dakota where for generations the Hepburns have dwelt on their ancestral plantation in the Bad Lands.

It was in these bad Bad Lands that little Greta Gustafsson (her real name) conceived the character of *Diamond Lil* with which she was destined to steal honors from George Arliss in "They Just Had to Get Married."

NURSED by a colored mammy (Al Jolson's), tutored by cowboys in the languages, and polished by social contact with the fashionable Sioux Indians, Heppy had a colorful career from the outset.

Although Miss Hepburn never attended Bryn Mawr, (where she roomed with Lupe Velez), she did attend Vassar, Smith, Ferry Hall, West Point and the Iowa School of Agriculture from which she graduated with dramatic honors, as did Blue Boy.

Then began her mad society career which was to take her to all the gay capitals of Europe and the United States, including Bismarck, N. D., where the capitol burned down. (Hepburny was subsequently absolved when it was learned the ignitifying Mae West had swept across the praries the night before.)

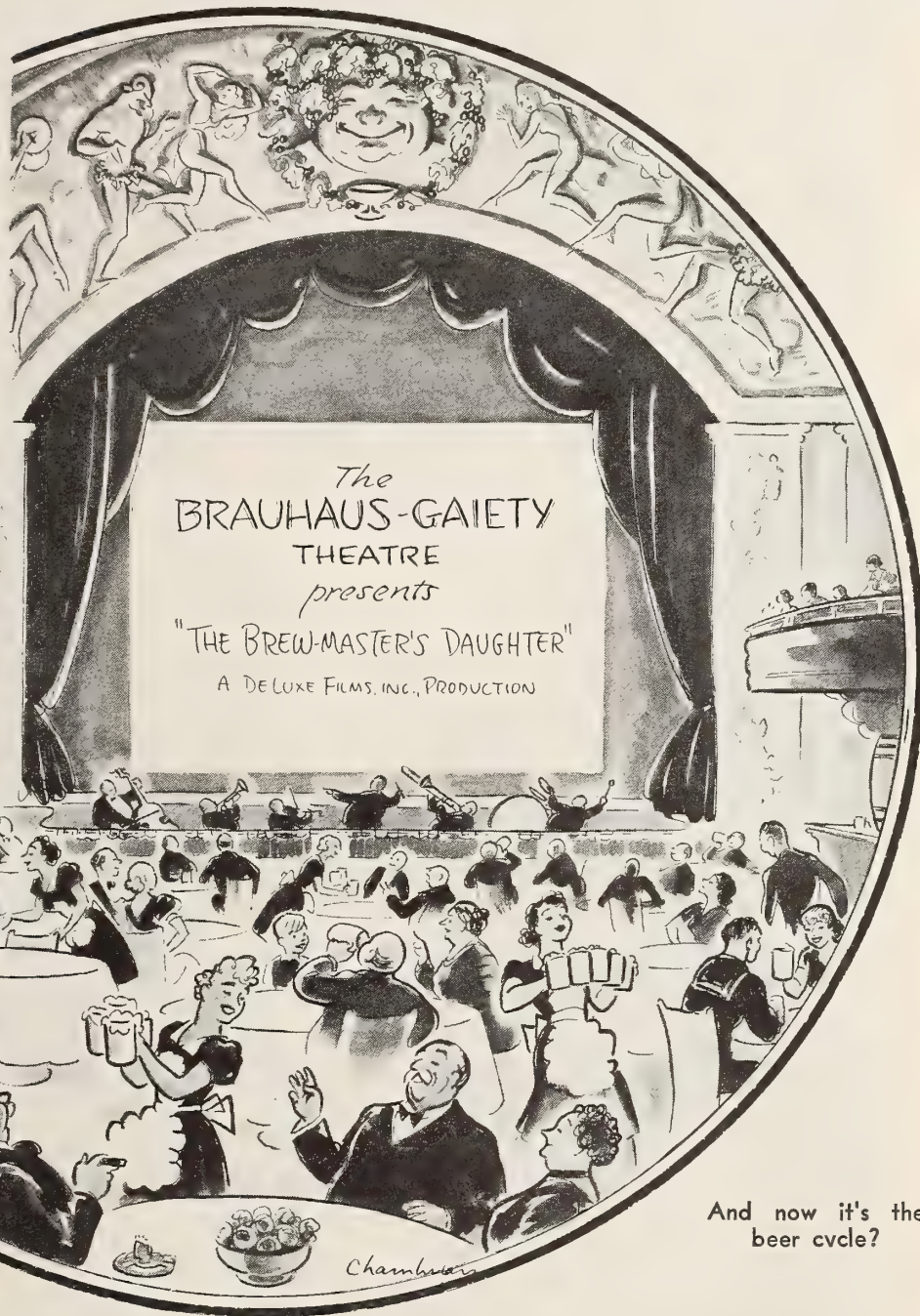
It is not true Mme. Hepburn is married to a wealthy broker (*wealthy*, imagine!) calling himself Ludlow Smith. This confusion arose from the coincidence that Mrs. Ludlow Smith is known on the screen as Katharine Hepburn (that other girl).

It is not true that Miss Hepburn is separated from her husband. She sees him first thing when she goes to New York, though sometimes he sees her first.

OFF-SCREEN Mme. Hepburn's husband is known as Will Rogers, society man, polo player and gum twister. Their romance began when she was attending Bryn Mawr and he was studying English at Oxford, just a little way up Brewery Gulch.

An individualist if there ever was one, Miss Hep-

The NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S wanderer does a Hepburn about Katharine Hepburn



And now it's the
beer cycle?

burn responds to her every mood. One day she will drive to the studio in a Rolls-Royce wearing overalls with a patch. Next day, like as not, she'll somersault in wearing just the patch. It was this utter child of nature that caused M-G-M to cast her for *Tarzan* instead of Ruth Chatterton.

I could go on indefinitely with my *NOTS* (THE NEW MOVIE has been hoarding them). But the budget must be slashed and so I'll trump them all conclusively with one: Miss Hepburn is *NOT* Miss Hepburn, she's Lupe Velez giving an impersonation of Greta Garbo singing "Frankie and Yohnny."

P. S. Miss Hepburn wishes me to deny that she starred in "Christopher Strong." It was that gosh-durned other girl doing her dirt.

BEEER back, Garbo back and now Mae West promises to bring the body back. "We haven't had any perfectly Natural Figures since the war took beer away,"

says Diamond Lil, the gal what-does-'em-wrong.

Mae hints at a plot on the part of French stylists to undermine the American constitution (female) by designing gowns that would only fit skeletons. She says this was all right in war times when food was scarce but with a surplus of wheat and honey . . . why, bring on the wheat cakes!

Looks as though Mae has a secret alliance with Mussolini. Duce has ordered the signoras to broaden their tonneaux. He wants them to *eat* spaghetti and quit looking like it. He also orders them to produce bambinos and, what's more, *male* bambinos.

This may seem dictatorial, unreasonable and wholly un-American unless you know the story about the man who received a telegram informing him his wife had given birth to an eight-pound girl. Pasted across one corner of the message was a sticker reading: "When you want a boy, call Western Union."

(Please turn to page 94)



MARLENE

IN PETTICOATS

Believing that La Dietrich's latest picture, "The Song of Songs," possesses the qualities of a special attraction, Paramount is holding it back for a late Summer or early Fall release—when you fans have returned from your vacations and are eager for movie thrills.

Above you see one of the dramatic high-lights of the



film, with Marlene, Morgan Wallace and Rita LaRoy at the table. Brian Aherne, the young Irish stage actor who is Marlene's new leading man, is shown behind the director, Rouben Mamoulian, watching the scene.

This is Marlene's first American screen effort away from the capable hands of Director Josef Von Sternberg, but

Mr. Mamoulian, veteran director of the Theater Guild successes, is no less expert—and may indeed give us an entirely new view of the glamorous Marlene.

Others in an excellent cast are Alison Skipworth, Hardie Albright, and Lionel Atwill.

And Miss Dietrich will also sing.

What Keeps Hollywood on the Go?

To Editor New Movie Emotion Picture and Talk, doing so, I hope.

DEAREST SIR:

HON. GEO. F. OGRE, my mortgage, 4 close on me yestday a. m. with following dictation:
"Togo," he narrate, "here are 200 stilled portraits of that many femail stars I wish you look at."

"O sire," I say so, "kindly to describe this part of astronomy I don't know. How you tell the sex of a star?"

"When you look through a talescop & see a star with legs on it, then it are femail," surmount Hon. Ogre.

"Goshes!" I holla, "do mail stars got no legs?"

"How does I know?" require Hon. Ogre. "I never notice. If they got no legs, what do it differ? They got plenty arms, though. Otherwise they could not

grabb Hon. Lady Star when she holla, 'O Robt., Robt! Hold me tight'."

"Are it more preferable to hold a lady tight than sober?" I ask to know.

"Yes it isn't," he dictate. "But that is neither hither nor yon. Now listen at me. I got a 2000000000\$ contract awaiting for that lady what got best pair in Hollywood."

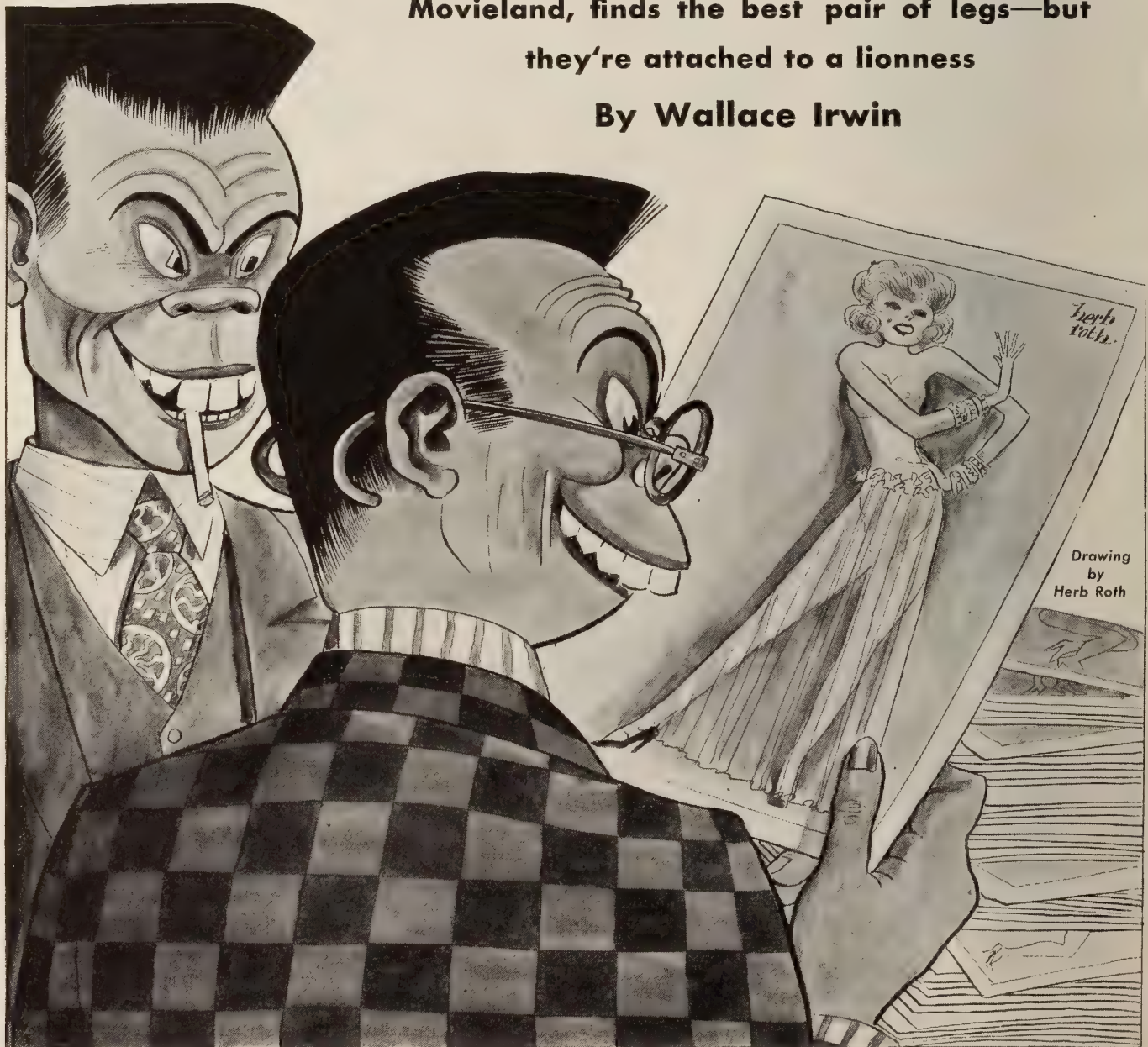
"Pair of whiches?" I ask to know.

"Look at that 200 photos and see what I mean, if the bones in your brain do not get in yr way," he dib with criss-cross expression like Kate Smith looking through a Mike at a Statick. "Now go work. I wish you judge for me which pair legs is best in all Hollywood."

WELL, Mr. Editor, I ask to know. Was you ever a judge of anything? It give you a shot feeling in the seat of your stummick to know that so much umportance depend on the least wink of your finger. When I walk out from that (*Please turn to page 96*)

**Hashimura Togo, the Japanese Schoolboy in
Movieland, finds the best pair of legs—but
they're attached to a lionness**

By Wallace Irwin



"Let's give me a prize," sez Nogi. "She's got such a perfect nose."



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Max Munn Autrey

Cheers! . . . because Elissa Landi, charming, cultured, yet one of Hollywood's pet social comics, is getting the breaks. First it was "The Sign of the Cross," then "The Warrior's Husband," and now "I Loved You Wednesday," with Warner Baxter, Laura Hope Crews, Miriam Jordan and Victor Jory. . . . Give her comedy and watch her shine.

Sound in the Movies

by JOHN EDGAR WEIR



Rehearsing a chorus scene for "International House," the new Paramount musical.

THREE of the major film companies are either scheduling or completing important musical pictures which you may expect to see during the early Summer. These are Fox, Paramount, and RKO, following the sensational success of "Forty-second Street."

The matinee idol, Francis Lederer, has been engaged as star by RKO for the romantic story, "Troubadour," for which Richard Addinsell, composer of many operatic and musical successes on the London stage, and Clemence Dane, playwright, are supplying the scenario. RKO has also signed Harry Akst and Edward Eliscu for a feature song in Maureen Watkins' new play of Manhattan life, "Careless."

The new Fox musical, "It's Great To Be Alive," stars Raoul Roulien who has been seen only in foreign films in the past. William Kernell, who wrote the music for the previous picture, "My Lips Betray," is also the composer for this production. Another Fox musical, which is receiving much attention is, of course, the new Janet Gaynor picture, "Adorable," with story and lyrics by Buddy De Sylva and music by Richard Whiting.

At Paramount Maurice Chevalier is naturally the outstanding musical star, whose new production, "A Bedtime Story," has recently been released. Ralph Rainger, who wrote the music, was put to work on two other musical pictures, "The Song of Songs," with Marlene Dietrich and the

Peggy Hopkins Joyce production, "International House."

Fox is also giving especial attention to Jimmy Dunn's new picture, "From Arizona to Broadway," for which several musical novelties are promised.

On the M-G-M lot the vogue for musicals has received new and important emphasis. The "Hollywood Revue for 1933" promised by M-G-M for some time in the Summer bids fair to be one of the most pretentious productions of the year. Jean Harlow has been definitely announced for a novelty sequence in this picture which will have as its background a specially arranged tableau of Albertina Rasch dancers. In the production Edmund Goulding is assisted by Alexander Leftwich, the musical-comedy producer.

The words and music for the revue are written by Rodgers and Hart, Nacio Herb Brown, Arthur Freed, Gus Kahn, and Oscar Levant. Surely that picture should be well worth seeing.

M-G-M has high hopes also for the new Nils Asther musical, "Strange Rhapsody," under the direction of Richard Boleslavsky with a noteworthy cast including Walter Huston, Phillips Holmes, Louise Closser Hale, Eugene Pallette, C. Henry Gordon, and Jean Parker.

And now let us look at some of the high spots of the recent records:

That old maestro, Guy Lombardo, scores again with a
(Please turn to page 80)

The Month's Biggest Hits

"GOING, GOING, GONE," fox trot—
played by Guy Lombardo and his
Royal Canadians. (Brunswick)

"IT'S WITHIN YOUR POWER," fox trot
—played by Don Bester and his or-
chestra. (Victor)

"THE WHISPER WALTZ," waltz—
played by Rudy Vallee and his Con-
necticut Yankees. (Columbia)

"FIDDLIN' JOE," vocal—sung by the
Mills Brothers. (Brunswick)

What the stars themselves are gossiping about

(Right) Katharine Hepburn and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., snapped together on the RKO lot. She's seen trying to jump out of camera range. They're playing together in "The Morning Glory," and have been seen together socially.

Here's Joan Crawford, displaying a new type of costume. It is a brown and beige frock showing a ravelled edge on the lapels, sleeves, peplum and skirt hem. Even the tie cap of the same fabric has fringed tassels on the side. The brown striped beige sweater is also edged at the neckline with a ravelled fringe. . . . Leave it to Joan to be different.

Photos by Wide World



Hollywood's dither about the meeting of Marlene Dietrich and Dorothea Wieck, new German importation, was all for naught. Marlene greeted Dorothea with genuine friendliness, gossiped merrily and immediately invited her to luncheon.

BIKES

The latest fad to take the
movie colony by storm

Photo by Wide World



Photo by Wide World

Lilian Harvey may be just over from Berlin, but she hasn't wasted a moment getting in on the Hollywood craze.



And usually dignified
Connie Bennett.



Photo by Wide World

(Left to right) George E. Stone, film comedian, and Gracie Allen and her husband, George Burns, of the radio and now of the films, too, doing their daily pedalling.



Verna Hillie would be different. She's taken up roller skating for exercise and going places.

Here's How! . . . in Hollywood

and BEER



"Gurgle! A-h-h-h-h."—Polly Moran. And nothing but a "growler" would suit her.

Photo by Wide World



Gary Cooper, always the perfect host, pours for Mae ("Done 'Em Wrong") West. But you'll note that Gary doesn't qualify as the perfect pourer. There'll be a high collar on that glass.



Photo by Wide World

Prosit! Mary Pickford and her director, Frank Borzage, at one of Hollywood's beer parties. How Mary is growing up!

Walter Huston and Jean Harlow seem to be joining the Hollywood beer parade.

HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES

Photo by Wide World



Miriam Hopkins, with her broken limb in a cast, has been keeping herself busy acquiring a deep suntan and talking it all over with the new pup, "Lucky Girl." Nor did her accident affect her gayety or sense of humor.

What the stars are doing and what they're talking about

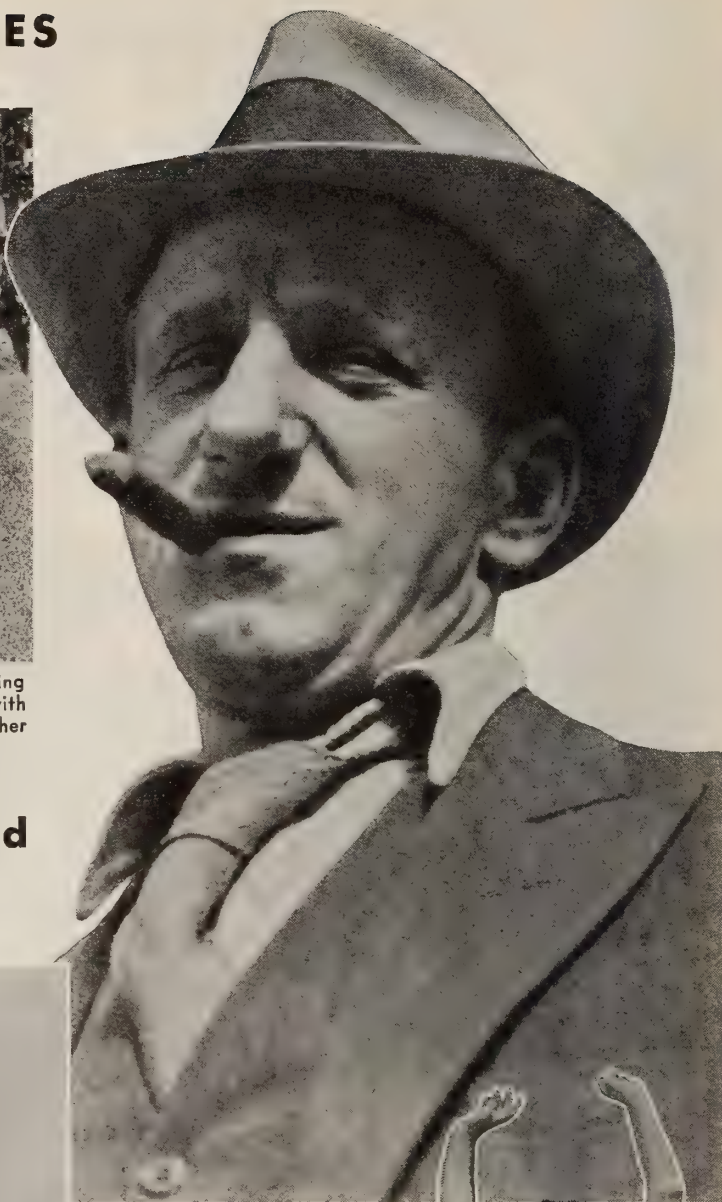


Photo by Wide World

One of Jimmie ("Schnozzle") Durante's latest and most fetching poses. His next picture will be in support of Mickey Mouse. Seriously! On our word of honor! With him will be Jack Pearl, the Baron, of radio fame.

Who said Marlene Dietrich started the trousers fad? Perhaps so, but here's a picture of Greta Garbo, snapped several years ago. If these are not trousers, you win. . . . Greta's first picture is to be "Queen Christina." Watch for it!

(Right) Arline Judge (Mrs. Wesley Ruggles), on the beach at Malibu. Returning to the screen after the advent of the Ruggles' chee-ild, her first picture will be "Flying Circus."

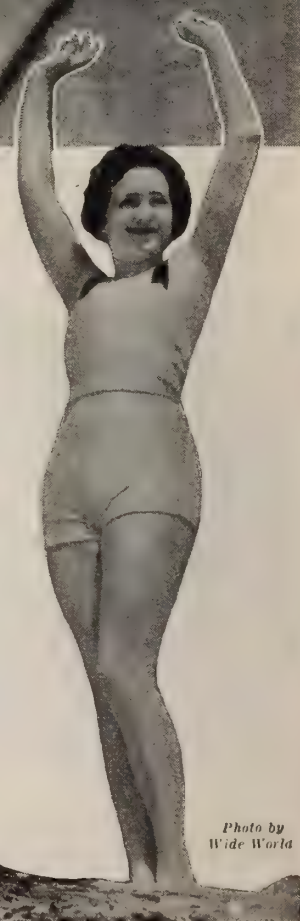


Photo by Wide World

How DOES She Do It?

Simplicity and development of your own good taste in make-up and clothes are what Kay Francis advises

By ANN BOYD

SHE stood at the top of the stairs and I stood at the bottom.

"Won't you come up?" she said, in a delightfully soft low voice. But I stood still a moment because Kay Francis is much more attractive off the screen than she is on. When I did start up I almost stumbled—I wasn't watching the stairs but her.

"But you know," she said, after we were safely seated in the drawing-room of her father-in-law's home in New York—Kay is married to Kenneth MacKenna—"I'm not so well equipped to tell anyone how to become beautiful." I could have argued that point but she went on:

"I can't say that I have any beauty secrets, you see, except to keep healthy and be natural. Of course I keep my skin clean and since I don't have much trouble with it I don't do much else. Although there is a special face pack I use when I've been working hard. It's an amusing idea for a mask but it does work well. Just take a cake of yeast, mix it with a half teaspoon of water and spread it over your face. Of course the skin should be cleansed first. Let it stay on ten to fifteen minutes—until it is dry—and then wash it off.

"Girls that want to bleach their skin should mix it with a little peroxide, but I don't because my complexion is naturally brunette and I want to keep it that way."

Perhaps you've noticed the feeling of sincerity Kay gives to any rôles she takes. Most of it is because of the direct look in her eyes—a look that is enhanced by keeping her eyebrows (*Please turn to page 89*)



Best Dressed Woman in Hollywood is the name given to Kay Francis, shown above in one of the costumes that won it for her. At the left Kay looks entrancing, but not quite herself, in a platinum blond wig.



New Pictures

YOU SHOULD SEE—AND WHY

HAPPY days are here again! The Hollywood studios have decided that the depression is over. David O. Selznick, late of RKO, has placed two shows in work under his supervision that boast casts bigger than the famous one in "Grand Hotel." Happy days are here again! . . . But, we're wondering how the boys and girls who go to theaters are going to feel when the movie moguls get them used to seeing ten stars in every picture. It's going to get so that it will take Eddie Cantor to support Harold Lloyd.

Has anyone wondered where the stars of yesterday have gone? The fact of the matter seems to be that the movie-moguls have decided that too many stars made bankers feel blue. So now we have big pictures with all-star casts, and no

John Boles and Lilian Harvey in "My Lips Betray." This is Miss Harvey's first American-made picture.

one person gets too much credit or too much money.

IDEAS seem to be in demand in the movie world today. For the past few years there hasn't been very much difference between one picture and another. Now there are several really new ideas in work—and you've already had a few that are different: "King Kong," "King of the Jungle," and "Cavalcade." All three tell very, very different tales. The new ones are supposed to be secrets—but we'll be telling you soon.

Praise to Warner Brothers for "Working Man," the George

Arliss picture reviewed under the title of "The Adopted Father." This is one of the best human stories since "Seventh Heaven." Don't miss it!

AND as for our monthly peek into the future: there ought to be lots of good movie entertainment out of "The Christian," with Jean Harlow and John Barrymore, "Little Women" with Katie Hepburn, "Ann Vickers" with Ann Harding, and the new Marx Brothers' comedy . . . all four of them (the pictures, not the brothers) about ready for the starting gun.

And one more compliment, this time to the simple, sweet sincerity of "Zoo in Budapest." Apparently this picture has to be seen twice. At least, your movie-sleuth found it much better on the second trip.

**All the latest news and views
of the forthcoming films**

AND your special attention should be given to "Adorable" with Janet Gaynor and her new leading man. Who would ever have thought that Charlie Farrell's place would be



taken by a Frenchman? And does he have what is needed?

DINNER AT EIGHT—(M-G-M)—Has anyone a new word for "super"? If you have, please send it to your reviewer in case M-G-M ever does this again.

"Hollywood on Parade" should be a sub-title for "Dinner at Eight." No play in the history of movies ever got breaks like this one.

First of all, George Kauffman ("Once in a Lifetime") and Edna Ferber ("Cimarron") combined to write the show. It grew up to be the hit of the Broadway season and finally comes to the screen with the gaudiest all-star cast of all time.

There's no use in my reviewing it. It has to be seen to be believed. Some of it is inspired, but all of it is invested with a glamour that makes it one of the year's movie events.

What a cast!—Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, John Barrymore, Jean Harlow, Lionel Barrymore, Warner Baxter, Franchot Tone and there still may be others. It's a blinding galaxy of stars that deserves your attention even if the story they tell were only half as good as it is.

Miss Ferber has written a decisive, dramatic story with rôles that are worthy of these kings and queens of drama. Marie Dressler is superb; Wallace Beery is better than in "Grand Hotel," in a quite similar rôle. In fact, there can be but one complaint—that is, that with such a cast, each one's rôle seems to be too small. We are afraid, Miss Ferber, that even

The Best Picture in Grand List Is:

"DINNER AT EIGHT"

—because it has the finest cast ever assembled—and is a good show.

BUT

There Is Just as Much Entertainment In:

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933

—a swell musical drama with peppy tunes, girls and laughs.

COLLEGE HUMOR

—a collegiate musical with Bing Crosby and Burns and Allen, also Jack Oakie and Dick Arlen.

NIGHT FLIGHT

—a grand yarn with John and Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable and Helen Hayes.

AND

These Are A-Number-One Shows as Well:

BED OF ROSES

—Connie Bennett in a Mardi Gras and a reform school.

LILLY TURNER

—Ruth Chatterton in her best picture since "Madame X."

THE LITTLE GIANT

—a burlesque "Little Caesar" with Edward G. Robinson. Swell fun.

Jack Oakie and Richard Arlen in "College Humor," one of the new talkies with music.

you cannot quite write a story that is good enough for such a list of notables, and if you could, an ordinary movie would still be far too short.

See "Dinner at Eight" at your first opportunity.

GOODBYE AGAIN—(Warners)—"Goodbye Again" gives Warren William the first good story that he has had in a long time. This is the show that crept onto Broadway and surprised everybody, including the authors, by becoming the comedy smash of the year.

It concerns a professional lecturer who cannot even be on the level with himself. About the only person in the world who realizes that there is some real worth in him is his secretary, who travels with him, takes all his abuse and does without thanks or appreciation.

Of course, everything works out in the end. But not until five or six reels of the best comedy in months have unrolled before your eyes. Joan Blondell is better than usual as the secretary and Genevieve Tobin is decorative in a rather thankless part. Mr. William takes the racy lines of the Scott-Haight comedy and makes them mean plenty. Not a really objectionable line in the whole show, yet as smart and racy as any French farce. It all goes to show what really smart and clever writing can do along entertainment lines.



Neil Hamilton and Shirley Grey in "Terror Aboard."

The yarn has to do with ambulance chasers and the trouble that a couple of rising young surgeons can get into once they set their minds to it. Wynne Gibson, who hasn't been seen often of late, is swell as the girl who knows her way around, and Betty Furness is cute as can be as the sweetheart of both the boys. You'd better find out the rest for yourself 'cause it's a good little action drama that you'll enjoy as a change from the usual.

THE FLYING CIRCUS—(Radio)— Likable youngsters in a fast-moving story that packs a punch and can boast of some real thrills! RKO-Radio has given Director Russell Birdwell a sort of junior "Grand Hotel" cast for this aviation thriller.

While none of the names is on anyone's list of favorite stars, there are several that stand a good chance of making that place within the next year.

Bruce Cabot, the hero of "King Kong," has another swell rôle that will gain him lots of friends. Ralph Bellamy and Eric Linden, as his buddies, both land meaty parts and Arline Judge (who took time out to have a baby—she's Mrs. Wesley Ruggles, you know) comes back in grand shape as the girl interest.

Cliff Edwards ("Ukulele Ike" to you) and June Brewster complete the cast. June Brewster is one of the eye-fillingest eye-fuls among the newer players.

The show deals with a band of wandering aviators who find more thrills among state fairs than the Lafayette Escadrille found in the World War.

The youngsters in the family will go for this one, hook, line and sinker, and the rest of you can take a page out of their book.

COLLEGE HUMOR—(Paramount) —Another musical, one that you'll enjoy seeing. Bing Crosby served notice that he was a better-than-average actor in "The Big Broadcast" and he proves that he is no flash in the pan.

"College Humor" is a frankly riotous musical dealing with so-called college life, and nothing is allowed to come between any of the actors and a possible wise-crack.

Bing has some new songs and an old one (I think) but has, without doubt, the smoothest voice that has left radio for the screen.

Paramount has given Bing more support than any radio star has ever had in the past and the result proves it to be a very smart move.

Goofy Gracie Allen and the non-chalant George Burns prove also that their radio humor is just as good on the screen.

Jack Oakie, Richard Arlen, Mary Carlisle and Mary Kornman complete the cast. Wesley Ruggles handled the direction. By the way, you may remember Miss Kornman in another picture made by the same director. She was the dumb blonde in "Are These Our Children?"

Taken all-in-all, "College Humor" is as good a show as you will have

Don't Miss These :

THE NARROW CORNER

—a much better-than-average drama with the younger Fairbanks.

THE MORNING GLORY

—Katharine Hepburn and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in a swell romance.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY

—Colleen Moore and Spencer Tracy in a picture that will get you.

MY LIPS BETRAY

—with golden-voiced John Boles and Europe's bright star, Lilian Harvey.

The scene in which Mr. William discovers, to his surprise, that he is in love with his secretary will stick in your memory. The star has not been half as good since "The Dark Horse."

Put this one on your list.

EMERGENCY CALL—(Radio)— There may be another title on this show by the time that you get around to seeing it but, new title or not, you'll find it to be a good action drama with a better-than-ordinary galaxy of coming young actors.

Bill Boyd, who has been around some time, heads a cast of newcomers including Bill Gargan, Betty Furness and Wynne Gibson (who had Mae West's place until the red hot momma came along).



Bob Montgomery and Ann Harding in "When Ladies Meet," her first picture away from her home studio.

the pleasure of seeing this month.

THE PURITY GIRL—(Radio)—
Ginger Rogers, who scored a real hit in "42nd Street," was handed another fat part in "The Purity Girl." Miss Rogers is only partly responsible for the fact that the picture is a sprightly little piece of entertainment. (What I mean is that the careless and carefree Ginger has been given another fool-proof cast that hands her the opportunities on a silver platter.)

Norman Foster, Frank McHugh, Gregory Ratoff, ZaSu Pitts and Allen Jenkins round out the cast. ZaSu Pitts, in particular, has never been funnier.

There is a snappy little tune, sung by Ginger Rogers, that may tickle your ears in the near future. It's called, "My Imaginary Sweetheart" and is by way of being the theme song of the show.

This is no "42nd Street"; in fact, it is not actually a musical; but if you want to see something that is light and sparkling, without mattering very much, you won't go very far wrong.

MY LIPS BETRAY—(Fox)—Lilian Harvey, lovely Anglo-German star of "Congress Dances," is with us again. "Congress Dances" was a bolt of celluloid vastly different from the usual run and in it Miss Harvey appeared to be a genuine find.

"My Lips Betray" leaves the situation just about as it was before. Mr. John Boles is always good when he is singing, and some lovely melodies

allow Miss Harvey every chance to duplicate her triumph in the German film.

What might have been the American birth of a new star of the first magnitude ends up in a compromise.

Miss Harvey is good. Mr. Boles is good. The whole cast is good. But the picture falls short of being great.

NIGHT FLIGHT—(M-G-M)—Another M-G-M parade of stars and, this time, a two-fisted story in addition.

Look them over!

John Barrymore and his brother, Lionel, Clark Gable and Helen Hayes—and a story that you and I can get next to and understand.

Clarence Brown, who has directed some big ones in his time, never had a set-up like this before. Thrills that make your heart stand still. Acting by a quartette that is hard to equal, let alone beat. The result is something outstanding.

It seems to your reviewer that casts of this type fit better into shows with real, almost violent action than they do into the character shows that have been made to date. "Night Flight" has all the action you can use; and if you can get yourself used to seeing one of these stars in later pictures without the support of half a dozen of the others, you should sit right down and write M-G-M a letter of thanks.

It has the stars and apparently it intends to use them.

"Night Flight" is a fine, old-fashioned motion picture. You can take the whole family from Grandma to Flapper Fanny and there'll be no com-



Joan Blondell and Warren William in "Good-bye Again," the smash-hit comedy of the year.

plaint. Junior and his Daddy will both get what they are looking for . . . and so will you.

THE WORLD GONE MAD—(Majestic)—Just for the sake of an old-timer who has given you many a good performance, you should give "The World Gone Mad" a hand, if you come across it in your movie travels.

It is asking a bit too much to expect you to go looking for it, but if you see it up in the lights, go inside and see for yourselves that Evelyn Brent is still the best actress of her type.

This little picture, made for about the same amount that would pay for one sequence in some of the "specials," sets out to tell the story of a district attorney who is murdered on the evening on which he is supposed to expose the criminal element. His successor and a pal of his (played by Pat O'Brien) take up the job where he left off. And the result is more entertainment than you've had in many so-called specials. Your reviewer gets around to seeing only a few of the independent productions—only those, in fact, that manage to make a release in one of the Broadway theaters, but, I'd like to hand a bouquet to Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton and Buster Phelps for a swell job. If you get to see it, I think you'll add a couple of posies yourself.

THE PHANTOM BROADCAST—(Monogram)—Any studio, big or little, could be proud of "The Phantom Broadcast" if only for the fact that it brings an entirely new story to the screen. Hats off to Monogram, an independent studio, for a rare accomplishment.

It is the story of gangland's attempt to chisel into the radio business. To tell the story is to spoil the plot, yet I cannot sell you the idea of seeing the show without tipping you off to at least part of it.

Murdock and his manager are getting to be a Broadway miracle due to the amount of money they are making. Murdock is a conceited pup and gangland decides to muscle in on the easy money through him. Wilder, his

(Please turn to page 90)

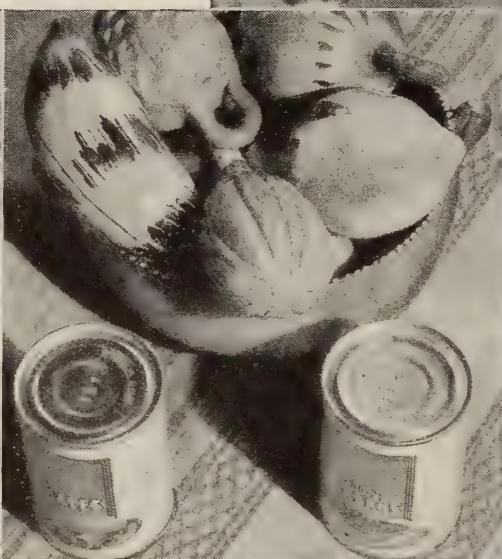


Ruth Chatterton and her husband, George Brent, playing together in "Lilly Turner."

HOT FRIJOLES for



Tower Studios



Enchiladas for luncheon means a real Mexican meal to Mary Carlisle, with extra tortillas on the side, in place of bread, and a salad of watercress, Spanish onion, tomatoes and chili.

Eat highly spiced dishes of old Mexico with Mary Carlisle

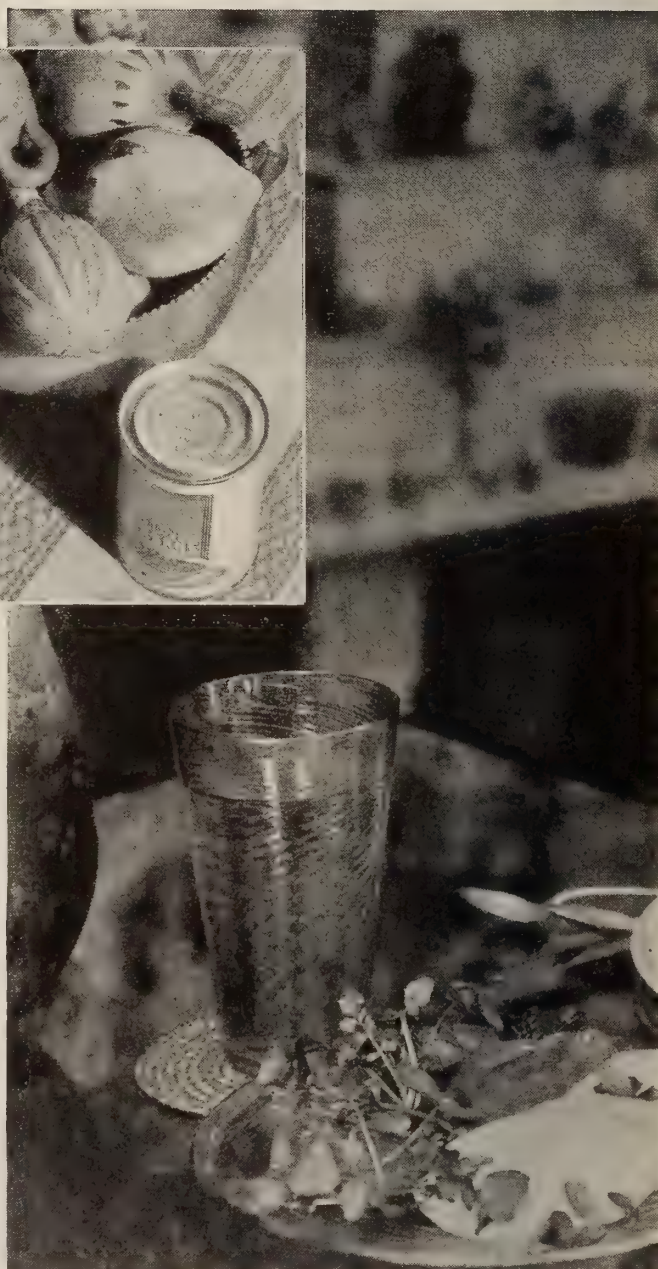
BECAUSE a food is hot to the taste is no sign that it is heating to the body," Mary Carlisle would have you know. "In fact, as far as highly spiced food is concerned, the opposite is true. A hot chili pepper doesn't actually make you any warmer than a glass of cold milk."

We went to Mary Carlisle for a discussion of warm weather diet for two very good reasons—first because Mary always manages to look so delightfully cool even on the warmest day in Summer and second because of her well-known penchant for highly seasoned Mexican dishes of the sort that you or I might have considered most inappropriate.

"On warm summer days," Mary told us, "I often eat Spanish enchiladas, much to the horror of my friends, who think I have no regard either for my comfort or my figure. But I have learned by experience and the study of diet that these foods are not heating to the body nor are they particularly fattening."

"In semi-tropical countries, like Mexico and Spain, the diet of the people is usually well seasoned. They eat hot peppers and spiced sauces with simple carefully cooked meats and vegetables because they stimulate the appetite and in so doing aid digestion. We in California, with a climate similar to those countries, have adopted many Mexican dishes, based on old Spanish fare, and I have learned that they are excellent for hot weather menus."

Within the past few years Mexican dishes of all sorts have come into fashion in Hollywood though few



realize as does Miss Carlisle the exceptional fitness of these dishes for summer menus. Among the most popular of these are enchiladas which have no counterpart in regular American cooking. To begin with one must have three tortillas for a dish of enchiladas, and tortillas are best described as a sort of pancake made from ground corn and grated cheese. The tortillas are placed in a baking dish with a highly seasoned mixture of grated cheese, chopped onions and chopped olives spread between. More grated cheese goes on top and then the dish is baked.

Perhaps you cannot get the real flavor of enchiladas outside of Mexico or without real Mexican ingredients but Miss Carlisle helped us to secure a recipe by means of which we were able to produce an excellent imitation with foods obtainable anywhere.

Tamales is another favorite Mexican dish that one can make without benefit of special products, or

SUMMER FARE



Wide World

Directions for securing
recipe circulars may be
found on page 93.

better still, buy ready to heat and serve in small tins, and chili con carne—meaning simply chili peppers with meat—may also be bought in cans if you do not want to go to the trouble of making it yourself.

Frijoles is another dish that travelers in Mexico find good enough to write home about, but it's perfectly possible to make it in your own kitchen. Begin with red kidney beans, and by the time you have added onions, pepper, chili and other simple flavorful ingredients you have a dish well seasoned enough to tempt any warm weather appetite.

"I have found that most people enjoy these Mexican dishes," Miss Carlisle told us, "though they are amazed at the idea of serving them in warm weather, and yet what could be more obvious than to go to a warm country to get ideas for summer diet? Mexicans like meat but they eat less of it than most Americans and it is usually mixed with vegetables and well

cooked. Some people say that Mexican food contains too much fat for warm weather, especially if one does not want to gain weight. But just remember that in Mexico as in other warm countries the fat is put into the dishes and not on them. Tortillas, for instance, which contain some fat, are eaten without

butter, so they are not as rich as they seem. In order to share her enjoyment of Mexican dishes with readers of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, Miss Carlisle helped us to secure recipes for enchiladas, tortillas, frijoles, chili con carne and other famous dishes. These recipes are included in our July food circulars designed to help you plan and prepare your warm weather meals.

They are as follows:

1. Famous Mexican dishes.
2. Warm weather dishes from India.
3. Fuel saving dinners.
4. Tray meals.
5. Cold plates for warm days.
6. Warm weather dinner menus.
7. Warm weather breakfasts and lunches.
8. Cooling beverages hot and cold.

Are You Ready?

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS



Dorothy Burgess, Raoul Roulien and Gloria Stuart. An exclusive photograph taken at one of Hollywood's gayest parties.

Photo by Wide World



Photo by Wide World

Regis Toomey, Joe E. Brown, and Mrs. Toomey, with Mary Elizabeth Brown.

Then come with Grace Kingsley, The New Movie's society reporter, on a tour of the movie parties

YOU should have been with me at the party just to see that Eskimo leading man! His name is Ray Wise, and is he handsome and has he IT?

But, girls, he has a bride, an Eskimo girl, whom he lately married in Nome. So your sighs will be in vain, I'm afraid, those simple hearted Eskimos not knowing much about divorce. But they're in Hollywood now.

W. S. Van Dyke, director of "Eskimo," taken from Dr. Peter Freunchen's book, was giving the party at his big, hospitable house in Brentwood.

You might think that Ray Wise's bushy hair, standing out all over his head, would make him look too wild, but somehow it adds just a touch of audacity that women like. And then, his lovely courtesy, his fine, sensitive, mobile face, rob him of all hint of the savage.

Ray's bride is a lovely girl, born in Nome, educated at the high school there, smart in dress and cultured in manner. But is she thrilled at the big cities and their sights!

"I had never ridden in an elevator before," she said. "Our highest building in Nome is three stories high. I'm like a kid about riding up and down in the apartment house where we live!

"And I've never seen a stage play, either! Imagine that! We have pictures up there in

Alaska, but no real flesh-and-blood drama."

Dr. Freunchen and his wife were at the party too, and much devoted. Nevertheless, I heard that when his wife met him at the station after his absence of more than a year in the frozen north, he merely shook her by the hand, and, in laconic Norse fashion, said, "How do you do?"

Jean Harlow was present. She came with Ray Hallor, whom you may remember in pictures.

Jean wore a black knitted skirt embroidered with gold, with a white blouse of crepe, also embroidered in gold, and a little white hat. She also wore a red sash, which gave a saucy tone to the Jean Pateau model.

Mrs. Wise wore a conventional, tight-fitting evening gown, princess style, revealing her lovely figure. The dress was of flowered taffeta, in soft, pastel colors.

Lotus Long, the Chinese girl, who played one of the leading rôles in "Eskimo," wore black and white crepe. She is beautiful.

And Anna May Wong came with her sister, Ying Wong, who also played a leading rôle. Anna May wore a handsome and unusual gown—black taffeta skirt, with real Irish lace, very old—made into a long, tight-fitting blouse. Her sister was gowned in a conventional, tight-fitting evening dress, very becoming.

WE told Jean she looked lovely, but she said, "Oh, you ought to see me in the morning! My hair is done in hairpins to make it crimp, and my face is smeared with cold cream. The first morning after I engaged my butler, he came up to my room to take my orders. He took one look at me and fled!"

Ruth Elder was there with Buddy Gillespie, art director for Van Dyke.

Eddie Hearn, who used to be a star, but is now Van Dyke's assistant, and his wife, were present; and Charlotte Woods, scenario writer, Gregory McIsaacs and his wife, and many others.

IT was rather amazing to find a strictly religious group being entertained by a picture star, and so we found Victor McLaglen's party unusually interesting, when we went to (*Please turn to page 103*)



Photo by Wide World

Victor McLaglen, the host, Alec Francis and Mae Marsh at a tea which Victor gave at his beautiful home for the Oxfordites, a religious group.

Johnny Weissmuller, Anna May Wong, Jean Harlow and W. S. Van Dyke, director of "Eskimo," at a party the director gave for some of his native cast.

Photo by Wide World





Knitting with the Stars

Click knitting needles with Una Merkel
or learn to crochet with Miriam Hopkins

By FRANCES COWLES



Photographs by Wide World

Una Merkel (left) knitting two and purling two—
and wearing her new sweater; Miriam Hopkins
(above) showing off a new knitted suit and her
crocheted collar and cuff set.

Turn to page 80 for directions for obtaining
instructions for making Una Merkel's sweater and
other smart accessories.

KNIT two—purl two," says Una Merkel, "yarn over and knit two together—just wait until I get to the end of the row."

"Double crochet, single crochet," agrees Miriam Hopkins, "I've tried knitting, too, but I like crocheting better because you know right away if you've dropped a stitch."

"Picking out stitches with knitting needles or crochet hook is just as thrilling as any puzzle and not half so futile. You couldn't possibly wear a jig-saw puzzle after you've put it together—and you can save quite a bit knitting your own things."

Miss Hopkins doesn't claim to be a real expert either at knitting or crocheting but she has a number of hand-knit sweaters in her wardrobe and displays with pride a crocheted collar and cuff set which she has just completed.

"Knitting has always seemed like fascinating work," Miss Merkel tells us, "but it is especially interesting now, since it is possible to get directions for sweaters and caps and things that are really smart and up-to-date. A few years ago home-made sweaters were so likely to be shapeless and uninteresting and you just knew that a cap or beret that a girl knitted or crocheted herself would be out of the question. But since the directions for making them are now so up-

to-date and easy to follow, I like to try them."

Then Miss Merkel was called away but as proof of her enthusiasm she sent us directions for making her amusing little visor cap. Here they are:

Material required: One ball Needlecraft cotton.

Chain 3 join in a ring, work 6 single crochet in ring, then 2 SC in each of the 6 making 12. Next row, increase by making 2 SC in every 2nd stitch for 1 row, next row is 2 SC in every 3rd stitch for 1 row, next row 2 SC in every 4th stitch for 1 row, increasing in this manner until you have 2 SC in the 21st stitch—this work should be perfectly flat at this time, make 3 plain rows—divide circle in 6 equal parts and decrease (skip 1 stitch) the 6 times in every row for 6 rows. Work 1½ inches straight for visor turn and work back over one half of row, turn slip stitch in 2nd SC—work SC increase in every 5th stitch to end of visor, turn slip stitch into 2nd SC work within 1st of end of row, repeat this row once, turn slip stitch into 2nd SC increase in every 10th stitch working within 1st of end, turn, slip stitch into 2nd SC work 2 even row, but make the end decreases always, repeat the increases in every 10th stitch and the 2 even rows for 5 times in all, then make all rows even, for 6 rows, but decrease 2 on each end always, then make 2 rows around entire work.

Life in the Balance

COULD you forgive yourself, if a member of your family or a friend should die while you were standing by, helpless, waiting for the doctor? How would you feel if a life should slip away because you have never learned to give artificial respiration?

When someone is overcome by gas (illuminating or coal gas, carbon monoxide, or the gases in smoke), shocked into unconsciousness by electricity, or is nearly drowned, there is no time for guesswork or experimenting. You must get to work instantly — without a second's delay — and you must know how.

As a world-famed physiologist puts it, "Often, in drowning, electric or gas cases, the vital machine merely needs to be started again. It is like cranking an automobile when the engine has stalled and the self-starter is out of order."

Continue artificial respiration for four hours or longer if necessary. When changing operators, do so without losing count. Not infrequently the patient, after temporary recovery, stops breathing. Resume artificial respiration at once. Thousands upon thousands of lives have literally been snatched from death by this method of life saving.

In many progressive communities, fire departments, hospitals, gas and electric companies use inhalators containing cylinders of carbogen to stimulate breathing in conjunction with artificial respiration. If an inhalator is available, send for it, but let nothing interrupt immediate and continuous effort to restore natural breathing by artificial respiration.

Read the life-saving instructions under the diagrams; then practice them with a friend. Once learned, they will never be forgotten and by means of them you may save a life dearer to you than your own.

Do not wait to remove clothing but begin at once to apply artificial respiration. Lay the person face down on floor or ground, one arm extended directly forward. Bend the other arm at elbow and rest cheek on back of hand, mouth toward finger tips. Kneel, straddling patient's right or left leg, or both legs, at the thigh.

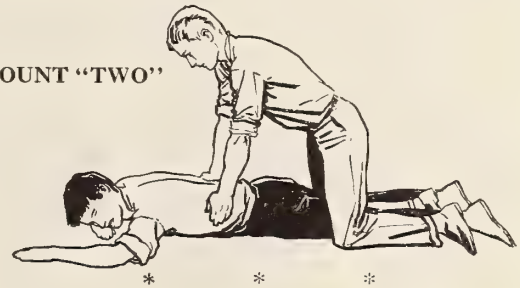
Place your hands on each side of back, just above the belt line, with your wrists four inches apart, thumb and fingers together; the little fingers over and following the line of the lowest rib; the tips of fingers just out of your sight.

COUNT "ONE"



While counting "one," "two," (a second for each count) with arms straight, (not bent at the elbow) swing weight of body forward until shoulders are directly over hands.

COUNT "TWO"



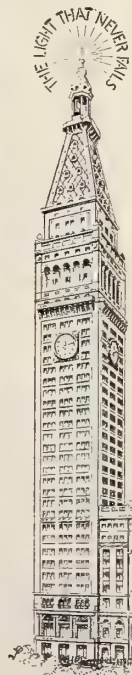
While counting "three" snap the hands sideways off the patient; at the same time, swing your relaxed body back to a resting position on your heels. While counting "four," "five"—rest.

Repeat these operations rhythmically, deliberately swinging forward and backward twelve to fifteen times a minute—a complete respiration in four or five seconds.

COUNT "THREE" (hands off)
COUNT "FOUR" and "FIVE" (rest)



The Metropolitan's booklet "Artificial Respiration" which contains further information of value in giving First Aid to one suffering from electric shock, gas asphyxiation or apparent drowning, will be sent free upon request. Address Booklet Dept. 733-B.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Our Colonial GAME ROOM

By
**BETTY
LENAHAN**

Models by
HERMAN C. KNEBEL



A room in the cellar that can be enjoyed by the entire family is a distinct advantage to the modern home



Fireplace, reading alcove and refreshment counter provide varied diversion in all seasons.

THE cellar of the present day house is no longer merely a space for the laundry, the coal bin, the furnace and the preserve closet. The architect, of course, takes these things into consideration, and allots them their proper space but he also makes provision for one large room to be converted into a game or recreation room that can be enjoyed by the whole family. A distinct advantage of a room of this type in the average house is that the living rooms of the house can be kept in better order if there is a special room for sports, games and parties. Such a room can be made most livable and usually at very little expense some new things can be bought and some old things can be used. Suitable upholstery and curtain materials need cost but little.

The recreation room of our little Colonial house, situated directly under the living room, is exceptionally large, extending from the front to the rear of the house and measuring 25 feet, 2 inches long by 12 feet, 9 inches wide. The walls of the room are of rough plaster surmounted by a rough hewn pine beamed ceiling. The doors and (Please turn to page 81)



"LOOK MARY, JUST WHAT WE
NEED FOR OUR WHITE SHOES
LET'S GO IN AND BUY SOME!"



Wonderful Cleaners for ALL kinds of WHITE Shoes



White Cloth Cleaner:
For all white cloth and
buckskin shoes. Dis-
lodges dirt and leaves
an even coating of
pure white on the
shoe. Will not dust off.

White Kid Cleaner: For
all shoes of smooth white
leather. Cleans the leather
in a jiffy and dries quickly
to a soft, smooth finish.
Rub with cloth—and you
have a brilliant polish.



White Cleaner in Tubes:
Use this cleaner for all
white shoes of any kind.
Works equally well on
cloth, buckskin or kid.
Takes a polish on kid
shoes. Gets shoes clean
in a hurry. Easy to use.

HERE'S a quick, easy way to make last year's white shoes look new again. Or to keep your new white shoes looking clean and new. Just go to the hardware department of your ten-cent store. Ask for ColorShine. And you'll get the finest White Shoe Cleaners that money can buy. There's an easy-to-use White Kid Cleaner that softens, preserves and polishes all smooth white leathers. There's a wonderful White Cloth Cleaner, for white cloth or buckskin shoes, that will not dust off. And there's the amazing new all-purpose White Cleaner, in a handy tube, that quickly dresses up white shoes of any kind. Try ColorShine. It costs only a dime. It's easy to use. You'll be delighted with the results. And you'll save real money. Buy a supply today. The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.



BOX OFFICE CRITICS

Mr. Producer, Your Audience is Talking

Some of the pictures I have seen lately thoroughly disgusted me. They were not at all interesting. "Society Girl," with James Dunn and Peggy Shannon, was actually dumb! As well as "The Crash," with Ruth Chatterton and George Brent in it. I admit that Miss Chatterton is an excellent actress, but she did not please me at all in this picture. I'm sure that if the studios produced more interesting pictures like "The Conquerors," "Prosperity," "Blessed Event," and "Back Street," there would be more pleased movie-goers. All of these pictures rate 100% with me.—Miss Jeanne L. Schneller, 240 Tamarack St., Laurium, Mich.

American Clothes: Just a word to the feminine stars. Why go to Europe to purchase clothes? Why not buy in America? After all, America supports you. Adopt a slogan such as, "America supports us; why not support America?" Joan Crawford, returning from Europe, said she preferred American clothes to European models. Such designers as Hollywood already boasts of are geniuses in their own rights. So come on, help the patron by buying in America, and help keep American money in American circulation. A 100% American fan.—Mrs. Reba Pyle, 1438 So. 58th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Did you know that you have some very good actors in the picture business that ought to have a *good break*? Speaking of breaks: Dick Cromwell—Dick really is a fine little actor, good-looking, too. Really, you directors ought to wake up to the fact that you



"I didn't know what real acting was until I saw Helen Hayes."

have a very promising youth. Philips Holmes: you can see to look at that face, that he has acting ability. Give him at least one good dramatic rôle, to show you what he really can do.

John Gilbert: "The Screen's Greatest Lover" was the title he once held, and did you know that it still holds good? Others express the same opinion. I'm crazy about pictures, and particularly these stars.—Mary Easton, 600 Tilden Avenue, Teaneck, N. J.

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



"I wish I had Mickey Mouse for a next-door neighbor."

Remakes: Why don't the studios make talking pictures out of the best pictures of the silent days? I think that a lot of fans will flock to the box

Fan-Letter Favorites of the Month

Marie Dressler
Warren William
Janet Gaynor
Jean Harlow
Edward G. Robinson
Bebe Daniels
Warner Baxter
Ruby Keeler
Leslie Howard
Norma Shearer
Joan Crawford
Lee Tracy
Mae West
Fredric March
Myrna Loy

Favorite Pictures

"The Sign of the Cross"
"Forty-second Street"
"Smilin' Through"
"State Fair"
"Silver Dollar"

Hints from the Fans

Why not a Gaynor-Ayres team?
And a Fredric March-Claudette Colbert team?
And a Sally Eilers-Jimmy Dunn team?

office to see these new pictures made from the very best pictures before the talkies. Pictures like the "The Lost World," with Wallace Beery, or the "The Volga Boatmen."

I have read that the "Hunchback of Notre Dame" is going to be made into a talkie starring Boris Karloff. Pictures such as the ones mentioned in the letter would be a great help to the box-office in these days of depression. I am sure many other readers of this magazine will agree with me.

I am a baseball fan and I think that many of the baseball fans and movie fans will agree with me that there should be a few baseball pictures made. There was one good baseball picture in which Babe Ruth starred in "Babe Comes Home." That picture was really a baseball picture. I think a picture should be made about the career of Ty Cobb, baseball's super-star. I hope one of these movie directors in Hollywood will read this letter and think about it and hope to make some money on these baseball pictures in these days of declining box office receipts—Jack Kleiman, 3327 W. Potomac Ave., Chicago.

Her favorites: I am now breaking all precedents by writing my movie opinions to a magazine. These are to be remarks about only my favorites.

Charles Laughton: Something new in movie actors. How did Hollywood get along without him so long? He'll do a lot to bring the more intelligent public back to the theatres.

Gloria Stuart: Here is a girl anyone would be proud to know. She is one actress who does not give one the impression that there is no more to her than what we can see.

Sally Eilers: Why does she always portray good little bad girls? Sally looks so much like the aristocrat and has nothing of the hey-hey about her. The success of "Bad Girl" was natural because she has something wistful about her; but she needs other rôles.

And a good picture nobody seems to mention was "Doctor X." It was billed as a horror picture but the outstanding feature about it was the technicolor and the scientific effects. . . . I liked the rave about Lee Tracy in the February issue of New Movie. He kept me in stitches at the antics of those fascinating hands of his.—M. Cass, 5416 Williamson Avenue, Dearborn, Mich.

Fashions in Personality: The repressed, exotic and mysterious Garbo-and-Dietrich type which has dominated the movies for several years now has
(Please turn to page 110)



"If they'll give George Raft good parts, he'll be one of our biggest stars."

If . . . you're looking for NEW recipes and menu suggestions . . . you're interested in beautifying your home

... YOU'LL WANT THESE HELPFUL BOOKLETS and CIRCULARS!

All women like compliments on their cooking . . . and you're bound to have praise aplenty when you follow the menus and recipes in the circulars prepared for you by the Tower Home Service Bureau. They're new . . . unusual . . . healthful . . . easy to prepare.

And we've found that the good cook is usually just as particular about her home, too. Wants it attractive . . . comfortable. So the Home Service Bureau also offers you pamphlets on home beautifying and some of the most intriguing house plans you've ever seen. A charming home and a well-set table keep you popular with friends and family.



☐ FAVORITE RECIPES OF THE MOVIE STARS 10¢

Spring a special Italian Salad on your family some night and then have the fun of telling them it's Winnie Lightner's favorite recipe. Forty-six pet recipes of the Movie Stars in this booklet!



☐ REDUCING THE RIGHT WAY . . . 10¢

Height and weight charts . . . calory chart . . . satisfying menus with low calory content . . . general exercise hints for reducing.



☐ 44 EASY ECONOMICAL DINNERS 10¢

The kind you'd always be proud to serve . . . yet they aren't expensive. The trick? It's the little surprise touches! Like Pear Salad with Ginger.

☐ FOOD CHILDREN LIKE TO EAT . 10¢

For breakfast . . . the school box lunch . . . party refreshments . . . low-cost lunch and dinner dishes . . . favorite candies and desserts.

☐ FOODS THAT MEN PREFER 10¢

Breakfast breads . . . pies and pastries . . . puddings and simple desserts . . . cakes . . . meat and meat substitutes . . . vegetables . . . confections . . . menus.

☐ MENUS FOR TWO 10¢

Intriguing menus and recipes . . . food budget for two . . . how to order . . . utensils needed for two.

☐ SHOPPERS' GUIDE FOR FRESH AND CANNED FISH 10¢

A resume of fish buying . . . recipes for cocktails and appetizers . . . fish soups . . . for the main course . . . salads . . . for breakfast . . . entrees and luncheon dishes . . . sauces and garnishes.

☐ MEAT AT ANY PRICE 10¢

Recipes for all kinds of meat . . . ways of cooking cheaper cuts . . . list of low-cost cuts . . . ways of using left-over meats . . . making the most of a little meat . . . using canned meats.

☐ FOOD IN THE FAMILY BUDGET 10¢

Helpful data on buying . . . what to spend for various foods . . . keeping food accounts . . . economical use of fruits and vegetables . . . making the most of meat . . . economical use of cereals . . . sugar, fats and oils.

☐ HOW TO CHOOSE THE RIGHT DESSERT 10¢

100 calory portions . . . delicious layer cakes . . . small cakes and cookies . . . pies . . . gelatin desserts . . . inexpensive puddings . . . ice box cakes . . . ways to use ice cream . . . ten favorite desserts.

Pamphlets on Home Beautifying

☐ BRIGHTEN YOUR HOME WITH COLOR 10¢

Distribution and balance of color . . . how to read a color chart . . . 20 different color schemes.

☐ WINDOW TREATMENTS 10¢

Draperies for the French Room . . . for the English Room . . . Italian and Spanish draperies . . . for the Colonial Room . . . the Modern Room.

☐ YOUR LITTLE COLONIAL HOME 10¢

Three practical budgets for furnishing rooms . . . patterns for curtains . . . 15 adaptable floor plans.

Tower House Plans

☐ THE COLONIAL HOUSE 3¢

Plan and discussion of details.

☐ THE FRENCH HOUSE 3¢

Plan . . . convenient features . . . interior decoration.

☐ THE ENGLISH HOUSE 3¢

Plan . . . cost to build.

☐ THE SPANISH HOUSE 3¢

Plan . . . bungalow construction . . . patio.

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Check the circulars you want sent to you immediately, fill in your name and address at the bottom and send the entire sheet to Tower Magazines, enclosing price of each as indicated. Or write a letter stating which circulars you want, enclosing the proper amount.

Tower Books, Incorporated, 55-A Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing \$_____ for which please send me right away the booklets and circulars I have checked above.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

a last minute reminder for VACATIONISTS

Are you planning a vacation this year? Fine! It's a splendid investment in health!

But remember! Different cooking—different water—irregular hours will probably throw you "off-schedule" temporarily.

Ex-Lax is a pleasant, gentle and effective laxative for every member of the family. It is the perfect laxative for vacation time—and every other time!

Ex-Lax doesn't gripe or upset digestion. It works *overnight without over-action*.

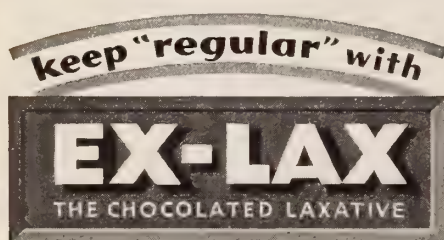
Take Ex-Lax with you

So if you're looking forward to happy vacation days—take this extra precaution: Take along a liberal supply of Ex-Lax.

You'll find Ex-Lax is a mighty good traveling companion. Not bulky or messy. Easy to carry.

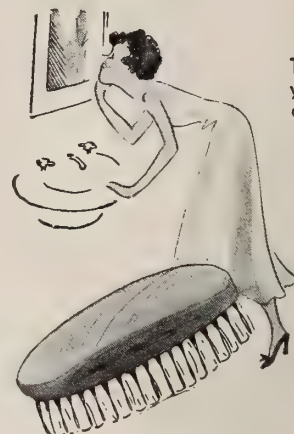
At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes.

When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax!



The MAKE-UP BOX

HOW'S your summer face? Now's your chance to do the best by your complexion because it's getting plenty of fresh air and you're getting plenty of exercise. But don't forget that cleanliness is next to miraculous for blackheads and those other little skin difficulties. We're washing our faces these days with soap and a new complexion brush. The brush should be skimmed over the face in upward semi-circular movements and may be used with soap or just with a warm water rinse. The purpose of the brushing is to stir up circulation and aid in stimu-



To stimulate your skin, a complexion brush.



A new iodine bottle that won't spill.

lating the pores. It's especially recommended for blackheads and other skin eruptions but you really don't have to wait until you get them to use it. Rinse your face thoroughly after using it and then go ahead with your usual make-up process.

MAYBE you don't think this has anything to do with beauty—but then maybe you haven't seen an attractive young housewife with a wide brown stain surrounding the cut she achieved on the old can-opener. The beauty point about it is that with this special bottle those wide brown or red stains on your skin can be prevented, since only a drop or two will come out at a time. It's non-spillable and none of the liquid will come out even when the bottle is turned up-side down unless it is tapped. But if you place it next to your skin, capillary attraction will draw out a drop or two without the necessity of tapping.



Powder and a new kind of compact.

IF you like loose powder, and most of us do, you'll like the new powder compact that comes in a set now with a well-known powder box. It's built like a long bullet and you merely press the plunger at the top to get just the right sprinkling of powder over your puff. It's easy to fill and carries enough powder for two or three days. We found it ideal for dressing table use, too, because it sifts the powder that has been pressed down into the box and the result is a much smoother finish for your make-up.

BEAUTY and a new bandeau is our slogan right now. The reason—a new bandeau with no side seams, no closing, that stretches two ways—really four ways if you want to stretch a point as we did. It goes on over the



A bandeau with no hooks and plenty of stretch.

head, and the back can be pulled down to the waistline for low-back evening effects without destroying the uplift line. The shoulder straps are narrow elastic and the material a fine mesh with the stretch woven right in and elastic powers that are amazing. Best of all it's comfortable and gives you just the right line for the new clothes. You must try it.

If you are interested in learning the names and prices of the articles described here send your request with a stamped self-addressed envelope to the Beauty Editor, Make-up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

All Real Stars are Nutty

(Continued from page 25)

without spelling the names of the social leaders so terribly that subscriptions were cancelled.

So he ought to be a success in the movies.

When Will Hays made the crack that everybody has two businesses—his own and the movies—he was painfully right. Everybody outside of the movie business knows more about it than I do, and everybody pities me because I cannot grasp the vital importance of great ideas to revolutionize the screen.

DO you want to know how I feel about the real actors and the real artists of the screen? No, you don't, because you are in some other business and you therefore know more about the movies than I do. But I insist on telling you.

In my long experience I have found that the greater an actor is, the more he is sure to be off his base. His brain, if tested, would have a nut-like flavor, almost filbertian. Show me an actor with a level head and I'll show you an actor whose name you never saw in electric lights on a theater marquee.

Dealing with a spoiled, unruly child is kindergarten stuff compared with handling a really good actor. I'll never forget the time when the contract of one of our company's stars was about to expire. I had the job of negotiating a new contract.

He insisted on what he called his rights. He said he must have the right to select his stories, his director and his cast. He must have the right to reject any set, no matter how expensive, which we might build for his pictures. And after the picture was all completed, he must have the right to reject it and say it must never be put on the market, no matter what we had invested in it.

I tried reasoning with him. I tried persuasion of the gentlest kind. I tried to demonstrate to him that there are two sides to every contract and that both sides must be considered.

I got exactly nowhere with him. Finally, he arose in a towering wrath and walked toward the door.

"You do not appreciate my artistry," he said. That is actually what he said. "You think of nothing but the sordid, commercial side of everything," he continued. "I cannot do business with such persons."

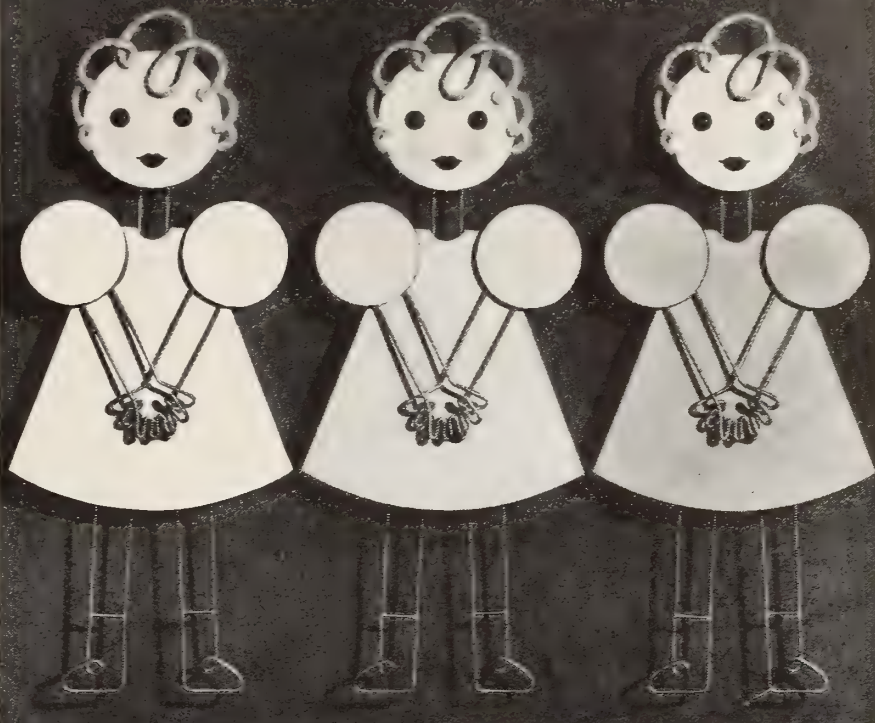
I was pretty badly frightened, because our company needed him in its business, needed him badly. But I had tried everything that was decent. So, in my excitement, I blurted out, "*Listen, you big ham, if you step outside that door, don't you ever dare to come back.* If you think you're going to dictate terms to this company, you're terribly mistaken. Just take one step more and you're through forever."

IT was panic on my part. But it panicked him. He wheeled around, bowed from the waist, smiled the most engaging smile I ever saw in my life and said, "I am so glad you kept your head when I was so unreasonable. We can do business together."

We closed the contract on decent terms for both sides, and I must say

(Please turn to page 74)

If you're tired of seeing white turn to gray



... change to FELS-NAPTHA!

Has it ever puzzled you—to see clothes turn gray after you've tubbed them a few times?

Have you ever wondered why your clothes lose their crisp, snowy sparkle so soon?

Stop puzzling—stop wondering! That dull, dingy look simply means that *all* the dirt isn't out. Some dirt sticks so tight, you see, that ordinary washing can't budge it, no matter how much you rub. Be wise—change to the soap that has more dirt-loosening power—the soap that brings you *two* cleaners instead of *one*.

Two cleaners in every bar!

That soap, as your nose will tell you, is Fels-Naptha. For there's *plenty* of safe, grease-dissolving naptha in every bar. You can smell the naptha—*lots of it!* So when Fels-Naptha goes into your wash, you get the help of two cleaners—unusually good golden soap *and* naptha. Working together, they loosen even ground-in dirt. They do it easily, without hard rubbing. Washday after washday, your clothes have that fresh,

sunshiny whiteness that tells you they're thoroughly clean!

Easy on clothes and hands!

Fels-Naptha is nice to hands, too, for there's glycerine in every bar—and glycerine is the soothing base of many hand-lotions. Fels-Naptha works well in tub or machine. It does a beautiful job in hot, lukewarm or cool water; whether you soak or boil.

Get a few bars of Fels-Naptha. You'll soon know that the big golden bar is the wisest kind of bargain. Its *extra* help saves you work—and it keeps that "fourth washday grayness" out of your clothes.

© 1933, FELS & CO.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. T. M. 7-23
Some women, I understand, find it a bit easier to chip Fels-Naptha into tub or machine by using one of your handy chippers instead of just an ordinary kitchen knife. I'd like to try the chipper, so I enclose 2¢ in stamps to help cover postage. Send the sample bar, too.

Name: _____
Street: _____
City: _____ State: _____
(Please print name and address completely)

Two cleaners instead of one ... Good golden soap and plenty of naptha



**"A life-saver
for your skin,
sister"**

**If you want a baby's smooth, clear
skin, use the baby's beauty treatment**

Quick! There's no time to lose if you're going to rival the babies in this matter of skin loveliness. Start right now to smooth up your skin—avoid drying soaps—just the way a baby does. Use pure gentle Ivory Soap.

Did you ever hear a doctor or nurse advise any fancy-smelling, colored soaps for a baby? Of course not. Only white odorless Ivory is safe enough for babies' delicate peach-bloom complexions.

So take a tip from the youngest generation . . . *It's smart to be a baby about your soap!*

Your skin needs Ivory's purity just as much as a baby's. So give your face pure Ivory cleansings to

keep it young and smooth. And take your Ivory bath tonight. Cover yourself all over with Ivory's creamy foam—splash, rinse—not a taut "dried-out" feeling after an Ivory bath.

Be honest, now. Have you ever seen your skin so shining clean . . . so baby-smooth? That's what Ivory cleansings do to the sleepest grown-up skins. Be grateful, too, that an Ivory bath is an odorless bath. No soap smell lingers to cover up the fragrance of his favorite scent.

And be mum when he murmurs that you're growing lovelier every day. It's your secret that your Ivory beauty treatments cost only a few cents at any grocer's.

Ivory Soap

99 44/100 % pure • It floats

All Real Stars are Nutty

(Continued from page 73)

he lived up to it. But several years afterward, when he was no longer with us, he dropped into my office and after the usual talk about the weather, said, "I wonder if you really meant it when you called me a big ham in your office some time ago."

Of course, you know as well as I do that calling an actor a ham is the last word in insults. If you don't know it, you are not the movie expert that you claim to be.

I had touched him on the raw without realizing it. He would sign any kind of contract after I called him a ham, but no contract at all when I reasoned with him and treated him decently.

They are all nutty—the good ones. They are not all well balanced mentally, as you and I are. Or at least as I am. They really and truly believe they have something that nobody else possesses. Call it a divine spark. Call it genius. Call it anything you like. I can't call it what I think because I don't use that kind of language.

They honestly think that a contract is good only as long as they like it. If conditions change after they have signed it, the contract ought to be changed, for their benefit. If conditions change to their detriment—that is, if they lose some of their popularity—the contract should not be changed. With them, a contract is a document drafted solely for their benefit and never for the company's.

I'm talking about the really great artists, not the run of the mine. Show me an actor who has a good business head and a straight-thinking apparatus and I will show you an actor who never reached stardom. It's just too bad, but it is true.

Unless an actor thoroughly believes that he is something better than anyone else in the world, unless he truly thinks he is always right, he just doesn't get anywhere on the screen or on the stage.

He sincerely pities the commercial mind of his producer. He cannot understand why the producer thinks in terms of dollars and cents, even though he himself thinks in terms of thousands of dollars and does not bother with the cents.

He secretly deplores the producer's lack of artistry.

If the actor has a fine pair of legs, he thinks his producer should make "Romeo and Juliet," with silk tights and everything. The fact that you stay away from the movie theater in millions when Shakespeare is advertised does not interest him. You should be educated. You need the better things of life. . . . Just between you and me, he wants you to see his handsome legs in tights—and never mind whether the picture makes money or flops.

ANOTHER problem we've created for ourselves in the movie business is the matter of publicity and advertising. If we have a good star and don't boost him, we can't cash in on him. If we boost him and publicize him, the trouble is that he believes all the great things our publicity man writes about him. The minute he be-

All Real Stars are Nutty

lieves them, he wants more money regardless of what his contract calls for.

And now comes the most expensive word in any movie studio. Maybe you never heard of it. It is "unhappy."

Let me explain. We have a contract with a star. It is, we'll say, a fair contract for both sides, because there are such contracts in movieland.

We advertise this star like the very devil. We give him qualities he never dreamed of having. We build him up. You and several million others begin to believe it all. You write letters to him. You flatter him to death. You tell him he is the greatest star on the screen.

He reads these letters and he begins to believe them. Then suddenly the word comes to us, in roundabout ways, that he is "unhappy."

What does this mean to us? It means that he thinks we robbed him when we signed a contract with him. We took advantage of his trustful, artistic nature. We have abused him. We are a lot of crooks.

Well, wouldn't you think a great big corporation could handle a foolish little thing like this? Certainly. But we can't. Because when an actor becomes "unhappy" it means that he suddenly develops headaches, stomachaches, sore feet—anything which will make him late in arriving at the studio. He just can't get there on time. It is too bad that he holds up the work of a very high priced director and an expensive cast. It is too bad, but, really he cannot help it. He is stricken with woe over it. But just the same he doesn't show up.

That happens this week. And again next week. And the week after that. It runs into a pile of money. The director reports to the main office that the star is "unhappy."

The word is poison to us. It means, in plain language, blackmail. It means that we've either got to adjust the star's contract and give him more than it calls for, or run up the cost of the picture far more than the adjustment would cost us.

So the great big corporation tears up the old contract and makes a new one on far better terms for the star. Weak? Of course it is. We ought to kick him off the studio lot, but that would be very foolish because it would put us to the expense of starting a new picture all over again and throwing away what we had spent up to date.

THE great big corporation is a lot of hooley. I'll never forget the time we had a contract with a girl star, the most popular idol of her day. In sixteen places in her contract it was stated that the contract would last for two years.

But the girl had a better offer from another company. So she wanted to jump her contract. We foolishly brought suit to enjoin her.

We went to court about it like a pack of fools. The girl took the witness stand and swore that she thought the contract was for only one year instead of two. She was a peach. She looked swell, sitting there on the witness stand with her legs crossed and plenty of stockings showing on well formed calves. She was as cute as

(Please turn to page 76)

"We're Engaged"



What a world of pleasant talk can start from a snapshot! That's one of the reasons why you're in such a hurry to get the prints . . . "Oh, isn't *this* good!" "He called me up again last night." "Do you remember when we took this?"

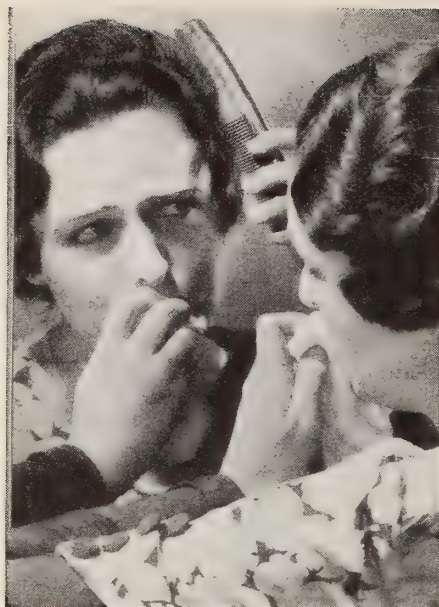
Snapshot possibilities are immensely greater now because of a new kind of film. With Kodak VERICHROME Film you don't need to have bright light. Dull or sunny—even in shade—go right ahead. No more squinting, no more posing. Snap when people are relaxed and natural—you'll get the finest pictures you've ever made. Today, try a roll of Verichrome—in the yellow box with checkered stripes. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.



HOW KODAK VERICHROME FILM DOUBLE-GUARDS SNAPSHOT SUCCESS

- Verichrome is the double-coated film. Two sensitive coatings instead of one. One coating for dull light, another coating for bright light give Verichrome its amazing picture-taking range. In sun or shade, on bright days or dull, it double-guards your snapshot success.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM



STREAKED HAIR?

Prove to yourself at our expense that gray streaks are needless. We'll send you, FREE, the famous Single Lock Test Outfit.

In a few minutes—on one small lock snipped from your hair—you can prove for yourself that gray hair is needless. We'll send you FREE the famous SINGLE LOCK TEST OUTFIT. It will bring you the secret of youthful-looking hair—radiant with color that matches Nature's own. You need no experience. Just comb Mary T. Goldman's clear, colorless liquid through hair. Color comes evenly: black, brown, auburn, blonde. A new scientific discovery enables you to control the shade. Hair stays soft, lustrous; takes wave or curl.

This Way SAFE

Medical school authorities pronounce Mary T. Goldman's harmless to hair or scalp. Use it without slightest hesitation.

At Drug and Department Stores

Ask your druggist or department store for Mary T. Goldman's for your shade of hair. Money-back guarantee.



Mail Coupon for FREE TEST

We send you FREE complete Test Package that has brought this beauty secret to more than 3,000,000 women. Clip a lock of hair. Try first on this. See results without risk. Mail Coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN'S COLOR FOR GRAY HAIR

FREE TEST PACKAGE

MARY T. GOLDMAN
986 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

✓ CHECK COLOR OF HAIR ✓

☐ BLACK ☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ AUBURN
☐ DARK BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN ☐ BLONDE

All Real Stars are Nutty

(Continued from page 75)

could be. You have loved her on the screen and that's all right, because on the screen she is mightily lovable.

But on the witness stand it was different. She swore in wide-eyed wonder and innocence that she never understood the contract was to run for more than one year.

The jury took it hook, line and sinker. Not a man in the jury box would have had the nerve to go home and tell his wife he had rendered a verdict against an idol of the silver sheet, which is slang for movie screen.

Our witnesses took the stand. They were ordinary looking business men, bald or gray or paunchy. They were not human beings in the eyes of the jury. They were the cold-blooded representatives of a colder-blooded corporation which was trying to squeeze the life blood out of this poor, innocent little gal.

You guessed it. Our case was thrown out of the window after the jury had deliberated fully three minutes. Contract or no contract, here was a darling of a girl on one side and a mean business organization on the other. So out the window we must go.

After that we never went to the courts to have a contract enforced if there was an actress involved. Actors, yes. But never again would we stack up against a pretty actress. Justice may be blind, but when there's a beautiful girl in the offing, old man Justice never misses a trick. He has the eye of an eagle. A well-moulded arm is a well-moulded arm, a pretty nose is a pretty nose, but a contract is only a piece of paper. To hell with it!

IN the newspaper business there's an old saying to the effect that "the best stories are never printed." Maybe they are too libelous, or they might offend a big advertiser. Some of the reporters used to write these stories out in full, dynamite and all, just for the fun of putting the city editor on the spot. He always bragged about the independence of the newspaper, but just the same he was mighty careful to edit every bit of danger out of the story, especially when a big advertiser was involved. He boiled with rage, but he couldn't do anything about it without tipping off the fact that his talk of independence was all hokey.

Well, in the same way, the funniest comedy in the picture business never reaches the screen. If it did, it would be too funny.

Take, for example, the bitter, everlasting, red-hot hatred which exists between every picture studio in California and its home office in New York. I've been on both ends of the line, so I know.

Out here in Hollywood, we try to hop up the folks back in the home office on how good our next picture is going to be. It is going to be not just the greatest in the world, but the greatest in the universe. Anything short of that faint praise would damn the picture before the boys in the home office ever saw it.

Then we sneak the picture out to some side-street theater and look at it at a preview in the presence of an audience. It goes a little sour. The audience doesn't rear up on its hind legs and shout for joy. Do we tell that to the boys back home who

have to sell it? Don't be utterly foolish.

No, we send them a long telegram, the longer the better. We tell them we had to pick the fans up out of the aisles where they were rolling with excitement or laughter. Then we put a stinger at the end of the telegram. We say "All this picture needs is a bang-up advertising campaign to make it a wow. We have done our part. Now you do yours."

Old stuff! It is known as "passing the buck." We lay the baby on the doorstep of the home office and if it doesn't live and thrive it isn't our fault.

And do the folks back in the home office take this lying down? Not while telegrams can still be written, not while there is a long distance telephone between New York and the coast. They look at the picture. It is not so hot. They are about ninety-nine per cent. sure that it is going to fail handsomely.

So back they wire: "Terribly disappointed. Picture awful. Direction amateurish. Think everybody connected with the making of this large hunk of tripe should be fired off the lot. Don't see one single thing in the picture to advertise or sell."

So they pass the buck back, all at the expense of the company.

Then comedy comes tripping in.

You like the picture. You go to theaters in million lots to see it. You wait in line for tickets. It is not tripe to you. It is just what you have been hoping the movie people would make. The picture is a whale of a success.

Out to New York we shoot a happy telegram: "Delighted the picture doing record business. Believe if you could steam up your advertising it would do even better. Go to it."

Right back from New York comes a telegram: "Nothing put the picture over but corking good advertising campaign. One more proof that no matter what kind of cheese you send us we can create a public taste for it."

You wouldn't believe all that if we put it in a picture. It would be slapstick, impossible, silly. It is. But we do it and we'll keep on doing it.

NOW and then the New York office sends a new efficiency man out to tell us how to make pictures. Able men—anyhow, able in their former trades of manufacturing soap or mittens. You must admit that the manufacture of soap does not call for quite the creative imagination that is required in making pictures. If you refuse to admit it, that's because you have considered some of our pictures nothing but soap. And, don't forget, no matter what you think, you are always right.

We call these efficiency men "Detective Schnitz." Nothing we can think of in the form of a name can damn him so completely.

So we wire to the home office: "For the love of Mike, call off your dog. Get this man out of the studio before he wrecks the morale of the dump."

New York can wire as fast as we can. Back comes the biting retort: "What is the use of trying to inject

All Real Stars are Nutty

new ideas into this here now business? All you people run around in a little circle in Hollywood, stealing the same old ideas from each other, never looking up out of your ruts, never doing anything new."

This, of course, is merely an opening gun on each side.

Much more remains to be said on both sides and all of it is said. Furthermore, it is said by telegram and at the company's expense. We write letters but we don't waste expensive postage on them. Not on your life. We save the stamp by sending the letter by wire. Try it some time. It is much simpler than folding up a letter, addressing an envelope and sticking a stamp on it. But don't do it until you are on a movie payroll so the company can foot the bill.

BUT don't forget what I said. All the real stars are nutty. Next time you go to a movie and fall in love with the star—remember what I said. He is nutty. She is nutty. Hard to handle. One-sided. Self-centered. The more you love him or her the more you can bet the studio had a devil of a time getting results out of him or her.

If they're not nutty, they're just no good. If they are reasonable, they are not stars. If they are stars, they are not reasonable.

You and I are sane, sensible people. If the stars we love were sane, sensible people, we wouldn't drop a plugged dime at the box office to see them.

All the real stars are hot stuff to you. They're nuts to me.

SEND US YOUR JELLY RECIPES

Thousands of women all over the country are making jams and jellies—and hundreds of them have written to us for recipes and suggestions. To aid us in making a circular of the most helpful sort we would like you to send in your jam and jelly recipes. Send them to Rita Calhoun, care of THE NEW MOVIE Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. If your recipe is judged best after testing, we will send you five dollars; four dollars will go to the second best and one dollar will be given for each of the other recipes chosen for publication.

HE WENT AND TOLD HIS MOTHER



by Timmins

HELLO, TEDDY. WANT ONE OF MY ROSES ?



I'LL GIVE IT TO MY MUMMY 'CAUSE SHE'S FEELING SORT OF BLUE TODAY

NEXT DAY

THE LITTLE FELLOW MADE ME FEEL GUILTY. HERE I AM, LIVING RIGHT NEXT DOOR TO HER AND I HAVEN'T BEEN VERY NEIGHBORLY

NOR I, EITHER! YET WE'D ALL LIKE HER IF ONLY SHE WASN'T CARELESS ABOUT "B.O."



?

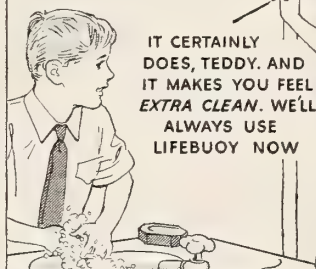
MUMMY, WHAT'S "B.O."? MRS. ALLEN NEXT DOOR SAYS YOU...



"B.O." CAN THAT BE WHY FOLKS ARE SO DISTANT WITH ME? I'LL GET SOME LIFEBOUY AT ONCE

A WEEK LATER

SAY, MUMMY, I LIKE LIFEBOUY LOTS BETTER THAN THAT STINGY-LATHER SOAP WE USED TO HAVE. AND DOESN'T IT SMELL CLEAN !



IT CERTAINLY DOES, TEDDY. AND IT MAKES YOU FEEL EXTRA CLEAN. WE'LL ALWAYS USE LIFEBOUY NOW

"B.O." GONE—she's "one of them" now!

IT'S SO RAINY WE'RE GOING TO THE MOVIES. WON'T YOU AND TEDDY COME ?



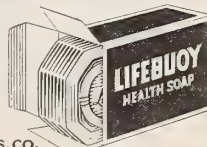
WE'D LOVE TO. IT'S SUCH FUN GOING PLACES WITH YOU FOLKS

Many "B.O." victims (body odor) these hot, muggy days

SUN HOT, humidity high, thermometer soaring. We perspire freely—it's Nature's way to cool us off. But watch out for "B.O." (body odor)! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You'll like its clean, fresh, quickly-vanishing scent—its creamier, more abundant lather that purifies and deodorizes pores, stops "B.O."

Awakens skin beauty

Complexions thrive on Lifebuoy's pure, bland lather. Gently it washes away pore-deep impurities—freshens dull skins to radiant health.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.

True beauty

LIES WITHIN THE Eyes!

Bring Out the Hidden
Loveliness in Your Eyes

with

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Do you wish for large, expressive, and alluring eyes? Of course you do! What woman doesn't? Then learn how quickly and easily you may have perfectly natural and long appearing, dark lashes by using Maybelline Eyelash Darkener.

This will instantly make your eyes appear larger and more expressive, and it is absolutely harmless, non-smarting and tear-proof! It can't make the lashes hard or brittle, but on the contrary keeps them soft and silky because of the pure, high-quality oils it contains. Black for Brunettes, Brown for Blondes.

To intensify the color and sparkle of your eyes, blend Maybelline Eye Shadow softly on your eyelids. Pure and creamy, it comes in five exquisite shades to match any eye: Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.



Perfect, graceful eyebrows can be formed with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Use Black if you are dark, Brown if you are fair.

The natural growth of your lashes is best stimulated by applying Maybelline Eyelash Grower before retiring. Its pure, nourishing ingredients are wonderfully beneficial.

Be sure to ask for Maybelline eye beauty aids. The name Maybelline is your assurance of purity and effectiveness. Special purse sizes on sale at all leading 10c stores.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO



Forward March

(Continued from page 29)

untheatrical. That evening he might have been just any nice guy with a devastating sense of the ridiculous shaking a wicked pair of pedal extremities.

The next time we met was at the studio when I was supervising "Paramount on Parade." If you honor me by reading these articles every month you will have grown weary of my constant reference to that revue, and you'll think it is the only parade I ever saw. This is not quite the case, but as practically half the stars in Hollywood were in it and I did make friendships or develop them through that association, I enjoy going back mentally to what were decidedly the "good old days."

Freddy, like the rest of the dramatic stars at Paramount, was highly amused at the idea of being in a revue.

"Couldn't you write something, a sketch or a number where I can play a tough, wise-cracking egg?" he said to me. I immediately suggested him for the leading "leatherneck" in a little playlet which Ruth Chatterton called "My Marine."

"March is the romantic type," my co-producers argued.

"If you don't think there is romance in the Marines ask the girls in all those ports," I said.

Freddy was so attractive at rehearsals that even before the revue was released he was cast as a gob with Clara Bow in "True to the Navy." As I write he is playing a flyer in "The Eagle and the Hawk."

I WENT down to lunch with him at the studio the other day. (This writing game certainly is a real meal ticket. Honestly, I used to eat before I started to pound a typewriter for a living, but I didn't consider it anything to write home about.)

Before we sat down, Freddy said, "Come and say hello to Florence. She is lunching here."

I said hello to Mrs. March, made some trite remark about borrowing her husband for lunch, and Freddy having proved that his husband complex was in good working order, led me to a table for two.

Even the studio camera man came to take a picture of us. I realized that apparently young March soft-pedals on publicity pictures with the weaker sex, and I, heaven help me, must be considered not only strong but safe.

During lunch we talked a lot about nothing. Freddy was most anxious to contribute any information that I might need, but I'm a skater on thin ice, not a deep-sea diver, so we just laughed our way through some Hungarian goulash.

Our hero has one weakness which I would like to discuss with Doctor Freud—he is a snipper-out of newspaper errors. Not only does he buy several papers a day to snip at, but he sends his findings to *The New Yorker* and gets two dollars if they happen to be funny and decent at the same time.

He told me several which I'm sure even the sophisticated *New Yorker* couldn't handle and I blush to admit he has started me on a career of collecting typographical errors.

"We discussed the late earthquake. When I say late, as far as I'm con-

cerned it arrived in plenty of time, and though it is now as forgotten as the republican party I still get a kick out of who was where for the big shakedown.

Freddy was lighting a cigarette for Sari Maritza on a set other than his own where he had gone just to have a little fun and relaxation between scenes of his high-flying picture.

"I struck the match," he said, "and leaned forward. Miss Maritza suddenly seemed to be leaning back. The match went out and with it a lot of lights. Some one yelled 'Earthquake!' and the building seconded the motion. By the time we got out, the show was over and I prepared to return to my own set.

"Reports began arriving about the damage at Compton and Long Beach. I have to pass through both of them to get to Laguna Beach where Florence and the kid were. Over the radio we heard that both towns were laid flat. No mention of Laguna.

"Well! I put in a call for Florence. Telephone communications were nil."

Young March was saying it lightly, but I'm pretty sure that he was playing our latest and most popular Earthquake Game, which everyone, myself included, enters saying, "Well! it was the funniest thing. I was—" and so on. If the microphone was dependent upon the laughs it recorded during those twenty years which were really seconds, while this part of the world seemed to be trying to shake loose from the bankers, poor old "Mike" would be among the unemployed.

THE more important Mr. March, who wins Academy awards and is called upon to address that active organization in times of stress, the more serious Freddy who for no reason I can fathom (outside of the fact that he can combine acting and tact), has been made President of the Mayfair Club, a difficult job and in pre-March days always held by an executorial big shot, was slated to talk to a gathering of actors that night. His subject was "To Cut or Not to Cut! That is the Question!"

When he couldn't get Mrs. March on the phone he said, "Cuts or no cuts, I'm going to Laguna," sent for his car and was just about to take a fifty-mile ride when the Missus managed to get word to him that she and the little girl were all right. So he went to the meeting.

All that evening we had slight reshakes and when at about 10:00 P.M. Freddy started to light a cigarette, a regular one interfered, so he claims quake credit.

I claim the same, for I had just begun to rehearse at a local broadcasting station when the big one arrived, at the sound of my singing voice, as it were. That night I had just started to broadcast when I had to grab the microphone, which appeared to be falling for me, and the building gave every indication of following suit. So Freddy has agreed not to light any cigarettes if I'll promise not to sing. Perhaps its just as well for everybody concerned.

Mother Earth was still shrugging her shoulders now and then a few days later when an airplane which was supposed to fall to pieces as Freddy, Cary

*All the
family welcomes*
**SATURDAY
NIGHT WITH
HEINZ
BAKED BEANS**



SERVING baked beans on Saturday night is a habit as old as American history—and one that every family still heartily welcomes whenever this grand old dish comes piping hot to the table. Why not observe this delightful custom in your home with genuine Heinz Oven-Baked Beans? In Heinz kitchens, beans are *oven-baked* to mealy, nut-brown, tender goodness. Heinz uses only the choicest pea beans—adds a slice of tender young pork—bakes them perfectly—steeps them in rich, Heinz-made tomato sauce. They come to you in four popular styles—and in *new larger containers*. Write today for free booklet giving many tempting recipes and menus.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A.
TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND



**HEINZ
OVEN-BAKED
BEANS**

Forward March

Grant and Jack Oakie stepped out of danger got a bit over-anxious and went boom ahead of time. Cary Grant was burned, Oakie badly shaken up and as for Freddy, when I asked him if he had enjoyed making "The Eagle and the Hawk," his answer was, "It's been very interesting!" but his eyes said plainly, "I suppose it's just naturally a woman's privilege to ask darn fool questions!"

IT seems to me that his most outstanding quality is his humanness. Maybe I made that word up, but if I did I dedicate it to Freddy. He is absolutely down to earth and the earth's a swell place!

He wouldn't know a platitude if one slapped him in the face, but he would slap back with a gag or wisecrack. He doesn't seem to have any particular plan of attack on life or any great ambition, which so many people have to such an extent that they will wish it on you even if you only ask what time it is.

He doesn't know what his next picture will be; he isn't demanding to play this part or refusing to play that one. I especially did not ask what he thought about the much-discussed salary cuts because if he has a "hire a hall and tell the execs where they get off" attitude hidden under his wealth of versatility, I didn't want to see him assume it.

I was having too good a time with the snipper-out of newspaper errors in person; and, besides, I'm so tired of listening to talk about salaries that at the head of my list of things to be thankful for goes the fact that I am not on a studio payroll.

WE discussed "Tonight is Ours" in which I thought he was splendid. "Too much make-up!" was his self-criticism.

"I didn't notice it," I answered.

"Well, that's nice of you to say so, but I jumped right from that old Roman number with paint and curls into "Tonight is Ours" and I didn't realize how big the leap was, I guess. A lot of people picked on it after it was all finished, but while we were shooting, it was a case of even his best friends wouldn't tell him."

It may be that I bring the vernacular out in folks, because I've given up several languages in its favor, but Freddy uses a lot of slang and swears pleasantly, more to punctuate than impress. It is possible that he is trying to live down a lot of publicity anent his activities while in college—head of his class, Alpha Delta Phi, class orator, refused to appear in college plays as a girl and joined the dramatic society instead.

I've read all these things and am sure they are true, but the March of Freddy, like that of Time, goes ahead and the vision broadens. Today I can't imagine his refusing to play the hind legs of a phoney horse if he thought he could do it and was needed.

I'm sure he could orate if he thought a subject worth the effort.

I know he could play a great *Hamlet*, but why depress people when they are just beginning to cheer up!

I, personally, hope that the March I'm a booster for will just keep on laughing and snipping out errors. I'm backing him not to make any himself. The command is: "Forward! March!"

Then add
**THAT CERTAIN
SOMETHING!**



BRING in those sizzling lamb chops, grilled to a turn—or a dish of crispy-brown hash—then add that *certain something!*

That "something," of course, is the rich, thick, spicy goodness of Heinz Tomato Ketchup—rouser of lazy appetites, and the largest selling ketchup in the world!

Even the simple frankfurter, the summer cold cut, the economical bean and the humble stew are banquet fare when flavored with this ruddy condiment!

And no wonder! Heinz Ketchup is made from the most toothsome, red-ripe tomatoes ever grown—seasoned with the Orient's finest spices—and bottled hot—fresh from the fields! Try some—*tonight*.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A.
TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND

**HEINZ
TOMATO KETCHUP**

THE LARGEST SELLING
KETCHUP IN THE WORLD

You Can Change DARK Colors to LIGHT Colors

—Easy as A-B-C with
Tintex Color Remover



Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter-colored one



Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric



Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself — either light or dark.

On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere

Tintex

COLOR REMOVER

Sound in the Movies

(Continued from page 52)

spirited number, "Going, Going, Gone," which made a hit from the start. I believe this is another tune from the versatile Phil Baxter, who turned out all of those novelty numbers such as "Piccolo Pete" and "Harmonica Harry" as well as that beautiful performance of "Faded Summer." This last is more of a blues number with plenty of swing, and you will have no fault to find with the Lombardo recording. The vocal is sung by the trio from the Lombardo orchestra.

The other side brings another Lombardo number, this time an unusually sweet tune, "I Found My Romance for Ten Cents a Dance," and it is one of the smoothest numbers I have heard for a long while. Just listen to the Lombardo saxophone if you want to hear something good. Brother Carmen sings the vocal. (This is a Brunswick Record.)

HERE is another popular tune, "It's Within Your Power," from the

pens of Mack Gordon and Harry Revel, the boys who gave us, "Underneath the Harlem Moon." In their newest number they surely prove that they have the ability to reach the public. Don Bestor and His Orchestra do the recording honors for us, and they do it very well. An excellent record for dancing. Neil Buckley sings the vocal. (This is a Victor Record.)

OUR next contributing artist is none other than Rudy Vallee, who gives us a waltz in three-quarter time, called "The Whisper Waltz," and it is a good one, too. The vocal work is done, of course, by Rudy, and taken altogether the number is a safe bet for those who usually prefer the smooth waltz for dancing.

We hear a fox-trot from Rudy on the other side, "Pretending You Care," and it is done in nice slow and smooth style, making a sharp contrast to the preceding selection. (This is a Columbia Record.)

The NEW KNITTING and CROCHETING

Jy228 — Crocheted sweater blouse with slender waistline.



Jy229 — Una Merkel's favorite knitted sweater blouse.



Jy230 — Knot stitch collar and cuffs and matching gilet.



Jy231 — Turkish fez and four other smart hats and caps.



Jy232 — The new crochet mesh collar and matching handbag.



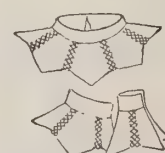
Jy233 — An easily crocheted sweater in daisy design.



Jy234 — Rose collar and cuff set and another in Irish crochet.



Jy235 — Three of the newest crocheted collars and cuffs.



Write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of this magazine, enclosing 4 cents for any one circular, 10 cents for 3 circulars, or 15 cents for all 8. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.

Our Colonial Game Room

(Continued from page 68)

the woodwork are of a mellow pine. The floor is completely covered with black and white blocked linoleum. One of the closets, with the door and frame removed, provides space for a small refreshment stand containing convenient shelves for glasses and trays above which are spacious cupboards made of pine. Framed in the panel of the cupboard doors are colorful hunting prints. The counter is also made of pine, and placed conveniently in front of it are two high pine stools.

Rugged fieldstone facing and hearth lend distinction to the simply designed fireplace. The pine mantel shelf contains a decorated pottery mug, simple pewter plates and a pair of low copper candlesticks. Hanging on iron brackets on the wall over the fireplace are two substantial-looking guns. The intimate grouping around the fireplace consists of a pair of rustic pine settees upholstered in durable green and white checked gingham, a small coffee table and an end table.

Under the small window at one end of the room is a lovely reproduction of the old trestle table on which is a pewter lamp with a simple parchment shade and a pottery jug holding bright field flowers. On either side of the table are copies of the old Hitchcock chairs painted the characteristic yellow.

A cozy little book alcove occupies one corner of the room. Pine book cases extending to the ceiling are built on either side and a built-in seat covered with a green and white checked gingham cushion extends around the three sides. Next to the alcove is a comfortable reading group consisting of a wing chair upholstered in glazed chintz with a black background with a small floral design in yellow and green. A small oval end table containing a copper lamp and a few books and a pine arm chair with a green and white checked gingham cushion complete the group. The far end of the room contains a large ping-pong table and another pair of yellow Hitchcock chairs.

Green theatrical gauze was selected for the curtains, as it is decorative, inexpensive and does not keep out the light. The curtains are very simply made reaching to the apron of the window and topped by a shirred valance of the same material.

The room is exceptionally well planned for entertaining purposes, it has a seating capacity of twenty, the polished linoleum floor lends itself to dancing and games and the refreshment counter is excellent for serving buffet suppers. A large unused room of this type with small expenditures and a little bit of ingenuity can be turned into the most lived-in and popular room in the house and will be a joy to the entire family all the year round.

Furnishing and decorating the recreation room in the cellar of our Little Colonial House completes the interior treatment of the house. However if you have been interested in watching the development of the house which we have reproduced in miniature room by room you will be glad to know that the exterior of the house, complete with garage and authentic Colonial gardens, will appear in the next issue of this magazine.

TINTEX OFFERS THE GAY, NEW SUMMER SHADES



●
35
BRILLIANT
LONG-LASTING
COLORS
●

**USE THESE EASY TINTS
AND DYES FOR ALL
YOUR FADED APPAREL**

New color! Quick color!—for everything you wear. Dollars saved! That's what happens when you use Tintex.

And whether you are restoring the original color or giving a new color to anything faded in your wardrobe, results are perfect. In fact, so perfect that only expensive professional work could equal them.

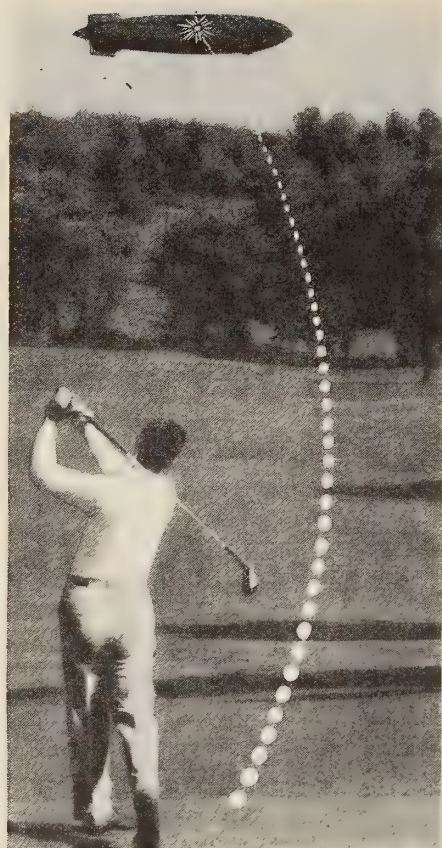
No fuss or muss—no bother or pother—about Tintex. Just “tint as you rinse” to make dresses, sportswear, “undies”, stockings, sweaters, etc., colorful and beautiful in the newest Paris shades. It's *smart* to use Tintex!



Tintex

At Drug Stores and
Notion Counters
Everywhere

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING TINTS AND DYES

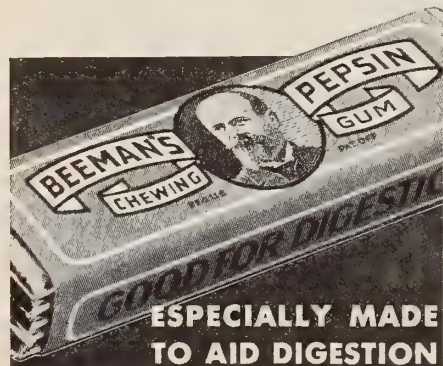


Fore!

Airplanes and dirigibles clear the skies. You're so clear-headed and keen and steady when your digestion is right that you feel as though you could place your ball on the tip of the moon.

But it's surprising how many men are handicapped by a little indigestion and yet never guess what's wrong. Beeman's is great for just such cases. Lots of healthy people chew it regularly. It's a pleasant habit, the flavor is so delicious.

Chew BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM



Nothing but Tests

(Continued from page 39)

Born in England of stage parentage, he came to this country as a child. He played his first part in the theater at the age of three. But things happen, as they do in this lifetime of ours, and the spirit of youth and adventure landed him in the United States Army. He remained in service four years, stationed in China and the Philippines.

He landed in Los Angeles after being paid off by the army, and decided to resume acting and try to get into pictures. It just didn't work out. Instead of an actor he found himself working as an electrician on the First National "lot". He was a "juicer" on "Naughty But Nice," and "Patent Leather Kid" until the lay-off period clamped down on production.

"The next I tried was an answer to an advertisement for five hundred men to work in 'Old Ironsides.' When I got to the studio on Vine Street at least five thousand men were mobbing the place," he relates. "I joined the line-up that moved past an assistant casting director. It took several hours to reach the point of inspection and I went through four times without being picked.

"I finally got the idea that my mustache had killed my chances. I borrowed a straight razor from a western character man hanging around, and shaved off the mustache while waiting in line for the fifth time. Before I

reached the casting assistant, however, the five hundred had been counted off and the studio door closed."

WITH parental backing, Stevens then went to study at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. It was there he got the foothold that eventually got him before the motion picture cameras. Among the players who studied with him at the Playhouse were Karen Morley, Robert Young, Douglas Montgomery and others who since have tasted film fame.

"How did you finally get into pictures?" Stevens was asked persistently.

He sighed and shook his head sadly. The gesture smacked of his weary playwright characterization in the Hollywood satire.

"I made tests..."

His voice trailed off into a ghost of a chuckle.

"For two years I made tests. I have occupied every chair in every casting office waiting-room in Hollywood. Finally, somebody actually looked at one of the tests."

He glanced at his watch and started abruptly.

"Will you excuse me? I'm a little late. I must hurry now..."

He blushed, if you can truthfully say a grown man blushes.

"... I have to make a test!"

Try Type-sketching Claudette Colbert

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE will award \$25 to the reader who makes a typewriter sketch, selected as the best, of the picture of Claudette Colbert appearing on page 31 of this issue, \$10 for the second best and ten \$1 prizes for the ten next best.

The judges will be John Held, Jr., the artist; Frederic Arnold Kummer, the author, and the editors of this magazine.

No employee of Tower Magazines, Inc., or anyone related to any employee is eligible.

Any material selected by the committee for publication automatically becomes the property of this magazine. We will not be responsible for the safe return of material submitted.

The contest—for type-sketches of the picture of Claudette Colbert—closes August 10, 1933, at midnight. Entries received after that time will not be considered.

Entries in the type-sketch contest for the best reproductions of the picture of Greta Garbo, that appeared in the May issue of this magazine, close June 10, 1933, at midnight.

The contest for the best type-sketches of June Knight, made from the picture of this new Universal star that appeared in the June NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, closes July 10, 1933.

All typewriter sketches in this month's contest must be made from the picture of Miss Colbert on page 31.

Submit all entries to the Type-sketch Editor, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Hollywood After Dark

(Continued from page 33)

not be wondered at when you consider the number of gossip columnists and scavengers of "the dirt" in the region. So, when a visitor of distinction is being entertained at a reception, there is a sort of silent panic which, to those who know, is evident in various defense mechanics.

Due to nervous tension, words are weighed or gushed, either course creating the wrong impression of the speaker, and actions are too often constrained for the establishment of proper amenities.

At one of the affairs given for Einstein I saw one of the strong silent heroes of the cinema act like a bashful schoolboy, and one of the most sophisticated of our heroines pretended to faint so that she wouldn't have to converse with the great man.

There is something about the stage conducive to inferiority complexes.

HOWEVER, the chances are good that this party we are going to will be one of the regular swell *soirees*. If there was a guest of note to be feted we would have to show cards of invitation. That has been found a necessary protective device against being overrun by the brotherhood of "chiselers," who are the "hail fellows, all wet" of Hollywood. Dozens of them will try to crash an important party, and go to any lengths to get in, inventing the most ingenious methods of attack. . . .

Are we too early? Heaven forbid! No, we can't be, for we have managed to be at least an hour late, which is tacitly expected of the people who know the ropes. And we do, of course, even if I have omitted the usual entrance speech about the damned director who took forever shooting that last scene, and delayed me. This is in the nature of a fraternity password used by the habitual late-comers in lieu of an apology.

If a director is late, he can reverse the compliment and curse out the stupid actors, or technicians.

WHERE is everybody? Oh, to be sure, the guests are in the private projection room of the hostess. Does it seem strange to entertain with specimens of one's daily work, as if a plumber exhibited his fine fixtures in the parlor, demonstrating the newest way to wipe a joint, or a politician delivering his last stump speech on the porch?

At any rate, it is the thing to have your own projection room, or a machine, for a real swanky party generally begins with a pre-view of a film in which one of the guests is featured.

The main object of the performance is to have fun at the expense of the starred player present, who must laugh, too, or squirm at the jibes and jeers of the expert audience. Her (or his) only recourse is to take it all in good part, and to find sweet revenge in likewise presenting an unreleased picture of a hated rival or nasty defamer, always making sure to invite to the "kill" those who have the sharpest barbs to shoot at the victim.

Oh, it's a grand indoor sport, and a fine free-for-all, without any Marquis of Queensbury rules. Hitting below the belt is quite all right.

(Please turn to page 84)

**GIRLS,
DON'T BE
FOOLS**

HAVE WHITER TEETH
THAT ATTRACT

NAN WOULD BE
BEAUTIFUL IF HER
TEETH WEREN'T SO
DINGY. I'M GOING
TO TELL HER
NOW ABOUT
KOLYNOS.

MY TEETH LOOK CLEANER
ALREADY. I WAS A FOOL
TO BELIEVE THEY
WERE NATURALLY
DULL AND YELLOW.

YOU HAVE THE
MOST GORGEOUS
WHITE TEETH
I'VE EVER SEEN.

SAY IT AGAIN.
I LIKE TO
HEAR IT.

SEE RESULTS!

DON'T be fooled into believing that your teeth are naturally dull, off-color, or susceptible to decay simply because brushing fails to keep them sound or make them white. Remember this:

Any preparation that polishes teeth and fails to kill germs—millions of germs that swarm into the mouth and cause most tooth and gum troubles—ONLY HALF CLEANS TEETH.

One dental cream in the world that kills troublesome germs as it cleans the teeth is Kolynos. Try it—a half-inch on a dry-brush, morning and night. Soon your teeth will look cleaner than ever before.

This unique, scientific dental cream contains two priceless ingredients that give

the teeth a DOUBLE-CLEANSING. As one foams into every crevice, over every tooth surface and washes away food accumulation, stain and tarnish—the other kills millions of germs.

Thus, in a remarkably short time, teeth are cleaned right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel—without injury. They look more attractive than you ever believed possible. They are safeguarded against decay.

No, you can't get by with dull, HALF-CLEAN TEETH. Don't try to. Start using Kolynos. Overnight your teeth will show great improvement. Your mouth will feel cleaner and fresher. Get a tube of Kolynos from your druggist today.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Guard your DRESSES Spare your FRIENDS

Perspiration can Cost
You Both



New dresses may be easy to buy, but new friends are hard to find. Even if you can afford to ruin good dresses with unsightly perspiration stains, don't risk offending your friends with perspiration's odors!

For underarm odor subtracts irreparably from your charm. And the dress that perspiration fades, is all too soon discarded.

Odorono Protects your Charm and Saves your Dresses

Perspiration is no problem, if you prevent it. This, Odorono—a doctor's prescription—does safely and surely. For underarm moisture *must be prevented* for the sake of your dresses and your friends. And greasy creams, sticks, powders, perfumes and soaps cannot save you. But with Odorono, perspiration and its odors will never disturb you.

Both Odorono Regular (ruby red) and Instant Odorono (colorless) now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.



**ODORONO
REGULAR**

for use before retiring
—gives 3 to 7 days'
complete protection.



**INSTANT
ODORONO**

is for quick use—while
dressing or at any time.
1 to 3 days' protection.

ODO·RO·NO

Hollywood After Dark

(Continued from page 83)

I suppose all of us are more or less sadistic at heart, and in this pleasant little game for screen egoists there is a chance safely to vent any stored-up spleen under the disarming guise of merry mockery and friendly laughter. Also—and most important—there is no danger of libel suit!

WHILE I am gassing, you are impatient to enter that room and see who is being baited tonight. Pardon me. Just push open that door at the right. Don't mind the hisses and groans that fill the dark. By that, I judge they are having a very good time. Ah, the picture, which is to be called one of the super-jewels of the season's output, has reached the love-clinch which the director has said is "going to knock 'em cold all over the country." Most of those present know about this bombastic claim. And they're alert for bad spots. There's a voice:

"Why, they are biting each other!"

"Nature in the raw is seldom mild," deep tones rumble in answer, "and they both just adore Nature!"

"That cabin sequence is pretty lousy," declares another spectator.

"Cuts are bad—but in her favor," opines a tenor.

"Of course she wangled *that*!" exclaims a soprano.

More of the film; then another feminine voice:

"Where did she get that perfectly awful dress?"

Contralto answer:

"Looks like Czecho-Slovakia to me."

This brings loud laughter, for the leading lady now under these snipers is suspected of coming from that quarter, though she insists on being a Russian aristocrat *emigre*.

"What elbows!" cries some fellow in distress. "They stick out like semaphores!"

GIGGLES and guffaws follow this sally. The picture reels along into the big temptress scene, which shows the heroine prepared to use her blandishments on the villain so as to gain time for her lover. Suddenly, a high-pitched comment pierces the dark:

"Somebody ought to tell the poor thing how to use lipstick. Really, she must close her eyes and smear, smear, smear!"

"From ear to ear!" rhymes another voice.

And a bass growls:

"The *rouge* isn't as bad as the *noir*. Why, her eyes are made up like advanced kidney trouble! When, oh, when will they ever learn that passionate eyes need not be blackened ones—fresh from the fist?"

SO, the razzing goes on gaily, until you would imagine the picture was about the worst ever to be foisted on an unsuspecting public. As a matter of fact, it is uncommonly good. The better the work, the fiercer the Anvil Chorus. But emerging from the dissecting room, the victim does look a little pale. There were one or two things said that got under her skin, I think.

Everyone agrees, however, that it was one of the jolliest "rides" yet.

Let us adjourn to the drawing room and drink to the rough-housed beauty, and size up the crowd. Food and

liquor provide a delicious interim before the next sensation, if there is to be any.

Usually the pre-view feature is the high point of an evening, unless one of the girls or boys feels like cutting up. Sometimes, for instance, Charlie Chaplin will feel in the mood to orate and argue on a subject about which he knows nothing, cares less, and winds up with a shout of glee at having made his opponents run in circles around nothing!

Or we might have the joy of seeing and hearing Jack Barrymore in an unwritten, undirected scene of his own. You never can tell what he has up his sleeve. He enjoys practical jokes, and he can be devastatingly caustic.

You should have seen him at the party here last year when, in order to rid himself of a chattering and bore-some lady from Pasadena he pretended to get drunker and drunker. To her disgusted eyes, he was blotto in less than twenty minutes, and she sought another idol for her adoration.

The wink and grimace that John threw across the room to a bunch of his watching cronies were priceless. His conversation with the lady must have been studded with gems of incoherency and irrelevancy, judging from the bits she quoted afterwards to her friends.

WHAT'S that you say? You are surprised that so few are drinking the hard stuff to any appreciable extent. From what you were led to believe, you thought that every party



Photo by Wire World

Dorothy Jordan, signing a new long-term contract with RKO, is being teamed with Joel McCrea for what is planned to be a series of young romances, pictorial, of course. The studio hopes these two youngsters will make as successful a team as Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, or Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn, or some of the other film partnerships.

Hollywood After Dark

out here became a wet and lewd brawl before it greeted the dawn with a salvo of hiccoughs and bacchic oaths.

Some of them do turn out that way, as they do in other parts of the country, but I can't say that they are particularly characteristic of the cinema colony. Of its working members, I mean.

Visitors here, I am afraid, hit a far more consistently violent pace than we can manage, and in "doing the town" and "blowing off the lid" they make us their playfellows whether we are or not.

Which reminds me of the business executive who told me that he thought Hollywood was the wettest spot on earth, that it was impossible for him to keep sober here. But I learned he and his two pals had brought a dozen cases of whiskey with them for a ten-day visit!

However, those not drinking tonight or taking it conservatively are probably busy on a picture, and have to be on hand at eight sharp in the morning; which, in most cases means getting up at six in this long-distance territory of studios and homes.

You see, there is little time for dissipation during the making of a picture, which often demands all of your waking hours and many of those in which you are supposed to sleep, especially in these days of lean budgets and production pressure.

Over in that corner of the room, there's a stir and a babble of raised voices, and there is a chord from the piano. Oh, you must listen to this. But you can't help yourself. One of our most celebrated male quartets is getting ready to burst into harmony.

As usual, Dick Barthelmess is the instigator of it. He would rather sing than eat or act. The other members of the tuneful four are Ronald Colman, Clive Brook and Bill Powell.

They're off to a good start. Not bad, eh? But they don't care much what we think of them. Those sour notes are more amusing to these four "hoarse men"—pardon the pun—than to us. Their lungs and spirit more than make up for lack of perfect part singing. Who cares? They bring down the house every time, and it means more to them than electric lights on Broadway. I am sure that this talented and popular quartet could command a fabulous salary in a musical act, and I can see ten million movie fans storming the box-offices to hear them in "Sweet Adeline" or "On the Banks of the Wabash" or in any barber shop number of their repertoire.

There's an idea for an ambitious manager. Perhaps Roxy will make a note of it.

LOOK, their singing has brought our friend Maurice Chevalier to life. He's been mooning on those steps ever since we left the projection room.

No, it isn't unusual. He prefers to be quiet in a gathering of this kind. I don't think he likes humans *en masse*. But a bit of music will often start him off. There! The quartet has launched into one of his songs. The boys are trying to ensnare him. Will he fall for

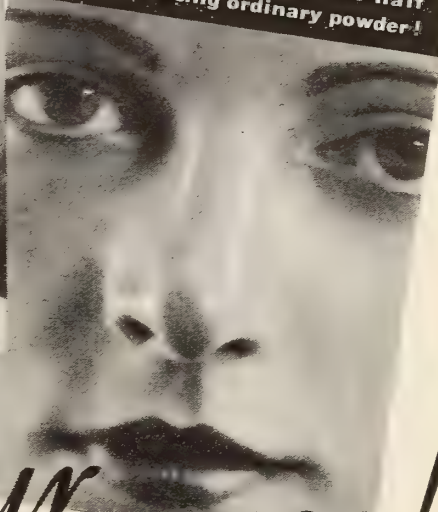
(Please turn to page 86)

With Pompeian you can be confident of your loveliness for hours



There's no longer an excuse for

How often you are apt to find your nose in this condition one-half hour after using ordinary powder!



half-hour nose!

FROM now on it's your own fault if you're caught with a disillusioning nose shining out from the perfection (God-given or man-made) of the rest of your face. It's your own fault if you have to dive for a mirror and a powder puff every time you turn around.

For after a good deal of research and experiment, Pompeian has created a powder that will cling for hours. Not the old-fashioned type of "clinging" powder that coats the face with a dull heavy

mask, but a soft, fine powder that gives a delicate and smooth perfection to the skin. . . . Now you can leave your dressing-table serenely confident that your good looks will last throughout the evening.

The new Pompeian comes in a variety of flattering skin tones, expressly created to complement and enhance every complexion type. Its perfume is charming and subtle. And it is smartly boxed in an ingenious manner.

AND SMARTLY PRICED

Our long experience in the cosmetic business has taught us how to make our products economically. We pass our savings on to you. As a result, the finest powder that money can buy is only sixty-five cents the box. The new Pompeian Beauty Powder, like all Pompeian products, is on sale at stores everywhere. Convenient and attractive sizes of Pompeian Beauty Powder are obtainable at the stores of F. W. Woolworth Company, and other of the better class five-and-ten-cent stores.

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Sales Representatives: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.
40 E. 34th St., New York, N. Y.



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MOTHERLESS, STARVING..

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strong*

"When my little nephew was 13 days old," writes Mrs. Norman King, 620 East 19th St., Cheyenne, Wyoming, "his mother died. Up to that time he was nearly starved and cried so much and was restless. There was nothing to him but skin and bones.

"The doctor ordered Eagle Brand and he started to gain right away and slept so well. And now at 3 years, he is the picture of health. We are so thankful for what Eagle Brand has done for him, we cannot say enough for it."

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*The infant food with three generations
of proof behind its claims*

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BABY BOOKLET!**

THE BORDEN COMPANY,
Dept. 53, 350 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me—free—"Health
for Baby and You."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Please print name and address plainly

Hollywood After Dark

(Continued from page 85)

it? No he only grins and sticks out his underlip at them.

Aren't you glad the boys are singing? It puts a damper on this talk all around us on depression and what it has done, and still may do, to the picture industry. Cutting corners and penny-pinching are the order of the day, and contracts grow more uncertain and precious.

That reminds you to ask me about Greta Garbo. You hear so much about her that isn't true from people who don't know her. She is one grand person. How is she on a party? Well, it all depends. To begin with, she is hard to get out at all, not that she isn't friendly, but she's probably the shyest of us all, and she really loves solitude, I think. Duse was like that, too, if you remember.

There are some artists who get more out of themselves than out of others, and Garbo belongs to that species. By the majority, they are considered moody or unfriendly when they are merely reticent and introspective. I've seen Greta Garbo the gayest of the gay where she liked the company and felt under no restraint. . . .

WHO'S going? To be sure, the early birds must leave if they are to get any sleep in against the day's work tomorrow. Anyway, it's half past two. Some of those departing guests are headed back for the studio, I believe, to do a difficult final scene that should have been finished two days ago, according to the time sheet. Schedules have a way of getting cockeyed no matter what we do. Maybe Technocracy can do something about it.

I think it might be a good idea for us to go back with those who are due again at the studio at three o'clock. It would give you an opportunity to see a little-realized side of night-life among us. We can keep out of the way and watch the poor slaves sweating and swearing under the kleigs.

And you'll be interested in the riotous pleasures of the crew in between the shooting of scenes. Gallons of coffee are gulped as they play bridge for a tenth of a cent a point, and when the bell rings for them to be on the job again it is always at a critical moment of the rubber, and curses rend the air.

If bridge isn't being played, you might eavesdrop on an equally interesting game of hot gossip—it is always a favorite diversion—or listen to an open forum on how the business ought to be run and the wrongs of the proletariat. Such impressions would add variety and spice to your nocturnal album.

You find the studio doings rather stupid, except for the leading lady's tantrum when the director whistled at her, and the comedian forgot his best line and at the re-take said it wrong? Well, they're all fagged out, and the leading man, who is dead on his feet, has to play his most strenuous scene yet. That's part of the night-life of Hollywood, and not exceptional, either.

ASIDE from the beautiful maiden flung to the ravening wolves of criticism early in the evening, there hasn't been much of a Roman holiday

about it all, has there? And speaking of Roman holidays, there are semi-weekly auto races at Ascot out here, held at night, and you are almost guaranteed an accident at every meet. That might prove to be an interesting after-dark experience, if you want vicious danger and a thrill of horror.

Not for you, you say? Then how about going to one of our weekly boxing or wrestling matches, which are held either at the Legion Stadium or the Olympic Auditorium. These bouts are very popular with the cinema crowd, and you could view some of the stars—male and female—in a sport firmament of ringside clamor and smoke.

That appeals to you? All right! We'll take in the scrap at the Olympic next Saturday night, and go to a cabaret or one of the newer Bohemian joints afterward.

There's the Russian-American Art Club, which is run by refugee army officers and aristocrats of the czarist regime, and is drawing the mob at the moment.

Or there's the imitation of the El Dorado Club in Berlin, called B. B. B.'s Cellar. Both are new and attract the jaded.

But if you haven't been to the famous Cocoon Grove at the Ambassador, I'd recommend it. It's well worth a look-in, and especially after an "opening" when parties are given there to celebrate the "unveiling" of a new picture, and the stars come out to glitter in an atmosphere of shaded lights, whispers of breathless excitement from the outlanders present, and soulful crooning.

In this lulling nest, you know, have been hatched Bing Crosby, Russ Columbo, Harry Barris and Donald Novis, and birds of similar feather.

YES, there's a big crowd at the Olympic tonight, though I don't think the program promises much in the line of fistic history. But what of it? We came to see the audience. Those two fellows over there with their noses together arguing are Jimmy Durante and Jack Oakie. Recognize 'em? They are fight fans from the word go. So is Clark Gable, who has just taken a seat near them. Gable is a two-fisted guy himself, and I think he'd rather be in the ring than in the audience. I'd like to see him and, say, Warren William, up there with the gloves on. What a scrap that'd be!

Right you are, that's Bob Montgomery and Billy Haines arm in arm, coming down the aisle, and laughing their heads off. Wonder what it's all about? Both of them are inveterate jokesters. I'll bet Billy has been telling one of his newest tidbits. He's a great one for stories that have a robust and racy flavor, and how he can tell 'em!

Here come the first pair of pugs. What a voice that announcer has! They say you can hear him in Beverly Hills when the wind is right.

See how Will Rogers is enjoying the spiel there in the fifth row. The bell! What are the tough babies doing—just dancing? Leg-work instead of blows. There's not a haymaker between them.

"Where's your powder-puff, girlie?"
"Why don't you kiss him?"

Hollywood After Dark

"Please pass the sugar, Mabel!"

The crowd wants blood. What din! Look at Jack Gilbert yelling his head off. He can't stand this pot of pansies. Neither can Wally Beery whose face is purple with rage.

And isn't Connie Bennett's face a study? On the screen that expression would be worth a million! Between you and me, I have often thought that directors would be willing to give a right arm to be able to evoke the emotion and facial play that some stars show at one of these bouts—especially the girls.

WHO is the girl two aisles over whose face is the perfect mask of scorn? Tallulah Bankhead, of course. I believe she loves a real good fight as much as Gable, and she rarely misses these bouts—unlike Ruth Chatterton who, for a wonder, is here tonight with her husband, George Brent. Ruth prefers wrestling to boxing, and she'll be more than ever confirmed in her choice after seeing this bit of ballet.

Off with us. Perhaps Coconut Grove will take the taste out of our mouths. I'm sorry the Olympic hadn't a better show, but in all probability the next one will be a sizzler. However, here's the Ambassador. Glad you like Coconut Grove. Most people do.

The natives are particularly addicted to the place, and bring their out-of-town friends here to see the celebrities as everyday mortals. It's as good a public resort to get a close-up of the screen stars as you will find in town, but you've got to take a chance on seeing any at all except it be on the night of an "opening," as I said before.

However—and this is a little amusing secret—there are local habitués of the place who fancy themselves as doubles of the famous ones, and they drop in now and again to get a taste of false glory.

Usually, I think, they manage it so they know whether their original is to be present or not, and avoid unpleasant results. Of course, the management cannot keep them out, if they behave, and after all their posing is harmless and breaks no law.

THERE! See that young woman at our right, three tables away? She is one of the imitation stars. Because she might be taken for Marlene Dietrich, she has cultivated the resemblance to a startling degree, and the guileless visitors are deceived to their utmost satisfaction and delight.

I am told that the girl is the wife of a well-to-do Los Angeles tradesman, and he is with her most of the time, doubtless to enjoy the effects of the impersonation.

Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford have their twin sisters of the kind floating around, too, and I'm inclined to think that it isn't so much deliberate as that girls in various towns are told of their remarkable resemblance to stars, and make for Hollywood, hoping that their looks will help them land in jobs.

Male stars are not annoyed on this score in general, unless it be at long distance when their doubles try to pass phoney checks or get credit on their borrowed personality.

(Please turn to page 88)



NEW

Perfume Container

A SENSATIONAL OFFER

A neat, non-leakable perfume container to carry in your handbag —always ready for immediate use.

These exquisite perfume containers come in six popular colors and make ideal gifts for your friends. Write for yours *now*!


Just send your name and address with the top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH perfume container wanted. Use the handy coupon below.

Instantly... A SKIN AS SOFT AS VELVET


Merely dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your tub and bathe as usual. A bath in the richest cream couldn't be more delightful or have such effective and immediate results.

LINIT is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results convince you!

SCENTED



UNSCENTED



The Bathway to a
Soft, Smooth Skin

THIS OFFER GOOD IN U. S. A. ONLY
AND EXPIRES NOVEMBER 15, 1933

Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. TM-7, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York

Please send me.....perfume containers. Color(s) as
checked below. I enclose \$.....and.....LINIT package tops.

☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Red ☐ Blue ☐ Green ☐ Ivory

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

**FOR SUMMER
SMARTNESS USE
GRIFFIN
ALLWITE
FOR ALL WHITE SHOES**

STEP OUT SMARTLY

... look your best on boardwalk and beach ... use GRIFFIN ALLWITE ... avoid any possibility of cracking and discoloring your shoes ... or giving them an unnatural finish.

Smart Society says:

"Didn't I tell you! ... If you want a new shoe finish, try GRIFFIN ALLWITE."

Men Speak Out:

"Wife says ALLWITE's wonderful for baby's shoes ... I agree, it doesn't rub off on clothes ... use it on my own shoes ... it's best for buck and puts a shine on calf and elk."

Trained Nurses say:

"ALLWITE whitens the permanent stains that we get on white shoes ... doesn't coat or crack, although white shoes must be cleaned every day."



We say:

"Try ALLWITE and you will never be without it ... for it CLEANS and WHITENS to a NEW shoe FINISH."

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

There isn't any

GRIFFIN MANUFACTURING CO., INC.
69 Murray Street, New York City

Hollywood After Dark

(Continued from page 87)

Beg pardon? You are incredulous that the dancing is stopping at the stroke of twelve? Oh, yes, it's so. We have a curfew law out here. Midnight on Saturdays and one o'clock on other nights of the week. And our Sunday music must be of the righteous sort, too. If you want jazz or dance music you have to bootleg it through your radio at home. Didn't I tell you we were more like Sweet Auburn than Gomorrah!

But before we call it a night, why not take a peep at the Brown Derby? It's the place—or Henry's, if you like—for a final cup of coffee together with a glimpse of an array of human types difficult to duplicate elsewhere. And here we may see some dark glasses.

DARK glasses? Yes. Don't you know that dark glasses are the favorite disguise of the stars when they go out slumming, or when they wish to avoid recognition? You have surely read of Greta Garbo's wearing them in New York, London and Paris? In Hollywood we try the same trick, but it worked successfully for only a short time. When others took to wearing them, we had to quit. At least, most of us did. We'll have to think of something else in the way of disguise, I'm afraid.

The Brown Derby is subdued to-night. We're a bit early for the real melee. Those with hip flasks and hotcha babies will drift in later. Saturday night is the big night here, but after New York's Greenwich Village and Harlem revels of the kind, you'll find this pretty slow. At least I think that you will.

While we are waiting for excitement and sipping this excellent coffee, I'd like to tell you of the one night in our social season (if we have any such high-sounding interlude in our life) that I wish you could witness. But the participants in this Scheherazade fantasy are limited to those engaged in the motion picture industry.

Called the Mayfair Club, the organization gathers once a month in the Biltmore Hotel, and each of the film

companies is allotted a special night to stage a review of its own, in a double sense. Which one of these half dozen nights I'd pick for you, I don't know, but they all seem to repeat the same pattern.

New personalities are on parade, and the old stand-bys are refurbished into most dazzling form. Dresses and jewels provide a fashion show worthy of the court of France in the heyday of its Sun-king. The beauty of the women leaves a mere man breathless and quite bereft of discrimination. As for the men on exhibition, they are in the main handsome, upstanding, distinguished, and of course, faultlessly attired.

EVERYBODY is too busy talking about himself, or the latest bit of inside gossip or scandal about another, to pay attention to either food or entertainment offered. All are feverishly bent upon making a great and lasting impression on the important executives who are like so many magnetic poles in the field.

The actors and actresses who are on the verge of getting new contracts or who want to renew old ones are said to have their lawyers within five minutes' call, so that they may follow up an advantage immediately before some one changes his mind.

The night is full of intrigues, strategies and the lure of spoils. Humble pie is eaten with gusto. High-horses are tethered. Personal "acts" are put on that outshine any public performance. It is Vanity Fair and the Valley of Despair and the Delectable Mountains all rolled into one.

Certainly, you ought to go to one of these most characteristic and illuminating nights of Hollywood, but how can we manage it? Outsiders are strictly forbidden. I can't encourage you, of course, but you might consult one of our leading "chiselers." Or you might study your face and see whom you could "double" for, and perhaps get by. Or you could use my dark glasses. I'll have to get crutches after this night work of ours has been revealed.

Don't Be Late! Your favorite magazines are on sale five days earlier now and we're warning you that lots of other women want copies, too ... so hurry.

Buy your copy of:

- HOME MAGAZINE
- THE NEW MOVIE
- ILLUSTRATED LOVE
- MYSTERY

—on the 10th of every month now instead of the
—15th ... you have five days less to wait!

How Does She Do It?

(Continued from page 57)

low. Instead of having them curve up at the ends they curve down keeping at the same distance from the eye for their full length—a much more natural line than the question mark eyebrows.

Miss Francis does not use heavy make-up for street wear and particularly doesn't go in for flashy lip make-up. A touch of color, of course, but not enough to emphasize the mouth to the detriment of her other features.

The simpler the better is her measuring stick for make-up as it is for clothes measuring. She says:

"I really don't buy clothes according to a plan. I buy what I like, keeping away from clothes that are too completely modish. I prefer the Chanel line with a little modification and since I often don't know when I'll have time to go shopping again I buy a good many clothes at once—and not just for one season."

Black is her favorite color, particularly for street clothes and it is an undoubtedly good choice for one with her dark hair and eyes. Sometimes she wears it without color relief, sometimes modified with white.

"Black is always safe, for almost any occasion and for most types of women, I believe," she told me. "And when your wardrobe is limited it is particularly good to wear black and to keep to simple lines that can be worn whatever the current style idiosyncrasies. I like tweeds, myself, and think that suits are always good for daytime wear. They can be chosen so that they will be wearable for more than one season, too."

Of course, Kay's figure, in addition to her excellent choice of clothes has a lot to do with her reputation as a well-dressed woman. She doesn't diet. Work and the exercise she gets in games and sports are enough to keep her to the norm.

"It seems to me that a normal healthy routine of life, with sufficient exercise and enough food should make weight watching unnecessary. I think however that too much exercise is as bad as too little just as too-little food is as bad as too much.

"Sometimes between pictures when I'm just having fun being lazy and sitting around, I do pick up four or five pounds but when I get back to work again I always seem to be able to lose them right away."

Her dachshund, Wilhelmina, and Jib, the cat, as well as her two rabbits—Peter Rabbit, she claims as the only housebroken rabbit in existence—keep her busy and well exercised if she hasn't time for regular sports.

She walks a good deal, but for long distances prefers airplanes to any other mode of travel.

The day I saw her she was wearing a black ciré satin and black sheer wool dress with a smart one-sided black hat. Her hairdress is unusual, but very becoming. She generally wears it parted in the middle and brushed back from her forehead in soft waves, showing about half her ears. However in some scenes of "The Keyhole" she wore a platinum blond wig with bangs—and the effect was entrancing but not Kay Francis, who is the expression of poise without over-sophistication, of good looks and good dressing without sensationalism.



Why isn't this pretty girl dancing?

SHE'S pretty. She's a good dancer. She's lively company. She wears stunning clothes.

Yet there she is, alone. Why?

The answer is not hard to find. Because she does not understand that soap and water alone cannot protect her from the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration, she is cut off from so much pleasure.

What a pity it is! And so needless. For it's so easy to have complete protection, just by using Mum!

A light fingertipful of this snowy deodorant cream smoothed under each arm when you dress—and you're safe for the whole day or evening.

Mum is no trouble to use—takes only half a minute. And you can use it any time, even after you're dressed.

For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too—even a sensitive skin. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Another thing women use Mum for—to remove strong, stubborn odors, such as onion and fish, from their hands. Keep a jar in the kitchen for this.

Remember, Mum does not interfere with natural perspiration. It simply prevents ugly odor. Get the habit of using it daily. You can get Mum at any toilet counter, 35c and 60c. The Mum Mfg. Co., 75 West St., New York.



MUM

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION**

ANOTHER WAY MUM SERVES WOMEN. Mum on sanitary napkins is a guarantee of freedom from odor. You need no longer worry about this old, old feminine problem.

Movie Cook-Cooks

(Continued from page 35)

Add similies—
Suggestive as a supervisor.

And in Hollywood, right now, it's just like a woman not to be.

OMIGOSH!
(Classified Ad—Los Angeles paper)

BABIES! BABIES! BABIES!
Brought to attention of motion picture directors at once. Box T-174.

When a film star's life is an open book
No chatter writer cares to look.

AND right at present, it seems there are two schools of thought on the subject of what's wrong with the motion picture industry. One faction thinks it needs a dictator, while the rest of us think it needs big shots who are willing to listen.

What if it all started just because Marlene Dietrich's husband bought a two-pants suit?

LET them make more and worse pictures—and then charge the actors a tidy sum to keep them out of circulation.

Will Hays might even induce the Red Cross to step in with contributions to ease human suffering.

In not a movie has there been
A gal who walked with hands on hips
Who didn't prove quite steeped in sin
And guilty of a lot of slips.

Be that as it may, Hollywood

has certainly speeded up production of things something must be done about.

Would any of you kiddies out there in magazine-land be interested in the fact that Jean Harlow has double-jointed thumbs?

No?

All right! All right for you!

We'll just save the handsome silver loving-cup for another occasion.

AND it seems there are a lot of producers who can't decide whether to treat sex as a necessary evil or to treat sex as a very necessary evil.

PEGGY Hopkins Joyce announces that she is planning to go big game hunting in Africa.

Heretofore Peggy has done her big game hunting in Chicago, New York, Paris and Hollywood.

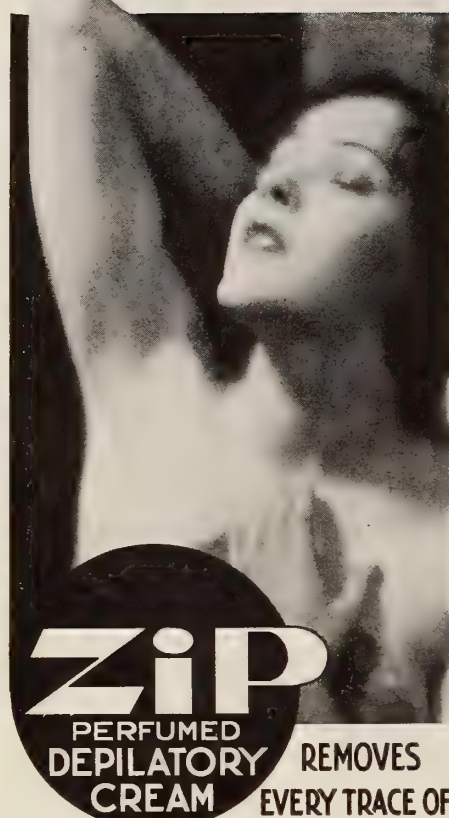
(She ought to have Jack Oakie stuffed and placed in her trophy room.)

"I have another idea* in the back of my head," says Peggy. "I want to write a novel. My publisher says it ought to be about Hollywood. I think Hollywood is too tame. Perhaps, however, I'll capitulate."

Well, why not?

A modern novelist has got to get material somehow.

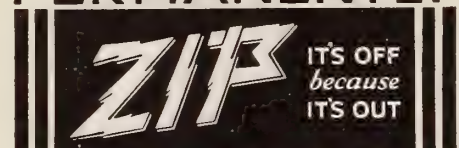
*The late beloved Wilson Mizner once warned that in Hollywood, two ideas at the same time are considered unlawful assemblage.



SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Just spread ZiP Depilatory Cream over the hair to be removed, rinse off, and admire your beautiful, hair-free skin. You will marvel at this white, fragrant cream; smooth and mild; rapid and efficacious. ZiP Depilatory Cream leaves no unpleasant odor, and instantly removes every vestige of hair... GIANT TUBE 50¢.

PERMANENTLY



DESTROYS HAIR

The only registered Epilator available for actually destroying hair growths. Tested over a period of twenty years, ZIP Epilator has proved its claims. Ideal for face, arms, legs and body. Simple and quick, it leaves no stubble and no dark shadow under the skin. Acts immediately and brings lasting results... Generous package \$1.00

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DEMONSTRATION AT MY SALON

Madame Berthe

SPECIALIST

562 Fifth Avenue, New York (46th St.)

New: ZiP Deodorant Pencil 50¢
Convenient — Efficient — Smart

New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 61)

hunchback manager, ably played by Ralph Forbes, is too smart for them.

Finally they get Murdock, not through their own efforts (and here I'll keep the secret), only to discover that he has been merely the show window for the combination. Figure the rest out for yourself. It ends with a killing in the radio studio itself... and though this bit reminds you of the end of a recent columnist picture, it will leave you with a sob in your throat that that show didn't.

And a tin medal, at least, to Ralph Forbes for a performance 'way above his average.

There are no names of great note in the cast. But in spite of that, your theater guide thinks you will thank him for tipping you off to "The Phantom Broadcast."

DEAD ON ARRIVAL—(Paramount)
—A snappy show made from an old story with a couple of original twists. Ricardo Cortez and Gloria Stuart head the bill with a good supporting cast.

If you like your mystery, "Dead on

Arrival" will fill the bill. David Manners and William Harrigan have much to do... Johnny Hines, once a big-time favorite, corners a few laughs... and, possibly most important, you'll get a good look at Jack La Rue, Mae West's recent importation to Hollywood.

Good for the whole family without being particularly suited to any part of it. Yet "Dead on Arrival" is still good enough to please most of you.

THE KING OF JAZZ—(Universal re-issue)—Your reviewer has not seen the re-cut version of "The King of Jazz" that Universal is planning to release but it occurs to him that those who did not see or do not remember the Universal special, will appreciate having their memories jogged.

No picture or show ever included so many potential stars as did Paul Whiteman's motion picture. John Boles never sang any better than he did in "Monterey" and "Song of the Dawn." Bing Crosby made his first important appearance in this show. Jeanette Loff and the Brox sisters

New Pictures You Should See

helped out with the harmonies. If the Universal re-issue comes into your neighborhood, your reviewer is inclined to believe that even if it is a couple of years or so old, a few reels cut out of it will still make it better entertainment than a lot of shows you've been seeing lately. And we still think movies are getting better week by week.

LILLY TURNER—(Warners)—Ruth Chatterton when she first came to the motion picture world from the stage, was immediately billed as "The First Lady of the Screen."

Since then she has left Paramount and joined up with Warners, where a determined effort has been made to change her title from "The First Lady" to "The Worst Lady on the Screen."

In "Madame X" she was no better than she should have been. A few more pictures allowed her screen morals to continue their decline until she hit a "low" in "Frisco Jenny."

Now, when it seemed as if the bottom was reached, Miss Chatterton, with the assistance of George Brent, comes right through again and sets a new low or high for "scarlet" ladies of the motion picture world.

I can safely say that "Lilly Turner" will bring a blush or so to your cheeks. Or it should if it doesn't. At first, our Lilly is more sinned against than otherwise, but as time and the reels go on she enters into the fun of the thing and becomes "one of them there women with a scarlet past and a heart of gold."

However, there is nothing in the picture that Junior doesn't know about (I'm afraid) and it is far and away the best job that Miss Chatterton has done under the Warner banner, in the none-so-humble opinion of your reviewer.

Joking aside, it is a trifle strong fare for the juveniles. But a good evening's fun for some of us.

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933—(Warner-First National)—A musical comedy drama that bids fair to eclipse "42nd Street" is coming to you from the same studio.

You will remember "The Wedding of the Painted Doll," "Tip Toe Through the Tulips" and "Singing in the Rain"—they were the hit numbers of "The Gold Diggers of Broadway," and now you'll see and hear something quite as good in this 1933 version.

The sets are magnificent, better even than in "42nd Street," and a fine cast makes every minute of the show a rare treat.

Warren William gets the first billing. Ruby Keeler has a similar rôle to her last one, and even if her acting still leaves something to be desired, she's as cute as can be. Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, Guy Kibbee, Aline MacMahon, Ginger Rogers, Ned Sparks and Glenda Farrell form what to your reviewer's mind can certainly be called an all-star cast.

Mervyn Leroy directed and found a spot in the show for Tammany Young, one of the most famous gate-crashers of all time, and he's good.

This is, without doubt, one of the big moments of the motion picture musical-comedy year.

\$1 to \$3 Quality - Yet FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS cost only 10¢



Scientific Comparison with Costliest Brands proves Faoen
—in convenient 10¢ sizes—Equals them in Quality

No longer is it necessary to pay high prices for the highest quality beauty aids. Now—you can still have the best, and yet pay only 10¢—if you will ask for Faoen! And here is the proof from a famous Research Laboratory:—

"every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for \$1, \$2 and \$3."

Try a Faoen ensemble of Poudre, Lip-Stick and Rouge—today. Let Faoen quality speak for itself!

10¢ each at
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FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

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MANICURE LIQUID POLISH



"What alluring nails!"

"It's the grandest new Polish"



"Sparkles like diamonds, but does it last?"

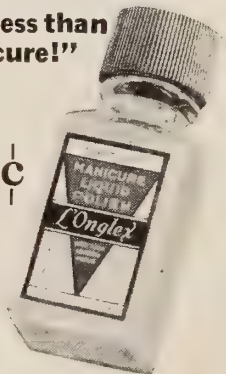
"A whole week, my dear. And it goes on so smoothly."



"You must have paid a lot for it"

"No—it costs less than a cent a manicure!"

ONLY
10¢



4 smart shades
At your favorite 10¢ Store

New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 91)

THE LITTLE GIANT—(First National)—Remember "Little Caesar?"

Well, he's turned *Pagliacci*, put on a clown's make-up and bobbed up again as "The Little Giant."

Edward G. Robinson just about heads any list of character "heavies" that a Hollywood onlooker could compile; yet, his comedy work in this picture is as good as anything he has ever done.

Of course, your old friend "Little Caesar" is still with us. This time, Bugs Ahearn, king-pin of the Chicago racketeers decides that the beer racket is shot, so he breaks up the mob, takes a million and a half for himself and goes to New York to find a new racket.

Bugs goes for a sleigh-ride and it is his old enemy, the district attorney, who finally sets him straight. Realizing that he has been legally trimmed in his "new racket" Bugs calls the old gang together and in an hilarious burlesque of gangster "torture" methods, he gets every cent back from the brokerage firm he has joined. The boys decide that Bugs is still the boy with the brains and that his new racket is "okay" with them in it.

The finale shows them playing polo with machine guns and sawed-off shot-guns backing the deal.

This is one that you'll do well to see. There are a couple of shots that will keep you laughing for a week.

THE NARROW CORNER—(First National)—Hollywood seems to have gone "Somerset Maugham" recently. "Our Betters" was from the pen of this famous Britisher and "The Narrow Corner" comes from the same source.

Of the two, "The Narrow Corner" is a much better movie story. When Mr. Maugham tries, there is no living author who can get more human drama into the printed page. Doug Fairbanks, Jr. needs this type of story, and in this show and "Fellow Prisoner," he really shows the acting of which he is capable.

Patricia Ellis, Ralph Bellamy and Dudley Digges share the main burden with him and once more the contention of your reviewer, that with adequate support and a good story the younger Fairbanks is one of Hollywood's smoothest performers, is well borne out.

Your reviewer likes being right and therefore calls this First National production to your attention. It is a happy mixture of believable drama and unforced comedy ably directed by Alfred Green, one of the better Hollywood craftsmen.

While your reviewer still thinks that some day Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. will make a much better picture than anything he has done to date, including "The Narrow Corner," he still thinks that the whole family can see this latest effort of the Crown Prince of Hollywood and leave the theater satisfied.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY—(Fox)—We are glad that Colleen Moore is back on the screen again and we are more than glad that she came back in a picture as good as "The Power and the Glory."



MAKE THE SHIRLEY HAT

Sherlock Holmes started it all, with the quaint hat he wore on sleuthing expeditions. Here's an artist's conception of a hat for Shirley Holmes or any attractive young woman to wear. It's surprisingly like Sherlock's sleuthing cap and yet it's as modern as can be. The original was made of yellow corded silk with black patent leather trimming. You can make it for yourself of corded silk, piqué or silk piqué with patent leather or ciré satin trim. Send for our special pattern circular—The Shirley Hat. Send your request with five cents to the Fashion Editor, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Not that Miss Moore is so excellent in this show. . . I seem to remember her far more pleasantly as the mad-cap of some of her older ones . . . but she and Spencer Tracy, with the assistance of an excellent cast, have provided you with a worth-while picture that you will enjoy—unless I miss my guess a mile.

William K. Howard, who knows better than most how to get sweep and power into a movie, has given "The Power and the Glory" a sincerity that is reminiscent of that other Fox achievement, "Cavalcade."

Jesse L. Lasky, who helped to build Paramount from an idea into an institution, produced this show. The old master seems to be on his mettle. At any rate, he has put something more than mere acting and direction into his first two shows, this one and "Zoo in Budapest." He has put vision and imagination and some of the freshness

New Pictures You Should See

that movies seemed to have some ten years ago.

See it. You can't miss getting something more than just entertainment.

THE MORNING GLORY—(Radio)—Your reviewer can safely say that you will like Katharine Hepburn better in "The Morning Glory" than you did in "Christopher Strong." Not only does the star have a chance to be the mysterious, rather detached personality of "A Bill of Divorcement" but she is presented in a more understandable vehicle than the strictly British "Christopher Strong."

Your reviewer was rather reminded of Katharine's own story. She, too, played in a couple of bad plays before she got her one big chance . . . and as in the movie, Katharine was about the only one who honestly believed that she would become a big star.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., getting a real break, plays the young dramatist who has enough faith in her to star her in his greatest show. Doug is more believably romantic than he has been of late.

Adolphe Menjou and Mary Duncan play important rôles and Lowell Sherman, one of Hollywood's smartest directors, got every last bit of value out of each line and situation. After "She Done Him Wrong" and "The Morning Glory" there are few directors for whom Mr. Sherman should take a back seat.

BED OF ROSES—(Radio)—Gregory La Cava, fresh from his directorial triumph in "Gabriel Over the White House," comes through with the best knitted story that the blond Connie Bennett has played in since "Common Clay."

"Bed of Roses," a story carrying a really dramatic punch, deals with Mardi Gras time in New Orleans. There are a couple of lovely scenes that are well worth the price of admission.

Miss Bennett, who sinned more than she suffered in "Our Betters," tries the other method in "Bed of Roses" and is faithful to Joel McCrea in spite of plentiful opportunities to be otherwise.

Richard Halliday, always a dependable performer, plays a particularly good heavy rôle and an old vaudeville favorite, Miss Pert Kelton, scores in a smaller bit.

McCrea and Connie Bennett seem ideally suited for each other. Somehow the blond star seems softer and more believable in scenes with Joel than she does with other leading men.

Thanks to a fine cast and grand direction, "Bed of Roses" should please wherever it is shown.

EAT AND KEEP COOL

Write to Rita Calhoun, care of the Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City, stating which of the leaflets described on page 63 you would like or whether you would like them all. Remember they are printed on loose leaves, so that you can keep them in a loose-leaf binder. Send 3 cents for one, 5 cents for three and 10 cents for all eight.

Olive Oil

makes your skin alluring ... and makes Palmolive green

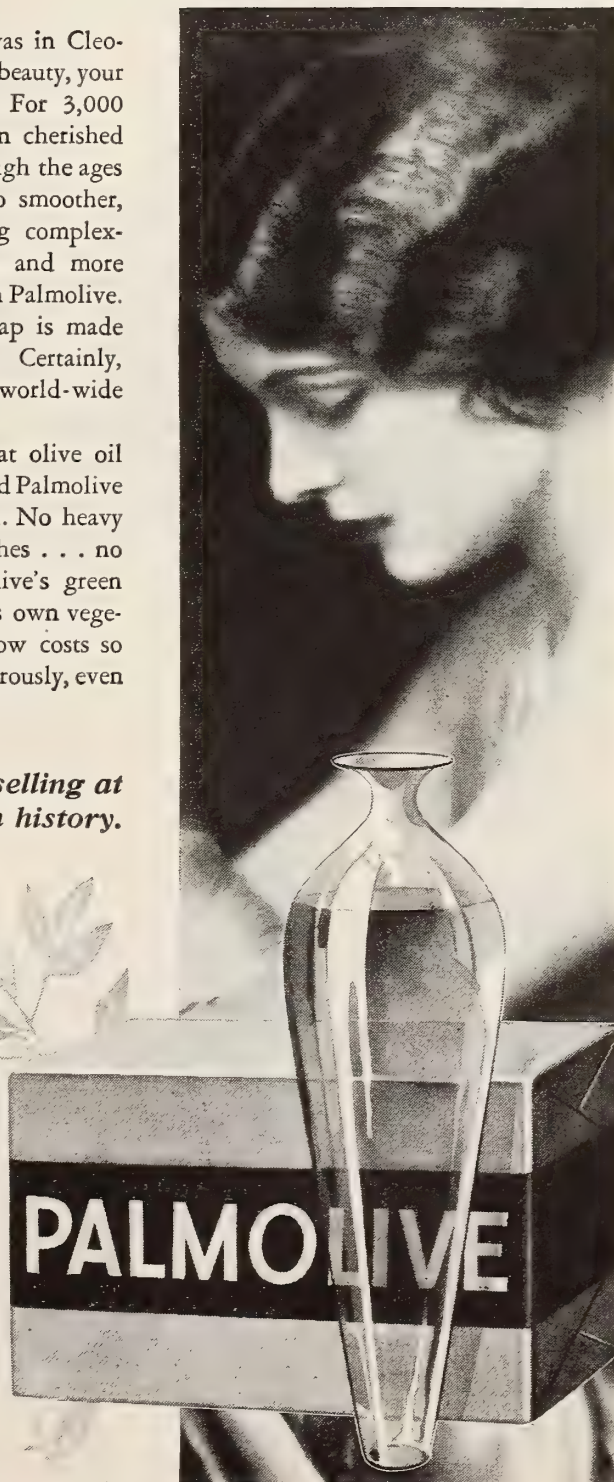
AS true today as it was in Cleopatra's time—"for beauty, your skin needs olive oil." For 3,000 years, olive oil has been cherished for skin beauty . . . through the ages the unfailing answer to smoother, lovelier, more charming complexions. That's why more and more women every day cherish Palmolive. For this olive-green soap is made of precious olive oil. Certainly, Palmolive deserves its world-wide enduring success.

Everybody knows that olive oil makes skin alluring—and Palmolive is abundant in olive oil. No heavy perfumes . . . no bleaches . . . no artificial colors. Palmolive's green is the green of Nature's own vegetable oils. Palmolive now costs so little, you can use it generously, even in your beauty baths.

Palmolive is now selling at the lowest price in history.

This much olive oil goes into every cake

Faithfully shown by the size of this container is the abundant quantity of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive. That's why 20,000 beauty experts recommend Palmolive, including Vincent, of Philadelphia's Benjamin Franklin Hotel, who says: "Since all this olive oil goes into every cake . . . naturally I prefer Palmolive."



When a woman
is in love



...DEW IS A FAITHFUL ALLY

Wise old Plutarch, the ancient Greek philosopher, said: "The soul of a man in love is full of perfumes and sweet odors." A clever, modern woman, reading between the lines, knows that a man loves a woman best when she is sweet and dainty.

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Name

Address

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Our Boulevardier Denies Everything

(Continued from page 47)

GARBO'S return, unlike that of beer, did not bring Happy Days to everyone. Four hundred news correspondents in Hollywood groaned and wept in their seidels. She's more work than all the rest of Hollywood combined.

No one ever knows for sure just where she is. Because of this elusiveness wild stories spring up in pastures everywhere. An Oscamaloosa editor wires frantically to his correspondent: "Dame nabbed wobbling nude down highway. Says she's Garbo. Verify and wire."

English correspondents get phone calls from their papers in the middle of the night asking them to put Greta on the wire instantly to prove she is not the woman in tweeds and dark glasses prowling mysteriously about St. James Palace trying to peer in the Prince of Wales' windows.

As madmen fancy themselves Napoleon, so lady lunatics imagine they're Garbo. But the sanity test is simple. Just ask them if they're Garbo. There's only one woman in the world who'll deny it—that's Garbo. It's the J. Emersons and Gussie Bergers you have reason to wire about.

"I CHUCKED a good job with a manufacturing company for this haywire racket," says Johnny Weissmuller, "and I wish I hadn't." Says he thought he was going to be a Big Shot and live on Easy Street after "Tarzan." He was given a contract with a big weekly salary—when he worked—but he didn't work for months after "Tarzan" and his expenses doubled. Johnny found that when you become a Big Shot you have to wear a monkey suit and high hat and live your part. He had a regular salary with the manufacturing company. He advertised their bathing suits and wore them. M-G-M bought up that contract and took away his bathing suit and he doesn't know what they did with it. That's the way with these producers. They'll take the shirt off your back, your pants too, and then they've got you.

E. D. M. B. writes from Vancouver, B. C.:

"When I get magazines I read them from cover to cover without finding a scrap about Mr. Novarro . . . If there does happen to be a paragraph it is always about how good he is or about "Ben Hur." You may not believe this, Mr. Howe, but it's true many of us don't remember the making of "Ben Hur," so it must have been made a long, long time ago."

The early A. D.'s, baby. Off screen Mr. Novarro has a long white beard and is known as Peter the Hermit, a familiar figure along Hollywood Blvd.

The "Buy American" campaign went beyond wildest expectations and indeed got out of hand. Peggy Joyce announced she would not only buy American but marry American too, henceforth. This is what you'd call boycotting.

Candidates For The Hall of Fame: Miss Elissa Landi, nominated by Pal

William C. Floyd, Rock, Mass.

Mr. Nils Asther, nominated by Pals Norene, Clay, Lucille, Birger, of Butte, Hartford, New Orleans and Oslo.

Miss Edna Mae Oliver and Mr. Jimmy Gleason (paired) by Pal Beverly Montague Gavit of Wayne, Penn.

Miss Ruth Chatterton, nominated by Pal "J. A." of the U. S. S. Concord (For the Gob's sake!).

Mr. Alexander Kirkland, nominated by Pal Warner Oland, obscure Chinese rancher of Carpinteria, Cal.

Miss Myrna Loy, nominated by Mae West's little Pal You Just Guess Who.

You can tell by the way they dress just how players rate. If they're all dressed up they're looking for work. If they're in sweat shirts and dungarees, they're sitting pretty. Hollywood's so different.

The Academy of Arts and Sciences ought to make Estelle Taylor some sort of publicity award. Divorced all these years from Dempsey, she still gets headlines by hinting their romance is at an end.

THE news service boys of Hollywood were thrown into pandemonium by a yell from the Eastern office wanting to know why they hadn't dispatched news of Garbo's engagement. London papers had scooped them.

Springing into their sleuthing disguises, they uncovered the scoop. It seems a British editor, awaking from a long doze, picked up a six-months-old American movie magazine and read that Garbo was engaged to a German merchant prince by name of Gumbel or Grumble.

It was just a vamping of a Hollywood chatterer after a free cocktail party. Nevertheless, Greta was trailed to her lair, where she stammered frightenedly that she may have met a man by that name but was almost positive she wasn't about to become Mrs. Gumbel or Grumble.

Yawning the Boul':

Grauman's Chinese theater suggests an insane cockatoo in the moulting period.

Why can't I bring myself into a theater showing a prison picture? Afraid I can't get out? Or something to do with a previous incarnation?

HELEN HAYS tells me that taping the eyes for Chinese parts causes permanent pouches. She didn't tape hers, the foxy son-daughter.

Riddle: What is the name of the mountain the moon came over? Ans: Kate Smith of course. Well, then, you riddle me one.

Hollywood shops are showing women's coats and trousers with an extra dress for hubby's housework.

Walls of movie sets used to be plaster board; now they're burlap that's been soaked in cement. Kick a hole in that, you Barrymores!

Seventeen thousand extras are registered at the Central Casting Bureau in Hollywood. Seven thousand speak for-

Our Boulevardier Denies Everything

eign languages, one hundred and three dead languages. For horror pictures?

Jean Harlow's forthcoming oratorio is appropriately titled, "Bombshell," being based on the lives of herself and Clara Bow.

Buster Keaton cried when he quit the M-G-M lot at end of his contract. No glycerine, either.

What famous beauty lives on garlic? Miss Peggy Joyce. Her villa is on Cap D'Ail—Point of Garlic. Bet you wish you knew French, too.

The favorite gladiator of local empresses is not an actor but a writer—Johnny Farrow. We typing *tarzans* have the touch!

How to increase theater patronage: Cut newsreel "interpreters" a hundred per cent.

Why does Miss Snooky act so wooky of late? Punch-goofy from playing with Cagney.

Now I *have* got a headache. Too patriotic, trying to drink enough beer to balance the old budget all by myself.

When well-paunched writers quit saying the depression is over I'll believe it. In the meantime, we of Hollywood want you to know we're suffering with you.

Peggy Joyce announces she will not marry for six years. A moratorium to allow the boys to save up.

A producer has engaged a medium to bring Valentino back. Probably aims to pay with checks on banks that have gone Up Yonder.

The only way one actress could take her annual trip East was by accompanying a body. Hope I can take one around the world.

Now that we have beer I trust Mrs. Charles Sabin, the Wet campaigner, will not feel impelled to deliver any more orations from the News Reels. If she does I'm going to turn and fling myself into the temperance arms of Ella Boule. Just a warning, Mrs. Sabin. And to you too, Mrs. Boule.

Next Month THE WINNER

The name of the winner in the contest for a pen-name for the anonymous author of "Hollywood Day by Day" will be announced in the August issue of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. An award of \$100 will be given to the reader who submits the name selected as being the best.

The contest closes June 10, 1933, at midnight.

The editors of this magazine will be the judges.

Don't fail to get the August issue of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, and see if you approve our choice. We have already received hundreds of suggestions. More are coming in every day. You have given us a splendid response, and we thank you.

"Glory be! A smart new way to wash!"



LA FRANCE blues your clothes right in the wash water, while it helps your soap loosen dirt faster and better!

Just dissolve $\frac{1}{2}$ package La France in the wash water with your regular laundry soap... wash as usual in tub or machine... but forget the separate bluing-rinse! La France blues perfectly as it cleans... no danger of over-bluing, no spot-

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You've saved the bother and labor of putting clothes through a separate bluing rinse. You've saved yourself tiresome washboard rubbing, too—because La France has helped to loosen every bit of stubborn grease and grime. And you have the loveliest, freshest, whitest wash ever! Wonderful La France!

La France... saves bother of bluing separately ... gets clothes cleaner, whiter

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What Keeps Hollywood on the Go?

(Continued from page 50)

Thinking Studio with 6 gallons of beautiful photos under my arm, I feel like Chief Judge Charlie Hughes (Rep) making a president out of Hon. Franklin Del Roosevelt (Dem).

In kitchen dept. of that George F. Ogre palace where I bathe dishes, mopp & fry, there I find my Cousin Nogi doing nothing in a very intellectual way.

"What you got under your strong elbow?" negotiate Nogi.

"All beautiful femail stars in Hollywood," I revoke.

"Hon. Fox & Selznick could never kapture so many at same time," he otter.

"Fox & Selznick, if they was partners with Rupert Hughes, never got such job as I got," I amputate. "I are here to judge legs."

"From photography?" he ask it.

"What you think you judge legs from—raddio?" I swarm.

THEREFORE I unlock that bundle, and what you think was first photo I took out? Hon. Peg Hopping Joyce, by golly. Yes, was! There sat her, fashionably showing two (2) limbs enwrapped in celephane stockings.

"Let us give her a prize!" holla Cousin Nogi. "She got such a perfick nose."

"Lady what gets prize in this computation has got to have a pair. Who ever heard of Hon. Peg Hopping Joyce with 2 noses?"

"If you count the noses of her husbands," ollicute Nogi, "she would have 6 or 13."

"Nogi, you are talking garbage," I revamp. Next photography I took from pile say with label, "Raddio Pichers' New Dishcovery." I look. Yes, indeedy. It were girl name of Weera Engels, so tired she must lay on a gold mattress while the wind blowed the wrong way from her face.

"Did you ever see such hansom pair of eyes?" require Cousin Nogi with art on his chin.

"Shux!" I rummage. "If you look at a photo like this & see nothing but eyes what would that lady think? You are about as useful as City Bank. Subject of this competition are Legs. Legs, I say it. Legs, just Legs."

"I got a wood leg in my trunk," say Cousin Nogi. "My Uncle Nichi give it to me when dying."

"Did he threw it at you?" I straddle. Before Cousin Nogi could open his teeth to talk back I fetch forth 187 more photos and shuffle them contemptibly.

"All those actresses is in bath-suits," I say on. "They would not count as Legs."

"Not so?" belabor Nogi. "What are those they are standing on, then?"

"Sunburn," I narrate. "If I was here to give Prize for sunburn I should choose Hon. Loop Velez."

"Are she such a sunburn?" peruse Cousin Nogi.

"Plus more than that," I develop. "She are a Mexican Sun Stroke. Even the iced actors what act benext to her in How Chew Plays get so sunstruck they fall dead or something."

"Hay!" holla Nogi. "I thought we was speaking about Legs."

"**W**E was," I nudge. "O see what I find in this box, tied up in a special rapper! Hon Ma-lean Deetrick, by goshes!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

"How you think she got mixed up in Leg Prize combat?" ask up Cousin Nogi.

"Possibly her Hon. Press Agt. were away. My goody! Here she are inside her tight hose."

"Impossible! Impossible!" skiff Nogi. "Never even in Hollywood did I see a lady thin so she could get inside a hose." But Nogi gaz at picture just same. "Sum legs," he annoint.

"How many?" I ask to know.

"2" he dictate.

"If you said 3 I should gave her Prize," I collapse, while turning photos. "No 2 legs in all world are worth all that literachewer what have been wrote about Hon Ma-lean. But see! But look! Here are Hon. Kathrin Hepburn in a pair of Greek sox."

"They are all Greek to me," reproach Nogi. "Those sox resemble 2 plush knee-padds. I sippose she are dishguised to look like a Greek warrior."

"Yes, is," I say. "If a Greek warlady should came at me looking so pretty like that I should get too weak for battle."

Now it were Nogi turn to pick up a photo.

"O heaven & baloons!" he howel. "Who are that sweet lady setting in such a way that her skirt do not seem to get in her way?"

"That are Helen Mack," I describ.

"Yes, she are," he manufacture. "So many fare actresses get shot in the leg like that. What name they got for such photo in Hollywood?"

"They call it a clothes-up," I report, while shuffling some more.



DICKIE MOORE: "Another hard day on the set—and all I get is a glass of milk."

What Keeps Hollywood on the Go?

MR. EDITOR, it are harder to give prizes than to receive one. I know because I study that question and got filled with sorra. After 2 hrs 45 min. looking at them photos I feel like a angly-worm in fights with a sentapede. It are unpossoble to winn with so many legs against you. Nogi give up and go home enjoying head-pain. I sat there, getting a mania. I could just hear legs walking all over my imagination. I feel I could not never look a leg in the face again.

Then what do? Aha, so! I got a unspiration!!

I say myself, "I shall go to promin-ent & famus actors, who should know, should not? After years of kicking in Hollywood, what knowledge they must get."

Therefore I hassen to Studio where was Hon. Robt. Mungummary. "Sorry not to tell," he yon. "When loving the camera I look merely into my vicktim's eyes."

Then I think of Hon. Burster Keaten. I enrush to his Lott, but could not talk, thank you, because Hon. Burster were bathing in a barril of sudds, Act II for his new scream-play "Beerio."

I seek Hon. Jno. Barrymoor who say the only legs he can remember were on his grand mother's pianna. Hon. Garry Cooper say, "I sippose there are several pares running around Holly-wood. If you have lost any, why not ask Capt. Robt. McMahon, the Filo Vance of Moviedum?"

WELL, Mr. Editor, that were pretty discouraged, trying to find some famus person to make up my mind for me. Then I think what! Hon. Johnnie Weismuller, the Ape Man of Tar Zan! Do he not reskew maidens while swim-ning without something on? Are he not axperiened in the kind of Venus you find in jungles?

Approaching up to the sort of bar b. q. cage where Hon. Johnnie survive in his Studio my ears got hit by sound of a tense rore, growell & screech.

"My graceless!" I say so to a An-nimile Man what stood outside with iron spear in one (1) hand and shoot-gun in other. "What are that sound of noise? Are it a femail star breaking her contract?"

"Wuss than those," say he. "Wuss than those. It are Hon. Johnnie re-hussing a Big Scene. With his bear hands he are choking Violet, a wild lion-ess. Come closer and get amused."

I GO to fence, and there, surenuff, I were Hon. Johnnie in a sort of kitchenette jungle, sourounded with every kind of teeth & hair you ever see in a managery. Lions (2 sexes), zee-boos, gourillias, and bambooms. "O Tar Zan, Tar Zan! Safe meh, safe meh!" yellup a jungle lady with nothing to protect her but her pummonent wave. "I shall, dollin!" he holla, and with that he seazed a crocodil by his tail & hit Violet, the wildy lion-ess, with that saw-edged lizard. Then what Hon. Violet done? She exclam, "Wow-boo! Wow-boo!" 108 times and hop at Hon. Johnnie with such crudeness that she knock 12 iron sticks from that cage. (Please turn to page 98)

TWO MONTHS AGO her skin was dull and blotchy—Men never looked at her—Today her lovely skin brings her admirers and romance.



Have the Clear, Lovely Skin Men Can't Resist!

Read How a Remarkable Pasteurized Yeast Ends Ugly Spots and Blemishes and Keeps the Skin Youthful and Alluring

A CLEAR, lovely skin, a fresh, radiant complexion, eyes that sparkle—have you these charms that win men's hearts? If not, try eating this new type, scientifically pasteurized yeast that is bringing beauty and vivacity to thousands of women.

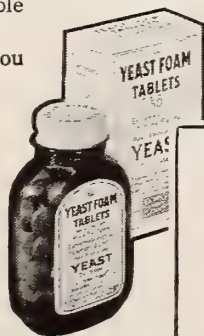
Skin and complexion troubles, says medi-cal science, are nearly always caused by con-stipation or a run down nervous condition. To combat these causes of bad skin you need to enrich your diet with certain nutri-tive elements. In many of our most common foods these elements are entirely lacking. Few people get enough of them for maxi-mum health.

Yeast Foam Tablets contain concentrated stores of these corrective substances. These tablets are pure yeast and pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G.

These precious elements strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs. They fortify your weakened nervous system. Thus they aid in building the health and vivacity that make you irresistible to others.

These results you

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Look and Feel Years Younger

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Then watch the improvement in the way you feel and look. See how your friends note the change in your appearance.

Thankful for clear skin again: "I certainly am pleased at the results Yeast Foam Tablets have given me. Before I started taking them my face looked terrible. Now it is beautifully clear. I can't thank you enough for the relief your yeast has afforded me."

OAKWOOD, WIS.

Not a blemish now: "My face was so covered with pimples and rashes that I was ashamed to walk down the street. I have now been taking Yeast Foam Tablets for three months. They have done wonders for me. There is not a blemish on my face." CLEVELAND, OHIO

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"A RELIANCE HOTEL"

What Keeps Hollywood on the Go?

(Continued from page 97)

"Ouches!" all holla. "Look in!" somebody report. "Look out!" nother personality describe, while Hon. Violet were everywhere, clawing holes in nature and roring with loud bellus. I never see a lion go so many places to once. With tail up she club down 16 cameras. With her mouth she 8 up a tree. With her claws she bounced down 2 fences. Then you know what she began comin at?
Me!!!!

MR. EDITOR, if you ever see a syclone beat a bucket of lightning all the way from here to Kas. City, Mo., you got some I. D. about the way I started from there. It were 2¾ miles from Tar Zan Lot to Geo. F. Orge palace, and all way there I could feel that lady lion brushing my shoes with his moustache. 2ce he bit off parts of my rear fender, yet I keep going so fastly that I make Sir Malcolm Camel look like he was backing up.

Then there I was to backdoor of Hon. Ogre home. I lep fence like a ball out of Helen Wills' rakket, while breath of that lion-ess blowed off my collar-button. Then jumps! That from me. Another jumps! That from Violet. I reach kitchen. Her too. But with imidiate swiftness I bunged door shut, so there she were, falling down a gas stove while she were making large

speeches like Hon. Hooey Long. Yes, sir, I lock door pretty darnly tight, then walk with calm nervusness down hallway, where was Hon Ogre, puffing out his ears from siprise. "O Hon Boss," I dictate, "I has found it!"

"By the noise I say you found several," corrode him. "And what you found, if anything?"

"Best femail legs in Hollywood," I erupt. "They chas me 2¾ miles, and with 2 inches more they would of catched me."

"Cungratulate!" he holla. "In 20 yrs experience I never knew a Actor-ess to chas a manager that fast. & to who do them divine Legs belong to?"

"A lion-ess, name of Violet," I narate.

"Hay?" He jilt. "That are breach of contract. I only ask for one pair of Legs. A lion-ess got 4."

"Perhapsly," I smoke. "But I thought maybe you would like the Xtra pair as spare parts."

Because he could not think some smart reply for that, Hon. Ogre simply tossed me back to kitchen. So me and Violet laid down behind gas stove, completely exhausted.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

How Much Money?

(Continued from page 37)

nothing but play golf ever since—but that makes no difference. An agent's percentage—almost invariably ten per cent.—endures for the life of the contract and sometimes a good deal longer. Our star now has \$6,923 to show for his week's toil.

Uncle Sam, sternest of creditors, is next in line. He nicks our star for approximately forty-eight per cent. of the \$6,923, and leaves him staring a bit ruefully at the \$3,601 remaining in his possession.

As long as we've started keeping books "by the week," let's continue on that basis, dividing monthly expenses by four and annual outlays, such as insurance and taxes, by fifty-two. The line forms to the right, and our star pays until it hurts—knowing, as he does so, that a tidy portion of his lucre is going to the Hollywood swindle and that many of his bills are padded out of all proportion. Let's check off the items.

First, there's the hired help
Attorney (paid an annual retainer fee)\$ 65.00
Publicity Counsel (who has other clients, of course)..... 65.00
Secretary (Real intelligence is needed here)..... 75.00
Chauffeur (Many stars employ two of them)..... 50.00
Cook (We stars call him a chef and pay accordingly).... 60.00
Housekeeper (We list her and get along without a butler).... 50.00

Mrs. Star's personal maid.. 40.00
Personal valet (a studio necessity) 40.00
Second Maid 30.00
Gardener (He probably has two, but we'll trim a bit) 35.00
Trainer (Our star loses his contract if he gets paunchy)... 40.00
Bodyguard (Dietrich employs two, others even more)..... 40.00
Governess for Junior..... 50.00

Total\$640.00

WE'VE been very conservative, but our star has only \$2,961—and he isn't through paying, not by any means. He's just hitting his stride. Look!

House Rent (he has comparatively simple taste, too) ..\$ 240.00
Beach House Rental (four months' rental spread over a period of fifty-two weeks).... 62.50
Groceries (remember that retinue of servants)..... 150.00
Clothing (there's Mrs. Star and Junior to buy for)..... 240.00
Alimony (and if Johnny gets off this easy, he's lucky)..... 200.00
Fan Mail Expense (stationery, stamps, photos and steno) 225.00
Clipping Bureau Service (one must check his publicity) 15.00
Publicity Lunches (an interviewer never pays his own check) 5.00

How Much Money?

Personal Photographs (art photography comes high)....	\$ 25.00
Advertising in trade journals	30.00
Automobile Expense (depreciation, upkeep, insurance and so forth on two first-class cars)	75.00
Dentist	15.00
Doctor	30.00
Pocket Money (for both Mr. and Mrs. Star)	150.00
Entertainment (and <i>our</i> star doesn't go in for big parties)...	50.00
Total	\$1,532.50

HE looks at the \$1,428.50 which is still on hand, recalls that host of annoying little expenses, like barber shop and beauty parlor bills, ice cream cones, toothpaste, make-up, radio tubes, chewing gum, cigars, golf balls, etc.—and gives orders to balance the budget, darn it!

But wait! How about that \$500,000 life insurance policy, taken out when you're thirty, Mr. Star? True, it's an investment, but you can't collect on it now and the premiums amount to \$295 a week. And that \$25,000 policy on the missus will cost you another ten dollars.

And listen, old timer, if you will own personal property—furs, jewels, paintings, furniture, automobiles, etc.—assessed at \$100,000, you must pay the county taxes at the rate of \$79 a week. And how about your club dues, and—oh, gosh!—that bill your bootlegger's been trying to collect? The Community Chest expects a heavy contribution from you, and you can't be niggardly—not in your position! And Motion Picture Relief fund demands one-half of one per cent. of your salary. And you can't forget all those distant relatives you've been supporting—people would *talk* if you did.

With a sigh, Johnny deducts \$100 for the Community Chest, \$38.46 for the Relief Fund, \$200 for the relatives and needy friends and sets aside another \$50 for the various emergency charities which will ask his support during the week.

The princely sum with which he started is now whittled down to about \$500—and *you* and *you* and *you* are calling him a "sap," an extravagant fool.

Perhaps he is, but he is also the victim of systematic looting.

FOR instance, some merchants may deliberately mark up their prices when an "in-the-money" star enters their doors.

One woman star—who pays dearly for her "best-dressed women" title—told me of her recent experience in buying a scarf. The shop was crowded. While she waited for service, she inspected a number of openly displayed scarfs. The one she wanted carried a six-dollar price tag. Finally, a clerk waited on her, and, when asked to show that particular scarf, deftly hid the tag and informed her that it was priced at nine dollars!

Dick Arlen tells of his experiences with a grocer. His monthly bills had been averaging \$260—and Dick and Joby live very simply. Convinced that
(Please turn to page 100)

"I almost ruined Mary's Disposition"



YOU may know from your own experiences the problems that faced a young mother who recently wrote to Tower Magazines Home Service Department.

"Mary is my first baby," she explained, "and of course I was awfully fussy about her diet, struggling each day to make her drink a quart of milk. There were disagreeable scenes. Mary grew rebellious as soon as I put her in her high chair . . . it was affecting her attitude towards other food. She wouldn't eat correctly and it was ruining her disposition."

At last, however, Mary's mother found an easy way of dressing up her milk, adding valuable food nutrients and making it an exciting drink . . . and mealtimes became festive occasions.

We'd like to know how your children like their milk . . . either plain or with a flavor added. A pamphlet is being prepared on Child Feeding and it will be a tremendous help to have firsthand information from you.

We're going to use 20 articles of 200 words each from mothers, telling how their children drink milk, how much they drink, if they take it any differently now than they used to, if there is any noticeable difference in their health or disposition.

Return this page, with the coupon filled in, when you send us your article.

— WE WILL PAY \$1.00 FOR EACH ARTICLE ACCEPTED —

Name

Address

Number of Children and Ages

ARTICLES MUST BE IN THE MAILS BY AUGUST 10TH. SEND TO TOWER MAGAZINES FOOD EDITOR, 55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.



A new mascara that's really SWIM-PROOF

EVEN the wild waves can't make this mascara run or smear. For the new *Liquid Winx* is completely waterproof.

With it you can bring out all the sparkle, all the beauty of your eyes. Give them a frame of dark, luxurious lashes—instantly.

Liquid Winx is easy to apply. It doesn't smart the eyes. It keeps the lashes soft. And its effect is so natural that even in a close-up it doesn't look like make-up.

For sale at all toilet goods counters.

winx

SUNBURN

RELIEVED INSTANTLY

—or no cost!

No need to suffer from painful sunburn this summer. Spread Noxzema on promptly. Cooling and soothing, it ends pain instantly!



Used at First Aid Hospitals at
Biggest American Beaches
—Noxzema ends pain—doesn't stain

WHAT'S best for a severe case of Sunburn? No one knows better than the nurses and doctors at Beach Hospitals where thousands are treated for Sunburn. They use Noxzema almost exclusively—have used it for years—at Atlantic City, Coney Island, Miami, etc.! They use it because it brings instant, comforting relief from torturing Sunburn—helps nature heal the burned skin tissue quickly—prevents blistering.

Get a jar of Noxzema now! Greaseless—it can be applied under street clothes as well as at night—won't stain! On sale at all drug stores, department stores and "5c and 10c stores".

NOXZEMA

10,000,000 JARS USED LAST YEAR

How Much Money?

(Continued from page 99)

he was being overcharged, Arlen instructed his secretary to buy anonymously. During the following month, the bill dropped to \$73.

These are not isolated cases, but everyday examples of a wide-spread practice which robs Hollywood's stars of untold thousands every month.

I talked to Rex Cole, president of the Equitable Investment Corporation, and manager of the financial affairs of at least a score of famous stars.

"My clients," he said, "report one padded bill after another. To my certain knowledge, stars are often charged double the price paid by non-professional customers.

"Not only unscrupulous merchants, but a number of dentists, doctors and other professional men make a practice of overcharging high-salaried players. For example, a certain client of mine who is a well-known actress, recently underwent an operation. She did not bargain in advance with the surgeon, for she knew that the customary charge for that particular operation is \$500.

"She received a bill for \$5,000! When she brought it to me I called on the doctor and filed an indignant protest. He shrugged, said, 'She can afford to pay,' and threatened to sue. Ultimately, my client settled for \$3,500.

"A great many dishonest servants have helped merchants rob their employers in return for a commission on the star's purchases. A few merchants have also racketeered by sending unordered merchandise to the star's home, obtaining the signature of an unsuspecting servant and then submitting a bill."

REX COLE knows whereof he speaks—and, for that matter, didn't I, just a few weeks ago, hear a dentist tell about charging one of our most noted screen lovers \$1,000 for a simple extraction? I did. Moreover, I know that that same dentist charges his average patient exactly ten dollars for an identical extraction.

He explained the \$990 by stating that the star is a heavy drinker, that he insisted on taking gas, and that, had he died of heart failure while in the chair, the resultant newspaper furore would have ruined any dentist's practice.

And didn't the ultra-conservative Conrad Nagel amaze me with the nerve-racking experience of one of his best friends, a certain noted director? It seems that the director authorized his housekeeper, in whom he had every confidence, to act as purchasing agent for the family. She promptly abused the trust by buying thousands of dollars' worth of merchandise on her employer's accounts. Presumably, she resold the goods—at least, the director was never aware of their purchase. She also destroyed the merchants' statements.

The director was a man who prided himself on being "good pay." Yet he became known as a "dead beat." One night, at a Chamber of Commerce meeting, he was openly hissed. He was bewildered and hurt. Finally a friend explained the merchants' attitude—and the whole affair was revealed.

Perhaps you begin to realize why our star can't save money. Even when he insures his personal property

against fire and theft, he must pay exactly double the premium charged you and me. We pay one and one-quarter per cent.; an actor must pay two and one-half per cent.

Many insurance companies now refuse to issue public liability policies to our star, who must, therefore, drive his Rolls at his own risk. The refusal is based on the fact that the star, because of his fame and much-publicized income, is sued for damages every time he brushes someone's fender.

And not only is he sued for much more than he would be if he were an average citizen, but the jury, being envious of his salary, awards the plaintiff plenty, whether he has actually been damaged or not.

Lawsuits are the bane of a star's existence. It's a rare day which does not witness a new assault, via the courts, on some film notable's purse. Stars have found it cheaper to employ an attorney by the year than by the case. Frequently the suits brought against stars have no foundation in fact. Therefore, the lawyer who urges the plaintiff on shrewdly hopes that the case will be settled out of court. And records prove that his hopes materialize about seven times out of ten. The star knows that it costs much money and even more inconvenience to fight even the most unjust damage suit. Furthermore, he dreads adverse publicity.

IN that dread lies the blackmailer's stranglehold on Hollywood. Blackmail has swept the movie colony like a plague. So prevalent has it become that the district attorney, Buron Fitts, recently established a special department to fight the menace. Already his officers have investigated 250 cases involving stars, directors and producers, yet . . .

"Not more than one-tenth of the



Photo by Wide World

Ginger Rogers was the first girl to step out publicly with Lew Ayres after his divorce. Whereupon both had to deny to a crowd of chatter-writers that they were anything but just pals. And, for once, Hollywood believed. Ginger's the sort of regular scout a fellow'd take out just for fun, yet now the gossips are linking her and Howard Hughes.



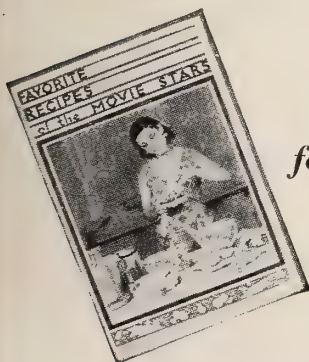
"THAT HAM
WITH
CUCUMBERS
WAS
SWELL!"

"LIKE IT?
I
GOT THE
IDEA
FROM
FREDRIC
MARCH!"



YOU'LL feel as though you've been talking with the stars themselves when you read this Hollywood cook book. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., tells you how he likes his brown bread. Kay Johnson demonstrates the making of her favorite chocolate pie. The Gleasons tell you there's no dish more delicious than their own home-made brand of hash. There are new dishes for breakfast, lunch and dinner—every one the favorite of a famous star. Besides the recipes there are interesting snapshots of the stars at home.

(Canadian Orders 15c)



FAVORITE RECIPES of the MOVIE STARS

Tower Books, Incorporated
55 Fifth Avenue New York

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1933

How Much Money?

blackmail cases in Hollywood are reported to my office," the district attorney declares. "Picture people, especially those with big names and big salaries, live in mortal fear of the blackmailer, but when they are victimized they usually 'pay off' rather than take a chance on the publicity."

Mr. Fitts further states that many of Hollywood blackmailers are amateurs, recruited from the ranks of discharged servants, disgruntled poor relations and the "women scorned."

Few stars have had sufficient courage to bring blackmailers into open court. Wally Beery did when he was accused of being the father of an extra girl's illegitimate child. He not only declined to pay hush money—he faced the publicity barrage and proved her claims false. Yet it cost him a small fortune to fight the case. The most dastardly charge can be woven entirely of lies, and yet receive front-page space in every newspaper. No wonder, then, that the star trembles—and pays.

Perhaps, when you noted a bodyguard on the star's payroll, you muttered scornfully, "The big ninny—he must be afraid of the dark."

He is—for during the past two years almost every high-salaried star in Filmtown has received "blackhand" letters, demanding money and threatening everything from kidnapping to murder in the event of a refusal. Gary Cooper, Marlene Dietrich, Mary Pickford, Joan Crawford, Anne Harding, Bebe Daniels, Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lloyd—they've all been blessed with such friendly little epistles. And how many others have received them, and paid in fearful silence, Allah alone knows!

BEFORE leaving the subject of extortion and blackmail, I again quote Rex Cole:

"At least a dozen times in the past two years, I've been forced to meet blackmail attempts directed against my clients. One of the most common rackets is perfectly illustrated by the most recent attempt.

"A man I know slightly—he's been hanging about the fringe of Hollywood society for years—came into my office and 'warned' me that a 'friend of his' had started a new publication, that this 'publisher' had unearthed a particularly nasty story about a certain client of mine, and that it was in type, ready for printing.

"The publisher is a mighty good pal of mine," he urged. "I think I can persuade him to kill the story, but, of course, he wants to recoup the money he has spent in getting it ready to print. I think he'd listen to reason for—say—\$3,000!"

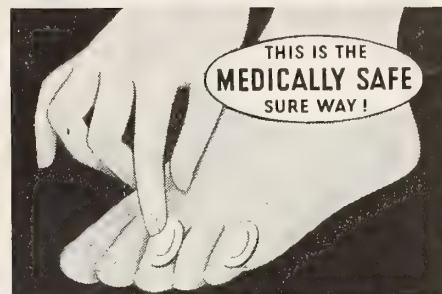
"I told him that we would be delighted to refer the matter to the district attorney. He didn't stop to argue.

"Another petty-larceny form of the same blackmail scheme has been used for years by racketeering publishers who spring up from time to time. They sell high-priced advertising space to the stars by threatening unfavorable criticisms and scandalous stories. Usually, magazines of that sort do not last long."

One of the most contemptible of Hollywood's rackets travels under the

(Please turn to page 102)

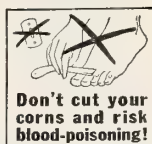
CORNS



THIS IS THE
MEDICALLY SAFE
SURE WAY!

ENDS PAIN AT ONCE!

Be on your guard. Old-time methods for treating corns are unsafe. They don't remove the cause and can't prevent corns from coming back again. The modern, medically safe treatment is Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These cushioned, soothing, healing, protective pads end pain in **ONE MINUTE**; stop shoe friction and pressure; heal sore toes overnight; prevent blisters and keep you rid of corns. Used with the *Medicated Disks*, included at no extra cost, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



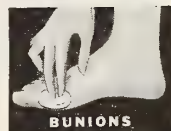
Don't cut your
corns and risk
blood-poisoning!

Quickly Remove Corns and Callouses

Special sizes and shapes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between the toes. Get a box today. Sold everywhere—cost but a trifle. For every foot trouble there is a specific Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy.



CALLUSES



BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

POLLYGRAMS



EMPRI
TRADE MARK

VICTORY TIP

SHOE LACES

ARE GOOD
TO THE VERY END

FOR
MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN

All Lengths, Sizes and Colors
including White

VICTORY and TASSEL
TIPS

ARE PART OF THE LACE
"They Can't Come Off"

SOLD AT
WOOLWORTH'S

INTERNATIONAL BRAID CO
PROVIDENCE

Don't be an "AIREDALE"



"AIREDALE"—that's what Hollywood calls a girl with hair on arms and legs. That's why all Hollywood uses X-BAZIN Cream to remove superfluous hair. It is essential for legs, arms and underarms that expect to be seen! Constant research

and improvement have made X-Bazin more and more mild, efficient and agreeable. This really reliable cream depilatory leaves your skin exquisitely smooth, white and hairless—without irritation, stubble or that blue, shaved look. Even the future growth of hair is retarded.

Insist on X-Bazin—in new giant-size tubes at drug and department stores—only 50c. Good size tubes 10 cents in five-and-ten-cent stores. X-Bazin also comes in the original powder form.

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc. Est. 1848, Brooklyn, N. Y.

X-BAZIN

removes hair

KEEP COTTONS CRISP

TRY
THIS
FREE

This modern way to hot starch ends mixing, boiling and bother as with lump starch. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. It restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness. No sticking. Nonscorching. Your iron fairly glides. Send for sample.



THANK YOU—

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 603, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

How Much Money?

(Continued from page 101)

guise of charity. Let's give the floor to Conrad Nagel, president of the Motion Picture Relief fund.

"Nine or ten 'fake charity' demands are submitted to the Relief Fund officers every week," he told me. "We estimate that film stars, during the past year, contributed slightly more than \$2,000,000 to charity racketeers. This year, because the depression gives such racketeers a better calling card, we will probably contribute even more.

"The fraudulent schemes hiding behind the name of charity are too numerous for detailed exposure. One of the most common is the 'charity ball' given for the 'benefit' of some group of disabled veterans, or, in fact, any other worthy organization. The Legion and the disabled veterans are not to be blamed. They're victimized by the promoter of the ball. He's the man who makes the money.

"The first step in his campaign is to buy a smuggled telephone directory listing the number of every star. When he calls, he is at first unctuous. He urges the star to buy a dozen tickets in order to aid such a deserving cause. If the star refuses, the promoter then begins to use veiled threats. He lists the number of men in the organization which has been persuaded to lend its name to the ball. 'Now, you wouldn't want me to tell all those good theatergoers that you refused to aid them out of your plenty, would you?' Usually the star gives in and buys a few tickets."

A "few tickets" is right! Jack Oakie checked up and found that in thirty days he had paid just \$350 for tickets to such "charity" affairs. He's been a tough customer ever since.

Nagel also told me that a recently conducted investigation had revealed that the Relief Fund, itself, was supporting 137 out-and-out "chiselers," men who were not in the slightest need of charity.

IT is impossible to estimate the total amount of money given to professional panhandlers by Hollywood notables, but it must run into many thousands each year. They are as thick as fleas in Hollywood. They cluster in front of each studio, haunt every cafe frequented by the stars and descend like a swarm of locusts on every premiere.

I persuaded a number of them to talk and discovered that Hollywood is known to their craft as "Panhandlers' Paradise." They average "better than wages" and several of them bragged to me that they were taking in as much as sixteen dollars a day! They prefer to "broach" the stars in front of the studios and cafes, for there they can always depend on an audience of star-worshipping sightseers. Before his fans, a star dares not appear stingy.

While investigating Hollywood's panhandlers, I found one who uses glycerine tears to emphasize his sob story, another who fakes a twisted spine, a third who owns an apartment house, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Almost every star supports a small army of poor relations. They cannot refuse to do so. What star, publicized as the owner of a \$10,000-a-week salary, can afford to have a cousin living in poverty? Mr. and Mrs. Public would hasten to tear down an idol in



Gail Patrick, wearing her "depression trousers"—bright red cotton overalls, durable, yet gay, and quite inexpensive.

that case. The star knows it, and you can bet your bottom dollar, so does the cousin!

HARKING back to our star's expense sheet, you must have considered certain of the items appallingly high. Perhaps you decided that I am an unmitigated liar. In self-defense, let me submit a few more facts.

For example, there's that item of \$225 a week for fan mail expense. Connie Bennett, who does not receive more than the average amount of fan mail, spent \$12,000 last year on stamps, stationery and professional photographs.

Mary Pickford, at the height of her popularity, received 20,000 fan letters a week.

Francis X. Bushman, at one time, employed eight secretaries to answer his mail. Two million copies of one photograph were mailed to his fans.

Tom Mix, last year, spent \$13,320 on his fan mail. And, by the way, Tom maintained a staff of thirteen servants, gave \$22,000 to needy friends, donated \$20,000 to organized charity, and spent \$7,000 for groceries.

Beach house rentals at Malibu average \$750 a month, and some run as high as \$2,000, which, incidentally, is the amount paid by John Gilbert for his seaside "shack." Beverly Hills mansions of the class demanded by out-

How Much Money?

standing stars rent for as much as \$3,000 a month.

You pay \$75 for a suit and feel extravagant. Players like Wallace Beery, Adolphe Menjou, Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lloyd and half a hundred others are charged \$200 a suit by the exclusive tailors to whom they go. Joan Crawford spends \$15,000 a year for clothes, Connie Bennett \$12,000.

Much of this money is spent to maintain a reputation. Stars feel that a "rep" for some particular idiosyncrasy is an asset in hand. Mae West's diamonds are part of her publicity campaign. Even Neil Hamilton's jig-saw puzzle fad was responsible for a deluge of press mention. By the way, I remember that he paid \$75 for one puzzle in order to support his "reputation."

YOU can take your friends to a medium-priced cafe and still feel that you're an excellent host. Not so the Hollywood star. Because of his position, he is expected to entertain only in the most lavish cafes, order the most expensive food, buy the latest car and sit in the most expensive theater seats. When he travels, he must ride on the best trains, sail on the best ships, fly in the fastest planes and rent the royal hotel suite.

Maybe he's a sap—but ask yourself these questions: "How much of his glamour depends upon his lavish style of living—and how much does his 'box-office appeal,' depend on his glamour?"

At any rate, his follies are his own. At least, they keep money in circulation and benefit society at large.

He could still save money if it were not for lawsuits, fake charities, padded bills, rackets, blackmail and extortion.

I see by today's Los Angeles papers that Colleen Moore is being sued for \$100,000 as the result of a minor traffic crash. . . .

It still goes on!

Are You Ready?

(Continued from page 65)

tea at his house and discovered the Oxford group there. It isn't that a lot of actors aren't religious, but you don't expect them to give whole days to the entertaining of a religious coterie.

Naturally some picture stars were there, helping to make the Oxfordites feel at home. I don't know whether these ladies and gentlemen of the cloth were more thrilled at meeting stars or at gazing at Victor's prize pheasants!

Mae Marsh was hobnobbing with an earnest lady from Edinburgh, a Miss Lee, who knows James Barrie well, which was enough to keep any actress entertained a long time.

Most of the Oxfordites were Scotch, in fact, and Victor, whose Scotch blood leaped to the sound of the thick accent, was entirely absorbed.

Harry Lachman, the director, and his Chinese wife aided in conducting the guests about to see the big flowerbeds, the chicken runs, and other points of interest on the big estate.

Tea was served in the garden, where Una O'Connor, of "Cavalcade" fame, Sarah Padden and others helped to pour. Elissa Landi strayed in for a few moments.

(Please turn to page 104)

Is your husband proud to bring his friends home?



He is . . . IF he knows he'll come home to a good dinner. That's *your* contribution to his success . . . whether he brings guests or comes alone.

Men want good food! Not necessarily elaborate . . . usually simple and substantial. But there's a trick in getting the kind of simplicity that's zestful and appetizing.

Commonplace dinners, without imagination, are tiresome. But take the same menu . . . add jellied bouillon with a slice of lemon, a dash of paprika . . . or delicious New Yorker's Pineapple Salad . . . and see what a difference it makes. Or end the meal with bananas baked with Grapenuts and watch the family ask when they'll have *that* again.

These are just a few suggestions from this helpful booklet, "44 Easy, Economical Dinners" . . . delicious menus and 77 interesting recipes. It helps you plan and prepare meals efficiently . . . and is only 10 cents.

TOWER BOOKS, INCORPORATED

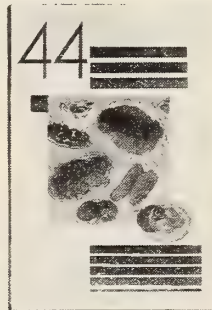
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Here's my name and here's my 10 cents . . . and I'm looking for "44 Easy, Economical Dinners" as soon as you can get it to me.

Name

Address

City State





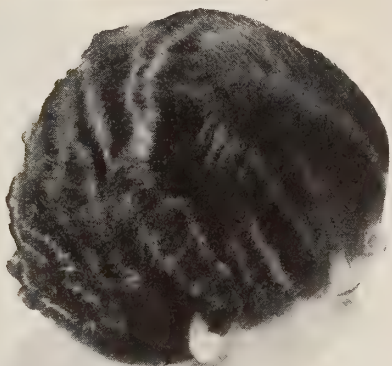
Blue Waltz

71 Fifth Ave., New York

PERFUME
FACE POWDER
LIPSTICK
CREAM ROUGE
EYE SHADOW
BRILLIANTINE
TALCUM POWDER
COLD CREAM

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

Harmless as your Lipstick



In those intimate hair-brushing hours when women exchange confidences, one tells another of the reliability, harmlessness, economy of this perfected type of preparation. The result is FARR'S is easily obtained everywhere—it is clean, odorless, greaseless. Tints faded, streaky hair one even shade, leaving it soft, natural, youthful, as shown above; easily applied by yourself in the clean, privacy of home. Use it assured it will not rub off, nor interfere with curling, marcel or permanent wave. Keep your hair lovely with FARR'S.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

FREE SAMPLE
BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. T.M.14
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Send for FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
STATE ORIGINAL COLOR
OF HAIR

Are You Ready?

(Continued from page 103)

Miss Landi is a student of religions, and that is where Alec Francis comes in. For Mr. Francis has embraced the Oxford cult, and was busily explaining it to the stars.

"**M**ARTHA SLEEPER belongs to the social Four Hundred of Beverly Hills as well as to the professional Four Hundred," remarked Thelma Todd, as we looked about us at the palatial home of Major J. J. Murdock, who was giving a party for his clever niece.

But on this occasion only professional folk were present, except, of course, Martha's beautiful and charming mother.

Alice White came, but not with Cy Bartlett. She said they had very definitely broken off. Alice is introducing a new silver-and-pink nail polish to Hollywood. And her hair is most blond these days.

Don Alvarado was among those present, full of thrilled praises of Marilyn Miller, as usual.

Thelma Todd arrived with her husband, Pasquale di Cicco, and there were Hedda Hopper, Louis Calhern and his fiancée, Natalie Shafer, Inez Courtney, Huntley Gordon and his wife, William Davidson, Jobyna Howland, Frank Eliot, and many others.

Miss Sleeper was beautiful in a white crêpe blouse and black crêpe skirt, the blouse high in front, but entirely backless.

A magician entertained us with tricks with cards, handkerchiefs, etc. Edgar MacGregor, walking across the floor, lost his garter, and Alice White exclaimed that the magician had done that!

Inez Courtney said she had decided to do a Greta Garbo, and not let anybody know where she was, but that evidently nobody had cared, so she had decided to come out of her shell and play in "Dinner at Eight!"

JETTA GOUDAL and Harold Grieve always give such delightful parties. Many a movie star's palace is neglected if Jetta crooks her finger in invitation.

Jetta is a much traveled lady, and a sprinkling of consular officers, writers and artists is always present at her parties. And the party which Jetta and Harold gave for Mr. and Mrs. Ross Shattuck—Mr. Shattuck is a painter—was no exception.

The house was lovely. White lilies and orange blossoms were everywhere.

Our hostess was charming in a white hostess gown. It was made of white satin, with cowl neck, and a white crêpe skirt. Jetta and Harold are working at interior decorating, as you know, and are just completing Howard Hawks' beautiful new house. He is married to Norma Shearer's sister, you may remember, and it was because of Norma's pleasure in her own home, which Jetta and Harold decorated, that they were engaged for the Hawks home.

But here we are, keeping the party waiting. And it was no assemblage to keep waiting, believe me.

Colleen Moore and her husband, Albert Scott, were among the guests. Colleen was telling of strewing the hills around her Brentwood home with poppy seeds.

"A small boy stood watching me, the

other day," she said. "I hadn't realized how amazingly insane I must have looked, waving my arms about, as I rode my horse along the paths, until I saw him looking at me with a puzzled gaze. He stood stock still. Never mind; maybe his children will enjoy those poppies."

Dolores Del Rio accompanied her husband, Cedric Gibbons. She wore a black gown from Paris. She says she has been living a very lazy life, except for playing tennis.

The artist, Hugo Ballin, and his wife were among the guests, and in a group gathered at the hearth, in comfortable chairs and sofas, were Gloria Swanson, looking tanned from much sea bathing since she came home, and her hand-



Photo by Wide World

Boots Mallory at the Cedars of Lebanon hospital in Los Angeles, photographed just a few moments before she was wheeled into the operating room to have her appendix removed. Cheerful and game, as usual. . . . Cary Grant was in the hospital at the same time, being generally overhauled and tuned up after an appendix removal.

some husband, Michael Farmer; Robert Leonard and Gertrude Olmstead; Richard Arlen and his wife, Jobyna Ralston; Blanche Sweet and Mr. and Mrs. Chester Morris; and Mr. and Mrs. Zeppo Marx.

Mrs. Ross Shattuck looked handsome in an Eleanor blue gown with hat to match.

Frank Borzage was there, too, and Lois Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton, Mrs. Buddy De Sylva, Sally Eilers, and several well known artists.

Jetta would think of a new way to serve food!

Instead of having the guests go after their food, a la buffet, she had the buffet brought to them!

A three-tier tea wagon solved the problem. On it were heaped roast chicken, chicken patties, lobster salad, fish, hot rolls, caviar, deviled eggs, the dessert being served afterward by maids. The dishes also were on the wagon.

OUTDOOR lawn parties are becoming the thing in Southern California

Are You Ready?

and Hollywood in particular, even New Yorkers beginning to follow the fad.

And so the birds sang and the flowers bloomed, and the orchestra hit, blew and scraped at the reception which Dr. and Mrs. Harry Martin gave for Mr. and Mrs. Ross Shattuck who were also the guests of honor at Jetta Goudal's party.

Gloria Swanson came with her husband. I noted that Gloria's husbands are getting younger and younger. So no wonder she isn't letting Michael Farmer play leads on the screen, since she herself is about to take character leads! At least, that's what we hear.

Her second husband, Herbert Somborn, was present, too. And Gloria perforce ate her second husband's bread, inas-



Photo by Wide World

"Fuzzy" Knight, the cowboy who made such a hit, although appearing only in a "bit," in "She Done Him Wrong," Mae West's opus. Hollywood thinks he has the makings of a real star comedian.

much as the Brown Derby, which he owns, supplied the food!

Mary Pickford came with the Countess Frasso. Mary is getting to look more like her mother every day. Her sweet personality still shines forth. There is nobody quite like Mary, and never will be.

Jetta Goudal and her husband were present. Also Bessie Love and Mary Brian, both arriving unescorted. What in the world had happened to all Mary's "stand-ins," as she calls her beaux? John Farrow brought Maureen O'Sullivan. And then came Mrs. Jack Warner, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Alice White and Cy Bartlett—yes, sir, and just three or four days after she told me it was all off between them. But when I taxed her with the statement, she said, "Well, we're just publicizing!" Whatever that means. And there were Mr. and Mrs. Michael Curtiz, Sylvia Thalberg and Mrs. Thalberg, Jose Chespo, John Davidson and Elizabeth Wilbur, Gene Raymond and many others.

Tea, an elaborate one, consisting of chicken patties and salads, besides ice cream and cake, was served at tête-à-tête tables on the lawn.

GAY uniforms of military attachés and naval officers made a bright bit of color at the party which Captain James Archibald, U. S. Military officer and noted war correspondent, gave in honor of W. S. Van Dyke, director of "Eskimo," at his picturesque Hollywood home.

You should have seen Jack Oakie coming in alone! Jack is the real Hollywood sheik, as Anita Page slyly remarked. Also, where was Peggy Hopkins Joyce? Maybe Jack was merely being faithful to her in bringing no other girl to the party.

Anita Page looked lovely in an Eleanor blue silk dress, tight fitting, trimmed with many ruffles of the same material.

Dolores Del Rio and her husband came very late, due to the fact that they had made a mistake as to their invitation, delivered over the telephone, and had gone to George Archainbaud's first.

Thelma Todd was there with her husband, and she hoped, she said, that there would be no magician to entertain. Magicians are quite the vogue in Hollywood just now, and she had been a guest at three recent parties where they had entertained, and felt that if she saw another rabbit drawn out of a hat, she would take a shot at it.

Madge Evans was present, also Elsie Janis and her husband, William Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian, Ann Cornwall, Anna May Wong and her sister, Ying Wong, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton, Ray Wise and Mrs. Wise, Pauline Garon, William and Ella Wickersham, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall, Hale Hamilton and Grace LaRue, Lenore Coffey and W. J. Cowan, and Lotus Long, as well as many distinguished officers of navy and army.

Beer is one of the principal beverages served at parties now-a-days, and Captain Archibald had collected steins from all over the world.

JOHN BOLES has made good his promise to treat Lilian Harvey to a dinner typical of the South—fried chicken and hot biscuits. And you should have seen Lilian go for them!

The dinner was given at Boles' Malibu Beach home, and the other guest was Paul Martin, director. Mrs. Boles presided as hostess, and you know what southern hosts and hostesses are.

Lilian brought her bicycle along, and she and John, together with the Boles children, had a little ride. She wore sports clothes.

The actress exercises so hard that she never has to worry about her weight, so the fried chicken and biscuits weren't at all on her conscience, she said.

The dinner consisted of fried chicken, biscuits, candied sweet potatoes, green salad, and as a crowning achievement of the Boles' colored cook, apple dumplings with hard sauce.

It was the first time, Lilian said, that she had ever tasted candied sweet potatoes and apple dumplings, and they were good enough to come all the way to America to taste! And, of course, she hadn't really known what fried chicken and biscuit could be like, either.

Lilian told about her dog, which she had left in England, and how she simply wouldn't get a dog here, because she

(Please turn to page 106)



NEW! Hollywood Method Costs Less . . . Lasts Longer!

THINK of it! A typical "movie star" wave only 1c a week. Done right at home, too, without fuss or bother. The new Hollywood wave. Simply mix a tablespoonful of Stylset in half a cup of hot water. Dip comb in and apply to hair. Then merely set your waves. You will be amazed at the lovely, lasting results. Watch flat, straggly hair come to life in soft, alluring waves. Greaseless, non-alcoholic. 10c buys a big 4 oz. bottle. Garry & Co., 104 5th Ave., N. Y. City.



NEW IDEAS FOR MEALS . . .

Here are three weeks' menus all prepared for you . . . three weeks' vacation from that daily thought, "What shall I have for dinner?" Sixty-three menus, rules for gaining and reducing, menus for children, recipes. This complete circular for 10 cents . . . address Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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YOUNGER WITH
SMOOTH, CLEAR,
LOVELY
COMPLEXION!



No matter how dull and dark your complexion; no matter how freckled and coarsened by sun and wind.

Nadinola Bleaching Cream will whiten, clear and smooth your skin to new beauty quickest, easiest way. Just apply tonight; no massaging, no rubbing; Nadinola begins its beautifying work while you sleep. Then you see day-by-day improvement until your complexion is all you long for; creamy white, satin-smooth, lovely. No disappointments; no long waiting; money back guarantee in every package. Get a large box of Nadinola Bleaching Cream at toilet counters, or by mail postpaid, only 50c. Nadinola, Box T, Paris, Tenn. Generous 10c sizes Nadinola Beauty aids at many 5 and 10c stores.

Nadinola Bleaching Cream



The Adventurous Brownie *will amuse your children*

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Equally popular are Hans Andersen's fairy tales. Three of these are collected together in one colorful, illustrated book. "The Ugly Duckling," which is the title of the book, "The Little Match Girl" and "The Tinder Box." Ten cents for three stories!

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Please send me ☐ The Ugly Duckling
☐ Adventures of a Brownie. I am enclosing
.....cents.

My name is.....

I live at.....

City.....State.....

Are You Ready?

(Continued from page 105)

was so fond of the one at home.

"But I must have pets," she said, "so I've bought six rabbits, and have them in a nice rabbitry in the back yard."

Besides dining and bicycling, Lilian took a dip in the ocean with the Boles children.

A PLEASANT little party with a South American actor, who is now appearing in English speaking pictures, as guest of honor, was given by John Stone for Raoul Roulien, at Stone's pretty Hillside home in Hollywood.

Spanish actors who make good in English-speaking pictures are great social favorites, and Roulien seems destined to be one of the most popular.

He sang for us, as we gathered around the piano in the drawing room.

Guests included Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. William Kernell, Gloria Stuart and a dozen others.

A christening with a reception

afterward was a featured social event of the month, when Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown gave a Christian name to their little daughter, six months old. She's now Katherine Frances Brown, a beautiful child with big brown eyes and all the personality in the world.

St. Thomas's Church in Hollywood was the scene of the christening, with Alec Francis acting as one of the officiating persons. Afterwards everybody, including the baby, went to the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, where, in the Venetian Room, were gathered dozens of friends of the Browns.

Bebe Daniels was there with little Barbara, her daughter, who was intensely interested in the baby, but who wouldn't let us look at her, herself, putting her fingers in front of her eyes when we tried to get a look.

"Doing a Garbo on us," her mama vouchsafed.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Regis Toomey, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cawthorne, Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien and many others.

Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 15)

LINCOLN STEADMAN and Clive Moore (Colleen's brother) are the first to take advantage of the current bicycle fad. They have built a half-mile track in the grounds of the Ambassador Hotel and are making a good thing out of it. Dorothy Mackaill, sister Colleen, Rochelle Hudson and Gene Raymond are among the best customers and they are getting to be the most expert cyclers in Hollywood.

And Kathryn Carver (Mrs. Adolphe Menjou) has a tiny little jam shop in Hollywood where she sells attractive containers of all kinds of jams and jellies for fancy prices.

SIDNEY FRANKLIN, M-G-M director, landed on the well-known milk diet after a consultation with his doctor. Bodil Rosing, working in his current picture, took pity on him and baked him a flock of cookies. A couple of days later he ran out of cookies and sent Bodil a gag telegram to the effect that she had to come through with some more cookies . . . or there was no more job.

Ten minutes later Bodil walked onto the set with another big box of cookies. She's still wondering what Sidney meant when he said, "Boy, how you must need this job!"

IMAGINE Jimmy Cagney crooning a lullaby.

Honestly, if you know how to get into the Cagney mansion you can hear the two-fisted he-man of the Warner lot studying to be a nightingale. He's still better under the shower than anywhere else, but his teacher, the same one that his pal, Regis Toomey, uses, tells him that it won't be long till he's able to hold up his end in a good quartette.

Jimmy dances much better than he sings.

Lowell Sherman called him up the other day and told him that they were going to play in a new picture together.

"Not if I have anything to do with it," yelled Jimmy. "So far as I am concerned, you're just the guy who does his best acting in somebody else's scenes." All right, all right! They're pals.

Bill Cagney, a little bigger, but very much like his brother, is being offered a couple of movie parts. Bill realizes that Jimmy's name has everything to do with it but is going to grab the order anyway. Even the advertising profession, of which the younger Mr. Cagney is a member, is beginning to contribute to us.

IS Fox puffed up about "Cavalcade"? So much so, in fact, that they're keeping just about the same crew to do their other big special with English locale—the Broadway hit of a year or so ago, "Berkeley Square." Not the cast, understand . . . the other-half-that-you-don't-meet. Leslie Howard ought to go a long way toward giving Mr. Frank Lloyd, the director, his second smash hit of the year.

A long while ago, Frank directed "The Sea Hawk" for First National, if my memory serves me rightly. Also "The Divine Lady." So he's used to hits.

THERE'S one actor in Hollywood who's made a pet poodle out of the wolf that came to his door. Glen Tryon, who was starred by Uncle Carl Laemmle in "Broadway," has a writing contract on the RKO lot and has sold his Beverly Canyon mansion and switched to an apartment that is covered by the weekly pay-check.

Hollywood Day by Day

Before the matter goes any further I want to stress the correct pronunciation of Henri Garat's name. The new support for Janet Gaynor handles it this way himself: "Onree Gaaraa." That's the best that I can do and it clears my conscience—on this particular subject at least.

HOLLYWOOD got awful smart this month. Mr. George Putnam, scenario editor of Paramount, remarks that, "I advise anyone who has a story or idea, to submit it to some studio, for all companies are sadly in need of material."

A lot he knows about it! If it weren't for the returned manuscripts I get (from Paramount, too) I wouldn't have any mail.

I like Mr. Groucho Marx's latest much better. When they changed the title of their picture from "Cracked Ice" to "Grasshoppers," Groucho remarked that it was because people are demanding animal pictures.

The Wesley Ruggleses—Arline Judge is the better-half—named the new arrival Charles Wesley, after his daddy and Uncle Charlie. To live up to both names I suppose he'll turn out to be a comedy-director.

GLORIA SWANSON came to an afternoon party with her husband, Michael Farmer, wearing a beige string-lace gown. I'm sure of this because I took the trouble to check up on it as soon as she came in. I was also told that "the accessories" were chocolate brown—though they looked kind of reddish tan to me. But I guess I'm no judge of color any more.

Anyhow, who wants to look at dresses when Miss Swanson is around? Time is kind to her.



Photo by Wide World

Eleanor Boardman as she is today. She recently sued King Vidor, her director husband, whose first wife was Florence Vidor, for divorce. She received \$800 a month for the upkeep of her home, \$500 a month for the support of her two little girls, and a property settlement in addition.

JEANETTE MACDONALD, the Hollywood girl who has Paris by the ear is *en route* to London to work with Edward Marshall. Marshall left Hollywood a month or so ago to be with his wife, Edna Best, who, if you insist on knowing, awaits the arrival of Sir Stork.

ELIZABETH ALLEN, who co-starred with Leslie Howard in the English show, "Reserved for Ladies," takes Karen Morley's place in the current Richard Dix opus. Miss Morley hasn't been feeling so well for a long time.

And what a change for Lowell Sherman, who got through directing Mae West at Paramount and went over to Radio to direct Katharine Hepburn in "The Morning Glory."

GASTON GLASS, a big-timer in the hiss-the-villain days of the cinema business may be back on the screen again soon. He has been working as assistant director for Joe Schnitzer, independent producer on the RKO lot, and has mastered the accent that caused his retirement from the screen.

AND Robert Warwick, hailed as the first of the matinee idols, comes back to the screen in a rôle in "The Power and the Glory," the flicker that is to star Colleen Moore and the first on her new Fox contract. Spencer Tracy got the nod for her leading-man rôle.

Laura Hope Crews staggered me the other day by telling me that Eric Linden is the forty-fourth son she has mothered on stage and screen. That's what I call an achievement to Mussolini's taste. They're together in "The Silver Cord" . . . Linden and Laura Crews, I mean.

And let Mr. Chevalier talk himself out of this one!

"Women, as a group, are too determined to be feminine," states the distinguished Frenchman.

Well, I've found fault with their determination myself.

PERHAPS Ely Culbertson came in for some criticism that he didn't deserve relative to the famous bridge challenge from the Marx brothers. Latest information has it that the Marxian nit-wits planned to hire a hall, invite three hundred guests, and put one of their number up on a tower from where he could run the game through a signal system.

But Ely *has* ruffled some of us bridge players. According to him, only Bebe Daniels, Marion Davies and Joseph Schenck made any impression on him as bridge players. He supposes that the rest of us miss the directors who should be there to yell orders at us through the megaphone.

JANET GAYNOR signed a new long-term contract with Fox the other day and a bunch of the boys were talking it over later. Since she startled the whole world with "Seventh Heaven," Janet has been the most consistently popular figure in the whole motion picture field. She was cast, practically from the ranks of extras, for her role in "Seventh Heaven" . . . I remember (Please turn to page 108)

Tint your Hair

without dyeing or bleaching



When a man stands over you, there is great comfort in knowing that your hair glows with rich color—warm lights—a sheen—and with flattering softness. You can make your hair the perfection of these things with Lovalon—the rinse that tints the hair as it rinses.

Lovalon, with its 12 shades, works magic for all shades of hair. Brunette? Choose among six vivifying shades. Blonde? The glitter of one of five shades is for you. Auburn? Three glorifying tints. Gray or white? A platinum Lovalon rinse produces queenly beauty. . . . This harmless vegetable rinse is not a dye, not a bleach—merely a temporary tint that will wash off in your next shampoo. It will banish the dry, brittle look caused by waving, dyeing and bleaching. It removes the yellowness from gray or white hair.

5-rinse packages 25¢ at drug and department stores. Small packages at five and ten cent stores. At smart beauty shops, or send direct to Lovalon Laboratories, Department T-37, 281 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco, California.

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Tints the hair as it rinses

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"Camp and Tourist Cookery" tells you what to take along. Gives menus and recipes for Gypsy breakfasts, lunches, dinners. How to feed children in camp. Camp desserts and campfire cookery. Send 10 cents to Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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Delatone Cream 50c and \$1, Delatone Powder \$1 at drug and dept. stores; 10c tubes at 5 and 10c stores.

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For
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BEWARE, you sun-worshippers! That hot sun which is so good for your body, is *not* so hot for your face!

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Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 107)

ber her on the old RKO—then FBO—lot during the shooting of H. C. Witwer's "Fighting Bloods." Then, all of a sudden, she was on top of the heap, and year after year that's just where she's stayed.

May there be years and years to come.

SOL WURTZEL, of Fox, has a good idea that might bring a couple of new stars to light. He is making twenty pictures for Fox this year and in each one he will include a part for a newcomer. If she's good she gets another chance. Julie Carter is the first one to get her chance. She has several scenes opposite Raoul Roulien in "It's Great to Be Alive."

JEAN HARLOW and Clark Gable get another opportunity to be torrid for M-G-M. Their new show is to be called "Black Orange Blossoms." Tricky title, even if it doesn't mean anything.

I AM eager to find out just how M-G-M plans to co-star Mickey Mouse and the Durante-Pearl combination. I'm beginning to think it's a trick to get the M-G-M boys into character so that they can get to work on this epic of the world's greatest liar.

Anyhow, like Sharlie, I'm darned if I'm going to believe it till I see it happen.

UNITED ARTISTS are stating frequently and vehemently that they are about set to go with Anna Sten, the Slavic Circe, imported by Samuel Goldwyn to play opposite Ronald Colman, but didn't. Those who saw her in the German "Trapeze" and "Kar-

amazov" know that this is liable to be something worth waiting for.

The girl can act in German like nobody's business. Let's see what she can do with what we call the English language.

IT begins to look as if Mary Pickford really means to make "Peter Pan." It was a grand show when Herbert Brenon made it some years ago and Mary is sure that the trick can be turned again. She's also considering an all-color version of "Alice in Wonderland," in which all the characters except Mary will be in cartoon. . . . Sounds different, at any rate.

MERVYN LEROY is at the job of finishing—and starting for that matter—"Tug-boat Annie," the Beery-Dressler starrer that was planned for production many months ago. Miss Dressler's illness has compelled frequent postponements. But it's "on the fire" now.

BUDDY DE SYLVA, who wrote "Sunnyside Up" for Janet Gaynor, is authoring for Lilian Harvey. They were calling it "My Weakness" the last time I heard about it.

"I Loved You Wednesday," another Fox production, is keeping the boys and girls guessing. They're wondering whether it will ever be released under that title. The last we heard, it was supposed to be.

AND that just about takes care of all that happened in this part of the world, so far as this particular onlooker is concerned. If we've missed anything, it probably wasn't any of yours or my business in the first place. You'll be hearing from us.

Radio Rambles

(Continued from page 45)

over at NBC, that shows how the radio boys are willing to "take it" in order to put on a good program, is the one about Zale Dillon, the man in charge of sound effects on Octavus Roy Cohen's "Townsend Murder Mystery."

They had to have the thud of a falling body as part of the script. First they tried two or three ways of getting the effect but none of them sounded realistic. So the director told Dillon he'd have to faw down and go boom himself. Dillon practiced falling a dozen times or so until it sounded just right. When the broadcast came off he threw himself into his work so hard that he sprained his ankle, and had to be helped from the studio at the end of the broadcast. In radio, just as on the stage, "the show must go on."

HAVE you heard the one on Goodman Ace of the Easy Aces, who got a bright idea for a movie plot for Groucho Marx and in the middle of the night jumped out of bed and called Groucho in Hollywood? What with the difference in time and one thing and another Groucho was wakened from a sound sleep.

"Is that you, Groucho?" Goodman asked excitedly. "Listen. You haven't got that plot you were looking for for

your new picture yet, have you?"

"Say I haven't even got a plot for my last picture," grumbled Groucho and slammed down the receiver. (But perhaps you've heard that one before.)

MAYBE it was in honor of this telephone call that WEAf put on that broadcast commemorating the 400th anniversary of the birth of the Prince of Orange which they entitled: "WILLIAM THE SILENT HONORED ON RADIO."

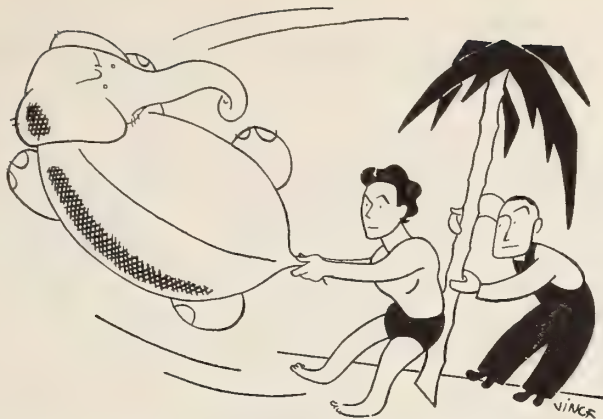
This ought to be one program on the air that none of the listeners can complain about, if they stage it right. Just a fifteen-minute tribute with all heads bowed in thought.

BUT getting back to Goodman Ace. In spite of the fact that he broadcasts from Chicago his musical signature is "Manhattan Serenade." Maybe he'll persuade them to use "On the Sidewalks of New York" for the World's Fair theme song.

What's that, Ted? Well, what if Lowell Thomas does get jealous? Anyway, I'm bigger than he is. I'll just ask them, though.

Are you still with me?
Well, then—THANK YOU FOR LISTENING!

Sketches by
VINCE CALLAHAN



The scenic department builds African jungles for lions and Mr. Weissmuller.

The Art Department

Unseen and unsung forces that make the stars go round

By JACK JAMISON

HOW THE ART DEPARTMENT BEGAN. Early movie audiences used to chortle, watching solid-rock prison walls ruffle in a slight breeze. With no electric lighting, all the first sets were out of doors in the sunlight, and they were made of canvas. There had to be men to paint the canvas. As the movies grew, their job grew. Now they're the Art Department.



The paint department paints the sets the carpenters build.

WHAT IT DOES.

The Art Department bosses the miniature department, the drafting room, the carpenter shop, the scenic department, and the paint shop. The miniature department manufactures toy yachts and volcanoes which look like the real thing on the screen. (How real, you know if you saw the realistic volcanic eruption and earthquake of "Bird of Paradise.") The drafting room lays out blueprints for anything from a stagecoach to a castle. The carpenter shop carpenters. The scenic department builds jungles for African lions and Mr. Weissmuller, San Francisco streets of 1911 for Ramon Novarro, Helen Hayes, and "Son-Deughter." The paint department paints the sets the carpenters solidly, convincingly build.

WHAT IT COSTS. About \$1,000,000 per year per studio. This is cheap when you consider what the Art Department gives for the money. Roughly, pictures may be divided into two halves, actors and backgrounds. Since movie plots offer little novelty, repeat themselves, backgrounds must offer novelty, must not repeat. The same old love-tale is acted before backgrounds of Chicago gangsterdom, Alaska salmon-fishing, blissful South Sea islets. It is these backgrounds

which the Art Department supplies on demand.

HOW? A picture laid in China scheduled, a camera-man is sent to China on lonely pilgrimage, photographs landscapes and villages there. Coming home, he turns in his film. For out-of-door sequences, studio actors then strut their stuff before a frosted glass screen nine by twelve feet in size. By the photo-image process, this action is superimposed on the already photographed background. For the indoor sequences, the Art Department gets photos, data on Chinese bedrooms, furniture, builds them to exact copy.

MUST! The

Art Department must do the impossible and do it at high speed. Not seldom a French cathedral which took four hundred years to build must be duplicated overnight. Method: the floor of the cathedral is laid out, complete with pews and pillars; then the upper reaches of the vast place are painted on plate-glass, the action photographed through this. An interesting note on pillars is that architects build them with bulges at the middle, to allow for human eyes, which, in pairs, tend to "look around" them. But movie pillars are built straight up-and-down, for the camera has only one eye. . . . Again, an order comes through, "One week from Monday, have a speedboat able to beat all others on Pacific Coast." Scouts are sent out to buy, or rent, 400 h-p Liberty motors. The drafting department designs a racing hull. Carpenters get to work in day and night shifts. A week from Monday, the craft is ready.



A French cathedral that took four hundred years to build must be duplicated over-night.

(Please turn to page 110)

\$500.00
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TO BE GIVEN AWAY



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50 Prizes ea. 5.00

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Happy Wife Keeps Youth Brushes Away Gray Hair

Now you can really look years younger. With an ordinary small brush you just tint those streaks or patches of gray back to your natural shade—whether blonde, brown or black. It is so easy to do—at home—with Brownatone. Over 20 years success. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Does not coat the surface—actually penetrates the hair. Defies detection. No tell-tale, flat "dyed" look. Cannot affect waving of hair.

No need to guess. Cut a lock of hair from your head and apply this famous tint. If Brownatone does not give your gray, streaked, dull, or faded hair its natural color, youth and luster, your money back. Only 50c. All druggists.

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She's handicapping him . . . maybe for the rest of his life . . . just because he isn't getting the right foods to build good, strong muscles, teeth and bones.

If you're not sure about your children's diet . . . or if you want new menus and recipes they'll like and which are good for them . . . you'll want to send for these two helpful food circulars right away, 10 cents each.



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FOOD CHILDREN LIKE TO EAT. Menus and recipes for breakfast, lunch, dinner. Special meat dishes. Party refreshments. Candies and desserts. 10c.

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55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

The Art Department

(Continued from page 109)

TYPICAL JOB. For "Hell Below" the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Art Department had to build an entire submarine, inside and out. Plans used were those of actual Navy undersea craft, secured from Washington. Countless gleaming dials, levers, wheels were bought from scrapped Navy submarines or else duplicated at the studio. Tough enough assignment, the job was complicated by the fact that, whereas space in subs is at a premium, this ship must make room for bulky cameras, microphones, directors. How accomplished? The "sub" was built in sections, any slab of it removable at any time to allow cameras to peek in.

PERSONAL. Typical Art Department chief is Cedric Gibbons, with

fifteen years' experience; lean, dark, nervous, eyebrow-moustached; husband of film star Dolores Del Rio whose name, translated, means "Sorrows of the River." A portrait-painter in New York, he became interested in the newly-invented movies, tried, "because they were so bad artistically," to get a job directing them. Finding no job directing at the old Edison Company in New York, he found plenty of hideous sets needing decoration by an artist's hand. With time out for the War, which ended about the time he landed at a naval training station, Gibbons has been lending the artist's hand to the movies ever since. Disposition: excitable, happy. Hobby: designing glass houses.

Salary: four figures.

Box Office Critics

(Continued from page 70)

been so fascinating that it was impossible to imagine it ever being displaced. The impossible has seemingly come to pass with the advent of Katharine Hepburn, whose flashing personality is undoubtedly going to set a world-wide style for an entirely different model—neither a flapper nor a Garbo. As nearly as one can put her quality into two words, it is: dynamic naturalness. And one foresees that it will not be long now before one is surrounded on all sides by femininity in the throes of being dynamically natural.—Irene McKenna, 2259 San Jose Avenue, Alameda, Cal.

Give Bebe Drama: I've just seen "42nd Street." It wasn't the songs, the dances, or even the new and interesting Ruby Keeler that impressed me most, but Bebe Daniels. It was not her beauty—though she was lovely—but her acting that surprised me. She showed such a sincere understanding of the character she portrayed as to make it a truly great performance. Frankly, I always preferred her in comedy, but now I hope producers take heed and give her the dramatic rôles she now deserves.—Edna Walters, 300 N. Pine, Wilson, N. C.

I recently saw Bebe Daniels in "42nd Street," and think she was wonderful. Why not give us more pictures of Miss Daniels in this type of rôle? I am more than convinced there are no actresses in Hollywood who can surpass her in beauty and ability.—Miss Blanche Daniels, 291 Mechanic Street, Southbridge, Mass.

New Team? Since the Gaynor-Farrell team has broken up we shall have to find new teams. Why not team Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres? If you have seen "State Fair" I am sure you will agree.—Romaine Trethewey, Box 1934, Bisbee, Arizona.

When One is Shot: Might I make a humble suggestion toward better reality in movies? The acting in a shooting scene is misleading. In most scenes, it shows the actor walking toward the shooter. The man shoots,

but although he hits, the actor comes on. How many of those actors have "stopped" a bullet? Could you stand up against a bullet as large as your little finger and not blanch when it hits you? A .45 bullet has enough power to spin a man around when it hits. If directors would have the actors fall or step back, it would, in my opinion, help the reality in movies. Wishing luck to NEW MOVIE, I remain—Frank Tate, 815-10th Street, N. E., Massillon, Ohio.

Your Attention, Please: One of the most charming, winsome bits of femininity my eyes have beheld in many a day is Nora Gregor, who played opposite Robert Montgomery in "The Flesh is Weak." I have neither seen nor read anything about her since viewing this picture some time ago. To me, she had all the appeal of a true daughter of Eve and I should certainly like to see her again.—M. Ame London, 10442-104th Street, Richmond Hill, Long Island, New York.

More Serials: This will be short and snappy—but to the point. I'm longing for a return invasion of good old serials. How very welcome a glimpse of my favorite serial queen, Ruth Roland, would be. Isn't it possible to have them return? I wish it would be very soon!—Miss Adrienne Cadoul, 638 Call Building, San Francisco.

Complaint: I am writing you this letter because I haven't seen anyone else say anything about it—so here goes. I have never written to any magazine before complaining, because I hate complaining people, but I just must say something. Now, understand, I am not knocking your magazine alone but others as well, and if you publish this I hope they see it. Now—every time I pick up a movie book I see something like this: Edna May Oliver laughs to keep from crying or Charlie Chaplin's heart breaks behind the smile or Marie Dressler would have liked to have been a great dramatic actress, or Zasu Pitts don't like to play comedy rôles. Now I like to see all of these play and it takes all

Box Office Critics

the joy out of the picture when I read something like that. If those articles are published for publicity reasons—well, they are hurting the stars' box-office appeal more than they are helping it. I enjoy reading NEW MOVIE but I sure don't like to read that my favorites play something they don't want to. I know if I had my choice of rôles over everything else I would choose comedy. Would you mind naming a comedian, man or woman, who says he or she loves to play in comedies? Because I sure want to send them congratulations. Miss Ruth Clippard, No. 5 B. Street, Woodside, Greenville, South Carolina.

P. S.—Just because my letter is a complaint, don't be afraid to publish it, because I want to see if other people like their comedy straight, too.—R. C.

Applause: A twenty-one gun salute to the "S. S. Cinema" and its string of victories! While the barque of the legitimate is almost becalmed this season, brave Schooner Movie is sailing right along, undaunted by the mountainous depression waves that have broken over the sides. The latest feat of the Merry Marauder Movie was to kidnap three members of the reigning thespian royal house and put them together in a single opus. Boy, such a lot of Barrymores! At every turn of this production, you, so to speak, step on a Barrymore! Nice to see these members of stage and screen's royal family, working together in such artistic accord, for, unquestionably, each gives a superb performance. One will also notice this picture differs from current Russian movies in that it displays no sympathy at all for the revolutionists. The director certainly didn't skimp on "extras." There were many full dinner pails in Hollywood while "Rasputin and the Empress" was being made!—Bruce D. Johnson, 7414 Emerald Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

England Speaks: May a Cockney line up with your other box-office critics?



Photo by Don English

Brian Aherne, Marlene Dietrich's new leading man in "The Song of Songs," proving he has been whirled into the Hollywood kodak craze. The trick now is to photograph your friends when they least expect it, and then to send them prints, showing them usually in awkward or ludicrous poses.

After seeing "Grand Hotel" I came to the conclusion every other "talkie" would be an anti-climax. I was wrong. I raise my bowler hat to Hollywood for producing "Cavalcade." I have never been so stirred since taking part in the actual Armistice Day celebrations which the film portrays. Full justice has been done to Noel Coward's masterpiece—the highest praise of which I am capable. One word of criticism of the movies in general. Cannot something be done to prevent our film stars breaking up sentences the way they all do? You know the sort of thing I mean: "Do you . . . (long pause) . . . love me?" It is irritating because it is so obviously artificial.—D. Webster, 85 Highfield Avenue, London, N. W. 11, England.

On Kicking Women: Ever since James Cagney (or was it Edward G. Robinson?) kicked a girl the moving picture companies have never hesitated to use that cheap, ungentelemanly way to get a laugh. Today I went to a show and in both pictures women were made the targets of kicks. In "Parachute Jumper," Leo Carillo kicks Claire Dodd and in "From Hell to Heaven" a jockey likewise offends. Now, must we put the scenario writers in the same class as the comedian who had to fall down in order to get a laugh? Must we believe that their brains are so unimaginative, lazy, and cheap that they must employ such a vulgar and degrading spectacle to get a laugh? What price comedy?—Joseph A. Ciccolo, 508 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

We'll Ask: Why, oh why, does Marlene Dietrich hide her beauty with man's attire? Doesn't she and the other "trouser followers" know that a woman cannot be charming and feminine when wearing trousers? Don't these women know that men resent having their mode of dress taken away from them? And isn't it their admiration that we are all striving for?—Mrs. Joe Riggins, R. R. 1. Crawfordsville, Ind.

Thank You: I am a constant screen magazine hound and read nearly every magazine on the newsstand each month. I want to express my sincere appreciation of your wonderful magazine, THE NEW MOVIE. It's one of the best magazines on the stands—and it costs so little. I certainly extend my hearty wishes that you publish the magazine for years to come.—Florence Scaffidi, 92 Borden Avenue, Norwich, N. Y.

May an Old Fan Inquire: When Garbo will be back?

Why Edna May Oliver wouldn't make a grand Tish?

If "Spawn of the North" by Willoughby is impossible to screen?

Why the editor or photographers don't give the scrap-book fans a break in the portraits they give us?

Why a public library wouldn't make a good background for a picture?

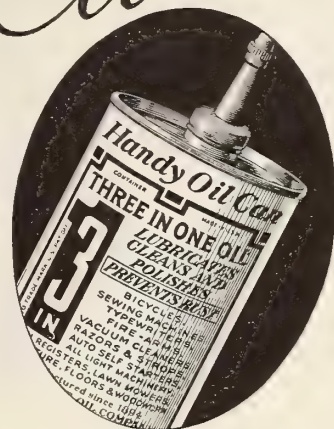
Why some of these doubles they rave about can't be used as sisters or even twins in the same picture? Ann Harding and Julie Haydon, for example

If Karen Morley wouldn't make a good lady doctor?

If you like this type of fan letter?—
(Please turn to page 112)

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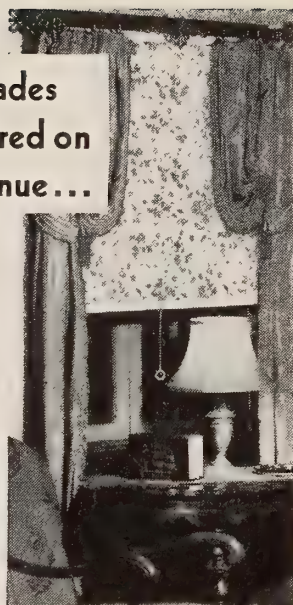
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Box Office Critics

(Continued from page 111)

L. A. James, 2425 Fulton Street, No. 7,
Berkeley, California.

Arlen and Us: Here's an S.O.S.: Please tell a little about Richard Arlen. Clark Gable seems to be getting all good breaks in your magazine. I want you to know how I appreciate this wonderful NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. It's great to have such a magazine priced at ten cents a copy. It makes a person really feel good again. Please, Mr. Editor, accept my hearty congratulations for NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. It's a honey.—Miss Muriel E. Elvidge, "Cedars," 1117 Washington Street, Cape May, New Jersey.

Advice About Myrna: I think that Myrna Loy is a very beautiful and talented actress. I wish the producers would cease assigning her such unbecoming rôles, for she could make any star sit up and take notice if she were only given leading rôles, instead of being cast as a siren, or some unscrupulous, designing woman in a minor rôle. I wish the producers would realize what a fine trouper they have in Myrna—Frank Dughi, 1727 Cambridge Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Color in Pictures: Why is it that ordinary pictures such as "The Mystery of the Wax Museum" are done in Technicolor instead of pictures which would be gorgeous in color? For instance, "The Sign of the Cross" and "The Kid from Spain?" . . . Why not give Marie Dressler a really funny rôle and wake up to the fact that the depression is not amusing to most people?—Robert Meehan, 21 Crescent Street, Shelton, Conn.

As to Teams: I just saw "State Fair" and I thought it was marvelous. I think that Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres make a wonderful team. Much better than the Gaynor-Farrell team. But I still like Sally Eilers teamed with James Dunn. Here's hoping that Janet Gaynor is teamed more often with Lew Ayres. And also Sally Eilers with James Dunn.—Beatrice Goldfus, 6132 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

Her Week-end: I am a scholar and all week I study hard, but Saturday night I go to the movies, and for two hours I am either a red-headed siren or a swaggering cow-puncher. Then I come home and dream about these wonders all night. . . . A very pleasant week-end very well spent.—Vinona Elaine Watson, 2535 No. Dela Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

We Take a Bow: Neither brickbats nor bouquets do I bring for any star—but would you mind terribly if I wallowed around in praise of your magazine? Why do I like NEW MOVIE? Here's why—because:

1. Your covers are the most beautiful of any magazine on the market.

2. You bring us Paris—the fascination of "la plus belle fille" through the dashing humor of Herb Howe—and may we have a photograph of him sometime?

3. Your April "Gallery of Stars" was breath-taking, to say the least; works of art, truly, so please print the photographers' names in large letters—please!



Ruth Fellows and William Gargan during the filming of "Emergency Call," in which he plays a fast-cracking ambulance driver and she appears as a nurse. No, this isn't a romance, just studio pals.

4. Yours is the only magazine to bear "Please turn to page so and so" instead of the trite "continued on—" Little things like this count so very much! They bespeak true courtesy!

One could rave on for hours—but now a few words to Mr. Producer:

Please give us more "Animal Kingdoms."

Please bring the Japanese schoolboy to the screen. How we would enjoy him!

Please more and more Durante. He's great—he's—he's COLOSSAL!!—F. Regan, 151 Baldwin Street, Waterbury, Conn.

Radio Stars in Movies: Why, oh, why, must our radio favorites try to crash into the movies? Just because their talent permits them to become stars of the air is no reason why they should bring their followers to grief by chasing stardom further into the flickers. They probably forget that the difference between the radio and the movies is, unfortunately, the difference between imagination and reality. How nice it was to picture Kate Smith and the Baron in our imagination as we listened to them over the air! Then came their unhappy advent into the movie world. Off to our favorite flicker palace we dashed in joyous anticipation of seeing them in their first picture. And then the reality! Oh, my, must I proceed further?—Howard J. Nichols, 7932 Harvard Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

P. S.—Three rousing cheers for your new department, "Hollywood Day by Day." It's unusually novel and very interesting. It should make many new friends for NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE.

Did You Notice? I saw "Luxury Liner." After viewing this picture it seems to me that the title should have

Box Office Critics

been in the plural. I wonder how many fans caught the incongruity of the "shots" of the liner in question? While tied up to the dock and immediately upon sailing, the ship had all the appearance of a Cunard or White Star ownership, having the tall, distinctive funnels originally designed for coal-burning vessels, also the decks, etc., conformed with the design of this particular type of steamships. A few minutes later, after getting out into mid-stream, a very remarkable transformation took place. The "liner" suddenly became a German "Europa" or sister ship, with its short, streamline funnels, and entirely different deck arrangement, life-boat davits and many other details. The smaller details may have escaped the eye of one not accustomed to big ships, but the sudden reduction in height, also change in shape of the funnels was evident to anyone who watched closely. Explanations of stage tricks are being disclosed in current magazines and periodicals, so please, Mr. Editor, this being the "wow" of them all, will you kindly give us the inside dope on this particular stunt?—John U. House, 73 Oak Street, Binghamton, N. Y.

Hitting Their Stride: It seems to me that the talking picture has at last hit its stride. During the past year the number of really good films has been greater, probably, than that of any



Wide World

"Buster" Crabbe, "lion man" of the films and Olympic swimming champion, slipped away from it all, eloped and was married to Virginia Held, who is the girl Buster's been seen going places with for a long time. She's a Beverly Hills society girl.

year since the talkies were a novelty. You can't, in fact, even begin to list the pictures that fall into the excellent and superlative classes—some, in a few instances, actually superior to their stage productions. Look: "Shanghai Express," "One Hour With You," "Grand Hotel," "Silver Dollar," "The Animal Kingdom," "I Am a Fugitive," "Cavalcade," "42d Street," not to mention numerous near-mediocrities saved by only intelligent direction or by the sincerity or get-up-and-go of such personalities as Cagney, Blondell, the Tracys, Gaynor and Farrell, Will Rogers, George Arliss, Powell and Francis, and Mae West.

It is obvious, I believe, that mo-

tion pictures have now fully developed as an individual art. Improvement up to now has been so thoroughly consistent that still bigger and better pictures are surely inevitable.—E. F. Hines, 4035 N. Albany Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Here's Hoping: Just read that Lubitsch may direct Mae West in a talkie version of "The Czarina." How I hope that this proves to be more than mere rumor! Mae would be simply grand in the part—she even looks a lot like the frisky empress. And with Lubitsch to put her through her paces—! What a show!—D. H. Chapman, 1532 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

What a Trio! Why don't we get more of Edward G. Robinson and Lionel Barrymore? We are tired of sophisticated love scenes. We want some real acting for a change. Why don't we see Eddie, Lionel and Marie Dressler in a film? There would be entertainment.—Miss Margaret Barton, 232 Recor Street, Perth Amboy, New Jersey.

Too Dignified: If there is one man on the screen to be congratulated for his ability in pictures it certainly is Spencer Tracy. He was grand in "Disorderly Conduct," "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," etc. But why don't you directors notice this simple thing? Why do you always put such a sophisticated girl for his leading lady? Joan Bennett was all right but Bette Davis should not be featured in any of his pictures for the leading lady because she is too dignified, and he is too tough. Why not have Wynne Gibson, or Sally Eilers? Here's hoping.—Miss Agnes Dwyer, 498 Neville Street, Perth Amboy, New Jersey.

His Three Best: Just a few lines to tell you that I think I have seen three of the finest pictures yet shown on the talking screen. "State Fair," "Madam Butterfly" and "Topaze" are the pictures.

And so a great big cheer for the characters and directors of these pictures, and a fervent wish to see more pictures on their order in the future.—Hubert J. Johnston, 751 E. 92nd Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

We're Hoping, Too: Three cheers for THE NEW MOVIE. It's grand. Give us more shows like "The Big Broadcast" with Bing Crosby, "Movie Crazy" with Harold Lloyd, and "Madison Square Garden" with Jack Oakie. Here's hoping THE NEW MOVIE continues to be as good as it is now.—Mildred Riley, 402 East Willow Street, Normal, Illinois.

Musicals and Ruby: I am now a staunch advocate of bigger and better musical shows. When the talkies first arrived the theaters were all flooded with very poor and boring musical comedies and such. People grew tired of them, but now with such pictures as "The Big Broadcast" and "42nd Street" to back me up, I say give us more. We like them. I believe Ruby Keeler has a great future ahead of her in Hollywood. She has everything one desires—looks, personality, sweet voice and dancing ability. Here's for seeing more of her.—Minnie Snyder, 1515 East 42nd Street, Kansas City, Mo.

(Please turn to page 114)

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Mary Brian



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SEM-PRAY

Box Office Critics

(Continued from page 113)

Another Team: William Powell is, in my estimation, one of the best, and likewise his charming wife, Carole Lombard. In private life they are lovers, so why not star them together? I think they would make a perfect screen pair. What do you think?—Glendora Van Heuvel, 3245 North 25th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Clean Up or Clear Out: The handwriting on the wall that is spelling the downfall of Filmland is Sex. I am so sick of seeing the highest and holiest function of human beings stripped of its beautiful meaning, dressed in gaudy tinsel, and held up for cheap ridicule. I am sick of the open, public parade of the sweet and pure intimacies that should remain intimacies. I protest against the loose, lewd exploitation of womanhood. I don't go to see such pictures—the billboards tell me I won't enjoy them—but the combination of Leslie Howard and Ann Harding, my favorite stars, did entice me, and I saw "Animal Kingdom," only to wish that I hadn't. Let's keep such lovely, cultured, refined, finished artists as Harding and Howard in settings that befit them. Producers, clean up, or clear out!—Miss Gertrude G. Seaford, 149 S. Hobart Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Music in Movies: I wish there would be more music in the pictures. Can anyone ever forget the tuneful music in "Sunnyside Up" and "The Smiling Lieutenant"? It rings in our minds for days afterwards. Even the little ditty Ann Dvorak sang in "Scarface" was a treat. There are lots of good singers who act for the screen. Let's hear them.—Sarah A. Kincard, 22 Fayette Street, Phillipsburg, N. J.

Spiritual Liked: Give us plenty of pictures like "Smilin' Through." The spiritual thread running through it is so consoling to those who have lost loved ones, whether one believes in life hereafter or not. Please give us more pictures of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. No two can portray such beautiful harmony of souls as they.—Cecile Shaw, 118 W. Grand Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

For Mr. Crosby: Hel-p! S'no use. Everybody knows now that we're all Crosby fans. And 100 strong at that. You see, Mr. New Movie Magazine, this letter is supposed to represent the Bing Crosby Fan Club of Ramseur, N. C. We're all perfectly nutty over "the" Crooner of radioland, movieland, stage and what-not, and we wish to put in a good word for Bing's performance in "The Big Broadcast." Now, honestly, wasn't he grand? We were so disappointed after the futile, but noble, attempt of Rudy Vallee to crash the movies that we were pretty skeptical about Bing's—much as we admired him. Then came the local engagement of "The Big Broadcast." We went, we saw, and we came back all aglow to tell Uncle Henry what a marvelous man our hero is. Please, Mr. Paramount, give us more of Mr. Crosby in a new typically fine Paramount picture! And Mr. Crosby, don't forget that you'll always have 100 loyal followers in North Carolina who, inci-

dentally, and, needless to say, are enthusiastic readers of NEW MOVIE, for which they now raise the cry of "Long Live NEW MOVIE!" May the depression (or is that a thing of the past?) never hit it!—The Bing Crosby Fan Club, Dolores Elisabeth Smith, Secretary, Ramseur, North Carolina.

The New Queen: All hail the new Queen of Moviedom, Her Majesty, Mae West! What a girl! She's what the movies need. We, the public, don't know whether to love her or hate her, but we do know that we're looking forward to her next picture. May she rule a long, long time. She's gra-a-nd!—Edna Walters, 300 N. Pine Street, Wilson, N. C.

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1933 in the films.

Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards.

These letters may be addressed to either The People's Academy or to the Dollar-Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

You are the judge and the jury. Write us what you think.

The medals will be given for the following:

- 1—Best all-around feature picture
- 2—Best performance (actress)
- 3—Best performance (actor)
- 4—Best musical picture
- 5—Best human interest picture
- 6—Best mystery picture
- 7—Best romance
- 8—Best comedy
- 9—Best short reel picture
- 10—Best news reel picture
- 11—Best direction
- 12—Best story

Ruby, Listen: Ruby Keeler is a charming little actress, but I think she would be perfect if she would talk a little faster.—Helen Mate, Newell Street, Painesville, Ohio.

In Defense of Jean: This is my first effort to gain admittance in "Box-Office Critics"—and it comes to that page in defense of my favorite screen star, Jean Harlow. Occasionally I read of a brick-bat falling here and there, meant for her, which always, so far as I can see, misses its aim. Her gowns are either cut too far "south," or too far "east and west," or she displays too much sex on the screen. If these brick-bat throwers would stop for awhile, and be "catchers," they'd be better off. Why not speak a few words of encouragement, a few words of kindness, for the screen stars? They're all giving us the best that's in them. I have my favorites—others have theirs—but why knock and sock the ones who are not our favorites? I consider Miss Harlow one of the best actresses on the screen. She has per-

sonality, beauty and charm; and a loveliness which endears her to her admiring public. Her acting is superb—that can't be denied. And she has perseverance—as was shown in the terrible tragedy which entered her life not so long ago. With a sense of duty, and a willingness to carry on, she went through with her part in the making of "Red Dust," giving a wonderful performance; and offering from the screen a smile, which we knew came from repressed tears and a broken heart. I am 100 per cent. for Miss Harlow, and shall always be. And more,—I claim she is God's best gift to the Silver Screen.—M. Louise Cooper, 127 E. 12th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Fed up on Platinums: Kay Francis—What a beauty and what an actress! It is such a treat to see a brunette on the screen. I am so fed up on platinum blondes. It seems every actress has bleached to a platinum shade. Karen Morley, Joan Blondell, Leila Hyams and others have ruined their appearance. Give me Kay Francis and Claudette Colbert who remain *not* platinums.—Miss Mary Dirks, 4411 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

George is Best: Why must producers import athletes from outside of Hollywood when there exists in their presence a man, George O'Brien, who is more talented and possesses a physique just as good, if not better, than any "Tarzan" or "Lion" man?—John Nagle, 7840 Merrill Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Boost for Conrad: You may talk about "stars" until the heavens fall. But to me, Conrad Nagel is the best one of all.—Lois A. Walsh, 724 South Wood Street, Fostoria, Ohio.

Landi the Great: After I saw Elissa Landi in "Sign of the Cross," I was convinced that she really knows how to act—and with Fredric March—oh, my, she was really great. Why not put them together in other pictures? Everyone went wild here about the picture and how Fredric and Elissa acted. I shall never forget that picture. Give her (also him, F. M.) a big hand, and also a better future. They are great, absolutely.—Harold Riddle, 219 Fourth Street, Fulton, Ky.

Most Versatile: I believe that Edward G. Robinson could take any part in a picture and do it justice. After his performance in "Silver Dollar," I am convinced that he is the most versatile actor on the screen.—James Gillen, 6336 No. Claremont Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Baby Luck for Miriam: I submit my letter for Miriam Hopkins. After "Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde," we were eager concerning Miriam. Her "Trouble in Paradise" performance was the bright spot of last year. We are hopefully awaiting her new picture. There is a very special charm about this girl with mischievous eyes, and as all the players who have adopted babies have been smiled upon by fortune, we expect roseate glory from our Miriam.—Catherine Wiegand, 47 Brook Street, Brookline, Massachusetts.

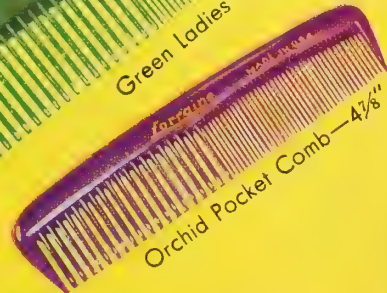
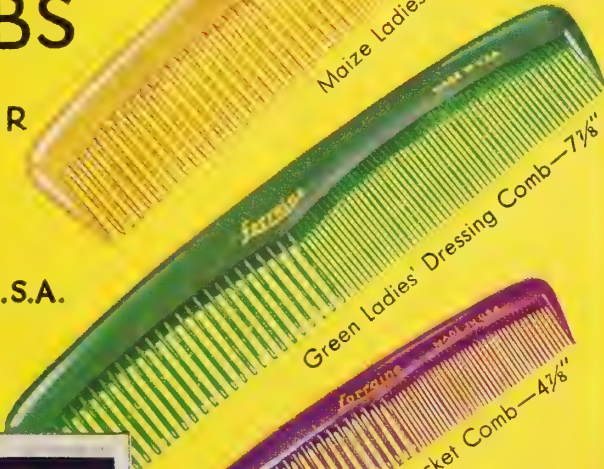
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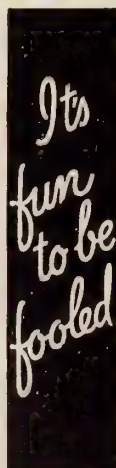
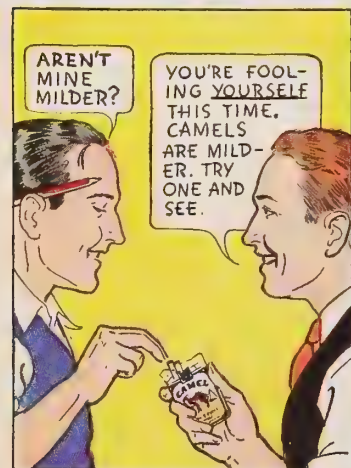
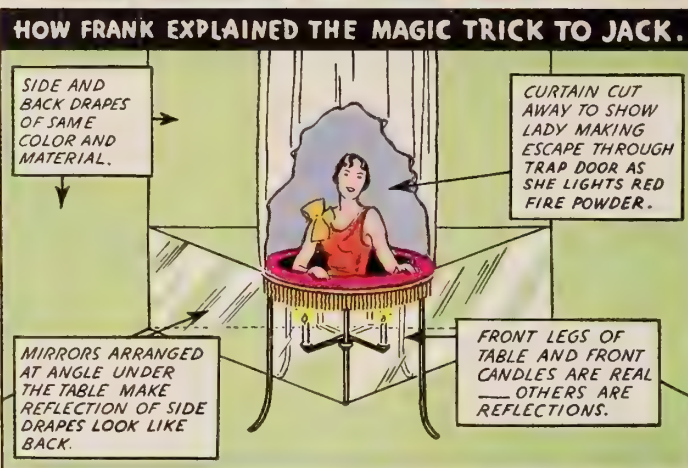
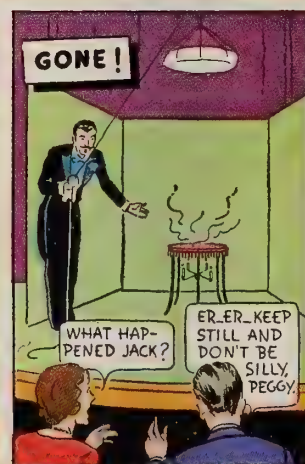
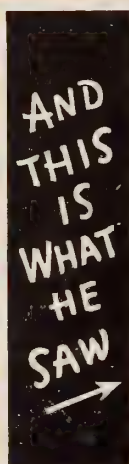
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MICKEY MOUSE Joins the Staff of NEW MOVIE

THE **New Movie**

AUGUST 1933

MAGAZINE

**A TOWER
MAGAZINE**

10¢

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HAUNTED HOUSES

of Hollywood

by

Frederick L. Collins

Janet Gaynor

EX-COWBOY—The Drama of GARY COOPER

by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



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John Held, Jr.

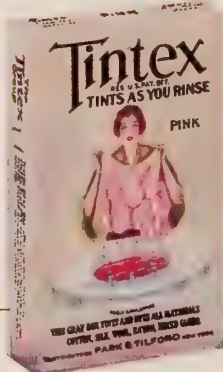
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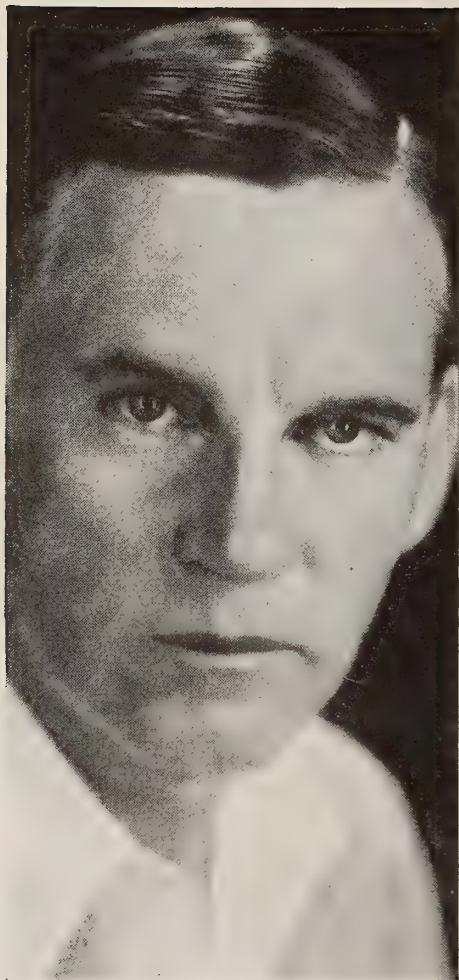


Photo by Preston Duncan

ELSIE JANIS exposes WALTER HUSTON Picture Stealer

Brilliant, bubbling, always interesting Elsie, in one of her most joyous moods, tells of the actor who dominates virtually every film he appears in, with the strange power of his personality and the fine artistry of his acting. The actor who doesn't need—and doesn't care for—stardom. And one of Hollywood's finest personalities. . . . Don't miss the famous stage star's fine, human close-up of him in the next issue—the September issue—of The New Movie Magazine, on August 9th.

On Sale the 10th of Each Month

THE New Movie MAGAZINE

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

CATHERINE McNELIS, Publisher HUGH WEIR, Editorial Director

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AUGUST 1933

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EXPLAIN: It contains precious elements skin itself has...and must have to stay YOUTHFUL!

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harshness, its ready solubility and its con-
tent of such precious elements, is an unques-
tionable aid in keeping the skin young-
looking ... softly smooth.

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who *must* keep their skin radiant, smooth,

young-looking! Small wonder it has been
made the official soap for dressing rooms
in all the large Hollywood film studios!

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HOLLYWOOD has proved through
years of daily use that this soap actually
keeps every type of skin young-looking.

MILLIONS of women (and men) every-
where confirm Hollywood's experience.

Won't YOU prove the beautifying
effect this fragrant, white Lux Toilet
Soap can have on *your* skin?



**"It really has made MY skin
look Younger..."**

"What the Hollywood stars say about Lux
Toilet Soap is exactly what I've found out
in my own case," writes Miss Evelene
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been using this soap for three years now
and I find it really has made my skin much
younger-looking. I will never use any other!"



BEGIN TODAY!

For EVERY Type of Skin
...oily...dry..."in-between"...

HOLLYWOOD

MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT SUN

DAY by DAY



Dorothy Jordan, scheduled for "The Glory Command," and then "One October Night," with Bruce Cabot, is reaching for stardom. Production policies, however, have temporarily presented an obstacle to plans to team her permanently with Joel McCrea in tales of young romance.

HELLO Hollywood! Hello everybody!

By the time you read this, my old pal, the Marquis de la Falaise—and that palship is not Hollywood stuff; it dates way back to old Paree—will be setting up his tripod in Sourabaya, Bali, photographing South Sea life in the flesh for Bennett Productions, Inc. Henri is general manager of Bennett Productions, Inc., and his wife, Connie Bennett herself, is the Chairman of the Board of Angels.

Neither admits that the Marquis' sudden departure for the South Seas had anything to do with former wife Gloria Swanson's arrival in Hollywood; but the thought intrudes that it would be a great loss to movieland if all of Gloria's husbands took to the desert isles every time she came to town.

By NEMO (NEw MOVie)

(Selected as the \$100-prize pen-name for the anonymous author of this department. See page 110 for details.)

Anyhow, Wallace Beery stayed. When Gloria and Mike Farmer, the present incumbent, walked into Sardi's one noontime, they found Wally, as usual, comfortably filling a six-chair booth. Eddie Branstetter (Mr. Sardi) had to be carried out on a platter. But the principals seemed unconcerned. Husbands are just husbands to Gloria—and nobody or nothing can disturb Wally Beery when he is eating.

ONE of the interesting things about the de la Falaise expedition is that he took with him as a sort of company manager the old-time screen favorite, Gaston Glass. Glass is a young man still, not more than thirty-four or five. The Gilbert Roland type. Doesn't look his age, either. I saw him one night last

winter leaning up against a—I mean with his foot on a—well, we won't go into that!—but I thought then that he ought to be back in pictures. And here he is, way back in Bali, of all places!

Which reminds me for no reason at all that doctors and druggists have certainly been given a great big hand by this new liquor ruling, which permits unlimited prescriptions of wines, whiskies, brandies and what-have-you. Hollywood, formerly one of the most healthful places in the United States, is being swept by first one epidemic and then another. One juvenile leading man is already complaining of housemaid's knee. My own disease is croup.



Photograph by Wide World

Grouped together just before the hegira—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., off to London and Paris for a vacation, Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer, her husband, off to Switzerland to see the children, then possibly to make another British-filmed picture, and Colleen Moore, finishing her first picture in years, "The Power and the Glory," and nervously to await the verdict of the fans.



Making talkies at umpty-ump below zero. Clyde DeVinna and his crew set up for work in the Arctic during the filming of M-G-M's "Eskimo," which introduces chilly thrills for hot weather pastime. And directed by that all-weather megaphoner, W. S. Van Dyke, who made "Trader Horn."

WELL, Charles Guy Fulke Greville, eighth Earl of Warwick, has sailed away. And Sally Blane has sailed away, too. When the Earl arrived in Hollywood he was suffering from a broken heart; but he took Sally Blane for it every evening regularly and you have no idea how the heart improved. In fact, when he left, the organ was in a thoroughly normal condition, except for a certain understandable palpitation!

Bruce Cabot has the broken heart now. It began to break that night at the Beverly-Wilshire just before Sally was shipped East by airmail. Bruce, as you may have gathered, was Sally's favorite heartbreak back in her pre-peerage days; and Sally herself, in case you haven't been getting around lately as much as you should, is the third of those pulchritudinous Youngsters, of which Lorretta is one and Polly Ann is another.

THE Earl is gone, but the Queen came back. Queen Garbo, I mean. And it is surprising how little a dent her return made in life in the old town. Can it be possible that she is just another actress, after all? We won't know until we see how her pictures click. Neither will she.

Her arrival was, of course, an event, especially when it got around the studios that she was traveling aboard the *Annie Johnson* as Mrs. John Emerson. Even Anita Loos looked up from her knitting long enough to say that she thought her husband was one gentleman who did not prefer blondes. I ran into Anita and John that week at one of those before-dinner filling stations and, believe me, John came in for his share of the ribbing.

I didn't go down to the dock, but



Photo by Wide World

Here's a charming family group, especially photographed for The New Movie Magazine—Mrs. Wallace Ford, Patricia Ann Ford, and the proud father himself, Wallace Ford, at their Hollywood home.

the boys who did tell me that Garbo landed, not in the sweater and shorts or the seaman's overalls which she affected before the mast, but in a neat, gray tailored suit of the Hepburn variety; and she actually spoke. The hardened news hawk who covers the water front for Mr. Chandler's *Times* was so affected that he burst into the following lyric:

A shattered illusion,
Another delusion;
The spell is broken,
Garbo has spoken.

WHAT she said in answer to all the questions which were hurled at her was:

"One never knows what tomorrow will bring, does one?"

One doesn't. Tomorrow brought Greta the sad news that her five trunks and three hat boxes had been held up by the Customs. She had forgotten to say whether she was a returning American or a visiting Swede.

The boys tried to work up a scandal about Greta and young Ture Teen—yes, Mr. Ripley, that is his name—the wealthy twenty-four-year-old Swedish sportsman with whom she was known to have played shuffleboard and deck tennis. But the scandal didn't take. Ture, it seems, was accompanied by his mother.

THIS ship reporter business reminds me of a story Max Miller, who wrote "I Cover the Water Front," was telling me the other day. Max has a charming little house down at La Jolla, and doesn't hit Hollywood once in a blue moon.

In fact, he had never been in a movie studio until last summer, when Walter Wanger, who was with Columbia then, asked him to come up for six weeks and take a hand at picture writing.

Max started off in high spirits, telling his wife that he intended to ga-ga at every star on the Columbia lot.

"And the only stars I saw," concluded Max, "during my six weeks stay were Wheeler and Woolsey!"

Miller told me another story of sitting in the projection room with

(Please turn to page 8)



Cary Grant and Randolph Scott, bachelor pals and playmates, doing some barbershop chords in the house they occupy together, for the benefit of this magazine's cameraman. You last saw Cary in "The Eagle and the Hawk" and Randy in "Sunset Pass."

★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★

★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★

(Continued from page 7)

Al Rogell, the director, and a group of studio executives viewing the rushes of Rogell's underseas picture which has since been released. Discussion arose as to whether Fay Wray, who had not then achieved her "King Kong" fame, had enough in her to carry the picture.

"You bet she has," said Rogell, "and I can get it out of her."

Just then there came along a shot of Fay leaning over the rail in a heavy sea. This particular shot



Loretta Young is famous for her imitations of other stars. Here she is—and at the M-G-M studio, too—doing an imitation of Joan Crawford—"Oh, the pain of it all!" Joan applauded as our cameraman snapped.

never reached the public; but it was enough, so Max said, to convince everybody that Fay not only had it in her, but that she didn't need any help from Rogell or anybody else to get it out of her.

I HAVE to hand it to Hedda Hopper for the smartest crack of the month:

"The most important guest at any social affair in Hollywood is the news photographer."

And to Odd McIntyre for the neatest short short story: Lillian Gish, according to O. O., lived on the same floor with Tipton Blish, who employed a Japanese servant named Nish, so Lillian moved to another floor where she could live more lonely.

Bing Crosby must be weakening—or maybe the women are. I ran into him not long ago on the "College Humor" set and he told me that only slightly more than half of his fan letters came from the fair sex.

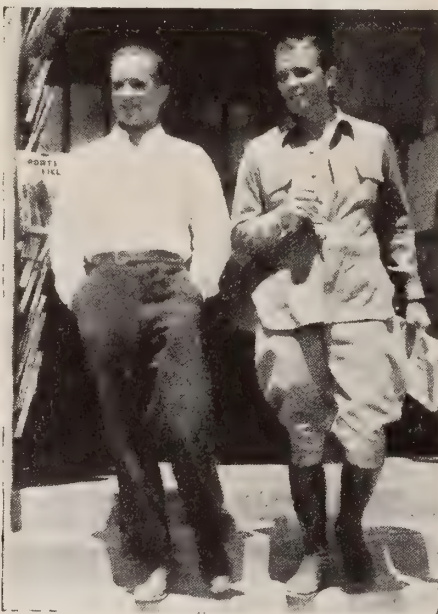
SPEAKING of news photographers, as Miss Hopper was doing, one of them certainly got a break the day of the Harding-Kirkland trip. He was making stills of Alec at his Malibu home when the latter got a telephone call and suddenly decided to fly to Havana with Ann. Mr. Cameraman, who told me the story himself, not only did Alec's packing for him, but accompanied him to the airport, and got the only picture of him and Ann hopping off.

THEY have a new Baby LeRoy over at Paramount, which seems too good to be true. Everybody fell in love with the baby during the filming of the Chevalier picture; and everybody was always asking how he was; and his mother was always answering, "He's as good as gold." Once he wasn't good. He cried and bellowed just like a regular baby. Alan Dinehart, hearing the disturbance, remarked:

"Well, I hear we're off the gold standard."

Sol Semansky, by the way—Mr. Semansky is the movie colony's favorite pawnbroker—says America ought to go on the diamond standard! In that case, Sol would be Comptroller of the Currency.

THESE are hard days for some of the old-timers. I saw that my old co-worker of the Essanay days, Francis X. Bushman, having tried to sell himself as a bridegroom for \$10,000 and finding no bidders folded up in bankruptcy with liabilities of \$107,000 and assets of \$100. Blanche



Just pals of the RKO. Eric Linden and Bruce Cabot, on a lunchtime saunter around the studio. Bruce, of the Boston Cabots, no less, continues to be one of the social successes of the tinselly kingdom.



Lona Andre at Malibu. And that—"Malibu"—is to be the title, by the way, of an ambitious new production that's already under way. How the talkies love to talk about the talkies!

Sweet went down for \$13,000 against \$200, mostly clothes.

THERE have been, however, a few legal happenings in the old town of a more joyous import. For example, Lew Cody was called to court to defend the honor of his dog, which had inadvertently bitten the leg of a passing housemaid; and, resourceful lad that he is, he introduced the novel defense that the fox terrier was not a vicious beast, as the lawyer for the bitten housemaid averred, but merely an over-zealous mother. It seems that Foxy had just given birth to pups, and felt that she

(Please turn to page 10)



Leo, the famed M-G-M Lion, directs a scene between Jean Harlow and Clark Gable in their new M-G-M picture "HOLD YOUR MAN!"

LEO: "Give them everything you've got! Remember they saw you in 'Red Dust' and you'll have to go some to top that performance."

CLARK: "Don't worry, Leo, when I get a role like this I need somebody to hold me down!"

JEAN: "If you'll stop smothering me, Clark, I'd like to say I've never enjoyed a part so much before."

LEO: "I predict that's what the public will say!"



Jean Harlow and Clark Gable...as you desire them! Together again by demand of a public that packed theatres from coast to coast to watch them in "Red Dust." You'll like them even better in their new M-G-M romantic sensation "HOLD YOUR MAN." It's the rousing story of a smart aleck crook who escapes everything but love. He thought he was tough enough to let her take the penalty for him...she knew she could do it for his sake and smile! And what a climax! A splendid supporting cast including Stuart Erwin, Dorothy Burgess and Muriel Kirkland. Magnificently directed by Sam Wood.



Hollywood DAY by DAY



(Continued from page 8)

must defend them against all-comers, even housemaids with biteable legs.

At last accounts, His Honor was still considering the fine point raised by this case as to just where viciousness leaves off and motherhood begins!

A still more engaging case was that of Marie (Tiny) Griffith, one of our popular Hollywood cafe singers, who was arrested along with her chauffeur because her car failed to stop on signal. The police inferred that there was something wrong with the brakes.

"It wasn't the brakes," testified the chauffeur; "it was the overload."

The judge took a look at Marie and decided that perhaps the boy was right. Marie weighs 587 pounds.

TED HEALY, who has been appearing at a Hollywood night hangout with his three stooges, tells me there is a good chance that the four of them may go into Paramount features as a sort of Irish replacement for the Four Marx Brothers. This item is not intended to raise any racial issue. There is no truth (I have it on Groucho Marx's own authority) in the rumor that Adolph Hitler is to succeed Will Hays as Czar of the Movies.

I HAD a jolt the other day when I stepped into a Hollywood Boulevard dress shop—chorus of, "Why were you stepping in there!"—and was waited on by a girl who was, I'd



Jimmy Dunn, studying timetables while planning his vacation. Just when he was getting all ready for a rest, word came along that he was scheduled to go into "Sally and Jimmy," with Sally Eilers, written by two former Fox studio stenographers.

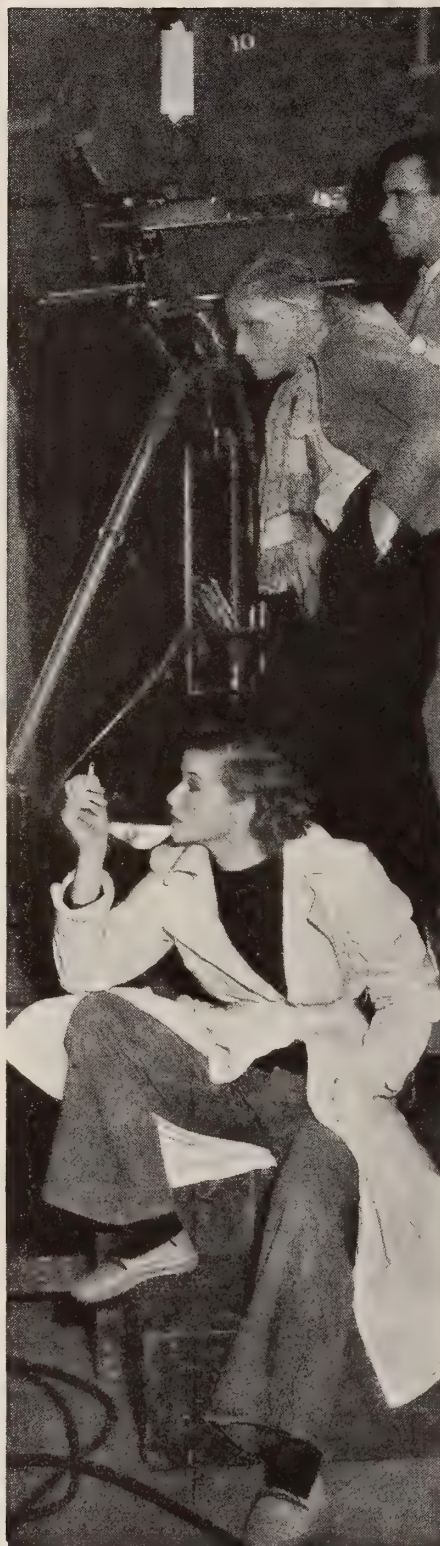


Photo by John Michle

Katharine Hepburn has been amusing herself by taking unexpected movie flashes of her fellow players. Now they are beginning to turn tables on her. This photograph, taken during the making of "Morning Glory," will be a surprise to her when she sees it here.

swear it, Ella Hall, the Ella Hall who used to be the bright and shining star of the old Nestor Films. Had another jolt when I picked up

my morning paper and read that Matt Lauder, 61, unknown to fame, who died the other day out here in Hollywood, was Sir Harry Lauder's brother.

BRIAN AHERNE'S last weeks in Hollywood were a total loss. Not that he fell from Marlene's grace, far from it. In spite of the gloomy Von Sternberg's return, he held his place as chief dinner-orderer and check-payer right up to the moment he boarded *The Chief*. The only trouble was that Marlene, feeling it her patriotic duty to see that her countrywoman, Dorothea Wieck, had a good time, usually took her along, too, and insisted on talking all through the meal in German. Now, Brian's ear has such a distinctly British accent that it can scarcely understand American, let alone German, so it was no surprise to the Vine Street boys when they heard that he had packed up and taken his dolls home to England to play with Diana Wynyard, who not only can speak the English language, but does.

Dorothea is a nice, simple sort. Jolly, too; not at all the precise person you'd expect from her playing of the teacher in "Maedchen in Uniform." I found her very talkative—much more so than Lilian Harvey. But then, she hasn't so many jewels to be worried about!

She is unlike Miss Harvey, too, in her willingness to admit that she is married; in fact, just an even seven months married. She told me that just before she left Germany where she completed work in "Anna and Elizabeth," the first film to be released under the Hitler regime. She played *Elizabeth*; and Hertha Thiele, the unhappy schoolgirl in "Maedchen," played *Anna*. The critics said it was good. Miss Wieck said she thought so, too.

She's a regular girl, Dorothea—can do tricks with coins, and everything—and she ought to go far over here.

ALSO watch a boy named Nelson Eddy, who can sing. On a recent week-end trip to San Diego, I was dragged, somewhat against my will, to a Philharmonic concert to hear an unknown singer, who turned out to be a blond giant with the charm of Jack Buchanan, the virility of Eugene O'Brien—remember the boy's virility?—and the boyishness of Gene Raymond. And how he can sing! After one number he rated exactly eighteen encores.

The next thing I knew, Louis B. Mayer had signed him to sing with Jeanette MacDonald in "I Married an Angel." If Nelson and Jeanette are husband and wife in that picture, the title is all right with me, no matter how you read it.



Herewith we present our latest siren. She is Pert Kelton, of vaudeville and musical comedy, who makes her screen appearance in Connie Bennett's "Bed of Roses." Watch her.

Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Weissmuller on the beach chatting with one of Johnny's Life Guard friends. They're still yelling "Johnny, get your hair cut," whenever Mr. Tarzan appears. It is all for art's sake.

I SPENT the afternoon with Henry McRae, veteran King of Serials, who is about to put on a new version of "The Perils of Pauline." That was Pearl White's old thriller. As I remember it, the thing ran forever. To many, the announcement sounded like a voice from the movie tombs, but not to Henry, who has been going quietly along, year after year, producing serials for Universal at an average profit of a hundred and twenty-five thousand per serial.

An interesting thing about Henry's performance is that he is still using the players he happened to make famous in the old days. Among the old-timers with us that afternoon on location were William Desmond, Grace Cunard and Francis Ford. Of course, they don't play the romantic leads any more, but they do a lot to help pull the youngsters through their big scenes.

IT pays to get around. I was on the Paramount lot the day Miss Ivadel O'Bannon arrived from Yuba. Maybe you never heard of Ivadel or even of Yuba—I never did—but I might as well tell you that she is important just the same. Ivadel is this year's winner of the "Miss Mary and

Norman Reilly Raine, the author of "Tugboat Annie," and Marie Dressler, now at work on the picture of that name. (Though we won't attempt to forecast what its final title will be.) Wally Beery plays opposite Marie. . . . Doesn't look as if she's been ill, does she? She says she's as fit as a fiddle.

Her Little Lamb" contest at the California College of Agriculture. Prize: a day in Hollywood with a guaranteed introduction to Gary Cooper. Mary—I beg pardon, Ivadel—had a good time, and she promised that if she won next year, she'd bring her little lamb. Gary will be pleased!

SPEAKING of Gary, the rivalry which has existed ever since Lilian Harvey arrived in Hollywood as to which is the faster, her Mercedes or Gary's Dusenbergs, should be settled by the time you read these words—at least, if you can believe what Lilian and Gary say. The last



I saw of them, they were headed for the Mojave Desert, they said, "to race." Of course, you never can tell. The first time Lilian set eyes on the great Cooper, she asked:

"Who is that beautiful man?"

THE "blind camera gag" in movies corresponds to the "hidden ball trick" in baseball, which is the oldest and most humiliating of human machinations. I can't hand either of them much; they both suffer under weight for age; but I saw Ken Maynard pull a variation of the camera stunt on his little leading lady, Gloria Shea, that wasn't so bad.

The scene called for Gloria to hide in a trunk, wait until she heard Ken calling to her, then raise the lid and peep out. After the usual preliminary take, Ken called for another shot, Gloria huddled down in the trunk and waited for the signal—and waited, and waited, and waited. Finally, when she couldn't stand the suffocation any longer, she looked out to find the stage apparently deserted. (Of course, we were hiding around the corner!) Across the lens of the camera was a big sign:

"Gone to lunch. Back one o'clock."

There are other things being seen around these summery nights. I was sitting in the breeze-swept Beverly-Wilshire the other night, and fell into the doddering habit of asking myself questions:

Who wears her evening dresses cut lowest in front?

Answer: Mary Duncan

Who wears her evening dresses cut lowest in back?

Answer: Mary Duncan

Who is the best looking girl you

(Please turn to page 12)

★ **Hollywood DAY by DAY** ★



Hollywood DAY by DAY



(Continued from page 11)
ever saw, front or back?

Answer: Oh, you answer that one yourself! We'd never agree about it.

WHICH reminds me that a local department store has been running an "undressing contest." The object of the contest was to see which girl—the girl of today or the girl of colonial times—could take off her clothes first. The modern maid won by three minutes, five petticoats and a pair of corsets.

WE hear a lot about bicycling out here, but not much about bicycles. In the old days, the question used to be whether you owned a Columbia or a Pope-Hartford or just a Little Giant; but nowadays the question is whether you wear slacks or just shorts. The shorts seem to have it. In fact, the bicycling craze has been described by one Hollywood cynic as "merely an excuse for appearing in public practically naked."

I didn't know the girls stood on excuses nowadays—especially if they have two good legs to stand on!

SPEAKING of Palm Springs—and who was?—I'll never forget that week-end last Spring when Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor and Jimmy Durante were all staying at the El Mirador Hotel at the same time. Did those boys take over the Saturday night festivities and turn them into a three-man show? I'll say they did! And let me whisper you something: Schnozzle held up his end very well against his two famous funster competitors. They couldn't turn up their noses at Jimmy—and they certainly couldn't turn up his!

They're laying bets out in Culver City on how Jimmy will come out in his forthcoming screen rivalry with

Jack ("Vas you dere, Sharlie?) Pearl. I wonder if they have forgotten that another comedian is to be in that picture, too. I haven't—and he is carrying my money against the field. His name—perhaps you have heard it—it is Mickey Mouse.

I AM mighty glad Darryl Zanuck decided to call his producing company something besides Darryl Zanuck Productions. I've got so I can say Warren William instead of Warren Williams or William Warren, and I am ninety-nine and forty-four one-hundredths pure on Reinald Werrenrath—the latter after a half century of strenuous endeavor! but I never could tell whether there were two r's in Darryl or two n's in Zanuck. I can't tell now. If both names are spelled right here, it's the proof-reader's fault, not mine.

AFTER a preview of an important picture the other night, one of the critics wrote that the star's singing numbers would be a surprise, even to her best friends. Which reminded me of an advertising line I



Alexander Kirkland, at his Malibu Beach home, sitting under a portrait of himself, photographed by the same New Movie cameraman who assisted Mr. Kirkland in his hurried preparations to catch Ann Harding's plane on the ill-fated Havana trip.

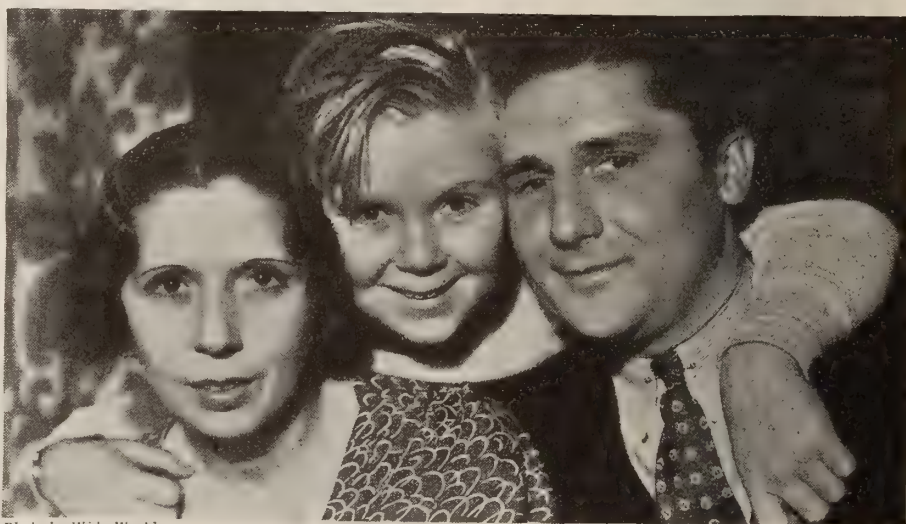


Photo by Wide World

Jackie Cooper, his "mom," and his new "dad," Charles Bigelow, of Chicago. Jackie gave his full approval, after having looked over his mother's many admirers with a critical eye. Jackie is one film child whose mother has never let him become spoiled in the slightest by his success. Jackie would cut your lawn today, or he'd carry in the wood, if properly induced.



Photo by Fred Hendrickson

Elizabeth Allan and Richard Dix studying their lines together during the filming of "The Public Be Sold," originally known as "Ad Man."

once saw in a magazine:

"Buy a Violin and Surprise Your Friends."

I couldn't think of a single friend of mine who wouldn't be surprised if I bought a violin!

SOMETIMES I think Nick, the famous headwaiter at the Vine Street Derby has the most masculine beard of my acquaintance. I have known Nick to shave while I was eating my onion soup and need to go to the barber's again before I had finished my hamburger. He has

plenty of hair on the top of his head, too. He ought to give his secret to H. B. Warner, Reginald Denny, Conrad Nagel and a few more of the boys who have been sleeping too high on their pillows and rubbing against the bedstead.

Bald heads and Brown Derbies mean only one thing to us old Hollywooders—and that's Wilson Mizner, whose high dome used to loom so luminously above the woodwork of the circular booth behind the cashier's desk at Nick's Vine Street emporium. Billy was one of the prin-

★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★

cipal owners of the place, and also one of its greatest attractions. The boys just loved to gather round and listen to his stories of Broadway glories long since past.

Mizner went back to that brilliant company which gathered nightly in Tom Moran's "white room" at Jack's: Tad Dorgan, Hype Igoe, Ben De Casseres, Vince Barton, Jack Francis and Frank Ward O'Malley. Francis is the only survivor now—at least, out here. He is still master of ceremonies for Winnie Sheehan, with whom he worked as a reporter on the *New York World*. I had dinner with Jack the other night, and he told me what I didn't know before: that Arnold Rothstein, the murdered gambler, used to join that famous restaurant round table, and that no one around the board had a more razor-like wit.

THAT'S a good story William Fox tells in his biography—salaams to Upton Sinclair, the real author—about the way Theda Bara got her name.

"Mr. Fox," said the publicity manager, "we've had every kind of actor and actress except the Arabian. Let's have an Arab."

And they did, by the simple process of turning the lady backside front and spelling her Bara. Her real name was Theodosia Goodman, so, of course, the change from Theodosia to Theda was a "natural."

I MET a grand lady at a tea in Los Angeles the other afternoon, and she told me of driving down Hollywood Boulevard one Christmas morning right after the War, and noticing a forlorn figure in a worn



Photo by Wide World

John Darrow and his famous guitar, with which he is wont to play moonlight serenades 'neath the balconies of Hollywood's ancestral haciendas.

khaki uniform standing dejectedly on a corner. She told her chauffeur to pull up to the curb, and when he had done so, she asked the emaciated young man if he had any place to go for his Christmas dinner. He said he hadn't. Then, she asked him if he would like to come to her house. He said he would; and he did. His name was Rex Ingram. Two years later, he made "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

AT this same tea—I'm afraid you'll think I don't do anything but eat and drink, and I don't, much!—I met another gracious lady, a Mrs. Lombard, a great friend of Mrs. Peters, Carole Lombard's mother. It



Benita Hume, one of the screen's star imports from England, appearing in "Looking Forward." These English girls have taken up the Hollywood bicycle fad with enthusiasm, particularly because the bike has always remained popular abroad and most of them are expert riders.



An informal off-stage snapshot of Alice Brady, former film star and more recently star of the New York stage, Ann Harding and Myrna Loy taken during the filming of Rachel Crother's popular stage success, "When Ladies Meet."

was from Mrs. Lombard that Carole took her professional name, when her own family was so opposed to her going into the movies. Now they are delighted, the family, I mean, not only with her success but with her movie actor husband. And they should be. They don't come any better than Bill Powell.

IT is interesting to one who has been studying Hollywood's great minds for some years and wondering how they get that way to note that the American Philosophical Society, after thirty years of research, has decided that the height of the brow has nothing to do with the depth of the intellect. Lowbrows, says the Society, are just as smart (Please turn to page 14)

★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★

(Continued from page 13)
as highbrows. If you can judge by some of the boys who get the big jobs out here, they are a blank-blank of a lot smarter!

THINKING of such philosophical matters, I toddled over to Airport Gardens the other evening to see Carter de Haven's new show. Carter was a swell entertainer on the vaudeville stage, back when "Harvest Moon" was a good song the first time. He could dance then—old-timers will remember him as a member of the team of De Haven and Nice—and he's fairly agile now. He told me he puts on the Airport show every night at nine o'clock, rushes down to Venice for the "New Ship Revue," returns to Airport for the midnight show, and repeats at Venice for the after midnight wind-up.

Another Hollywood notable who is doing a rushing business is Smitty, the star-gazer. Cheiro, Count Louis Hamon, long Hollywood's favorite seer, has been laid up with a lingering illness, which started with an

unimportant touch of influenza; so most of the business he used to get is going to Smitty—her real name is Mabel Smith—who is the best astrologer I have met since I was first exposed to Evangeline Adams in the past days of her astrological prime. The roster of Smitty's clients if she were willing to disclose them, would read like an edition of the movie "Who's Who."

Mary Pickford, by the way, is an astrology hound. She used to consult Evangeline Adams by telegraph whenever Doug was thinking of taking a trip by airplane. I wonder if her wire to Doug last Spring was inspired by Smitty? Anyhow, Doug didn't obey the stars. He started out bravely from New York, ran into head winds East of Omaha, and had to make a forced landing. I'm not trying to propaganda astrology, but Doug crawled into town three days later *by train*.

Chico Marx has bought himself a heavyweight boxer. Joe E. Brown already owns a baseball club. Gene Tunney and Babe Ruth ought to come out to Hollywood. They would

pick up a couple of picture companies "awful cheap."

Louis Calhern and Natalie Schaffer were married at a church which bears the romantic name of the Wee Kirk o' the Heather. Louise Fazenda's son, Hal Wallis, Jr., was born at a hospital called the Cedars of Lebanon. If pretty names count for anything, we're certainly doing everything we can out here for those two mats—matrimony and maternity.

Speaking of matrimony, the colony is all earthquaky over the latest marriage statistics. It seems that if you succeed in staying married a year—which sometimes happens, even in Hollywood—the chances are eighty-two out of a hundred that you'll stay married for fourteen years more. It is said that a secret meeting of the actors' branch of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has been called to devise means of protecting deserving artists against this new peril.

A friend postcards from New York that Rudy Vallee has been operated
(Please turn to page 78)



Lovely June Brewster's getting the breaks. Watch for her in "Flying Circus," and write to us and tell us how you like her. And what you think of her vamping.

Wally gets his bungalow. You'll remember that there was a little difficulty about his new M-G-M contract, and it looked for a few days as if Wally might leave his old studio home. When it all came down to talking turkey, it was discovered, much to the studio executives' surprise, that Wally was not holding out for more money. What he really wanted—and it is just like him—was Buster Keaton's former bungalow-shack for his dressing room, and a walrus skin canoe W. S. Van Dyke had brought back from the Far north. Here you see Wally on the porch of his prized bungalow—not much of an edifice compared with the quarters of some of the other stars. But Wally wanted it, and none other. They'd have probably given him the Administration Building if he had demanded it.



*"I'm tired
of envying other
girls the dresses
I can't wear"*

GET plenty tired of it! Then maybe you'll have the strength of mind to get after those bulges and curves that keep you from looking smart in the fashions your slenderer friends wear so gracefully.

The foolish part about being overweight is that it's so easy to reduce. All you need is a mind made up, common sense and patience. You can't expect to lose all your excess pounds overnight. Take time to it, do it right, and you'll improve your health as well as your figure.

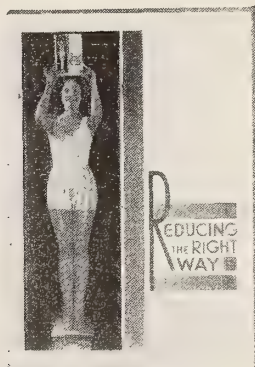
Make up your mind, polish up your patience, and send for "Reducing the Right Way." Thousands of women have sent for it already, as a guide to sensible diet and exercise. You'll be surprised when you see how much and how many



Wide
World
Photo

of the things you like to eat appear on its menus. There are menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner for two solid weeks—and two weeks of eating well but sensibly couldn't strain anyone's patience. There are recipes, too, for interesting dishes. And exercises you'll want to make a part of your daily program because they make you feel so well.

Send today for "Reducing the Right Way". It costs just ten cents, postpaid.

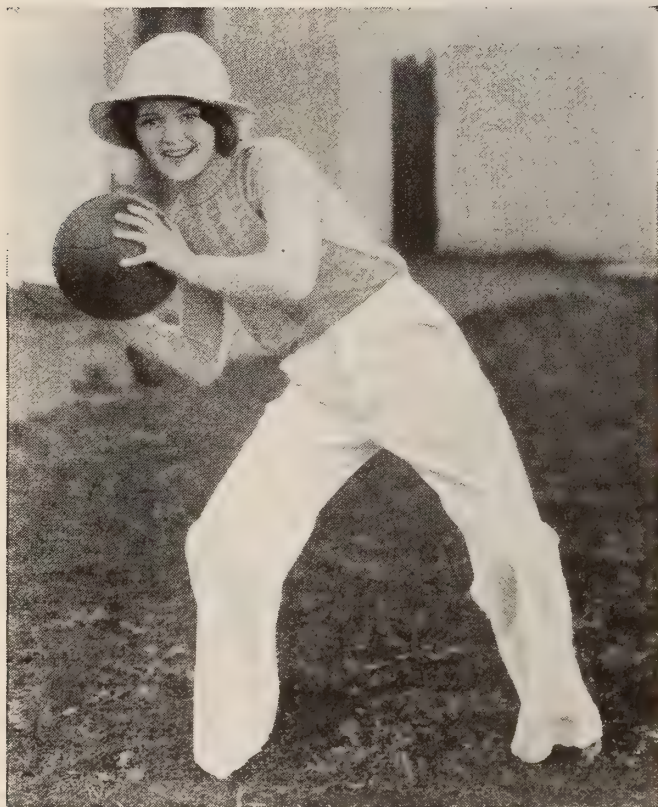


TOWER BOOKS

Incorporated

55 Fifth Avenue, New York

HEY-HEY DAYS of the Famous



Janet Gaynor, at the time that she was playing in western pictures for Universal. Can you imagine the Janet of today permitting such a photograph?

What a difference just a few short years have made in the movie girls who are the queens of today



Fay Wray, when she was being featured in Hal Roach comedies.



Esther Ralston, photographed working out in the studio gymnasium when she was one of Paramount's shining stars.



Helen Twelvetrees, doing some rope-skipping for the publicity photographer, when she was first signed by Pathé.

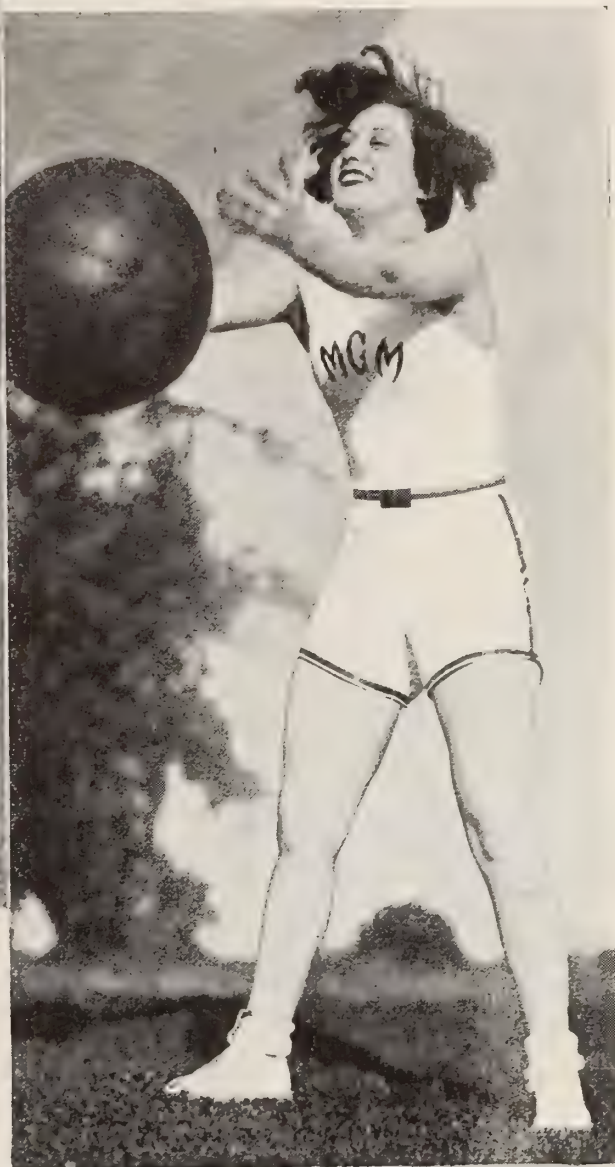


Photo by Wycoff

Nancy Carroll, when she was first coming into popularity in pictures, demonstrating her bag-punching prowess.



Lupe Velez (at left) doing a spring dance for the express benefit of the publicity department.



Joan Crawford, below and at right. According to the statement on these old pictures, "Joan Crawford, M-G-M featured player, was once a dancer on the stage and goes through these strenuous exercises every day to keep her muscles limber."

Photo by Don Gillum



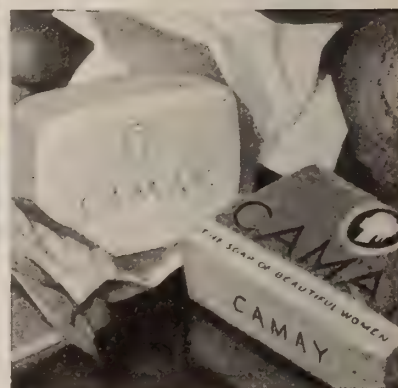
Lovely women use this Soap—Camay—to Win their daily Beauty Contests!



Need it surprise you when we say that you—like every other woman in the world—are in a Beauty Contest every day you live? Surely you will agree that the curve of your lips, the expression of your eyes—the very coloring and texture of your skin, are seen and judged whenever other people look at you.



● Apply Camay's caressing lather to your face with a soft cloth and warm water. Rinse with clear, cold water. Then feel how refreshed it leaves your skin!



● Camay is creamy-white and pure—delicate on the skin and fragrant in your bath. It comes protected in Cellophane and yields gentle, profuse lather.

Copy. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

There is something infinitely appealing about the girl whose skin is fresh and lovely.

A compliment from a friend is a clue to what others think of your beauty. And if praise and graceful attentions come but rarely, perhaps you had better look at your skin and seriously think about changing your beauty soap.

It's the clever girl who *helps her beauty* by letting Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, *help her skin*. Your features may not be perfect. Yet your skin, if it is clear and lovely, can contribute so much to

your charm! And creamy-white Camay is made to order for the feminine skin.

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

With every passing day, thousands of women are changing their old soap habits. They're going modern—taking up Camay.

You'd expect Camay to cost more than other soaps. It doesn't—it costs you less. Check *that* up—and get a supply today!

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1933



Norman Foster and Ginger Rogers in "Professional Sweetheart," Radio's satire on radio stars. Ginger plays "The Purity Girl of the Air" who rebels at being so perfect, insisting upon excitement. Whereupon, Mr. Foster, the "dream man," appears.

DREAMS



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Eugene Robert Richee

MEMORIES

Sylvia Sidney and Donald Cook, playing the principal parts in the dramatization of Theodore Dreiser's famous novel, "Jennie Gerhardt," vividly recalling the simple and charming—and sometimes tragic—life of a quarter century ago.



SHUNNED

Marian Nixon in what may prove to be the greatest rôle of her career, in "Pilgrimage," with Norman Foster, Henrietta Crossman, Heather Angel and Hedda Hopper. Here you see her as the poverty-stricken, ostracized, unmarried mother in this film of tragedy and pathos.



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Eugene Robert Richee

SUAVE

If he sets the country on fire as he has the hearts of the Hollywood girls, Brian Aherne's success is assured. He appears with Marlene Dietrich in "The Song of Songs," and Hollywood insists he's certain to be the newest matinee idol. Tell us what you think.



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Ernest A. Bachrach

Green-eyed, red-haired Elizabeth Allan, of the British stage and films, has made her American bow to you in "Looking Forward," with Lionel Barrymore. The high priests of filmdom are waiting eagerly for your verdict. Will you acclaim her a new star?

VISITING



EX-COWBOY

GARY COOPER is a lean, dark young man completely surrounded by silence.

The longest speeches he has ever made in his entire life have been made before the studio microphone. Nobody enjoys good talk more than Gary, but he prefers to listen, his six-feet-something stretched out comfortably and resting, if the social occasion permits, somewhere on the middle of his spine.

If anybody knows what Gary really thinks of it all, I am unable to discover who it is. He thinks plenty, because when the dust blows away you will always

Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard, photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Irving Lippman, while they were on a recent yachting trip off Santa Monica.

observe young Mr. Cooper on top of the heap. But he goes about it in a silent, unobtrusive sort of way and is, therefore, extremely dangerous.

In almost every detail of looks and character, Gary Cooper is a complete and living reproduction of one of America's greatest fiction characters, Owen Wister's *Virginian*. I have never been able to read the book, which I do about once a year because it remains one of the ten best American novels and by all odds the best western ever written, since I met Gary without seeing him moving through its pages.

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS'

dramatic story of

GARY COOPER

THERE is just one topic upon which Mr. Cooper becomes talkative, in fact, voluminously wordy. In fact, he will go on for ten or fifteen minutes, which for Gary is something. That topic is horses.

I found out about that in a peculiar way.

A certain young lady in Hollywood admired Mr. Cooper very much. Most young ladies, in Hollywood and elsewhere, seem to admire Mr. Cooper. But, as you will see later in the story, Gary usually goes his own silent way and makes few moves in their direction. Anyhow, this young lady wanted to meet him under proper circumstances and as she was a good friend of mine she suggested that I invite him to dinner in her company. So I did.

I had known Gary practically from the day Sam Goldwyn roped him off the range, during the filming of "The Winning of Barbara Worth" and brought him to Hollywood "for to be" a movie actor. We had made a couple of pictures together and I liked him, but we had never, as far as I could remember, sat down alone to exchange views upon life.

The evening of the dinner party arrived and with it Gary, who has really excellent manners and, therefore, was on time. The rest of the guests keep Hollywood time—which means that they were all from an hour to an hour and a half late. (Which is one of the answers to the servant problem in Hollywood.) So Gary and I sat down to talk. Or rather, for half an hour I did a monologue to Mr. Cooper's pleasant and smiling attention.

NO one likes to talk any better than I do, but after a while my throat began to wear out and somehow or other I mentioned horses. If I had thought of that earlier, all would have been well. For Gary talked, delightfully, whimsically, with humor and emotion, telling tales of horses he had met, owned and ridden, until the others came.

Then the well of speech dried up and he said nothing further throughout the evening. (Nothing came of the young lady's meeting with him. She was very beautiful and very popular and used to being pursued. And with Gary, that doesn't work. Because, as far as he is concerned, he would continue the even tenor of his way without feminine companionship to the end of his days unless the lady, as sports writers say, did all the leading. Once you get him roused, he is a world-beater, so they tell me. But he is very, very hard to get.) But just remember that when you want him to talk to you, mention horses.

There has been in the last year a tremendous and amazing change in Gary. And it is a proof of the boy's deep, inherent strength that the change has been one, really, of development rather than alteration. In



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Irving Lippman

"There is just one topic upon which Mr. Cooper becomes talkative. In fact, he will go on for ten or fifteen minutes, which, for Gary, is something. That topic is horses."

fact, when you come to analyze it, it is growth rather than change, for none of the essentials of his character have become different in any way.

The awkward, terribly shy, embarrassed boy, with his dark charm and his painful reserve, has grown into a man, who is still shy, charming and reserved. But the awkwardness, the embarrassment and the pain, which often used to be apparent, have vanished.

He doesn't talk any more than he ever did, but his silence is easy and graceful. He smiles oftener, and without that hint of panic that used to make you sorry for him. His clothes still have a careless air upon his tall figure, but it is the studied carelessness of Bond Street and the Prince of Wales, not the carelessness of the cowboy in his "store clothes."

And you are more conscious now of his strength than of his awkwardness, though that somehow endearing awkwardness remains. And for all their shyness, his eyes now have a thoughtful purpose and at times an almost philosophical twinkle.

He has developed, he has (*Please turn to page 97*)

**Hollywood's famous authoress tells of her
years of friendship with the boy who hasn't
changed—who has merely grown up**

MICKEY MOUSE'S

By

MICKEY MOUSE

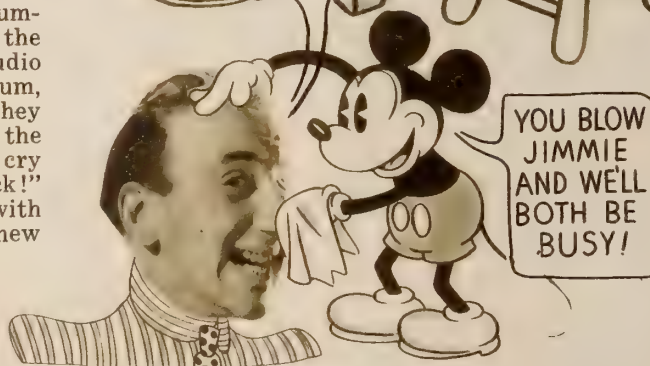
As told to
Hal Horne



WELL, Hollywood's humming again, and the buzz around the studio sure sounds like "Hum, Sweet Hum" to all of us. They ain't hollering "Throw the Boom Out!" anymore. The cry now is, "Bring the Boom Back!"—and its coming back—with more pictures than ever. A new boom sure sweeps clean.

Walt says, "Holding down a job is no longer considered doing a character part." I don't know what he means by that, but I *do* know that from now on, instead of releasing actors, the studios will release pictures. In a word, dear friends, Hollywood is back on its feet and running (not walking) to the nearest studio entrance.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has left for China—a broken China from what I read in the newspapers. He's going to make "Marco Polo" and I can't wait to see Marco do it. My boss, Walt, polos a bit himself, but the only thing wrong with his playing is that he



spends more time *under* a horse than on top of one. Walt says he does it to keep out of the sun, but it sounds like a lot of horse to me.

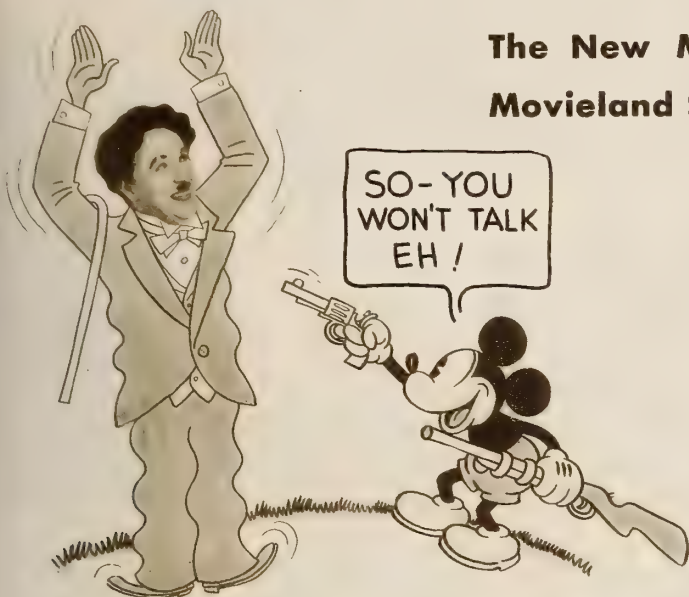
CHARLIE CHAPLIN is getting busy, too. It's going to be another big silent one—and probably the best he's ever made. Charlie sure proves "silence is

golden." And a lot of us could take a tip from that.

JIMMY DURANTE is finishing up his engagement in "Strike Me Pink" on Broadway and is turning his nose toward Hollywood, which means that he's practically there. Gee, I love Jimmy. Minnie and I used to have so much fun running races up and down his "schnozzle." It's the biggest thing in Hollywood and practically a location in itself. When they take a close-up of Jimmy it's really a long shot. He's going

Movie-Go-Round

The New Movie Magazine introduces its new
Movieland Super—Super—Special Correspondent



to do a picture for Eddie Small which proves that big things do come in small packages.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN has big plans for his first picture with *Anna Sten*. She is going to be given a wonderful part. Everybody says it's her goldwyn opportunity.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER is releasing "Dinner at Eight" and signs on theaters everywhere say, "Come early," which is a little confusing to me because if they're going to have dinner at eight, it should be at eight!



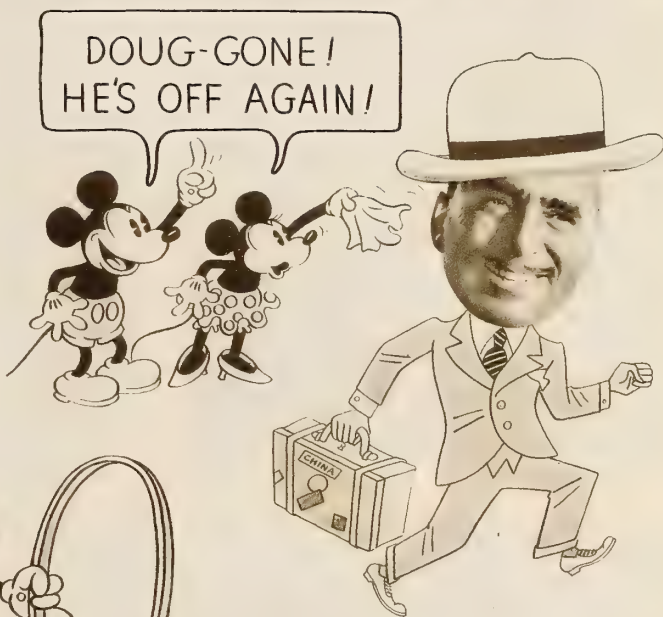
PARAMOUNT is now working on "Cradle Song"—Paramount, the good old rock-a-bye baby of the industry! Was happy to learn that Greta Garbo's next picture will be "Christina." A Merry Christina to you, Greta, and a Happy New Year! Of course, you knew that Greta came home on a tanker. I tank her very much. We need Greta and her pictures!

CHEVALIER'S next picture will be "She Laughs Last." It promises to be Chevalier's best picture. Well, "She Laughs Last" who laughs best!

WARNER BROTHERS expect wonders from their newest musical, "Footlight Parade." Leave it to Warner Brothers to get the chorus girls back on their feet. . . . Metro is shooting "Louisiana Lou!" What did she do? She was such a good girl. Mae West is a little undecided about doing "I'm No Angel." Aw, go ahead, Mae; all God's chillun got wings.

ALL in all everything looks swell "Out Where the West Begins"—to do things. President Roosevelt's New Deal means a New Meal for all of us!

WATCH for Universal's "Left Bank." Must be a good bank 'cause Universal's putting plenty of money in it. Should draw plenty of interest. . . . Fox has changed the title of "The American" to "The



Man Who Dared. Dare's a thought! . . . RKO should do well with "Little Women." When the money starts rolling in, can't you picture the producer saying, "I owe it all to the 'Little Women'?" . . . Columbia's "Brief Moment" should be big!

OUT in our studio everybody's happy, too. Good old Walt Disney is drawing thousands—of pictures—and is still making me stand on my head so that people can laugh sitting in their seats. My pal, Minnie, is busy taking scream tests and Horace Horse-collar still prides himself on being the only "yes man" in Hollywood who says "Neigh!"

See you next issue! Issue following me?

Haunted Houses OF HOLLYWOOD



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

It was in the Del Rio mansion that Billie Burke (above) received the news of the death of her husband, Florenz Ziegfeld.



Carl Laemmle is a brave man. He defied the ghost of one of the greatest producers of all time—Thomas H. Ince (above, with Mrs. Ince)—and paid \$650,000 for the privilege.

No one would ever recognize in the glowing "Pickfair" of today, with its shining lake and its swans and its gay awnings and its huge sunshades, the solemn mansion in which Douglas Fairbanks lived during the first years of his movie reign.

Ghosts that roam through the mansions of the stars

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

I HAVE been calling on ghosts.

Live ghosts! At least, lively ones; for, with few exceptions, they were the ghosts of living people, ghosts of people that I myself know well.

There are such ghosts, for example, all about that old white house, which stands back from the road—with a low green hedge around it—down near the old Fox studio in the Western Avenue section of Hollywood.

Here Mary Pickford, then indubitably "America's Sweetheart," lived with her first husband, Owen Moore. Here, too, she lived in the interlude between her divorce from the gentle Owen and her marriage to the ebullient Doug—an interlude, in itself ghostly, because of the mantle of mystery with which it was enshrouded.

In those days, when divorces in and out of the film colony were not so common as they are now, and when Mr. Zukor's famous dictum, "Mary must never be kissed!" was still echoing in worshipful Hollywood ears, grotesque efforts were made to conceal from the Queen's faithful followers the fact that she was again about to become that thoroughly respectable thing, a wife.

So Doug Fairbanks, under orders from Cinema G. H. Q., was obliged to do his courting in rubber-soled shoes!

At the sound of the front doorbell—it was, if I remember rightly, a brass knocker in those days—Mary and Doug would drop whatever they were doing, even each other, and rush to the French door which opened on the garden; and thence, after a hurried embrace, Doug would leap agilely into the nearby shrubbery, and finally effect his escape in the graceful Fairbanks' manner by hopping over the aforesaid hedge.

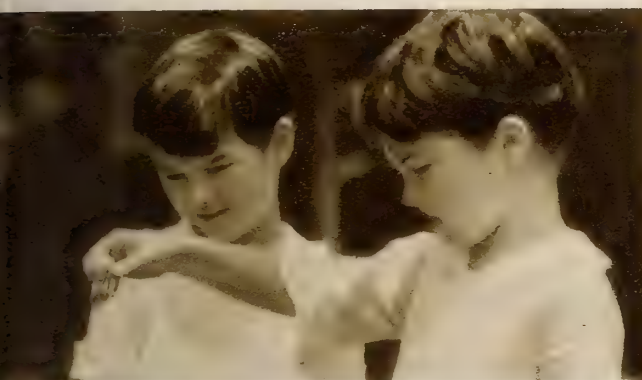
Of course, if Doug had bowed himself out of the front door according to what is still considered the best procedure—even in Hollywood!—no one would have thought anything of it. As it was, practically everybody in Hollywood, including the copper on the beat, soon knew that Douglas Fairbanks was hopping Mary Pickford's hedge.

So you see, it was Owen Moore's gentle ghost that welcomed me



Photo by Wide World

Jascha Heifetz, the violinist, and his wife, Florence Vidor, first wife of King Vidor, the director recently divorced by Eleanor Boardman, who braved Hollywood's "Honeymoon House," in which George Brent refused to live.



Who would ever think that the charming home of Bill Powell and Carole Lombard on Beverly Drive, one of the gayest, most hospitable homes in Hollywood, was haunted by the ghosts of Lita Grey Chaplin and the poor little fought-over Chaplin boys, shown above.

to Mary Pickford's old home; and it was Douglas's hopping one that sped me from its door, or rather, over its hedge!

THESE Hollywood ghosts are no respecters of persons. For example, my good friend, Lew Cody, is not one who would normally be troubled by wraiths. But he has not escaped.

One Summer, not long ago, Lew thought he would get himself a beach house. In looking around, his eye fell on one which was built like a miniature light-house, with an honest-to-goodness beacon light in the tower. Lew bought it on the spot—only to find that it was haunted by the ghost of Pauline Frederick.

I daresay Pauline's ghost would not have troubled the sturdy Lew, if it had been a quiet ghost; but it was not, decidedly not.

It seems that when the real Pauline lived in the house with the tower, she used the light for a signal to her many friends. If the light was out, guests were expected to stay out, too. If the light was lit—well, I don't say that guests were expected to get lit, too, but I do say that a light in the tower meant that Pauline was keeping open house.

Half the film colony knew the signal, and governed itself accordingly. So when Lew, in his large way, (Please turn to page 100)



Photo by Wide World

The Rudy Valentino house, with its black marble floors and its cerise hangings and its red lacquer furniture, remains unoccupied. (Above: Valentino and his wife.)

When Dolores Del Rio married Cedric Gibbons, the art director, he built her a new—and very different—home at Santa Monica, far away from the house she had occupied with her first husband, Jamie.



Photo from Culcer Service

Lew Cody (at right) bought a beach house, only to find it haunted by the ghost of Pauline Frederick (at left). Lew made the mistake of keeping the beacon light burning—which was the old-time signal that the host was at home and entertaining.

One huge house, the white one that stands well back in palm grove and on terraced lawns at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Fuller Streets, has its live ghost, the glamorous Norma Talmadge (center).



Finishing her latest, "Bed of Roses," Connie Bennett has hied herself to the United Artists to appear in Darryl Zannuck's Twentieth Century pictures, while the Marquis is off in remote places supervising Bennett Productions, Inc. What next for Connie?



Drawing by the author

Ted Cook's

MOVIE
COOK-
COOS

HERE'S the horrible truth—

A Hollywood master mind has invented a mechanical device which automatically improvises movie plots.

It is called the "Robo" and the inventor is one Wycliffe A. Hill.

The arrangement consists of a dial on which an arrow spins around and stops by chance at any of twenty numbers. The numbers are keys to the selection of—

- Place.
- Hero.
- Heroine.
- Obstacle.
- Predicament.
- Crisis.
- Climax.

Charts list various places, predicaments, climaxes, etc., for the movie plot. You simply look up the number and make a notation of the result. After a minute or two you have a skeleton synopsis.

It certainly makes things simple—or simpler—for the tired producers who have been seeking a way to make pic-

tures fast and spurious.

Here's how the thing works.

We will now spin the arrow on the dial to determine "Place."

There she goes. The indicator stops at Number Seven. We glance at the chart which reads:

1. On a ranch.
2. At the seashore.
3. In the slums.
4. At college.
5. In a hospital.
6. In an artist's studio.
7. In the mountains.
8. In the jungle, etc., etc.

There are twenty-four "Places" on the chart.

Very well. Our story transpires "in the mountains." Good old Number Seven.

Now we'll spin for "a hero."

Here goes. Ah... the needle stops at Number Twenty-two.

AND what does the chart give us for Number Twenty-two? Number Twenty-two is "a doctor." Okay.

Now we've got a doctor in the mountains.

Next we spin for a heroine. Number Twelve wins. Number Twelve is "a débutante."

The doctor is in the mountains with a débutante.

Let's spin for "obstacle to love." (If the doctor wants to love an obstacle, why not?)

Our "obstacle to love" is (just a second while we spin for it) Number Two! And Number Two is "the lovers are of a different race."

Of course we might take another spin and get "one of them is already married" or "a former betrothal stands in the way." Or any number of complications right here on the handy chart.

We now spin for a "predicament." Number Fourteen wins—and it is "one of them is stricken by sickness." That was lucky. Particularly when our hero is a doctor.

Sit tight. We'll have a crisis for you in a second. Here it is—good old Number Thirteen—"one must risk life to save another."

Quick, now—the climax. Spin. Number Eleven—"a mistake has been made in the parentage of a character."

(Please turn to page 81)

Hollywood's hectic humorist tries out the plot machine—and versifies a bit, also

Continuing the Confessions of a Movie Magnate



A famous producer breaks his silence at last—and tells you many of the innermost secrets of moviedom

You have always had a secret yearning to throw an egg into a rapidly-revolving electric fan. You never did it because it would muss up the sitting-room. . . . Then a very smart showman—Mack Sennett—resolved to satisfy your yearning. . . . Above: A scene from one of the early Sennett comedies. Have you—now be honest!—ever wanted to do something like this?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This article, by one of our foremost movie executives, long experienced in every branch of the business, was written, as he explained it, "because I can't keep still any longer; I've simply got to get a lot off my chest or I'll bust." Many publishers have tried to induce him to write of his experiences. Finally, when we promised him complete immunity in the form of anonymous authorship, he consented to put down his frank views on certain phases of the movie industry. They may knock a lot of your ideals to bits, but they are the truth.*

I TOLD you last month that all the real movie stars are nutty.

I added that when they cease to be nutty and become sensible, they cease to be stars.

The producers are just as nutty. This includes me. Sometimes I sit back in my swivel chair, look at the ornate office I am working in, think of the "story conference" I have just attended—and just laugh, hopelessly, heartily, ironically.

Last year we bought a story because Paramount wanted it.

I swear to you that that is the only reason why we bought it.

Of course, it's a darned good story, but we haven't a single star to fit it. Paramount has a whole lotful that will fit it. Metro has, too. Universal has a star that is made to order for this particular story. But we haven't a soul. We have plenty of stars. At least they assure us they are stars. But they don't happen to belong in this story.

COME on into the "story conference" with me.

Over there sits the boss of our studio. That's me. I look serious and dignified.

Across from me sits our story editor. He looks like an artist. He wears a funny necktie and his hair is mussed. Next to him sits his assistant who, instead of being a yes-man, as you suspected, is actually a no-woman. She never agrees with anybody on anything.

Scattered around the room are the publicity man, the casting director, the location man, a handful of supervisors (mostly relatives of some of our executives) and several technical men.

"This story," says our story editor, "deals with a boy who is brought up in an orphanage. He is a Jackie Cooper type. He runs away from the orphanage one afternoon and catches up with a traveling circus. One of the circus troupe is a middle-aged woman who runs the cook tent."

"I know the story," interrupts one of the supervisors. "This woman mothers the boy, cooks the special kind of food that he likes and he discovers, because of the taste of the ham gravy, that she is actually his mother. It's a great old story. I've used it several times."

"Don't be an ass," continues the story editor. "It is not the ham gravy that tips off the boy, but the fried tomatoes."

"That's a brand-new twist," interrupts the supervisor. "Every time I have seen that story, it was ham gravy. Fried tomatoes are something else again. It makes the story more plausible. Any woman can

IF all the real stars are NUTTY, All Good Producers are NUTTY, too!

make ham gravy, but damned few of them know how to fry tomatoes. They should be burned just a little bit to make them taste right. If there's one thing that I like better than fried tomatoes, it is corn on the cob. But even that has to be cooked just in a certain—"

"Is this a story conference or is it a menu?" queries the story editor in his most biting manner.

At this point I interrupt, because in the motion picture business the ethical thing to do is to interrupt and never let the other fellow have too much to say.

"I have it on good authority," I say in my most impressive manner, "that Paramount is dickering for this story. In fact, I saw one of Paramount's directors at dinner last night at Cocoon Grove with the author."

"I think we ought to grab it," interrupts the supervisor who has been kidding it just a minute before.

"But," interrupts the casting director, "we haven't a soul on our lot who can play the boy part and we

"NEVERTHELESS," interrupts the no-woman, the assistant story editor, "it is a lousy story. It is as old as the hills. It has been made with every boy that ever played on the screen. The only thing it can possibly claim as a virtue is the fact that it brings in mother love, and that old gag has been worked to—"

"There you are," exclaims a supervisor. "Mother love. We have been looking for a mother-love story for a year. The sales department says this theme is always sure-fire. Besides, we all know that Paramount wants it. I move that we buy it and that we send a straight telegram to New York telling the home office to grab it at any price before Paramount closes for it."

The motion was carried.

I'M not kidding. I've sat in on just such meetings time after time. I know what I'm talking about. I tell you that if the stars, the real stars, are nutty,



haven't a soul to play the mother part."

"Maybe we can borrow them from the Radio people or from Fox," interrupts another supervisor.

"But," interrupts the casting director, "what in the hell is the use of buying a story before we know whether we can cast it?"

"You poor dumbbell," I interrupt, "haven't I already said that Paramount wants to buy this story? And haven't I told you that I saw one of the Paramount men eating with the author?"

Just when you least expected it, the handsome hero socked the delicate heroine on the jaw. You gasped. You were shocked. But you loved it. So you told your friends about it and they went in droves to see the terrific biff. . . . Above: Jimmie Cagney, in the famous breakfast scene where he smacks the unsuspecting Mae Clarke with a grapefruit.

so are the producers of pictures.

Now, to convince you, I ought to tell you that we bought the story and that it proved to be a flop.

Unfortunately, for the purpose of my story, this is not the case. We bought the story. We could not borrow any stars to fit it. We used stars that didn't fit it at all. After we bought it, we killed all that part of the story dealing with

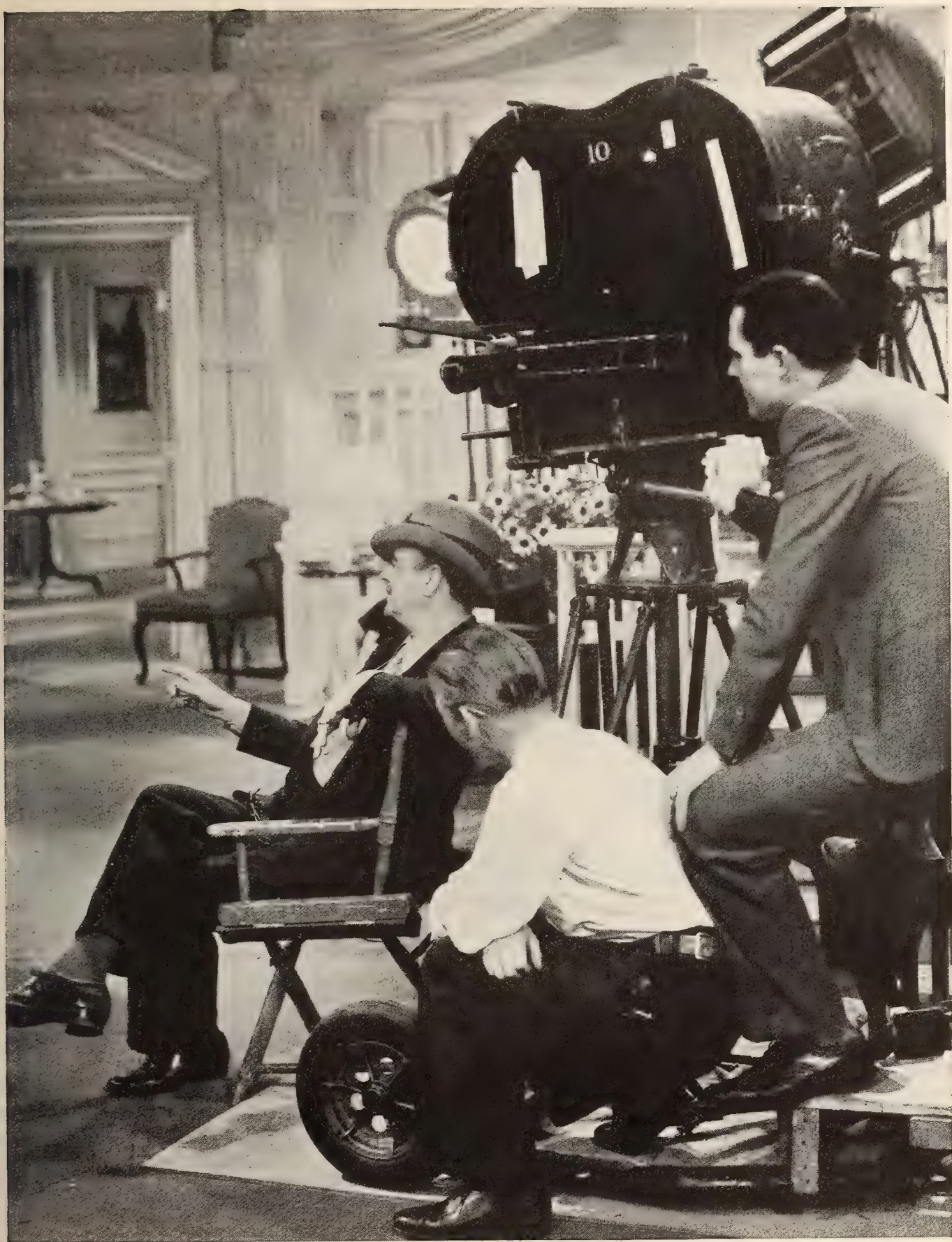
mother love. We changed the boss of the cook tent from a woman to a man.

We turned the story (*Please turn to page 103*).



Reaching for the STARS

"**M**ORNING GLORY," strangely reminiscent in plot of Katharine Hepburn's own struggle for fame, comes to the screen as the cyclonic, devil-may-care Miss Hepburn's strongest bid for film stardom. Its appearance may decide the fate of this strangely different type of screen luminary, whose skyrocket rise to fame from comparative obscurity in "A Bill of Divorcement" was followed by




her not-too-cordially-received "Christopher Strong." Now comes the test.

Above is an exclusive NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE photograph taken during the filming of "Morning Glory" (which may turn out on the billboards to be "The Morning Glory"). It shows, left to right, Fred Santley, C. Aubrey Smith, Adolphe Menjou, Miss Hep-

burn, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Lowell Sherman, directing.

The story, by Zoe Akins who wrote "The Greeks Had a Word for It," "Declassé" and other successes, tells of the struggles for success of *Eva Lovelace*, a young actress; her love affair with *Joseph Sheridan*, a playwright, played by Doug, Jr., and her last-reel rush to save the play and fortune of her sweetheart.



Robert Young, the boy who was projected from a Los Angeles bank into the movies and sudden fame. With him is his brand new wife.

Photographed exclusively
for The New Movie Magazine
by Clarence Sinclair Bull

ROBERT YOUNG

tells his story, just to show
you that dreams come true

YES, dreams *do* come true. In a city of heartbreak, where ideals are crushed and hope dies pitifully, it is pleasant to know that once in a while, dreams *are* realized. For, you see, there is Robert Young, who dreamed a dream and lived to see it fulfilled.

Bob Young is one of those people who came into this world blessed with a vivid imagination. In fact, his imaginative powers were such that at times his school teachers, parents and family despaired of his ever coming down to earth again. But Bob couldn't be discouraged. His world of dreams had much more to offer than a world made up of alarm clocks and time-cards.

With school days behind, Bob settled down (not too happily) to a job in a bank. There wasn't anything bright or inspiring about working behind a cage. Even the jingle of shining dollars was grating, especially when they belonged to someone else and a fellow was trying to dream.

Two events in Bob Young's life made up for all the misery of working within the cold, concrete walls of a moneyed existence. The first, the Pasadena Community Players, to which he fled nightly. In this land of make-believe, people with acting ambitions were groomed for future careers.

The second, those long trips from the east side of town where he lived, to the magic and glitter of Hollywood Boulevard. There was something about the glamour of this famous street that appealed to him. It gave him a feeling of importance. He somehow felt successful as he walked along, perhaps with just enough carfare to return home.

On one of these nights, he was attracted by huge crowds of people, swarming around the famous Chinese Theater. Great search-lights painted the sky with silvery radiance. Shining (*Please turn to page 90*)

"Gee Whiz!"

By
Jerry
Martin

Dick's Pal Speaks Up



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Irving Lippman

Richard Arlen and Lew Cody, old-time friends, lunching and laughing together in the studio commissary.

Leroy Keleher, who has been Richard Arlen's buddy for years, writes a candid close-up.

RICHARD ARLEN'S eyes are of blue-grey intensity—discerning, unevasive. The eyes of a dreamer who has been bruised and lacerated into a realist. Life he regards with an enigmatic smile.

New York is his favorite city, although he has been there only twice. He likes to ride on top of sight-seeing buses because they give him a perspective of life. He walks with a stoop and smokes cigarettes incessantly. He does not care for a pipe.

IF he had his life to live over, he would not be an actor. He believes his soul is that of a vagabond. Swimming, yachting, tennis and golf are his favorite diversions. He is proficient at all of them. He is one of the hardest working men in Hollywood—but knows how to relax.

He drove his last car eighty thousand miles before trading it in. Recently treated himself to a liveried chauffeur but can't get accustomed to it.

Jobyna Ralston, his wife, is the sweetest girl and best sport in Hollywood. When gossip threatened their marital bliss not long ago, she stood by her man and fought. That she was victorious everyone knows.

His favorite writers are humorists, Octavus Roy Cohen and the late H. C. Witwer. He attended school with the former. He does not collect antiques or old English prints.

THE studios, he says, find their stories under a pile of worn-out automobile parts behind an abandoned garage. He squints in close-ups and is never guilty of mugging the camera. He wears silk underwear of a greenish hue—but don't hold that against him.

He has vowed never to appear in another western. Playing nursemaid to bovines does not appeal to either his Thespian instincts or his sense of humor.

His dressing-room is adorned with innumerable pictures of the "only girl." He paid twenty-five dollars for a charcoal etching of Jobyna because the artist was penniless and had a family of five to support.

(Please turn to page 80)

Stars I Have Loved

YES, without exception, I could have fallen in love with any of my leading ladies!" "That's just too promiscuous," we objected. "Be a little discriminating."

I was chatting with Neil Hamilton, who has married a great, great many leading ladies—on the screen. We were sitting on the sunlit porch of his colonial house, and Mrs. Hamilton was listening most of the time, but I don't think that cramped Neil's style at all.

So we will let him do the talking here, from now on—and just as frankly:

I HAVE recently married Mary Brian for the fourth time—and I'd do it right over again, I'm free to admit, if I had a chance, said Neil. Mary has youth, beauty of face and figure, and gorgeous eyes. She is easy going, with a nice sense of humor. That's one reason men like Mary so much; she has that comfortable way about her. There seems nothing irritatingly intense about her. She has the type of sex appeal that men like. She doesn't throw it at you; lets you discover it for yourself. And she makes a perfect audience. That's another thing men like.

Elissa Landi's Sense of Humor

BUT the girl who has the sharpest sense of humor of any of the ladies I have loved on the screen is Elissa Landi. It is, in fact, too

"Helen Hayes makes you feel, when you are talking to her, that you are the only person in the world."

(Below) "There is no professional or personal jealousy about Norma Shearer. She's kind and big-hearted, with a great sense of fair play."



"I should think that a man married to Clara Bow would have to be master—but in a nice way."



highly developed. She says things and then looks at you for a comeback! I stand there and guffaw and wish I could crawl into a knot-hole. Seldom can I think of a retort when Elissa is getting off her witticisms.

Otherwise Elissa is a thoroughly desirable person. I like accomplished women. Elissa is accomplished. She plays the piano beautifully and she writes, you know. She is of an almost masculine frankness, too. I like this frankness; no shilly-shallying.

If I were married to Elissa, I would expect to be on the *qui vive* all the time. I don't know whether that sense of humor of hers would put a husband much at his ease! I suspect not. But, after all, a wife couldn't hurl epigrams *all* the time!

Norma Shearer's Human Sense

MEN always like a woman with a sense of humanity and fair play. That's Norma Shearer. She evidences a kindness, a bigness of heart. During the making of "Strangers May Kiss,"

Frank and intimate revelations of an actor about his many sweethearts of the screen

by NEIL HAMILTON

As told to Grace Kingsley

"You can't pour out your inner secrets, even if they have been made to order for you, without being a little taken in yourself," admits Neil Hamilton.



"Ann Harding would give her husband every chance to show himself manly. But if he failed, it would be just too bad."

"Off the screen, Myrna Loy is reserve and dignity personified, glacially reserved, even."

"Joan Crawford dramatizes everything that happens to her. She takes herself too seriously."

she stopped several times to point to a girl and say, "Isn't she pretty?" There is no professional or personal jealousy about Norma.

Norma is married. So I can't say all the things I might. In love scenes I found her best because she has a knack of making them seem more real than most actresses can.

Bebe Daniels is Helpful

ONE would, I should think, get a lot of warm companionship and understanding from a marriage with Bebe Daniels—and a lot of fun. For Bebe's sense of humor is always on tap and is always a very human one. It is seldom sharp; seldom hurts any one.

Bebe is a grand person. She has an infinite sense of fair play. She is a great deal of help to her co-workers.

Most of my leading ladies are charming between scenes, but when the camera starts they'd cut your throat if you did anything to detract from their performances.

Bebe isn't like that. She didn't really want me in a certain picture because the part required a light comedian. But she was big enough not to complain. On the other hand, knowing my contract was about due, she helped



Hal Phylfe



"If I were married to Elissa Landi, I would expect to be on the *qui vive* every minute. I don't know whether that sense of humor of hers would put a husband much at his ease."

"Bebe Daniels (below) is a grand person, with an infinite sense of fair play."

me considerably to get it signed again.

She is the hardest-working girl I ever worked with. She wouldn't hesitate to tell me or any other player a bit of business that she thought would help the picture. She has the rare sense of knowing that the picture is the thing.

Esther Ralston's Happiness

ESTHER RALSTON and I have been friends for years. I was best man at her wedding.

Esther is a down-to-earth sort of person. She is the great American girl at heart. She would be happier if she were not in this business.

What a home woman she would make! She loves her home, and has been a wonderful step-mother to her husband's little girls."

(Please turn to page 82)

HELP! We can't keep our Hollywood Boulevardier off the subject of—

The



NOW that Marlene's in Germany, it can be told. I was one of her bodyguards. Just for a night.

I bribed one of the hussars to let me sub for him. In squad formation we escorted Marlene and childie to Venice, the Coney Isle of the Pacific. Marlene and the infanta mounted steeds on the merry-go-round and we flung ourselves on other horsies in hot pursuit.

Later we went to the Fun Houses. Marlene stepped on one of those jiggers that blows up women's skirts. The Sergeant of the Guard hastily shouted, "Eyes, right!" Mine went A. W. O. L. It was foolish of me to peek because, as a buddy guard said, "Once you've seen Marlene on the screen you've seen all there is; there isn't any more." And besides, I forgot Marlene was wearing trousers. Did I feel the fool when they drummed me out!

Then I woke up—wotta dream!

THE conflict rages on: skirts or trousers for women, or neither? It's been rekindled by Garbo wearing dietrichs in "Queen Christina," while over at Paramount Mae West challenges with spangles an' ruffles an' plumes. In the end Garbo puts on trailing robes and jewels, so Mae might be considered victor if it were not for the fact that she steps out in tights!

MENTIONIN' Mae. . . . That's all Hollywood's doin', so don't blame me. When Garbo asked, "Vell, vat's news?" I said, "Mae West." Greta wanted to know all about her. So—obliging my following

Marlene and the infanta mounted steeds on the merry-go-round and we flung ourselves on other horsies in hot pursuit.

(Are you tuned in, Greta?)—I present Miss West in the flesh (not a pad in an armful.)

MAE is Hollywood's little heroine. Mae is the gal what lifted the mortgage. Mae not only drove the wolves from theater doors; she took their pelts.

"She Done Him Wrong" made a million in first-run theaters alone. Mae's our American Cavalcade, matching Brooklyn accent against the British and winning Hollywood back to the U. S. A. Hooray! Hooray! and Buy American! Mae's goin' to change the grammar of a nation 'fore she's through. . . . To say nuthin' of its shape.

MARLENE was the first to go West with wild hosannahs.

Will Rogers stood up in meeting the other night and said he lived only to meet Mae West.

M-G-M stars couldn't keep their minds on their work for thinking of Mae (Lee Tracy was specially hit, though the Barrymores were almost as bad) and so M-G-M phoned rival Paramount begging Mae to be guest of honor at lunch. Mae obliged and M-G-M did its biggest business this year.

THE day I visited Mae on the set she was just about to put her head in a lion's mouth. The lion growled at my interruption and I fainted in Miss West's arms.

Mae murmured something. Then, turning to the lion, she snapped, "Keep your mind on your work!" and the lion fainted. Talk about the lion and the lamb lying down together. Mae's a miracle worker.

I'M-NO-ANGEL Girl



Drawing by
KEN CHAMBERLAIN

This continues to be the worst movie crush the gallant HERB HOWE has had in many cycles

ON being revived, I hinted my feelings to Mae about Mae. I said "She Done Him Wrong" revived my faith in America and Paramount stock.

Mae said I hadn't seen nuthin' yet. The character she plays in "I'm No Angel" is more herself, Mae says. She starts as a dancer in a circus, bursts into song and finally walks into a lion's cage and puts her head in the lion's mouth.

Some one said there'd be a double, of course. "Not for me," said Mae. "Well, if there's going to be one for the lion," I said, "don't forget your pal."

MAE says she gets her characters from the Bible. This one she's playing appears to be a composite of Salome, Daniel and Jonah.

Getting her characters from the Bible seems to have been Mae's whole trouble. Some people don't read the Bible. They think Mae's characters bad. After her performance in "Sex" on the New York stage the unbibled cops called for Mae with the patrol wagon. They must have had a good time because they called for her regularly ever after. Mae got so in the habit of expecting the Black Maria as a finale to her plays that she wrote it into the last scene of "She Done Him Wrong." Remember her expression of pained

surprise when she stood on the curb calling after the wagon, "Hey, you forgot me!"

MAE hasn't yet recovered from her bewilderment at being hauled off in the police tumbrel. She says she had a wonderful time on Blackwell's Island and learned a lot from the prisoners. They understood her because the Gideons had distributed Bibles.

MAE'S got rhythm. In motion she has the combined grace of panthers, pugilists and battle cruisers. She told me confidentially that if I'd check up I'd find that rhythm matched the St. Louis Blues. "Maybe I ought not to tell that," she added. "Some one's liable to steal it."

MAE'S an amazing woman. She has the press with her like Roosevelt. She has the diplomacy for handling reporters. Not only that, she is the best copy Hollywood has had since Negri or Nazimova and she may top them.

She doesn't pose. Mae will never need to disguise herself with dark glasses. All her disguising is done on the screen, where it should be.

I mean, she's an actress, not an exhibit. Actually it's a triumph of mind over personality. A magic transformation. Sherlock Holmes would never detect in Miss West the dame of "She Done Him Wrong."

In the picture she was tall, buxom, bristling with off-hand wit, rhythmically (*Please turn to page 99*)

Picking the Winners in the Type-sketch Game

*Portraits of Greta Garbo, made on
the typewriter, selected as the best*



Above: The photograph of Greta Garbo that appeared in the May issue of The New Movie Magazine, from which many readers made strikingly good likenesses on their typewriters.

★

At right: The type-sketch made by Harry D. Reese, 5514 West Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., selected as the best of all submitted.

★

**For full details of the
Type-sketch awards
please turn to page 80**



At left: The type-sketch made by Ray Erlenborn, picked as the second best, and (at right) the type-sketch made by Alicia J. Spaulding, 632 Norfolk Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., named as one of the ten next best.



By
**Maude
Cheatham**



CROSSPATCH

ALISON SKIPWORTH calls herself "crosspatch!"

She's eccentric, and revels in it. She scolds at everything, and then, when she gets everybody all stirred up, she breaks out with one of her high-powered jokes and a grand laugh clears up the atmosphere. She likes to stage these bouts.

She growls about "modern youth," and grumbles at everything it does. Yet every boy and girl at the Paramount Studio is "simply crazy" about Skipworth, and they follow her around like a drove of bees.

She told me quite vehemently that she didn't like children; that they bored and irritated her to death. Yet, ten minutes later, as we walked across the studio lawn, she grabbed my arm, exclaiming, "Look, there's baby Leroy taking his sun bath. Let's go over and see him."

So, for the next few minutes, we played with the cunning starlet who shared honors with Maurice Chevalier in "A Bedtime Story," and Skipworth actually babbled baby talk to him.

Then, continuing our way to her dressing room, she told me how tickled she was with little Douglas Scott, while she was making "Devotion," with Ann Harding.

"He sidled up to me one day and said, 'I have a dime my mother gave me for learning my lines and I've another dime at home hidden

"Pictures!" she exploded. "You know I don't like motion pictures, yet—they do intrigue me."

under the piano cover that they don't know about. Now, what would you like to have me buy for you?" The they-don't-know-about put us at the same age; we were youthful conspirators, sharing a secret from the tiresome grown-ups."

IN her dressing-room, Alison Skipworth glared at me. "I don't like interviews. I could tell you my father was a brigand, my mother a gypsy and that I had stabbed five people and chucked them into the closet. It would be much more colorful than the truth. No publicity for me, yet"—with a shrug and a smile—"I rather like it."

"Pictures!" she exploded. "You know I don't like motion pictures, never did and never will. Yet—they do intrigue me. It is amazing to think that these screen dramas go all over the world. In my brother's letter from London this morning, he said the neighborhood was plastered with show bills announcing my appearance in a film. Well, that gave me a thrill."

"Guess we might as well begin at the beginning. I was born in London. Had a good contralto voice which I had trained. Was (Please turn to page 83)

Alison Skipworth scolds at everything and everyone—and everyone adores her

Hollywood's GAY ROMEOS

Pick Their Favorite TYPES



Jack LaRue (left), twenty-eight, can't get married "because I have five young sisters and a father and mother to support. And I'm a little bit afraid of marriage, anyway, but I love women." He likes the feminine type of girl, brainy, with a sense of humor—really. Religion, profession or type wouldn't matter if he loved her. "I would want a pal for a wife, a girl who would be a swell companion. I'll get married sometime, but I don't think I could properly support a wife now."

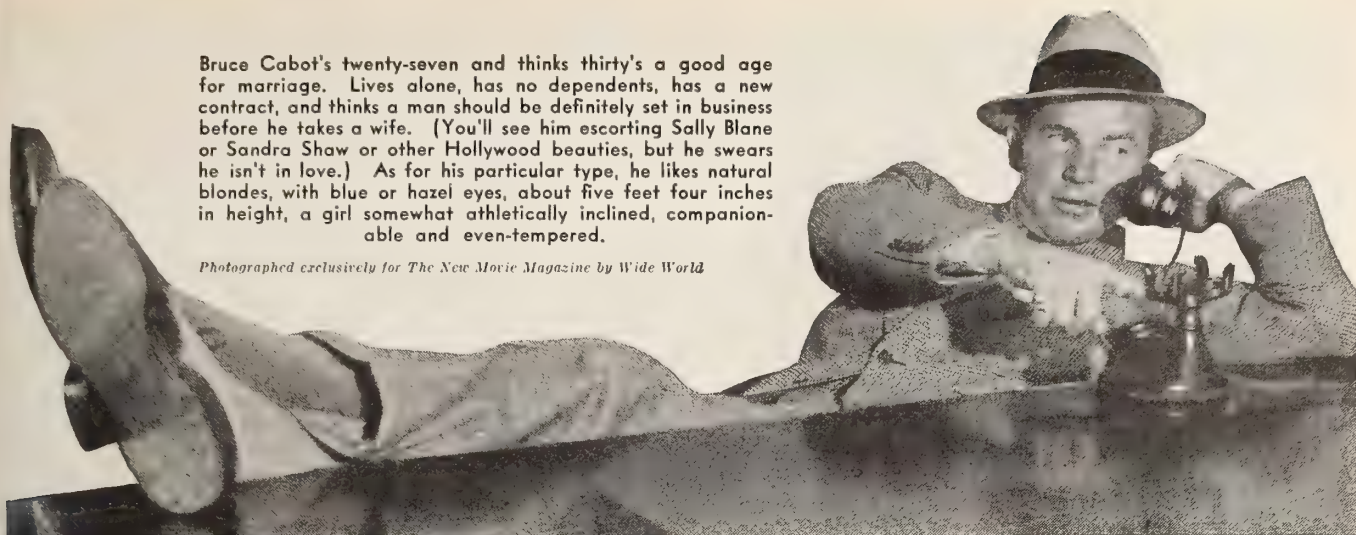
Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Irving Lippman



Jack Oakie and Cary Grant. Jack's in his early thirties, has a long-term contract at a big salary, owns his own home, and: "I have my mother, a good time, I'm happy, and I circulate. I take a girl out to a party and the first thing I know she's over in a corner with some good-looking juvenile. And he's telling her how bad I am. And so I have to find myself another girl. I want to get married, but not while I'm in this racket." And his type? Just listen to Jack: "She musn't be taller than I, somewhat serious and not too angelic—a dash of temper and a bit of spirit—and not an actress." . . . Now that we've disposed of Jack, how about Cary? Well, he's English, in his early thirties, was a singer, now has a swell contract, part owner of a gas station and a smart shop, is good looking, good company and extremely popular. Says he's "probably never married because no one would have me." And has no particular type at all.

Bruce Cabot's twenty-seven and thinks thirty's a good age for marriage. Lives alone, has no dependents, has a new contract, and thinks a man should be definitely set in business before he takes a wife. (You'll see him escorting Sally Blane or Sandra Shaw or other Hollywood beauties, but he swears he isn't in love.) As for his particular type, he likes natural blondes, with blue or hazel eyes, about five feet four inches in height, a girl somewhat athletically inclined, companionable and even-tempered.

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Wide World



Movie bachelors in Summer, something about what they have to offer a girl, and the sort of girls they like



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Wide World

Thirty-one-year-old Gavin Gordon (above) is a southerner who looks forward to being a thirty-five-year-old bachelor. He doesn't want to play "heavies" all of his life, and his big job now is trying to convince producers that he isn't a professional villain. He says it may take him the next four years to accomplish this. "I'm not in love," he says, "but I intend to marry some time. Astrologers tell me I'll be married twice." The type he prefers is "a tall girl with red or auburn hair, blue or violet eyes, and tanned; a girl with a spirited disposition; and I prefer a professional girl, an actress."

"I like a girl," confesses Randolph Scott (left), "who is a little taller than the average, who is the athletic type, but who knows how to blend sports with social life. I like a girl who's gay and optimistic, because I'm rather serious myself. I'm just as fond of blondes as I am of brunettes. I don't think I'll marry an actress."

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Irving Lippman



Inside information about the desires and dislikes of screen lovers away from the clicking cameras and the white lights

"I promise NEW MOVIE not to get married before August," says Lyle Talbot (right), "so how long does this statement have to last?" He doesn't like the athletic type, but he likes "the size that wears clothes well." Beauty not required, but he wants charm, intelligence and a sense of humor . . . "a girl with a fifty-fifty spirit who isn't too submissive." Prefers actresses.

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Elmer Fryer

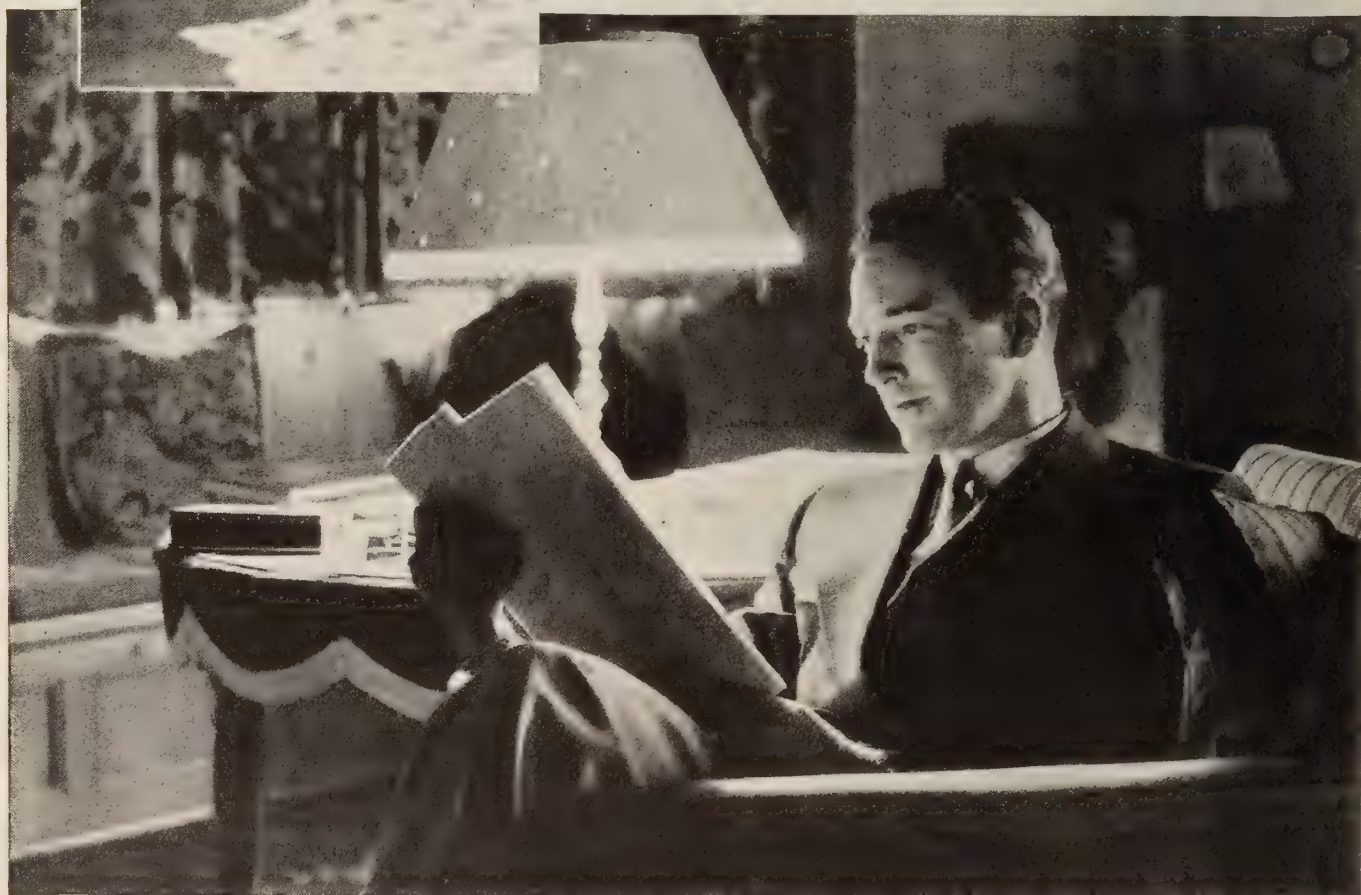


This is the way Buddy Rogers (left) looks at the marriage situation: "I don't think I'll ever get married. I'm too fickle. I take a girl out and I think she is the one girl for me. The next night I take out another girl and discover she's wonderful, too. Blondes, brunettes, redheads—they're all the same to me." But Buddy does admit that he likes blue eyes best, and he prefers a fair complexion. "She's got to be natural," he demands. Either professionals or non-professionals will do, too.

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Irving Lippman

Ah-h-h-h! David Manners (below), in his early thirties, a dreamer, first cousin to Lady Diana Manners, handsome and popular; has established a trust fund for his mother, who lives with him. He hopes to get married, "but not while I'm working in pictures. I hope to be a writer some day. I don't want to live in Hollywood after I'm married. Hollywood seems to resent happy marriages." He likes an outdoor girl—"the pioneer type." Prefers medium blondes with blues eyes and fair, tanned skins. No actress need apply.

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Wide World





Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Wide World

Here, girls, we have Tom Brown, Walter Byron and William Janney. Tom's twenty-three, contracted to Universal, supports his father and mother, unspoiled, and one of the most popular young men in Hollywood. "I have so much fun running around with different girls, it seems a shame to spoil it with marriage," says Tom. "But I say that knowing perfectly well I'll change my mind some day when I meet the right girl." Tom says everything about Anita Louise is his ideal. And he thinks a professional wife is a necessity to an actor. "She understands," he says.

Now about Walter Byron, thirty-five, prosperous free lance. Lives at the Hollywood Athletic Club. Saves his money. Being English, he thinks the husband should be the boss, that the wife shouldn't work, but "every time I've come near getting married it was when I was too broke to support a wife. But I have hopes." He likes small girls, blonde, blue eyes, a clinging vine—"and I like actresses best."

For Billy Janney, give him a girl with a pleasant disposition—"and not too dramatic, understand?"—five feet one inch or so tall, dark eyes and dark hair with an olive complexion, and one who has a lively interest in athletics.



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Wide World

Russell Gleason, twenty-four years old, James and Lucille Gleason's only child, and, according to Lucille, without the slightest sense of responsibility. Says Russell: "Marriage doesn't seem to work out in Hollywood—so why get into it?" He likes the athletic type, medium height, slender, with black hair, hazel eyes and a fair complexion. "And not a professional," adds Russell.



Margaret

Sullivan, the newest Universal star, who will share honors with John Boles in "Only Yesterday."

Though a stage success, particularly in the triumphant "Dinner at Eight," this is her first movie appearance. She's from Norfolk, Virginia, and has kept just a trace of her southern accent. John Stahl, who directed "Back Street," will megaphone "Only Yesterday." Universal believes that they have another Katharine Hepburn in her.

Teario

**Hashimura Togo, WALLACE IRWIN'S
Japanese schoolboy, gently assisted
by Miss Kate Smith**

Drawing by HERB ROTH



"Jussa moment. Jussa moment,"
Miss Kate Smith pronounce.
"I see you. I splunge at you.
... I toss like these." She toss.

To Editor New Movey Mag, who know how to be
happy though smiling,

DEAREST SIR:

YESTDY, after bathing the dishes, I got my
Thusdy p.m. off, so I think it would be nice to
get away for while from the Hollywooden
atmospear of Geo. F. Ogre home. Therefore
I think up some good place to do that, and finially
decide to go to an emotion picture theater. Well,
Mr. Editor, that film play I see there were so de-
licious that I set sobbing & wepping 3 hrs 47 min.
In the big deth-dead scene I make such loud choke,
heart-burst and blobber that Hon. Manager came
enrushing in and decry, "Hay, who makeing all that
Statick?"

After that I was throwed out to street by the
sweetest looking femail usher I ever did seen.

Well, Mr. Editor, when I got back home in time
to deliver 2 gallons cocktails to Thinking Studio of
my owner, Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, there set my strong

proprietor looking at me with cowboy expression.
I approach up to him with such sorrowful sneezes
from my eyes and nose that I realize I was crying
tear-drops frightfully fast.

"What happen to give you such bad attack of
agony?" require Hon. Geo. baffably.

"Boo," I say and "Hoo," I say. "Mr. Sire, lend
me yr penwiper for to dry off the wet from my hurt
face." He lend and set there watching me ring out
that penwiper, dripping a lot of sorra on the rug.

"To the funeral of who have you been at?" he
narrate.

"My heart are too bumped to tell," I divludge. "It
cost me 50c for get in, and I got reserved seat for
tomorra, by golly."

"That must be a pretty darnly umportant person
to get buried twice," he dictate.

"I were not a person," I glob. "It were a great
flim drammer. O such a mobb to get in you never
did observe. Everybody pushing & nudging at door.
Outside on sidewalk stood 106 Scalpers, scalping
people. I hear one lady say, 'I are expecting to take
my grandpa tomorra. He will cry like a babby.'"

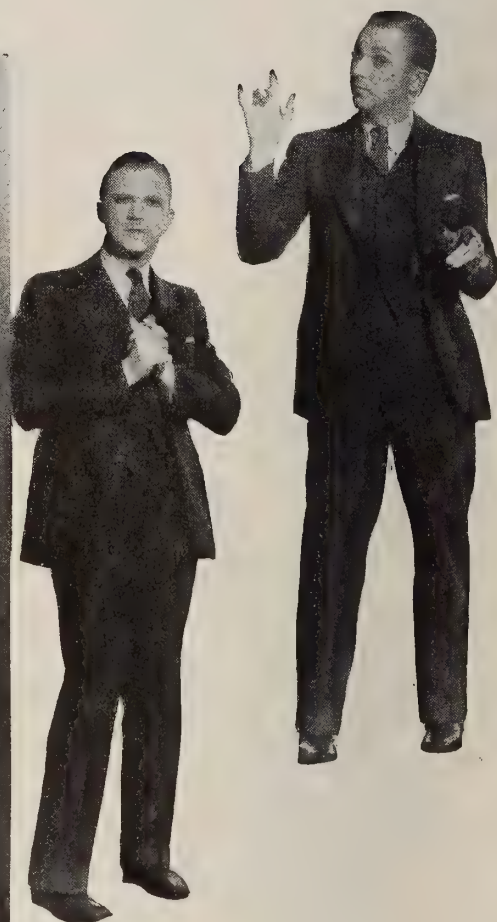
"Huh," describe Hon. Ogre. "What name you call
that great bawling success? Teario? Or The Cry
Parade?"

"Nope, it ain't," I (Please turn to page 95)

Zip! Zam! Wham!



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Clarence Sinclair Bull



What happens when a railroad man goes Hollywood

By FRANK J. McNELIS

A BRISK young man, still in his uniform of the World War, though he had been out of the service two months, threw open the door of a little bungalow in Shavertown, Pennsylvania, a village near Wilkes-Barre.

"Mother," he announced, "I've decided what I'm going to do."

"Certainly," said the mother. (Folks in Shavertown know her as Mrs. W. L. Tracy.) "You're going back to college."

"Nope," said son Lee, with a rather weak grin, "I'm going to be an actor!"

It all happened as simply as that. But Lee Tracy, the jaunty, rather cocksure young man, little realized the struggles and problems he was bringing upon himself. And had he been told that within

Bang! It's Lee Tracy!



When he got tired answering "No!" to the inevitable question, "Any experience?" Lee dug up a lot of rôles out of a book of clippings, and this time his answer was "Plenty." So he got the job.

A photograph of Lee Tracy taken when he was in high school.

Photo by H. Starr



ten years he was to be one of the most sought-after stars of motion pictures, he probably would have turned to you with his infectious grin and said, "Quit your kidding! This is a serious business with me!" And it was!

BUT let's look first into the environment and antecedents of this young man without a drop of stage blood in his veins, who was to make veteran Hollywood producers sit up and take notice, and who was to give fan audiences more big, new thrills than any male star of recent years.

Lee's early life was a constant succession of changing background and location. His father, the late W. L. Tracy, was a railroad official, whose exploits in organizing and developing railroad centers will be remembered by many of the brotherhood, moved from town to town, in pursuit of his calling.

Lee attended school in Louisville, Kentucky; Kansas City, Kansas; St. Louis, Missouri, and the Western Military Academy at Alton, Illinois. From there he went to Union College at Schenectady, New York.

When the war broke out, Lee was sent to Camp Lee, Virginia, where, because of his early military training, he was commissioned a second lieutenant. He emerged from the war without a scratch, luckily enough, and still retains his commission as second lieutenant. He is a member (in good standing, let me add) of the Army and Navy Club of Philadelphia.

The war left Lee with nothing to do. He didn't want to continue his military career. He didn't want to continue his college plans to become a surgeon. In fact, like many of the disbanded soldiers, he didn't know, exactly, just what he wanted to do. But he had what he was afraid some people might think a crazy idea. So he went home to talk things over with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Tracy had moved to Shavertown, where Mr. Tracy was in charge of the Sayre, Pennsylvania, shops of the Lehigh Valley Railroad and Mrs. Tracy was near friends of her childhood.

Just why at this point he should sell himself the ambition to become an actor he is frank to say he cannot tell you. Perhaps, it was a boyhood ambition, which he had always secretly cherished, suddenly blossoming as an expression of rebellion against a life he wasn't interested in.

He knew he didn't want to study medicine, much as his family had always treasured the idea.

But to do them justice, they were willing to help—and did. They were (*Please turn to page 88*)

Last Minute Fashions

FROM THE NEW FILMS

Hollywood, California

IT'S a gay, colorful Summer in the movies this year with all kinds of suggestions for your own clothes to be gleaned from the new films.

Cottons vie with beaded materials and brocades of the richest sort for the spotlight. You must either be cool and fresh in organdy, piqué or gingham or be overwhelmingly lavish with elaborate metal cloth, heavy brocade or fringe. Some woolens are being worn, too, often in combination with taffeta or satin.

YOU can make any simple dress look smart if you take a tip from the stars and their designers and wear a bit of a bow here or there—particularly if the bow happens to be plaid taffeta or crossbarred organdy. Set it under your chin, to one side, or use lots of them, on your sleeve or down your skirt.

Then put a bit of the same material on your hat, have some gloves made to match and you'll be ready for any summer daytime occasion. Gloria Stuart wears a smart street costume along those lines in the Fox production "It's Great to Be Alive." Navy blue

rocco crepe is used for the dress and blue and white checked organdy trims it with a flat bow at the neck, a band on the hat and gloves with six-inch cuffs.

Gloria also wears a red and white checked zephyr gingham with white organdy ruffle at the neck and over the short sleeves, in the same picture. Gingham pumps to match the dress are a novelty.

Adrian puts bows up and down the sleeves of Jean Harlow's crepe frock for "Black Orange Blossoms" and combines the same plaid taffeta used for the bows with straw for an interesting new hat.

THE slim lines we are expecting the movie designers to sponsor this Fall were forecast in a white satin evening gown worn by Loretta Young in "Lady of the Night," an M-G-M picture. It's long and tightly fitted with a fringed train. With it is worn a satin skull cap covered with the fringe.

We've been hearing that the films plan to drop frills and bows and put away puff sleeves of whatever description for the Winter; that slinkier, more form-fitting models are on the way.

Be that as it may, Elissa Landi is wearing a



Jean Harlow goes in for bows in a big way and does them in striped taffeta. Her straw hat is trimmed with it and bows cover the sleeves of her pastel crepe frock. She wears this in the M-G-M production, "Get Your Man," with Clark Gable.

(Below) Orry Kelly designed this luscious evening gown for Elissa Landi to wear in the Fox film, "I Loved You Wednesday." You see his sketch of the gown at the right and Elissa wearing it at the left. It's made of heavily bead-embroidered crepe trimmed with semi-pleated silver-edged mousseline de soie.



Smart new midsummer frocks that you'll see in the film fashion parade when you go to the movies

By JANET RICE



Fay Wray (at top) wears velvet and metal chiffon in "Ann Carver's Profession," a gown designed by Lettie Lee for Columbia and sketched by Kolloch.

Lettie Lee also designed this black crêpe evening gown with a beaded brocade top for Claire Dodd to wear in the same film. Kolloch made the sketch.



knockout creation in her new picture "I Loved You Wednesday." It's embroidered in an all-over pattern of beads and fits tightly to below the hips where a cascade of ruffles breaks the line at the back. The same ruffles, edged in silver, are used over the shoulders. In the same picture she wears a double-breasted coat-dress trimmed with a small high piqué collar and a piqué flower.

LILIAN HARVEY, the coast's newest fashion sensation, is wearing clothes a bit too extreme right now to have developed a large following. Of course, her part in "My Lips Betray" called for exotic, stagey gowns. But she is expected to take a high place among the stars whose gowns are copied when she



It isn't her costume that makes Benita Hume look so upset—it's a scene from Paramount's "Gambling Ship." Benita wears a silk piqué peaked hat and a jacket with peaked shoulders.



Ray Jones Photo

Colleen Moore makes her comeback in the Fox picture, "The Power and the Glory" and in a summery frock of white organza trimmed with ruffles edged in dark green satin ribbon.

gets a part that calls for clothes wearable by the average person.

Katharine Hepburn is another star whose clothes should rate high. However, her new picture "Morning Glory" is not of the right type for clothes, either.

Helen Twelvetrees is coming into the fashion limelight, partly on account of her rôle in "Disgraced," where she gets a chance to wear a number of smart costumes. Travis Banton designed a navy blue taffeta suit for her with embroidered organdy bows and cuffs and a knife pleated skirt hem that is particularly good. She also wears a long beaded tunic over satin for a striking and unusual evening gown.

CONSTANCE BENNETT wears a few of the swank creations that have made her famous in "Bed of Roses." In fact she's seen in a sweater and skirt in one scene. But you may be sure that the sweater is built along the right lines. She also wears a wool corded dress with a shoulder cape and fez-like toque in this picture and a satin lounging robe with coque feather trimming.

You might be interested to know that Joan Crawford whose last picture was "Today We Live" wears a blue dress—just for luck—in every



Two interesting costume sketches made by Jo Strassner for Lilian Harvey. A heavy brown crêpe redingote with wide shoulder epaulets is used over frilly organza for the upper costume. Fly-away shoulders of crossbarred chiffon match the skirt trimming in the lower frock.

production she makes. In that picture the costume was of cadet blue, a broadcloth skirt with a suede jacket.

Bright brown is a favorite color both off and on the screen right now for players at M-G-M.

Maureen O'Sullivan who will be featured with Johnny Weismuller in "Tarzan and His Mate" has just selected a new low-back model one-piece bathing suit. Royal blue is the color.

Miriam Hopkins wears a new and different broad-brimmed hat in M-G-M's "Stranger's Return" with Lionel Barrymore. It's made of organdy and is set square on the head, merry widow fashion, with a quaint bouquet of flowers perched at the front. With it she wears an embroidered organdy afternoon frock. You couldn't do better than model your new fall suit after one worn by Joan Bennett in the Fox film, "Arizona to Broadway." It's a heavy tweed, three piece—skirt, jacket and long cape-coat. She wears black suede gloves stitched in white, a black and white hat and a plaid scarf.



Dolores Del Rio shows the newest fad for beach costumes—a plaid gingham bathing suit with a wrap-around skirt to match. It's backless.

Loretta Young has a new high hat in M-G-M's production, "Lady of the Night," with Franchot Tone. Her coat collar is pleated white piqué.



HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Two parts are better than one if it's an evening or afternoon gown—plain frocks are topped by brocade and chiffon.

Ruffles and bows are having their last fling in the movies—predictions for Fall are straighter silhouettes.

Plaids are popular for trimming and for blouses, even for the beach.

Brocades, metal cloths, embroidery, tucks—all the elaborate materials are featured again.



Mr. Allen, author of this month's broadcast.

Radio Rambles

The Strange Case of Ben Bernie

As told for the first time

By

Fred Allen

The New Movie Magazine's guest correspondent

SO much has been written about radio stars that it seems futile to attempt to wring another word, action or deed out of your favorite ether entertainer.

Press agents have got ahead of themselves. Not only have they chronicled every important happening in the life of the average radio artist, up to and including today, but, in order to hold their jobs, they have concocted various odd activities and credited same to your favorites. So, until such a time as the deed is actually consummated, any publicity story lacks authenticity.

Something should be done about press agents—these men who herd misleading words into paragraphs exploiting the alleged actions of our stars. Many publications are put to press so far ahead of publication that the press agent writes far in advance of his client. You can sense the outcome. For months after the radio performer has left the air he (or she) has to go around doing things that the agent thought up weeks back. Many times this is embarrassing. . . . For example, take the Strange Case of Ben Bernie.

ON a sweltering mid-August afternoon, some time ago, Ben's press agent sat lazily fanning himself in his cubbyhole which passed for an office. He stared blankly out of the window, overlooking an alley, and wondered how he could stir up an idea.

He had stopped in the middle of an article on, "Ben Bernie, the Old Messtro," (some call it "Maestro," but I don't) obviously at a loss for words. He knew that the fans would be interested in learning how Ben spent his spare time, but he didn't know his client well enough to ask him such a personal question.

"I could call him up," mused the press agent, but, realizing that his phone had just recently been

disconnected, this action was therefore dismissed.

"Why don't you make up something?" whispered a tiny voice. "Nobody'll know the difference."

"Why not?" echoed the agent.

No sooner said than done. Putting down his cigarette, he stabbed the typewriter keyboard, harpoon-fashion, with his index finger, and this line appeared on the paper:

"Ben Bernie's chief hobby is paddling a canoe around the lake in Central Park. You can see him there, any afternoon, autographing paddles for admirers as they flock around him on the water."

THIS was written on a sultry afternoon in August but the magazine, *Radio Burp*, didn't reach the news stands until December. What happened? Don't skip to the end of this story to find out; I'll tell you as fast as I can.

A Mrs. Sward, a grass widow from Haverstraw, bought the magazine while in New York for her Christmas shopping. Reading the press agent's story, at lunch, she said to herself, "My! My! Ben Bernie



Bert Lahr chooses Edward Everett Horton, a "straight faced" comedian, as his favorite cinema star.



James Wallington picks Eddie Cantor as his favorite movie actor.

Stars of the air pick their screen favorites for you



Lee Sims and Ilomay Bailey are in perfect accord on their mutual choice—it is the beautiful Myrna Loy.



Annette Hanshaw tells us that she selects Gary Cooper as her favorite movie idol.



can be seen any afternoon paddling around Central Park lake. What a man!"

Mrs. Sward had heard the Old Messtro on the air, and resolved that on her next visit to New York she would go up to Central Park with her canoe paddle and have it autographed.

Accordingly, she wrote a postcard to Master Bernie saying, "Coming to New York December 23rd. Will be up to see you at Central Park." Signed, "An Ardent Admirer."

The card was forwarded to Chicago where Master Bernie was making a personal appearance at a local pool room—as was his diverting wont. Reading the message and recalling the press agent's story was but the labor of an instant.

With trembling hands he brushed the dandruff from his coat collar and went into a huddle with a man who was tying his shoelace. Knowing that a man who expects to accomplish anything with a shoestring, in these perilous times, is a man whose advice is cheap, the Old Messtro stated his dilemma. The stranger advised him to make good.

"Don't forget," he said, "the fans put you where you are today. You can't let Mrs. Sward down. You may see the day when you'll need a fan," continued the man who, by now, had finished tying his shoe.

"Yowsa," replied Master Bernie, "but it's ten below zero. I need a fan today like Grant needs ventilation in the Tomb."

This was too much for the man. Untying his shoe again, he caromed a withering look off the floor in the general direction of the band leader and said, disparagingly, "I guess all that stuff about radio people in the papers is a fake. I should have known."

With this he shuffled out the door, still busy with his shoelace.

THIS interview proved too much for even a Radio Personality. The Old Messtro, knowing that his public is fickle, was perplexed. Suppose rumor was to get abroad that he had Failed a Fan. The result was too terrible even to contemplate.

"No, sir! I'll show them!" snarled the Old Alma Malter. "I'll go to New York and when Mrs. Sward comes to Central Park on December 23rd, I'll be paddling my canoe if it's the last thing I do."

With this he was gone.

Eventually the fatal day arrived. Mrs. Sward came to New York to finish her shopping but principally to have her paddle autographed. It was three-thirty when she arrived at the pond. A blinding snowstorm had been raging for hours (*Please turn to page 106*)

Now It's PATCHWORK

Collecting old quilts and designing new ones is one of Hollywood's latest diversions.

Just the thing to go in Colleen Moore's Early American bedroom. It's the old star and circle design, blue on white background bordered with blue.

Turn to page 88 for directions for obtaining patchwork patterns.



Stars from Ireland pose together when Maureen O'Sullivan displays the star pattern quilt she brought from Ireland not so long ago.

Jean Parker's favorite quilt is a perfect example of the old patchwork design known for ages as the Tree of Life.



SOCK!

by **JAMES CAGNEY**

"I don't like hitting women," writes Jimmy, "but the public demands it."

NO one can blame me for getting just a bit fed up with this business of socking women in every one of my pictures.

It has been going on for two years now, and in each succeeding picture I approach such scenes with a sinking feeling in the midriff.

The only reason for it seems to be that the public found it novel when I first did it in "The Public Enemy," and the public has clamored for it ever since.

The writers of all of my pictures have written it into the scripts, and the directors have followed it up by directing it into the pictures. But if I had my way about it, I'd rather keep my hands in my pockets.

IT has given me a reputation which I do not deserve.

I do *not* sock women in my private life. As a matter of fact, I don't even sock men, no matter how provoked I may be. I have not used my fists for punitive purposes since I was seventeen years old.

That, however, is not the reason that I want to shy away from the business of "woman hitting." The main reason is that it is dangerous.

There is always the danger of somebody's being hurt. And, as it is always an actor, there is a good chance that it might easily interfere with his making a living from then on. The breaking of a nose, knocking out of several teeth, or perhaps the breaking of a jaw could very easily change an ingenue into a character woman, and a juvenile man into a heavy. Or perhaps put them out of the running altogether.

The danger of socking was most forcibly presented to me during the making of my last film, "Picture Snatcher." Alice White and I played a scene in which she was to take a punch on the chin from me.

I am always very careful not actually to hit the recipient of the blow, and I always ask that he or she do exactly as I say when I throw the punch. They must not move their heads in fear, but must move as the punch goes by.

It just so happened that Alice tried to make the scene as realistic as possible, and when the moment came, having a great deal of faith in what I told her about not hitting her, she took a chance and stuck out her chin.

I connected solidly with the point of Alice's lower jaw and almost took her head off her shoulders—and that with my hand only partly closed. If my fist had been solidly closed, I don't know what might have happened. (Please turn to page 87)

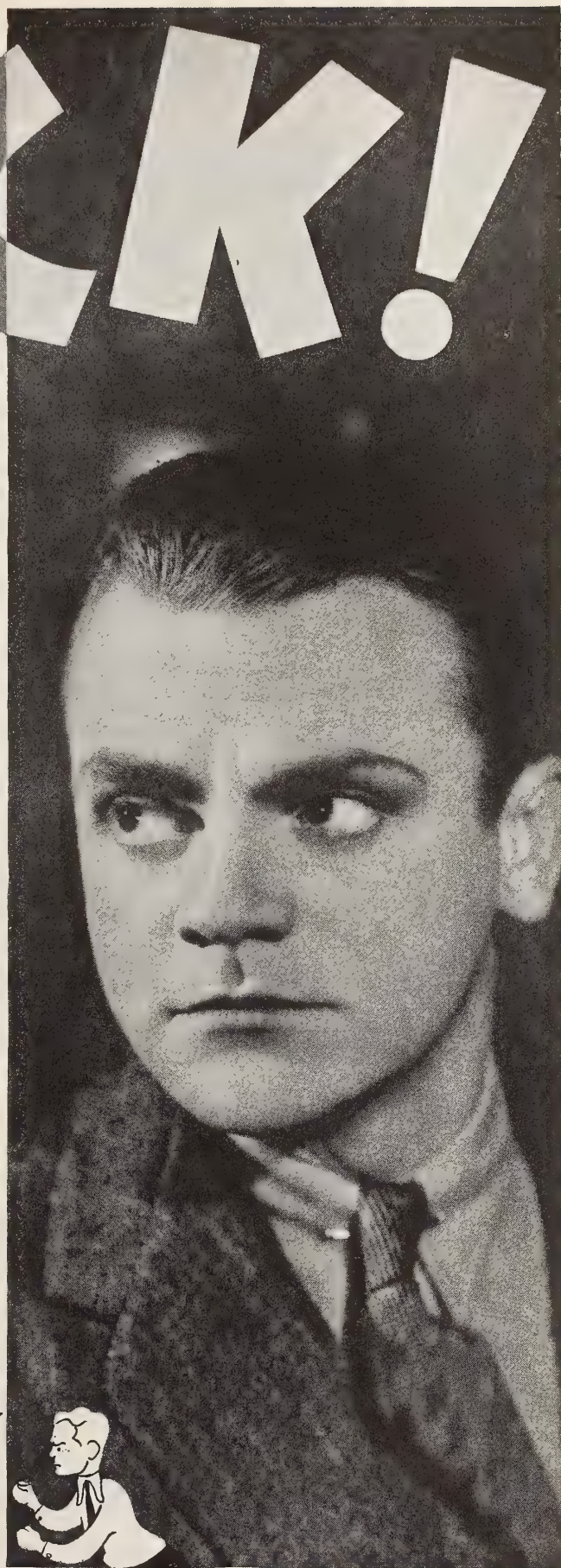


Photo by Elmer Fryer



"I haven't used my fists for punitive purposes since I was seventeen years old."

Happy Days are Here Again!

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is a patron of the arts, and a friend of all artists.

So we weren't surprised to see him at Willy Pogany's tea, given in Willy's picturesque Hollywood hillside home.

Charlie had a cup of tea, praised Willy's portraits of Anna May Wong, Minna Gombell, Mrs. Carl Freund, Dorothy Dwan and departed to meet Pauline Goddard and take her to a dinner dance.

Alice White was wearing one of those sheer suits that are so new. The blouse was blue and white checked gingham on a navy blue georgette skirt. The coat, of three-quarter length and fitted in at the waist, was of matelasse in navy blue and lined with the blue and white checked gingham. The coat was quilted. Her hat was a saucy little tip-tilted affair of navy blue straw.

Alice told us she had just had her horoscope read, but was handicapped by the fact that she actually doesn't know the day nor even the month, exactly, of her birth. You see her mother was on the stage at the time, and kept Alice's birth secret for a while. Then the court house where the record was filed

burned down. Alice gets breaks like that!

Johnny Warburton came in soon and whisked Alice away. He takes her for drives at the beach, as both love the open; and Alice has had enough indoors, she says, what with those long months on the stage, to last her the rest of her life.

Claudette Colbert was among the guests, looking pretty in a tailored black suit. Adrienne Ames wore one of her latest New York dresses—a brown flat crêpe with loose jacket, the skirt in two tones, and a brown hat.

Alan Dinehart brought Moselle Brittone. They seem devoted, by the way. And Bela Lugosi introduced us to his bride. Others present were Mrs. Edmund Breese, Gloria Gray, Minna Gombell, Neil Hamilton, Walter Byron.

NOT every actress is as accomplished as Colleen Moore. Colleen plays the piano excellently. Did you know it?

But Colleen is shy about playing. However, we simply wouldn't let her off, at the party which she gave her sister-in-law, (*Please turn to page 109*)

Photograph by William Walling, Jr.



Marlene Dietrich and Rouben Mamoulian.

Step out with Grace Kingsley, The New Movie Magazine's society reporter, to all of the gay Filmland parties



Photo by William Walling, Jr.

At the party given by Rouben Mamoulian, the director: Leslie Howard, Charles Farrell and Gary Cooper taking a photograph of themselves.

**HOW
HOLLYWOOD
ENTERTAINS**

How will you have your Talbot?



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Elmer Fryer

WHEN a city slicker forecloses the mortgage on the old homestead—that's not news.

But when a publicly-acclaimed villain pays off the aforementioned mortgage . . . A-a-a-ah, mates! Bring on your dog-biting man! Call out the marines! That *is* news!

LYLE TALBOT, popular Menace of the Moment, has done just that. And, with his glorious sense of humor, he is getting a whale of a kick out of the idea.

He may never forgive me for telling it, but it's too good to keep.

Back in the little Nebraska town where Lyle was born, there is a dear little old lady—Grandma, to Lyle—who raised the lad from the time he was a howling, pink-and-white bundle, two months old, left sadly orphaned

When a publicly-acclaimed villain pays off the mortgage—folks, that's news. That's just what Lyle Talbot has done for the little Grandma who raised him.

by the death of his beautiful mother.

Grandma Hollywood—for that, kiddies, is Lyle's original monicker—brought up her adored charge after the fashion of grandmothers the world over.

And with surprisingly good results. If the boy had been made of indifferent stuff, he might well have been spoiled . . . grandmothers being what they are, the darlings. That he pulled through without a trace of egoism is a distinct credit to his general intelligence.

When seven-year-old Lyle acquired an enormous stock of cold cream, perfume, vanilla, etc., the sale of which would enable him to procure a much-desired soldier suit, it was Grandma who surrendered to his high-pressure salesmanship, and bought as much of the stuff as he couldn't sell. Which was plenty.

"There's probably a load of it lying around yet," Lyle smiled. "She'd have been money ahead if she had bought the suit, outright."

WHEN Lyle started to school, and the expenses of an education began to mount, Grandma quietly mortgaged the old place without saying a word about it. Her boy was going to be somebody.

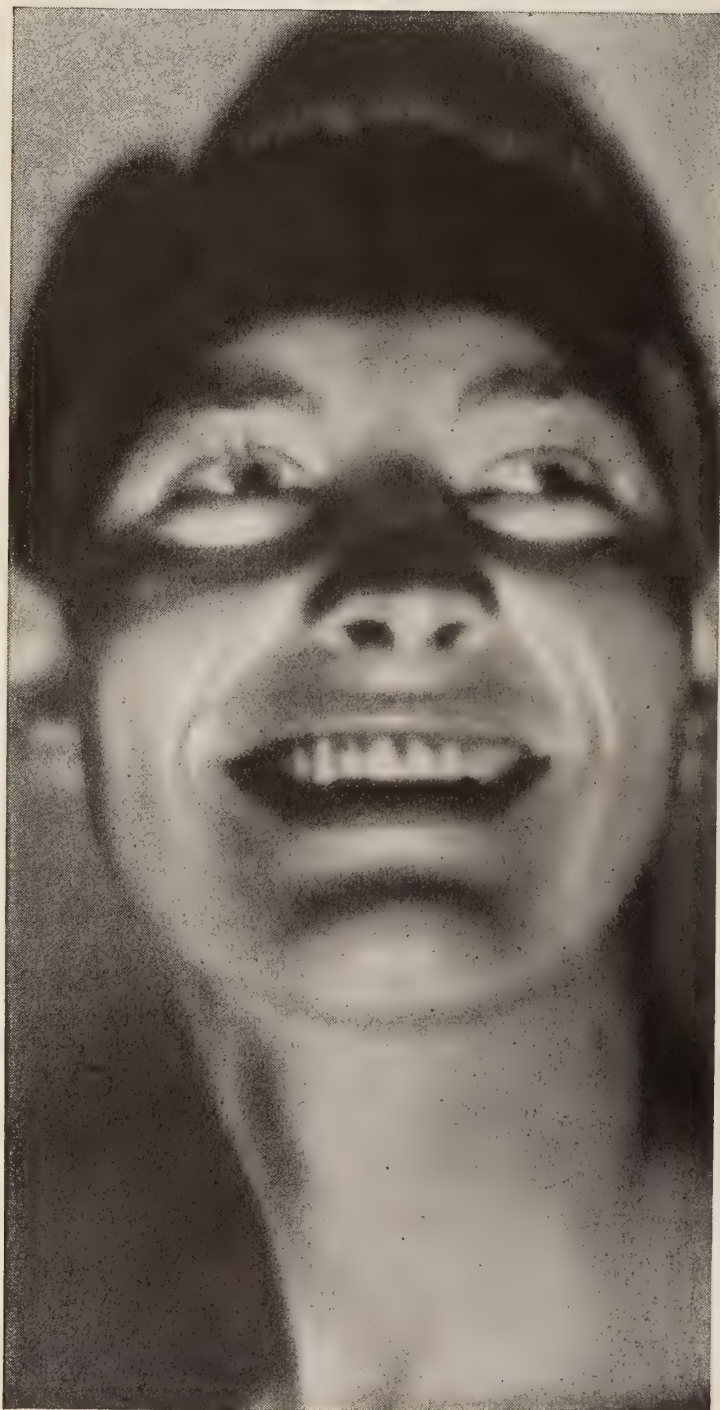
Nor was her faith in (*Please turn to page 92*)

Will you take him straight or crooked?--that's Lyle's problem

By BARBARA BARRY

Something to Go Back to in Your Dreams

By ALICE MAVOR EDWARDS



I'M building a house to hold my money!" Richard Cromwell speaking, in blue jeans, Malibu jumper and tennis sneakers. We were in his little roadster, a pink oil-cloth top insuring against a leaking roof.

"Perhaps not to hold it in the way you think," he went on. "You see, I get only one hundred and fifty dollars a week and when I'm thrown with other stars who get sometimes ten times that, my flat pocketbook grins up at me and says, 'A star? Yeah? Well shine, darn you, shine!'"

"I've been responsible for a family since I was a youngster. I was eight when Father died. There were five of us. I've done jobs of every sort all along, worked my way through art school, painted, made masks, finally got this movie contract.

"I saved up a thousand dollars once. It just melted away. No, not the market. An uncle was ill; a younger brother was married, had a baby—money needed all the time for something. I saw it would always be like that unless I could invest in something like a house that would be permanent; that couldn't be touched—
—you understand?"

Dick Cromwell's house to hold his money

A WISTFUL, somewhat bewildered, little-boy look on the grave young face. "I want to do my share, but I've wondered"—he paused—"are there ever stopping places where a person can catch up?"

"Of course there are things I have to forego if I build. I do less for my friends, not much candy or many flowers to girls. No Cocanut Grove parties or liquor or expensive theaters.

"I've three suits of clothes, one good, one not quite medium, one lousy. If I had to play the part of a man-about-town with a suitable wardrobe, I'd be out of luck unless the studio supplied the clothes.

"Half my salary goes to my mother every week. I allow myself ten dollars a week for incidentals, forty for the new house. I borrowed some on my contract to start it when my thousand vanished.

"But the things I like best—outdoor life, gardens, reading, painting—don't cost money. I go to every movie I can, in cheap seats. I'm not waiting till I'm old to do what I want to do. I'm determined to have something to show for my work.

I'VE had to live away from home in cabins of sorts because one can't work in a mob. I've had artshops in funny old buildings. My paintings and masks brought in quite a lot. My best masks were those of Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo, I think. My portraits are rather awful but they've sold. I like working on murals. It takes such a lot to keep a family going, I had to sell things all the time.

"A cranky landlady gave me the idea of owning a house when she objected to renting to an artist 'because they never make enough to pay rent.' At that, I was making more than I did with my first contract, only fifty a week. I was always changing cabins. Some one would find them and there would be a crowd crashing in for eats and fun. (Please turn to page 93)

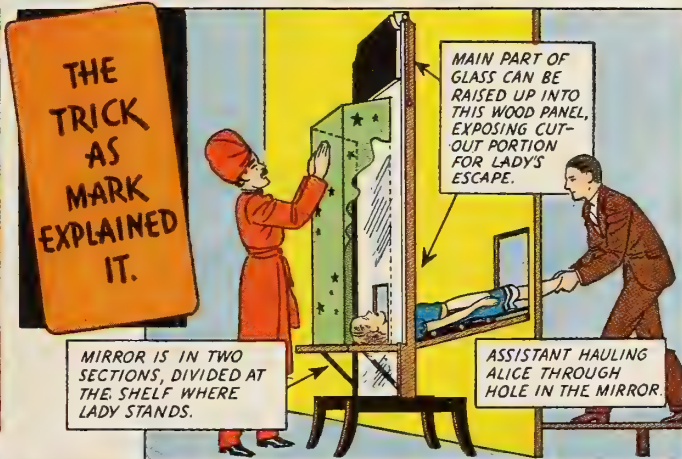
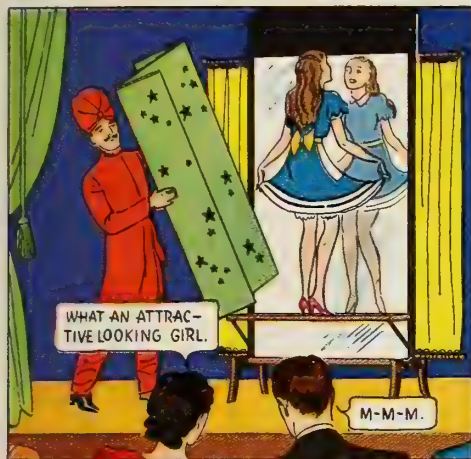
Dick gives half his salary each week to his mother, keeps ten dollars for himself for incidentals and puts forty dollars more in his castle in the hills.

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Carl DeVoy

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED

At the MAGIC THEATRE
THIS WEEK
Mark and Dot See
"ALICE AND THE
LOOKING GLASS"

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MARK HAS LEARNED NOW TO WATCH FOR ILLUSIONS IN MAGIC AND ILLUSIONS IN CIGARETTES. HE LIKED CAMELS BETTER, ONCE HE TRIED THEM. YOU WILL ENJOY THEM, TOO!

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**WAVE
SET**

10¢

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BEAUTIFUL American women know the "Comb-Dip" bottle. Now for TEN CENTS milady gets the original Dr. Ellis' Special "Quick-Dry" Waveset in the improved package.

DR. ELLIS' WAVESET will not discolor any shade of hair . . . makes hair lovely and keeps it so . . . imparts the luster of a lemon rinse . . . makes waves last longer.

So easy to apply. Just "Dip Comb in Bottle." Set the wave with fingers or comb . . . dries quickly . . . then comb out the waves. Note beautiful sheen and illusive loveliness of the hair . . . subtle charm and lingering elegance . . . Dr. Ellis' Waveset leaves no powder.

The original Waveset is now in the improved finger-grip . . . "COMB-DIP" bottle . . . more convenient than ever. Use Dr. Ellis' beauty aids . . . you will then know why millions of women demand these marvelous aids for beauty.

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For Every Individual	Dr. Ellis' Waveset Powder—For Finger Waving and Resetting Permanents. Imparts the luster of a Lemon Rinse. Will not sour. Makes one quart heavy fluid.	10c
	Dr. Ellis' Shampoo—Lemon Oil Concentrate Makes Beautiful Lustrous Hair.	10c
	Dr. Ellis' Balm—Superior Original Balm Makes Skin Smooth . . .	10c
	Dr. Ellis' Special "Quick-Dry" Concentrate Waveset. Makes One Quart Heavy Waving Fluid Quickly	10c
	Dr. Ellis' FEI Toothpaste—A Scientifically Prepared Dentifrice Combined with Milk of Magnesia. Cleanses Teeth—Keeps Mouth and Gums Healthy—Very Refreshing. EXTRA LARGE TUBE	20c



LEAVES NO POWDER



Stuart Erwin, fighting against stardom, because he does not want the responsibility of carrying an entire production—does not feel capable of it, as a matter of fact—has entered upon his new M-G-M contract with vim and vigor. He has already finished in two productions and is working in a third. You'll first see him in "Hold Your Man," with Clark Gable and Jean Harlow, and next in "Stranger's Return," with Lionel Barrymore and Miriam Hopkins.

Exclusive photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull



New Pictures

You Should See--and Why

A SURPRISINGLY GOOD MONTH!

FOR more years than he cares to admit, your reviewer has been looking at the best efforts of Hollywood—and unfortunately—the worst. With this in mind, we announce that this is a surprising month. Surprising, in that after what we personally term mature reflection, we are unable to pick out the best picture of the month.

There is no outstanding picture, yet there are several which would take that particular honor in any ordinary four weeks. "Berkeley Square," though it may lack some popular appeal in the minds of a few, definitely ranks among the great pictures of the year if for no other reason than that Leslie Howard is able to prove, for all time, that he is more than a charming character actor.

Then there's "Melody Cruise." It's more fun than nine out of ten good shows, but it doesn't have the music or star value to warrant a "best of the month" rating.

"Jennie Gerhardt" is grand drama, but no grander than several others this month; and if it weren't for fine performances, it might not be as good as a few.

"I Loved You Wednesday" has some startlingly good points, but not quite enough of them; and "The Nuisance,"

Above: Clark Gable and Jean Harlow as they appear as co-stars in their latest M-G-M film, "Hold Your Man." . . . And is it hectic!

the M-G-M picture which has been publicized under the title "Never Give a Sucker a Break," is the surprise of the whole shooting match.

Rumor has it that M-G-M signed Lee Tracy to make several moderately priced pictures to round out the required production total. Lee seems to have ideas of his own, and M-G-M has one of the best films they have made this year in a picture they probably didn't think was half so good when they sold it to exhibitors.

If you like the theater in your town, you can give it a break by taking in this one. You will get a break yourself in the bargain, for Tracy is breezier than he has ever been in the past and takes one more step toward proving himself just about the most sure-fire performer currently playing on either stage or screen.

"Double Harness" gives Ann Harding a break at last and even now, William Powell, who is co-starred, gets much the better rôle.

AND among shows which aren't quite important enough to rate

listing in the first ten, are a couple you may enjoy more than those that have cost twice as much to produce—though, thanks be to a gracious providence, costs do not have to worry your reviewer.

Frank Capra, Columbia's combination of Lubitsch, Borzage, and King Vidor, brings in a sweet little bolt of celluloid currently entitled "Lady for a Day." Damon Runyon, who is A-1 among New York newspaper men, wrote the story. He may write forever and never do better—yet, Mr. Runyon owes a vote of thanks to Warren William, Guy Kibbee, and Ned Sparks for performances that make a little yarn into a stirring human document.

Have you ever wondered why it is that when you come to think back over the movies you've seen, often the great big international successes don't stick in the old memory, but rather a couple of pictures that have managed to sneak in behind the scenes and show real people thinking as real people really think.

Your reviewer is going to try to keep this in mind when, in the future, he picks his "best of the month."

BEFORE we get into the reviewing, there are a couple of things I'd like to tell you: Some time ago we



One of the girly-girly scenes from "It's Great to be Alive," featuring that heart-throbbing Raul Roulien, whose acting in Spanish versions of American films has set South American girls up on their ears. In the cast are Gloria Stuart, Edna May Oliver and Herbert Mundin.

Save Up This Month And See All of These

JENNIE GERHARDT

—because Sylvia Sidney definitely proves that she's a big star.

BERKELEY SQUARE

—because Leslie Howard may never do a more romantic, finer piece of work.

THE NUISANCE

—because Lee Tracy deserves encouragement, and it's a dandy show.

MELODY CRUISE

—because a burlesque musical is a treat well worth seeing.

DOUBLE HARNESS

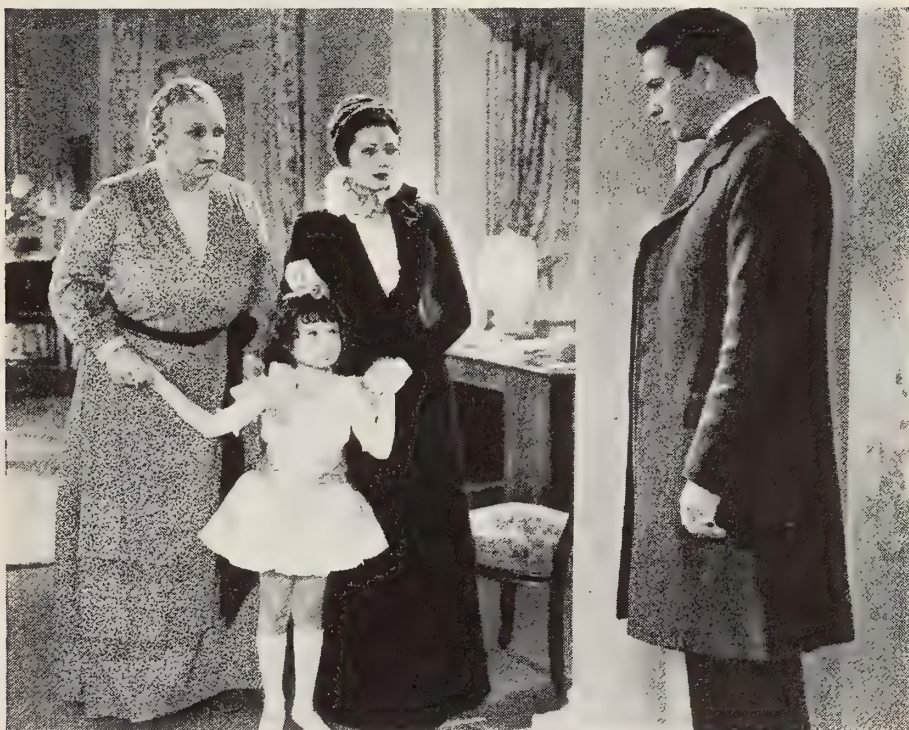
—Ann Harding and Bill Powell at their best are enough for anyone.

STRANGE RHAPSODY

—because Kay Francis and Walter Huston shine in a brilliant cast.

MARY STEVENS, M.D.

—because Kay Francis in a good story is always worth seeing.



A scene from the filmization of Theodore Dreiser's famous novel, "Jennie Gerhardt," with Sylvia Sidney, Donald Cook, Mary Astor, H. B. Warner and Edward Arnold. This scene shows Greta Meyer, Cora Sue Collins, Miss Sidney and Mr. Cook.

told you that "International House" was a movie well worth looking at. Well, Paramount took rather a long time getting around to releasing it, and it seems to me that you ought to be reminded. You won't see many this year that will give you more fun. W. C. Fields was given lines to read for the first time since he tackled movies. You'll agree with me

that he's really a great comedian. "Gold Diggers of 1933" deserves one more mention. Don't let the title fool you. This is no musical review. It has swell girls, swell tunes, but

most important of all, it has a swell story. You can take our word for it, it's something you ought to see.

And don't miss "The Silver Cord" with Irene Dunne. Irene's going to

ALL THE LATEST NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE FORTHCOMING FILMS



The Brothers Barrymore, John and Lionel, in another of M-G-M's all-time, all-star productions, "Night Flight." It is directed by one of the ace box-office directors of the industry, Clarence Brown.



Glenda Farrell and Benita Hume in "Gambling Ship." This is one of the more ornate of the newer talkies which are being produced now. In the cast, also, are Cary Grant, Jack LaRue, Roscoe Karns and Arthur Vinton.

do a musical and, admitting in advance that we think Irene is swell, we hope you'll like her new show as well as you're bound to like "The Silver Cord."

JENNIE GERHARDT—(Paramount)—"The Story of Temple Drake" probably encouraged Paramount to do another story of the same general type. Though "Jennie Gerhardt" doesn't sin and suffer to quite the extent that Temple Drake managed to achieve, it is still a story that makes you sit up and take notice,

and no theater where it is playing is the kind of spot to pick out for an afternoon's nap.

Sylvia Sidney seems well suited to this type of rôle. Whether you liked "Pick Up" or not, you'll have to admit that Sylvia gave charm to every scene in which she appeared, and made one or two rather impossible incidents seem plausible.

In "Jennie Gerhardt" she has a much more believable story to work with and a cast that backs her up to the nth degree. Donald Cook shares the love interest, and I regret I can

think of no more romantic manner of saying that. Fancy being paid for kissing Sylvia Sidney!

H. B. Warner, who seems to have been resting up of late, comes back again with a sterling performance, and Frank Reicher, the sea captain in "King Kong," turns in an extremely nice bit.

The main value of "Jennie Gerhardt" does not lie in its story, but rather in the remarkable manner in which scenes are made to seem believable. I dare any girl who has ever been in what one would call a "spot," to see this picture and not come out of the theater with her heart in her mouth. Maybe it doesn't happen in real life . . . but it makes swell movie drama.

BERKELEY SQUARE—(Fox)—is London . . . and London is a pulse by which the heartbeats of the world are timed. "Cavalcade" taught us that life is much the same in any land; that drama is universal, and race and geographical position make little difference.

Broadway took "Berkeley Square" to its heart several years ago and you will follow Broadway's lead. It is a rather simple tale of people you and I know. Leslie Howard is a much greater star than he seems to be . . . and don't get indignant if that seems to tread on your particular toes.

Have you seen Leslie Howard starred as you have seen much less capable players featured? You haven't, probably, because this unassuming Englishman is satisfied to go along doing one good job after another and letting it go at that.

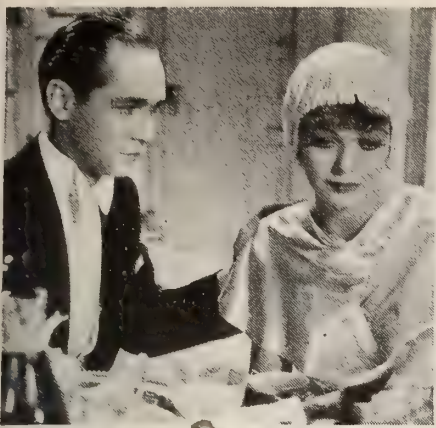
"The Animal Kingdom" told you what he could really do. "Berkeley Square" finishes the story. Whether or not you like the picture, I'm pretty sure you'll be willing to admit there's not another actor—or actress—in Hollywood, Elstree or Berlin who can do a better job than Mr. Howard.

"Berkeley Square" (pronounced "Barclay" Square, so my English friends tell me) is not an English picture. There are better than fifty thousand Americans in London, and other nations are there in lesser numbers. The story is cosmopolitan in the same way that "Seventh Heaven" was cosmopolitan. It tells a story that stretches from here to Shanghai, a story that is caught in a cloistered corner of the mighty British city and played to its end—an end that should come too soon for most of you. Heather Angel and Beryl Mercer share the honors with the star.

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS—(Warner Brothers)—I owe you an apology. If any one of you misses this, I'm going to be sorry. I should have really reviewed this picture last month but through one thing or another, it was passed up . . . and that's that.

What a smart outfit these Warner Brothers turned out to be. Seeing the picture, you realize that this is

The National Digest of the Best Talking Pictures



Franchot Tone and Loretta Young in "Lady of the Night." The scene shown here follows a night-club brawl, after which the gay young hero takes the girl to his home for protection.



Kay Francis, Richard Boleslavsky, the director, and Walter Huston resting between scenes in "Strange Rhapsody."

Constance Bennett (below) in "Bed of Roses," in which, by using her beautiful—and unscrupulous—little head, she rises from the dregs and lands in the lap of luxury.

an idea that should have been done once a year since motion pictures were invented. The picture probably didn't cost much as pictures go, and I hope they make a million.

Remember "Grand Hotel" and the famous Lewis Stone remark, "Grand Hotel . . . people come and go . . . but nothing ever happens?" That's the whole idea (not so you'll recognize "Grand Hotel") but it doesn't need much imagination to see where the thought came from.

Geraldine Dvorak, Greta Garbo's double, plays Garbo to the queen's taste, Charles Judels is Lionel Barrymore's Kringlein so that it's hard to see the difference, and Jane Gale's Joan Crawford is beyond words.

Even if this weren't grand entertainment, I defy you to get more fun out of an admission price than you can out of "Nothing Ever Happens." It makes one wonder how much the big ones would be missed.

George Givot, the Greek Ambassador of radio fame, plays the chef (for many an honest laugh) and a lively chorus of feminine bellhops puts a kick in the "Grand Hotel" story that Vicki Baum never guessed it would have.

MELODY CRUISE—(Radio Pictures)—One of these days Mr. and Mrs. America are going to wake up to the fact that the biggest and best orchestra bet in these here United States is Phil Harris and his merry, mad men of Hollywood's Coconut Grove.

Not that this has much to do with "Melody Cruise."

Some months ago Phil Harris starred in a three-reel special feature made by Radio under the title, "So This is Harris," and the results were so encouraging that a feature picture was planned. "Melody Cruise" is the result.

It's a musical show with a swell hit number, the popular "Isn't This a Night for Love?" But the music is the least part of it. Some few of you have had the thrill of hearing Harry Richman and Frances Williams sing "The Birth of the Blues" in one of the early George White's "Scandals"; to those, Phil Harris will be reminiscent.

See All of These, Too

LADY OF THE NIGHT

—because William Wellman directed Loretta Young in a story that fits her.

THE STRANGER'S RETURN

—Lionel Barrymore in a strong film for strong movie tastes.

THE PUBLIC BE SOLD

(tentative title)

—Richard Dix in another "Great Jasper."

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS

—a roaring burlesque that will give you laughs aplenty.

HOLD YOUR MAN

—Gable and Harlow in some hot stuff . . . 'nuff said.

He's not a bit like Harry Richman, but somehow he reminds you of Broadway's favorite songster.

There are girls, girls, and more girls in "Melody Cruise." June Brewster has a couple of hints to hand out that any gal can use and Carmen Silver seems to have discovered a new approach that isn't in Bobby Jones' bag of tricks.

The old-timers' brigade is represented by Charlie Ruggles, Hollywood's favorite uncle, and a newcomer, Helen Mack, is going to be the cause of plenty of heart-burn this Summer.

I want you to see it. It's silly . . . it's goofy . . . but by all that's good for a laugh in show business, it's something that will make you forget the room rent and give vent to a couple of the kind of laughs we used to have a few years ago.

STRANGE RHAPSODY—(M-G-M)

—Do you remember listening to the radio and hearing a composition that you had never heard before, that thrilled you from your toes up? That's the sort of picture "Strange Rhapsody" may be to you. I have to say "may," for the simple reason (Please turn to page 107)



Sound in the Movies

by JOHN EDGAR WEIR



Raul Roulien and Rumba girls in a scene from "It's Great to be Alive."

NO less than fifty musical pictures are now in production or preparation by the major film companies. Who says that Hollywood is not going musical?

Of the new productions, Paramount leads with thirteen, M-G-M with eight, RKO with seven, Fox with five, and United Artists and Universal are each featuring one, in addition to a number of independent releases.

One of the most important announcements of the new musical pictures is that M-G-M has purchased the rights to the famous Broadway success, "The Cat and the Fiddle," by Otto Harbach and Jerome Kern, and will feature Ramon Novarro in its tuneful lyrics.

Among the musicals for RKO release are "Melody Cruise," starring Phil Harris, "Frigolous Sal," featuring Irene Dunne who will sing for the first time on the screen, and a new vehicle, as yet unnamed, for Francis Lederer, star of "Autumn Crocus." Another RKO effort, "Flying Circus," has Eric Linden singing for the first time on the screen.

In addition to Paramount's pretentious musical, "International House," with Cab Calloway, Rudy Vallee, not to mention the celebrated Peggy Hopkins Joyce, this company is also working on a series of six two-reel comedies featuring Bing Crosby and Harry Langdon.

On the Fox lot, "The For-

bidden Melody," with William Kernell's music, marks the return of John Boles to a singing part on the screen. Another Fox musical, "My Weakness" is the work of Buddy De Sylva who is not only responsible for the story and cast and collaboration on the music but who is making the picture as his own producer. In fact, he is probably the first independent musical producer in Hollywood.

Universal, having signed June Knight, is taking advantage of her dancing and singing ability in a new musical picture which will be this company's first effort of its kind since the famous "King of Jazz" with Paul Whiteman.

AND now for a review of the month's most popular new records.

"A Night with Paul Whiteman" is a record everyone will want and the Victor people have made a real advancement in producing this disc. I won't try to describe its appearance for it has to be seen to be appreciated.

But this is what you will hear when you play it: "Whispering," played by the orchestra, followed by "Japanese Sandman" also by the orchestra. Then we have "Some of These Days," played by Romona and Roy Bargy. Next is "Ida," sung for us by Red Mackenzie, followed by "Dinah," sung by Peggy Healy, and then we wind
(Please turn to page 86)

The Month's Biggest Hits

"A Night with Paul Whiteman," including "Whispering," "Japanese Sandman," "Some of These Days," "Ida," "Dinah," "When Day Is Done," "St. Louis Blues," "Sweet Sue," "Mississippi Mud," "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," "Wabash Blues," and "Three O'Clock in the Morning." Played by Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra. (Victor)

"TWENTY MILLION PEOPLE," fox trot —played by Wayne King and his orchestra. (Brunswick)

STANDING IN

FOR BEAUTY

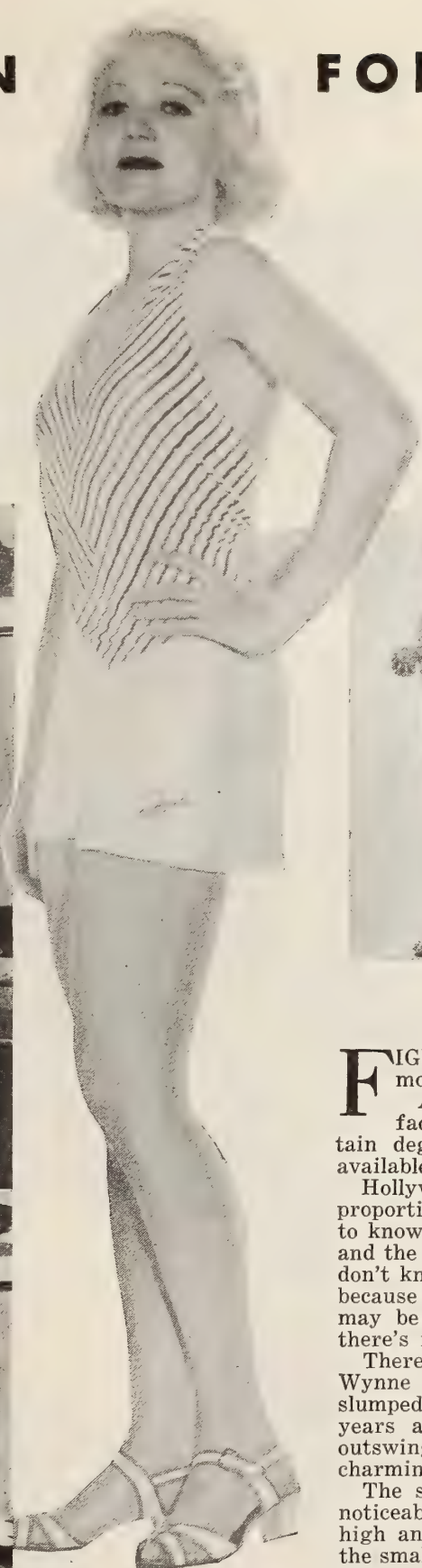
Figures mean more than faces in the movie world. —Here's a new way to acquire a movie figure.

BY ANN BOYD

Wynne Gibson shows you three ways to stand, but only one is right. Don't slump or throw your shoulders back in exaggerated fashion. Stand tall, but take it easy as in the photo at the left.



Wide World



Sit as Alice White sits in the upper photo. Don't slump or sit crookedly, as in the lower photo.

FIGURES or faces? Which are most important?

Any star will tell you that while facial beauty is necessary to a certain degree there are no kleig lights available to the girl with a poor figure.

Hollywood asks more than perfect proportions. Studios expect their stars to know the right way to stand and sit and the right way to walk. And if they don't know they've got to learn. That's because they realize that measurements may be right but if posture is wrong there's no gain.

There's one right way to stand. Wynne Gibson shows you how. Not slumped in débutante fashion of several years ago; but not with exaggerated outswing our grandmothers thought charming.

The shoulders are held back but not noticeably so. The abdomen is held high and flat and there's an incurve at the small of the back but it's not a sharp curve.

The girl who wants to look well when she sits and to have her clothes show off to best advantage can take a tip from Alice White who doesn't sit stiffly, mind you, but at the same time doesn't let her whole body sag when she finds a chair. You can see the effect of a slumped crooked position in the other picture.

If you yearn (Please turn to page 85)

Give Me Delicious



The chef showed Miss Angel how to make Waldorf salad with nuts, raisins, apples and watercress, and her mother is keen about the new jellied desserts.

I LOVE American food!" exclaimed Heather Angel, when I met her at luncheon in the studio café. "And it always amuses me to see the way some Americans go out of their way to eat at Chinese and Japanese and Russian or Italian restaurants, and to learn how to make foreign dishes, when their own thoroughly American food is so good. Why, in England and even in France it's quite a treat to have American food and women are proud to be able to cook something in the American manner."

Miss Angel was mixing her own salad, a trick taught her by the chef of the café. She has been away from England such a short time that everything here is a novelty to her.

"One reason I like American dishes," she explained, "is because I am not a very heavy eater and the food here is so much daintier than it is in England. Some of the dishes over here fascinate me. I like particularly

American Food

says
**HEATHER
ANGEL**



She likes light, luscious American cakes better than heavy English puddings.



Directions for securing recipe circulars are found on page 87.

**She's told her friends at home
about our salads and desserts**

this salad. It has nuts, raisins, apples, celery and watercress in it—with lettuce and mayonnaise. The chef told me it was a Waldorf salad. I shall remember to tell my friends about it at home where so little thought is usually given to making salads.

"And have you ever noticed," Miss Angel asked, "how much easier it is to get simple things that are at the same time appetizing, well seasoned and digestible here than it is in England? Plain, simple meals at home are so likely to be heavy and unappetizing. There we have such heavy home-made puddings. They are a part of almost every dinner. Suet puddings, bread puddings with rich sauces. During the cold, damp weather we have puddings with lots of fat in them. Over here your desserts are lighter and you eat more salads and green vegetables."

When we asked Miss Angel for some of her favorite recipes she admitted that she didn't know much about

cooking. "People sometimes give me recipes," she said, "and I take them home and Mother has the dishes prepared. We want to try everything."

Someone told Mother about a new jellied dessert served on glass plates and garnished with slices of fresh fruit. It's perfectly delicious and it looks as good as it tastes. And then your American cakes—chocolate cake and sponge cake. Mother has recipes for dozens of them, which she intends to send back to her friends in England who are all becoming more and more interested in American ways of cooking.

Because of this wide-spread interest in American cooking we have made a selection of the best recipes for typically American dishes. Here they are:

1. Favorite American cakes
2. Favorite American pies
3. American salads
4. New England dishes
5. Southern dishes
6. Sandwiches
7. American meat dishes
8. American fish dishes.

BOX OFFICE CRITICS

Letters Every Producer Should Read

Cover Suggestion: I have often wondered why all motion picture magazine publishers invariably have an actress's picture on the cover. I presume the majority of fans do enjoy seeing a pretty girl's picture, but I'm sure there are others who will agree with me that it would be nice occasionally to find their favorite male star's photo as a cover design. Some of my choices



"Una Merkel doesn't need to be starred, because she steals every picture which she appears in."

would be Leslie Howard, Robert Montgomery, John Boles and Melvyn Douglas. . . . I would also like to voice an opinion in regard to "The Merry Widow." I agree with Marie Yeager and H. B. Kroeger concerning Joan Crawford in the title rôle. I think the ideal heroine and hero for this musical



"My first choice for 'The Merry Widow' would be Jeanette MacDonald and John Boles. My second choice would be Irene Dunne and John Boles."

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Make them short and snappy—and tell why you do not like someone or something. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

comedy (operetta) would be Jeanette MacDonald and John Boles or Irene Dunne and Mr. Boles. Another choice—before Joan Crawford—would be Bebe Daniels. Who can forget her in "Rio Rita"?—Miss Hazel E. Decker, 1156 West 28th Street, Erie, Penna.

(Editor's Note:—Jeanette MacDonald, signed on a long-term contract by M-G-M, will do "The Cat and the Fiddle" with Ramon Novarro and "The Prisoner of Zenda" with Nelson Eddy. She probably will be cast for "The Merry Widow" later on.)

More of Classics: We represent a group of senior high school students from the Rutland High School of Rut-



"Barbara Stanwyck is one of the finest actresses on the screen—and she gets some of the worst rôles."

land, Vermont. To us has been given the privilege of writing this letter for the class.

We have been studying "Quentin Durward" by Sir Walter Scott and, during the course of our study, we had a very enthusiastic discussion on what an excellent moving picture this book would make.

Also, we remarked that if the motion picture studios made more movies of the books read by high school students, the books would be doubly appreciated, as well as bringing a larger attendance to the theaters throughout the United States. "Quentin Durward" has been so interesting to us that we feel it will certainly appeal to many other people also, if they have the opportunity to see it on the screen.

If you could arrange to have this letter published, so that it would come to the attention of the motion picture studios and producers, you would be obliging us greatly.—Harriet Carsanes and Bernard Mulqueen.



"Cary Grant! What a smile! What a voice! What a sweetheart he'd make for any girl."

Off One's Chest: I think this is a delightful way to "get it off your chest." May I suggest that:

I'd like to put a bomb under Karen Morley. Just to muss her up. Just once.

Lee Tracy ought to try a different type of rôle. Excellent as he is, how do we know he isn't just a rubber stamp?

As a staunch admirer I'd like to promote bigger and better rôles for the glamorous Myrna Loy.

And, mostly, I want to suggest and suggest and even plead—get Garbo back!—Mrs. Carolyn Manheimer, 165 East Market Street, Long Beach, Long Island, N. Y.

(Editor's Note: Garbo is back. Watch for her in "Queen Christina.")

Stars and Moustachios: If the following actors and actresses are supplied with good stories and the proper direction, they will rise from the supporting cast, to the featured player or star of tomorrow. The actors: Lyle Talbot, Theodore Von Eltz, Donald

(Please turn to page 74)

FAN-LETTER FAVORITES OF THE MONTH

Helen Hayes
Janet Gaynor
Jean Harlow
Norma Shearer
Lee Tracy
Myrna Loy
Fredric March
Mae West
Katharine Hepburn
Joan Crawford
Clark Gable
Clark Keeler

FAVORITE PICTURES

"42nd Street"
"State Fair"
"Cavalcade"

HINTS FROM THE FANS

Give us more young players!
More romance and music!
Cast Jeanette MacDonald in
"The Merry Widow"!

A Very Close Call



HAVE you ever escaped death by the fraction of a second when you thoughtlessly stepped almost directly into the path of a fast moving automobile? Or when you thought you were careful in crossing a street, has a car ever whirled around a corner, missing you by inches? That time you were lucky.

In this country, forty pedestrians are killed every day by moving cars and eight hundred are injured — some of them maimed for life.

Thirty-five pedestrian accidents occur every hour — that is the present daily average.

Reckless drivers are directly responsible for part of this daily tragedy, but the majority of such accidents are the result of carelessness or thoughtlessness of pedestrians.

Although the safety training of children by some schools has helped to prevent many accidents, about ten children are still being killed every day. Even effective signals and alert traffic officers at

ARE YOU A SAFE WALKER ?

To how many of these questions can you answer NO?
Do you: NO YES

1. Step out carelessly from behind parked cars or obstructions? — —
2. Try to weave through traffic? — —
3. Cross streets diagonally? — —
4. Get off and on vehicles in moving traffic? — —
5. Cross streets without observing traffic? — —
6. Cross at intersections against the light? — —
7. Stand in the street? — —
8. Allow your child to play in the streets? — —
9. Walk with instead of against traffic on the road or highway? — —
10. Fail to use particular care at night? . . — —

crowded street corners are powerless to help the persons who step out from behind a parked car.

Your safety and the safety of every member of your family, when crossing a street or walking on a highway, depends on the development of a fixed habit which must become second nature: Make certain that the road is clear before you take a step.

Will you uphold the teachers who are training the children to watch for the "Go" and "Stop" signals—and will you obey traffic regulations provided for your own safety?

Send for the Metropolitan's booklet "The Safe Walker's Memo Book." It tells of the constant dangers which threaten those on foot—how you and yours can be safe walkers. Address Booklet Department 833-B.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Box Office Critics

(Continued from page 72)

Cook, Richard Powell, Victor Jory, Randolph Scott, Richard Cromwell, Herbert Mundin, Creighton Chaney, Buster Crabbe. And the actresses: Glenda Farrell, Wynne Gibson, Helen Vinson, Frances Dee, Shirley Grey, Jean Parker, Polly Walters, Judith Wood, Eleanor Holm and Edith Roark. . . . The wearing of a mustache completely changes the personality of Theodore Von Eltz and hence fits him to play any number of characters. But it does not always effect that change in others, as evident in the case of Phillips Holmes, Fredric March, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., or even Clark Gable. Their facial lines and angles do not blend with the mustache to create a new personality.—Lyle Oberwise, 1573 N. Prospect Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

Laughter in South: Jim Tully's "Laughter in Hell" was responsible for considerable laughter through the South recently when it was shown here in the form of a motion picture.

It was fantastic in its description of convict lives on the chain gangs of the southern states.

Of course it is willingly admitted that there are chain gangs in some states of the South, including South Carolina, but so far as I know (and I have visited quite a number) none of these compels its prisoners to wear balls attached to their chains. And if Mr. Tully had taken the trouble to investigate the laws of these states he would undoubtedly have learned that the death penalty is carried out by electrocution and not by hanging as he pictured in his story. And this is handled by the state, not the county.

Better stick to interviewing the stars, Mr. Tully, and leave play-writing to playwrights.—B. H. Davis, 703 Rhett Street, Greenville, S. C.

Appreciation: Emil Jannings, I must admit, is really a good actor, but he is not so very great and versatile as it is thought. The fact is that—although his acting technique may be of a superior type, he repeats himself too much! Regardless of the fact, many people simply go crazy over Jannings and forget that even in the United States there are very good actors. The real trouble is that they don't know how to appreciate them for what they really are. Take the late Lon Chaney for instance. He was well known as a make-up genius, but few people regarded him as the remarkable actor he unmistakably was! Just think of his admirable portrayal of *Singapore Joe* in "The Road to Mandalay," and so many others; that should convince you. However barely two years after his untimely death Lon Chaney, the great, the one real actor who lived his creations on the screen, is almost forgotten altogether except in the hearts of a few faithful fans who feel that he can never be replaced. The trouble is you don't give credit to those who really deserve it. Jacinto Dos Reis Moniz Silva Rua do Conde No. 14, Santa Luzia, Angra do Heroismo, Ilha Terceira-Acores, Portugal.

Bring On Youth: Why is it that so many young players whom we see once, twice and perhaps three times, and come to like and enjoy, stop playing suddenly and that is the last we see or hear of

them? For example, Richard Cromwell and Jean Arthur. Jean was my first screen crush and still is, although I have others but I haven't seen her for ages. My brothers and I talked about her for weeks after seeing "Flying High" and "Lawyer's Secret."

For quite a while Dick Cromwell played, but recently we don't hear or see anything of him. In "Emma" with Marie Dressler he was grand.

Of course, the younger fans don't really wish to push the older, more experienced players, out of pictures, but we do wish that you would keep our young favorites. High school boys and girls do like the Barrymores, Hayeses, Crawfords and Beerys but we want to see something that (by a stretch of

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1933 in the films.

Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards.

These letters may be addressed to either The People's Academy or to the Dollar-Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

You are the judge and the jury. Write us what you think.

The medals will be given for the following:

- 1—Best all-around feature picture
- 2—Best performance (actress)
- 3—Best performance (actor)
- 4—Best musical picture
- 5—Best human interest picture
- 6—Best mystery picture
- 7—Best romance
- 8—Best comedy
- 9—Best short reel picture
- 10—Best news reel picture
- 11—Best direction
- 12—Best story

imagination) could happen to us now, not ten years from now. So give us our young players back.—Miss Agnes Mackie, 507 Pinallas St., Clearwater, Florida.

Garbo's Feet: As one unaccustomed to the ways of radiodom (or radiodumb), I fail to savvy the recent persecution of Greta Garbo anent her feet, big shoes, etc., etc. In one evening, I heard no less than three announcers and comedians make supposedly funny cracks about the size of her shoes. If her feet are so big, can it be that they have just now noticed it? There must be a reason for this attack but, again, I fail to savvy.—Leo Zalucha, Bloomington, Ill.

Janet Gaynor has scored another success in "Tess of the Storm Country." In it she has rather more of an important part than Charles Farrell, and while she is quite up to her standard, the story is too old-fashioned to suit all the modern fans. Some of them are impatient to see her in a modern setting.

A short time ago she was said to be the most popular at the box office and that ought to be compelling proof of her worth.

Because she happens to be playing with Charles Farrell is no reason why any one should think that she is getting a divorce because of him. And he's a third year married man too. But Farrell or no Farrell, her private life will probably have no effect upon her matchless charm and vivacity.

Lets hope that her next picture will be a present day one, so that all of her numerous fans may be suited.—Mrs. Belle W. Drake, Idylease Inn, Newfoundland, New Jersey.

Everyone to His Taste: You don't dare print this because other movie magazines won't:

I hate Mickey Mouse or any other cartoon movies because they hurt my eyes with their constant flickering. Besides, they're silly and not always in good taste. When such a picture comes to the screen I shut my eyes until it's over. No, my eyes are not in bad shape! Karen Morley gives me the creeps! When producers give us pretty girls such as Phyllis Barry, Francis Dee and the types Cantor had in "The Kid From Spain," showing them for longer periods, the men will be more pleased. Miss Morley spoiled "Flesh" for me. Her type goes against my grain. Quite different is Marian Nixon, a honey if there ever was one. And, such a voice! Oh, boy! Connie Cummings is good, too.—C. Reiss, 2372 N. 3rd Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Garbo's Hair: Why does Garbo persist in wearing that wretched coiffure? I far prefer Jean Harlow's luscious wavy hair or Joan Blondell's cute bob to the miserable style Garbo wears. Perhaps it's her great name, "Garbo," that infers that she may do so without being criticized. Her acting is too superb to be marred by her hair. What do you think?—M. R. Himpelman, 18310 Marcella Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

He's a Meany: "42nd Street" sky rockets a new star into the Hollywood firmament. Al Jolson is an old meany for having hoarded those round, questioning eyes, that adorable nose, those provocative lips, that bell-like voice and those attractively active extremities. We are grateful to Warner Brothers for putting Ruby Keeler into circulation; let us hope it will be a long time before they declare a moratorium on Ruby's capabilities.—Mrs. M. V. Simko, 119 Hickory Street, Bridgeport, Conn.

For a Memorial: Do you not think it would be fitting and commendable for the stars of today collectively to erect and dedicate a memorial to those who have joined the "innumerable caravan"; to perpetuate for posterity the memory of Wallace Reid, Alma Rubens, Lon Chaney, Barbara LaMarr, Rudolph Valentino, Jeanne Eagels, Louis Wolheim, Mabel Normand, Milton Sills and the many others whose matchless talent and untiring efforts have emblazoned their names indelibly in the hearts of the movie-going public, and contributed so largely to the present exalted position of the cinema art?—Mrs. C. R. Pennington, 707 Acosta Street, Jacksonville, Florida.



Exclusive photograph by Harvey White

Franchot Tone, Hollywood's new sensation, being featured by M-G-M and slated for stardom. In spite of his name, he's one hundred per cent. American, unmarried, collegiate and a gay cavalier. You'll really get a good look at him with Loretta Young in "Lady of the Night."

Our Colonial Garden

We plan an appropriate background for our Colonial house

By BETSY CALLISTER

A CONVENIENT place to hang the clothes and a secluded corner for the rubbish cans, good views from the important windows, the right background for roof and wall, privacy from the neighbors, a pleasing appearance from the street, the proper contrast of sun and shade, a workable garage driveway—those are the things the architect really had his mind on when he planned the garden for our little Colonial house.

"Flowers?" he queried, a little absent-mindedly, his thoughts still fixed on his excellent arrangement of these practical details. "Oh, yes! Flowers, of course. You see"—and he ran his pencil along the left side of the ground plan—"I've left a good space for flower borders. Those New England Colonial houses wouldn't be complete without their flowers."

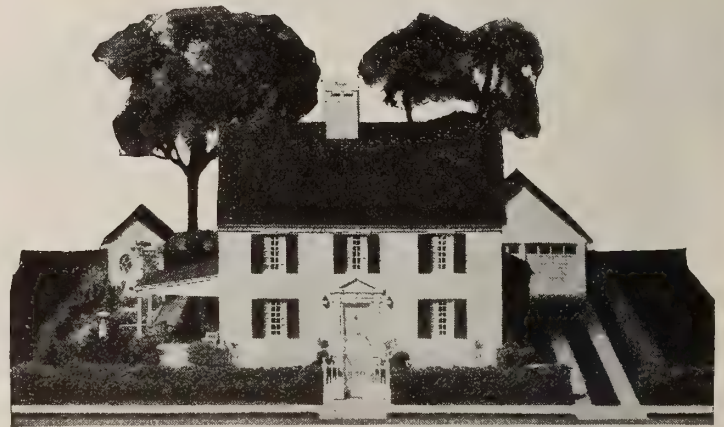
Of course no garden, however practical its arrangement may be, is complete without flowers. Not only do they keep our vases filled indoors for at least half the year, but they furnish the color and ornamentation that do so much to make the garden beautiful. Our Colonial ancestors understood that. And while the men of New England and the old South were planning and building the houses that still serve as models for our Colonial architecture, their wives and sisters and mothers were planning and planting lovely gardens. For in a new land where every man was needed for a man's work, flower tending fell to the women.

And it is to those old gardens, as authentically a part of our Colonial tradition as the houses they surrounded, that we have turned for inspiration in planning our garden.

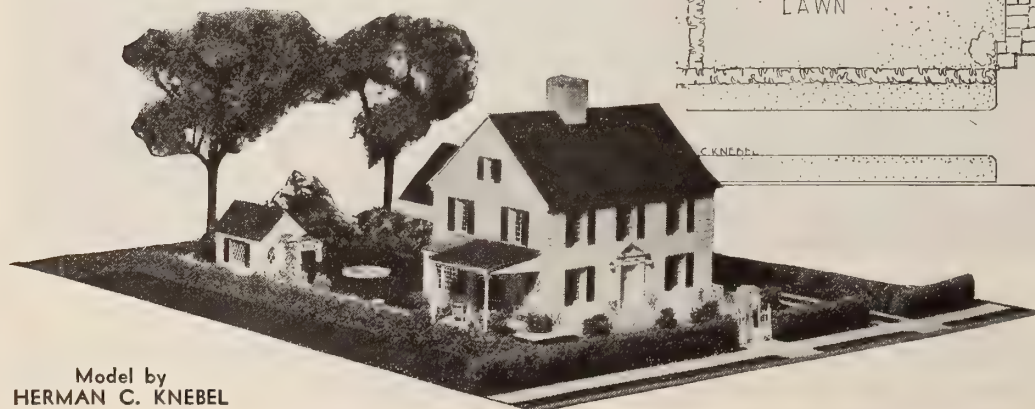
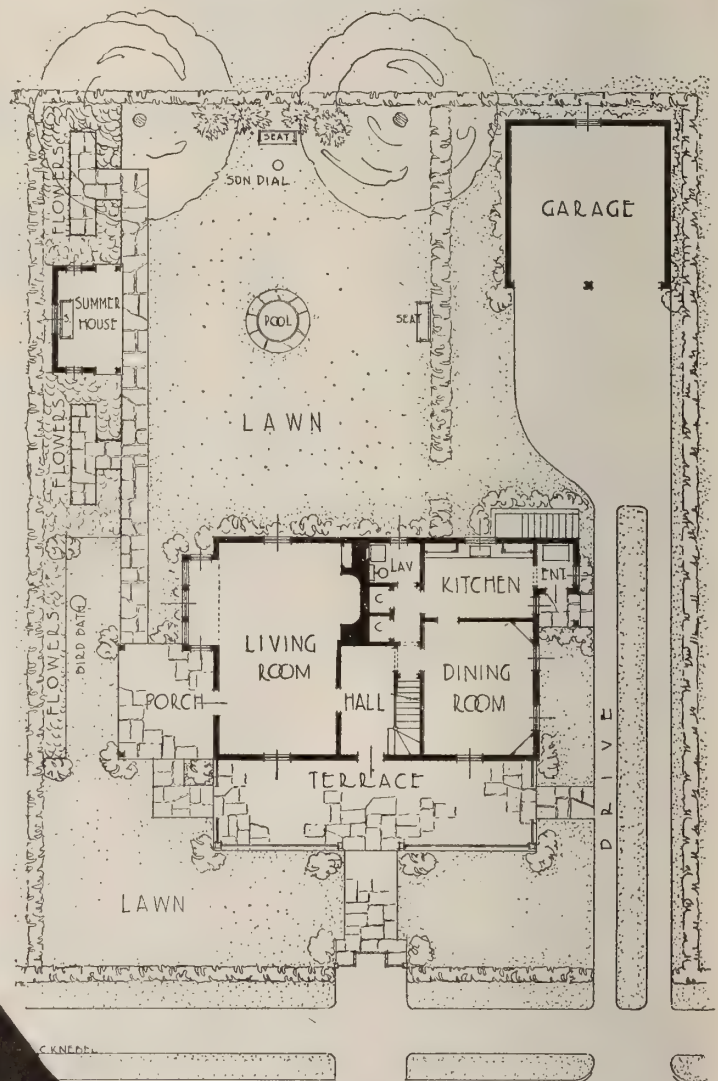
In our flower borders we have planted the annuals and perennials, the bulbs and shrubs, that the makers of those old gardens, two and three hundred years ago, knew and loved.

Mourning bride and bleeding heart, monkshood and lady's slipper, (Please turn to page 93)

Lily pond and summer house are shaded by tall trees at the back of the garden.



Privet hedge, quaint gate and flagstone terrace lend an air of simple dignity to the front of the house.



Model by
HERMAN C. KNEBEL

Planning before planting saves time and money even in the simplest garden.

EVER BORED
WITH
PLANNING
MEALS
?

FAMILY
FUSSY
ABOUT FOOD
?

HOT
WEATHER
DESTROYING
APPETITES
?

Hundreds.. of unusual recipes and menus add Zest to meals!

It may all seem simple enough to the menfolks but planning three meals every day . . . the kind your family enthuses over . . . is no trifling matter. Especially in hot weather when appetites must be coaxed.

So women welcome these helpful booklets and circulars, prepared by food experts to make meals easier and more exciting.

☐ Warm Weather Menus

Breakfasts, luncheons, dinners all planned for you . . . first course recipes that start a meal just right . . . salads full of vitamins . . . cold meat dishes . . . children's summer diet . . . desserts . . . party refreshments. 10c

☐ Camp and Tourist Cookery

Gypsy breakfast, lunch and dinner menus make camping easy . . . feeding children in camp . . . recipes for hearty dishes . . . camp-fire cooking . . . camp desserts. 10c

☐ Food That Men Like

Recipes that have a distinctive touch . . . breakfast breads . . . meat and meat substitutes . . . vegetables . . . popular desserts . . . confections and sweets . . . menus with a masculine air. 10c

☐ Food Children Like To Eat

Breakfast, lunch and dinner dishes with a flair for economy . . . refreshments for those vacation parties . . . candy and favorite desserts that remember food values. 10c

☐ All Purpose Menus for Three Weeks

Sixty-three appetizing, time-saving menus . . . rules for reducing and gaining . . . feeding children . . . non-acid and special diets. 10c

☐ How to Choose the Right Dessert

A list of 100 calory portions . . . recipes for delicious layer cakes, small cakes and cookies . . . favorite pies . . . ten choice gelatine desserts . . . puddings . . . ice box cakes and ways to use ice cream. 10c

☐ Fresh and Canned Fish in the Diet

Cocktails and appetizers that deserve their names . . . fish soups and chowders . . . main course fish dishes . . . salads . . . breakfast and luncheon dishes . . . sauces and garnishes for the finishing touch. 10c.

☐ 44 Easy, Economical Dinners

All kinds of menus . . . from left-overs to company dinners . . . each with some special little flourish that will add to your cooking reputation. 77 excellent recipes, too! 10c

☐ Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars

It's fun to fix recipes just like Irene Dunne or Clive Brook do. You can plan your entire menu from these recipes and have a real Hollywood dinner. 10c

☐ Reducing the Right Way

Height and weight chart . . . calory chart . . . menus that both reduce and satisfy . . . general exercise hints for reducing where you need it. 10c



HOW TO ORDER

Check the circulars you want, enclosing ten cents for each one, fill in coupon below and send the entire sheet to Tower Books, Incorporated.

**Tower Books, Incorporated,
Dept. B., 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.**

Please send me the helpful food circulars which I have checked above. I am enclosing 10 cents for each one I want.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

(Continued from page 14)

on for a "deviated septum," which may or may not be a new name for a divorce. Anyhow, it's a something that comes in the nose, and it may be more responsible than we know for that widespread aerial disease called "crooning."

Joan Crawford, relieved by the high courts of California—what a state—of the necessity of sitting up all night "talking" to Doug, Jr., is now able to devote two hours a day to the more restful occupation of acquiring a tan. Olive oil, she says, is a great help to the sun. I am told there isn't an inch of Joan's body that isn't a rich brown—but I wouldn't know about that. Neither will anybody else, if Joan can help it; for mindful of Greta Garbo's sad experience with the prying news photographer, she has curtained off a neat square on the Crawford de-



Miriam Goldina, star of the Soviet Government's Habinah Theater, Moscow, appearing with Sylvia Sidney and Donald Cook in Dreiser's "Jennie Gerhardt." If you like your acting Russian, don't miss her.



Photo by Wide World

Victor Jory (Fox will begin starring him soon) and his pal, Herb Fletcher, former actor and now Victor's secretary. Victor got ahead rapidly in pictures; Herb's luck wasn't so good. The two are inseparable, live together, work together and play together. So, until Herb gets his breaks, he's handling Victor's business affairs.

mesne with thick curtains like the ones I hid behind the last time I came West on "The Chief."

But one thing I'll say for Joan. We've had some swell divorces out here in Hollywood Hills, but Joan is the first one of the girls who has come into court accompanied by her cosmetician. The cosmetician's name, in case you may be needing one for your own divorce, is Mrs. Syb Jones.

"THE picture business is all shot," complained Estelle Taylor. "The producers bring foreign actresses over here and they make one picture. Then they are turned loose with no means of support so they grab our men. They are ruining Hollywood for us because no one can beat a foreign vampire."

Estelle takes a singing lesson every day and is working hard to-

ward a light-opera career. I never knew a girl to work as little as she does, want to work as much as she does and turn down as many offers as she does. She said, "Well, they want to make me play mothers all the time and I won't." She is making a test for "The Prisoner of Zenda" now.

EVERYONE in Hollywood rides a bicycle now. I saw Mae Clarke the other morning pedalling down the Boulevard with bare head and legs. Behind her was her mother on another bicycle and wearing slacks. Behind her was Mae's sister, Lorraine, in shorts, on still another bicycle.

ALTHOUGH Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow declare to anyone who will listen that their affair now is purely platonic, their friends are inclined to believe it is as serious as ever. At least, on Maureen's part. Johnny told her he would buy her a dog. "You may have your choice," he told her, "but you should take the dog that chooses you and not just a dog that you like best." So he turned loose a whole roomful of dogs. Maureen picked a Pekingese and refused to look at any of the others.

CHUCK REISNER, M-G-M director, is so wrapped up in his new Laguna Beach home that he wants to buy everything he sees for it. Recently he was on location in Sherwood Forest and saw a huge oak tree. Nothing would do but he must have that tree for his yard, so

he bought it and arranged with some professional tree movers to transplant it to Laguna. The tree was so large the movers had to get a permit to take it through the intervening towns and had to move it at night. It is now in his yard but it will be weeks before he can be sure it is alive.

MARTHA SLEEPER'S uncle, J. J. Murdock, owns five houses in a row in Beverly Hills and his relatives occupy all of them. There is a community backyard for the five residences, one housing a tennis court, one a swimming pool, another a croquet court. The others have flower gardens. You would know that the swimming pool is in Martha's back yard.

IF you liked Elliot Nugent in pictures, it's just too bad, because if he gets his wish, you won't see him on the screen again. He has been learning how to be a director for two years and, judging by the success of his first picture, "Whistling in the Dark," he was an apt pupil. His second picture is "Three-Cornered Moon" which he recently finished for Paramount.

AMONG the Irish children in "Peg O' My Heart" was little Mary O'Malley, daughter of Pat O'Malley. The children all worked several days and were then all dismissed except Mary. When she finished, a couple of days later, she found a crisp \$50 bill tucked in with her check.

IN front of a second-hand car lot in Hollywood is a sign on which is painted: "Drive the car formerly owned by Valentino." It is a foreign car and may be purchased for \$500, but for \$10 you may drive it. Its original price was about \$35,000.

Good-bye Hollywood! Good-bye everybody!



Photo by Wide World

Marion Burns and Kane Richmond, back from Sumatra, where they made a new adventure picture for Fox Films.

★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★



JANNETTA

HAIR NETS

Every Woman's Favorite

Wear Jannetta Hair Nets to keep your hair orderly and smart. Jannetta Hair Nets are hand-made of fine human hair, single or double mesh. They match all the natural hair colors, from blond to brunet and black, from grey to silver white. There's a Jannetta for every occasion, for long or bobbed hair.

No 26

Color Dark Brown

JANNETTA
REG. U.S. BRAND PAT. OFF.
HAIR NET

DOUBLE MESH
Guaranteed to be
ABSOLUTELY SANITARY

DOUBLE WEAR
Made of
REAL HUMAN HAIR

HAND MADE

CAP SHAPE



EVERY WOMAN'S FAVORITE

**VISIT OUR
• EXHIBIT •
AT THE CENTURY
OF PROGRESS
EXPOSITION IN
CHICAGO**

**5¢
Each**

**Sold
at many
F.W. WOOLWORTH CO
FIVE and TEN
CENT STORES**

Dick's Pal Speaks Up

(Continued from page 37)

"Wings," "Four Feathers," "Sea God" and "Touchdown" are his favorite pictures to date. He invariably wears gray suits and a slouch hat. It takes considerable persuasion for him to don a tuxedo. Personal appearances are his undoing. He abhors ritzy-labeled salads and prides himself on his flap-jacks.

HIS favorite attire, when at home, is a pair of greasy corduroys and a sweat shirt. Usually he can be found tinkering with his car. When talking, he runs his fingers through his hair and paces up and down. The divans at home and in his dressing-room are made to sprawl on with his feet hanging over the arms. Hollywood in general and actors in particular, he thinks, take themselves altogether too seriously.

He has played leads in nearly one hundred films. He remembers at least thirty others in which he played "atmosphere" at five dollars a day. He has been known to refuse stardom, preferring to remain a capable featured player without assuming the responsibility of an entire picture. His favorite ejaculation is "damn" but he knows several others. He is one of the few actors who employs no secretary or press agent. A Mexican woman keeps house and cooks for him and his wife.

MANY a beginner in the business owes his start to Dick Arlen. Dick will slay you if you mention it, however. This year he celebrates his tenth year in pictures. He came to Hollywood from the Texas oil-fields and lived on fourteen cents a day for two weeks while he beat ineffectually on studio gates.

He and Dick Grace, also down and out but destined to become the screen's greatest stunt man, lived in an abandoned chicken house in Laurel Canyon. Arlen had to break his leg outside the Paramount studio before his break in pictures came.

His Toluca Lake home is overrun with dogs. He cannot pass a pet shop without buying at least one canine.

"They look so homeless and friendless," he explains.

Last year he was ready to throw up everything and go to Hawaii. He even placed his home in the hands of real estate agents. He was dangerously ill with what he laughingly terms "Hollywooditis." He has a little white cottage overlooking the Pacific where he plans to retire.

Last year he lost some of the season's choicest rôles because his studio refused to lend him. Now his Paramount contract has a clause which specifies that he can accept rôles offered by other companies if and when he wishes.

HE thinks the talkies took all the fun out of picture making. Writing he considers the most satisfactory of professions because it ties you to no specific spot. But he prefers to "live" his stories rather than write them. He leaves Hollywood between pictures so that his perspective won't become distorted.

The most modest of men, Dick has an incomparable sense of values.

Poverty taught him to be economical, but no present is too costly for him to get for his wife. They were engaged two years before marrying. They wanted to make sure it was the real thing.

Charles Farrell introduced them to each other. Following the wedding, they established a trust fund for their prospective heirs. Dick believes children are man's only definite immortality.

Ostentation and pose have no place in this young actor's life, and he has no use for those who affect them. He admires modern youth greatly because of its wholesome candidness toward life. He believes, though, that the

public schools tend to stifle a youth's individualism.

GARY COOPER and Jack Oakie are his buddies. He doesn't believe that anyone who has not experienced failure can fully appreciate success. Necessity, he says, brings out the best or the worst in a man.

He appears to be serious-minded, even phlegmatic, but his rare charm and sense of humor are evident when you meet him. Standing before a sunset, he finds monetary wealth transitory. He believes that until this esthetic sense is awakened, man, as an entity, is pitifully inadequate and his sincerest effort is made futile.

ANNOUNCING . . .

The TYPE-SKETCH Winners

The winners of the Type-sketch awards, selected as having made the best portraits of Greta Garbo from a photograph that appeared in the May issue of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, are:

FIRST:

Harry D. Reese, 5514 West Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., who receives the \$25 award.

SECOND:

Ray Erlenborn, who failed to send his address. If he will communicate with the Editor, he will receive the second prize of \$10.

And the following ten \$1 awards:

Alicia J. Spalding, 632 Norfolk Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Nell Preston, 1408 Delafield Pl., N. W., Washington, D. C.

J. Louise Chapman, 86A Pleasant St., Worcester, Mass.

Marion Manion, 507 South Edgemore Drive, West Allenhurst, N. J.

Donald W. Gould, 151 South Boulevard, West Springfield, Mass.

Edna Clough, 181 North Seventeenth St., San Jose, Cal.

Miss Halpin Abbott, 311 South Oak Cliff Boulevard, Dallas, Tex.

Edythe Gorjup, 436 Main St., Renton, Wash.

Mary Ann Heppler, 13401 Ashburton Road, Cleveland, O.

Fannye Neal, State College, Mississippi.

Awards for the Type-sketches selected as the best of June Knight, made from a picture of the new Universal star that appeared in the June issue of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, will be announced in the September issue of this magazine, out August 9th.

Winners of the Claudette Colbert Type-sketch awards, made from the photograph of Miss Colbert that appeared in the July issue of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, will be announced in the October issue, out September 9th.

Movie Cook-Coos

(Continued from page 31)

NOW let's put the thing together for a quick synopsis.

A doctor and a débutante are in the mountains. The débutante and the doctor are "of a different race." It was just our luck to have an off-color doctor. Oh, well—it can't be helped now. One of them is "stricken by sickness." Which shall it be? Just for a novelty let's have the doctor under the weather. Appendicitis or acidosis? Who knows? Now "one must risk life to save another." Of course there's nothing to do but let the débutante take the risk. A débutante who wouldn't take a risk wouldn't be much of a débutante. She's away up thar in the mountains with a sick doctor on her hands. Perhaps he tells her to hurry down the mountains and see if she can borrow a spoonful of sodium bicarbonate. Or, better still, fetch a doctor for the doctor. (Right here there's a chance to steal dialogue from "Love Me Tonight.") The doc can say, "Would you go for a doctor?" And she can say, "And how!" Now the débutante is going for a doctor—slithering down the mountainside, chased by big boulders, which shall be our menace. And now for the climax, which you recall was Number Eleven—"a mistake has been made in the parentage of a character." That's tough. And likely to violate the Hays code. But it can be worked out. For example the débutante stumbles upon a hill-billy band, and gets to playing the harmonica. And forgets all about the doctor—who can be heard faintly in the distance yodeling for help. But the débutante just takes another swig from a jug and goes on playing the harmonica—thus proving the contention that, in a crisis, "a mistake was made in her parentage."

On reading our scenario synopsis over it sounds pretty bad. But that ought not to stand in the way of production. It seldom does.

I wish I was a newsreel man
I'd gain undying fame,
As the first one of my craft
To shoot a pretty dame,
Reclining on a steamer chair
On the high blue seas
With her shapely limbs uncrossed
And skirts below her knees.

And it seems there are just two kinds of unhappy actors: those who can't find privacy, and those who can't find anything else.

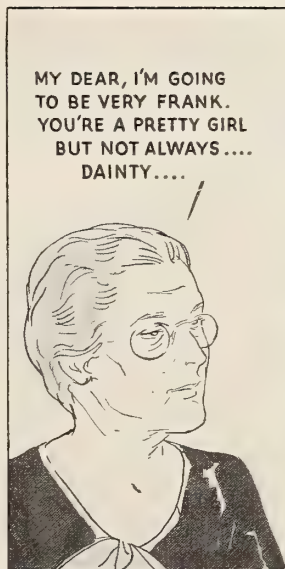
"Did you know," inquires a chatter item, "that it takes Boris Karloff five hours to put on his make-up for 'The Ghoul' which he is making at Gaumont studios in England?"

Our Mr. Karloff is a boy
Who's really making good;
He's forging on and upward
As all shifty actors should.

At first he took but two or three
Hours to put on his make-up;
But now, my children, five full hours
For make-up he can take up.

But should he be content with five?
"No! No!" we loudly roar.
In fact, it's quite all right with us
If he takes twenty-four.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE



WE ALL PERSPIRE
...A QUART DAILY

...EVEN MORE
ON HOT DAYS...

DON'T RISK "B.O."
—BATHE REGULARLY
WITH LIFEBOUY

Its purifying lather keeps complexions lovely, too

LIFEBOUY lather gets you extra-clean from head to toe! It guards your personal daintiness — guards your skin beauty, too. That's because it purifies the pores. Wash with it daily — see your complexion grow clearer, fresher, younger!

Lifebuoy's hygienic, quickly-vanishing scent is your assurance of real "B.O." (body odor) protection.

Stars I Have Loved

(Continued from page 39)

Laura La Plante's Good Nature

LAURA LA PLANTE is the best-natured girl of them all. She is always like every other girl on the set; there is never any idea of her being the star. And what common sense! With all the glamour and the unreality about her, she never loses that.

She is thoroughly feminine and vivacious. She is very cool and poised with it all, yet kind and understanding, with no excess of emotional expression. A well-balanced person, I should say.

If I were really married to Laura, I should expect an evenly ordered life. If Laura got angry, I'd be sure it was with cause. But I never saw her angry. She settles all her little difficulties with frank, even-tempered discussion, seasoned with diplomacy.

Lois Wilson's Stepbrother

LOIS WILSON is a nice girl—sweet and kind and thoughtful of others. She is the kind of girl I could be a step-brother to. Life with Lois, if one were married to her, should be serene and comfortable. And a man would be proud of her.

But You Couldn't Be a Brother to Joan!

BUT a man couldn't be a brother to Joan Crawford, not by a long sight! While she is a colossal egoist, she has all the requisites for a mother of men! She is completely fascinating.

I always had the feeling somehow that Joan wasn't quite honest with herself. She always struck me as being insincere. I don't know why.

Joan dramatizes everything that happens to her. Everything is of vital importance to her happiness. She takes herself too seriously.

I think a man married to Joan would have to put up with whims and with some other small faults, including occasional unexplained attacks of coolness. But probably she would be worth it all!

Constance Fascinates—But Frightens a Man

CONSTANCE BENNETT is great fun and very charming—but she frightens me!

She is too self-assertive. I am old-fashioned enough to feel that the man should be the provider; should go out and earn the living by the sweat of his brow. You never feel you could do anything about Constance's self-assertiveness. But on the other hand, while she is aggressive, she is fair-minded. If, for instance, you beat her at a retort, or if you steal a scene from her in a picture, she takes it like a good sport.

But Constance did me as much good as any girl I ever worked with. She did me good because she gave me the idea that if a woman could do all she could do through determination and grit, certainly a man could do as much. She is very stimulating.

I couldn't be married to Connie, I think. Though she would constantly be egging a man on to higher things, better achievements, it seems to me she might irritate him in the process. However, sit down and stagnate he never would. I have been more suc-

cessful ever since I worked with her.

You Can't Classify Clara Bow

CLARA BOW simply defies analysis. I wouldn't attempt it. She seems one moment a completely sophisticated person, the next a little girl, full of the eagerness of life. You never can predict her moods.

She is a great deal softer off the screen than on. She is vivacious in a hoydenish way that is amusing.

I should think that a man married to Clara would have to be master—but in a nice way.

Helen Hayes Makes No Demands

HELEN HAYES is swell—a swell girl! I am not just shouting for

her because everybody else is, either, but just telling you how I found her.

She is simple and unassuming. She has no bungalow on wheels, and there are no secretaries and maids and chauffeurs standing around. Yet I stood in awe of her. The verities of life seem to mean everything to her, sham nothing. She seems to be a wonderful mother. I think she takes life as it comes, without too much apprehension, yet with forethought. She is a thoroughly cultured person.

Helen never forgets the axiom, "The well-bred person never forgets that *amour-propre* is universal." She makes you feel when you are talking to her that you are the only person in the world. And she makes no demands.

She has an immense curiosity as to what is going on in the world about her, and stops to talk to everybody who can tell her anything.

She is always looking on the bright side of things, and is also ready to see the funny side.

She is the most wonderful actress I have ever played with. She creates an illusion of reality out of nothing. She so thoroughly takes you in, in a scene with her, that you forget it is a job. She carries you right along with her. You feel tremendously real all the time you are acting.

I think that in marriage Helen would demand just treatment, but no more. She would be fair-minded and ambitious for her husband. You couldn't fool her, though.

Ann Harding is Honest

ANN HARDING knows what she wants from life and takes it quietly. She is the quintessence of feminine virtues, to me—beauty, grace, lovely mind, glorious voice, poise, dignity, kindness, thoughtfulness.

She has a tremendous amount of earnestness and sheer honesty. I shouldn't imagine she has an enemy in the world, for she can always put herself in the other person's place. Her training and discipline as the daughter of an army officer really counted in the forming of her character, I think.

She has not a lovely figure, but she has a lovely walk. She has the loveliest hands I have ever seen.

Ann would, I am sure, give her husband every chance to show himself manly. But if he failed, it would be just too bad for him.

Myrna Loy is a Sphinx

MYRNA LOY was my mistress in a picture. I found you cannot understand Myrna. She is a sphinx. She won't talk. She is the direct opposite of what she appears to be on the screen. She was always seducing me in the picture. But off the screen she is reserve and dignity personified, glacially reserved, even.

A man married to Myrna would always be wondering what she was thinking about!

I HAVE been in love—at the moment—with all my leading ladies. You cannot pour out the inner secrets of your heart and mind, even if those secrets have been made to order for you by the author, without being just a little taken in yourself!

MIRIAM HOPKINS Wears Striped Gingham Beach Pajamas



She revels in their cool freshness and takes a personal interest in the way they are laundered, realizing that careless treatment will make their colors dim and spoil the fine quality of the texture. She, too, has had her laundry problems. What are yours? If you have any questions on this important subject of keeping your summer clothes fresh and unfaded and spotless, write our Home Service Editor, The NEW MOVIE Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. She will be glad to answer your questions personally and send you a free copy of our circular on up-to-date home laundry methods.

Crosspatch

(Continued from page 43)

married very young and every day for four years I posed for my artist-husband. But we couldn't make enough to pay the grocery bills, so I set out to earn some money. George Edwards signed me as understudy for Marie Temple, in "The Artist's Model," and Daniel Frohman, seeing the operetta in London, engaged me for his New York production. I started out excitedly.

"My boat docked at noon on Christmas day and the opening matinee was scheduled for two o'clock that afternoon. Well, I made it. I was a beautiful girl in those days and I guess everything went off pretty well, for the papers next morning called me 'The Toast of Broadway.' I was twenty-two then, and have been on the stage for thirty-three years. Count that up for yourself, if you care to, and see how old I am."

For a moment she looked wistfully into the long mirror, "Rather a joke that now, after the years have taken so much from me that I'm being photographed, as I act. What might I have been on the screen—at twenty-two!"

THIS mood quickly passed and she went on: "I remained with the Frohman stock company for nine years, glorious years and a grand era—we lived at top speed. We had a marvelous time. These are my most precious memories.

"During the thirty-three years I have been on the stage I have not been out of contract thirty-three weeks. Perhaps my versatility is responsible, for I could play drama, comedy or step into musical shows. Then, I went into character rôles. I've never been typed and have played every character from grand duchess to charwoman.

"After years of successes, I was in twenty consecutive failures on Broadway! Now, at least, eighteen of these were fine productions and should have had long-run records. But the depression killed them before they could really get started. Well, after the twenty flops I came to pictures and played my original stage rôle in Gloria Swanson's film, 'Tonight or Never,' and," she added, with a flourish of her expressive hand, "I was off on my screen career.

"Just finished 'Song of Songs.' You won't like me; I don't like myself, for I'm a shrewish old aunt who messes up Marlene Dietrich's romances. Next, I'm to do 'Don't Call Me Madame,' and it will be the first time Mary Boland and I have been together since our thirty-eight weeks' run in 'The Torch Bearers.' I know we'll have a swell time.

"I want to keep right on acting on either stage or screen as long as I can. Why, I'll hobble around in character parts to my last breath, if they will only let me. What in the world would I do if I stopped—acting?"

SHE considers Fredric March and Charles Laughton the finest actors on the screen today. She also admires Lionel Barrymore tremendously and she thinks Mae West is one grand actress and very clever.

"But," she exclaimed, with a naughty wink, "be sure and say that the worst actress I ever knew was Alison Skipworth!"

She thought *If he would only ask me!*



He thought *If it weren't for that one thing!*

"**W**HY has he lost interest? Why do I fail to please him? Why doesn't he care as he did at first? Why... why...?"

She has watched the admiration in his eyes turn to disinterest—and does not dream that just *one thing* has offended him.

Nothing so quickly and surely disillusioned a man about a girl as the lack of a certain personal daintiness—as the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

A girl may not realize that she offends in this way, but she pays the penalty just the same!

This morning's bath, you know, cannot protect you from tonight's perspiration odor. The underarms must have special, more lasting care for *that*.

The quickest, easiest way to give your underarms the care they need is just to use Mum when you dress for the day.

Mum is so easy to use—takes only half a minute! No fuss, no effort. As simple as powdering your nose.

And if you should forget to use it while dressing, you can use it afterwards, any time. For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing and cooling to the skin, too. Indeed, you can use it right after shaving the underarms!

Mum doesn't interfere with natural perspiration. It simply absorbs all unpleasant body odors.

Don't ever run the risk of underarm odor. It has ruined more than one girl's chances of happiness. Make sure of daily daintiness, with Mum! All toilet counters have Mum, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS. Careful women use Mum on sanitary napkins. It gives complete protection from unpleasantness.

A NURSE SPEAKS *frankly*



By a well known nurse
(NAME UPON REQUEST)

"FOR nearly twelve years I've been a nurse in some of America's leading hospitals. I have seen and heard a lot about ailments of the human body, but I never realized how often good health depends on regularity of the intestinal tract.

"An old professor of medicine used to say: 'There are many wrong ways to do a thing, but only one correct way', and that applies particularly to laxatives.

"I was surprised to learn how many people used wrong kinds of laxatives.

"The right kind of laxative should not over-stimulate the intestinal muscles. It should be mild and gentle, and, of course, it should be effective.

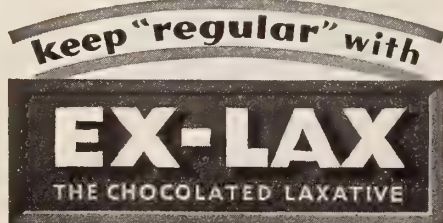
"Ex-Lax meets all these requirements, and I have heard many doctors say so to their patients. Many patients have told me what a delicious, pleasant and effective laxative they have found in Ex-Lax."

FOR 27 years Ex-Lax has been America's favorite laxative.

Ex-Lax is delightful to take because it tastes just like chocolate. It's gentle. It doesn't gripe. It's effective. It passes the waste matter out of the system *overnight*, without over-action.

So when Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax.

And insist on *genuine* Ex-Lax. Don't risk your health with imitations. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes.



The MAKE-UP BOX



Powder with matching lipstick and perfume.

IT'S nice to get things in pairs; it's even more fun to get them in threes. That's one of the reasons we're so excited about the new three-in-one package that came our way the other day. Powder, perfume and lipstick all to match. You know the perfume well; in fact it's one of the blends college boys prefer their prom queens to use, we learned via the questionnaire route. The powder is a matching fragrance and the lipstick too has the same fine flavor. You can get a variety of shades in both powder and lipstick.



Mascara on the tips of match sticks.

DID you ever try to darken your eyelashes with matches? Well, you must try it. Of course, not with ordinary matches but with these new mascara tipped match sticks that have just arrived on the market. They come in match case form with enough mascara at the tip of each stick for one make-up. You just dampen the end and apply it to your lashes. It's ever so easy—a lot of fun, really—and convenient, too. You can carry the little box in your purse or break off one of the mascara matches.

IF you keep your eyebrows shaggy rather than stand the pain of having them pruned out you'll be interested in the new painless automatic eyebrow tweezer. Beauty salons all over the country are putting in this new machine with a motor that pulls the tweezers back and forth as the operator moves it over the skin. The

tweezers are blunt at the tips and cannot pull up any flesh, but will pick up hairs that the operator herself can't see.

JUST when we can show our hair off to the best advantage it's likely to get streaked and dry and will o' the wispish. All the more reason to take care of it. And we've found just the thing. A new individual shampoo—a packet of egg shampoo and one of lemon rinse. You dissolve the shampoo in hot water then apply half to the hair and scalp for the first washing and the rest for the second. The rinse is stirred into a bowl of tepid water for the final dip.

YOU will be as pleased as we were to learn about a sure and soothing way to relieve sunburn. We found out recently that a product used and prescribed by doctors is now available to our readers in three handy forms—liquid, powder or ointment, as you choose. Sunburn is a form of burning and can be just as harmful, unless properly cared for. This will do it—and—it's fine for insect bites, too.



An egg shampoo and lemon rinse.

Write for a copy of the August *Make-up Box* if you would like to know the names and prices of the articles described here as well as news about other new products. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Beauty Editor, *Make-up Box*, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Eyebrows tweezed painlessly with a new machine.

Standing in for Beauty

(Continued from page 69)

to cross your legs when you sit down, cross them at the ankle, not the knee. Walk toes straight ahead with a swinging stride. Move from the hips rather than let the knees do all the work.

If you're walking in a city street with your best bib and tucker on don't swing your arms. But when you're in the park, walking along a country road or dressed in sports clothes, let your arms swing free as you step along. And always keep your head held high. Just knowing the right way to stand and reminding yourself to stand up once or twice a day isn't enough. If you haven't the time (and who of us has?) to do just nothing but stand right for hours, days and weeks, you'll need help. You'll need assistance from your shoes anyway. Of course there are occasions when a spike-heeled shoe, we women being what we are, seems the only possible right shoe for the occasion. But poorly made, illfitting shoes can give us more foot troubles, more posture troubles than almost anything we can think of and in addition they will etch lines on your face, give you that pained expression and may be the underlying cause of neuritis and other difficulties.

You can get shoes that are smart and yet correctly built to give your foot the right support both for walking and standing, and prevent foot trouble from ever getting a good start.

Orthopedic shoes, designed to correct foot troubles that have already got a head start, are being designed with style and smartness in mind, too. Of course, if you let your foot troubles develop, eventually you will have to wear extreme corrective shoes which cannot make any claims to attractiveness.

Your foot has two arches, the long arch extending lengthwise of the foot—the one you think of when fallen arches are mentioned—and the short or metatarsal arch extending crosswise back of the toe joints. Both need proper support and there is a shoe that gives support to both with a strong steel shaft for the longitudinal arch and a rubber button to hold the metatarsal. At the same time these shoes have the flexibility of a hand turned sole as well as smartness and style value. There are shoes designed to give special attention to fallen arches to incurving ankles and bunions, too.

Your figure also needs the support of a well-made corset if you have allowed your muscles to slump—a corset that will help hold them in place, swing your spine in position and keep it there.

You'll notice an immediate change in your measurements, too, when you put on well-built shoes and get into your new corset. To help the posture work along there are several good exercises that won't take the weight down necessarily but will better the measurements. Some of these can be done on rowing machines and other mechanical exercisers.

Our August Make-up Box has smart new exercises for those who want good posture, as well as news notes on cosmetics and further details about shoes and corsets. Send a three-cent stamp to Ann Boyd, care of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., for your copy.

A Remarkable Offer!



HAVE YOU SEEN THOSE NEW NON-LEAKABLE PERFUME CONTAINERS? THEY CERTAINLY ARE HANDY TO CARRY IN YOUR PURSE—SO NEAT AND SO EASY TO KEEP FILLED!

WHY YES!—I KEEP ONE IN MY HANDBAG ALL THE TIME. THEN I'M SURE OF ALWAYS HAVING ENOUGH OF MY FAVORITE PERFUME—READY TO USE WHENEVER I WISH.

for **EVERY**
WOMAN'S PURSE

OPEN

CLOSED

Just send your name and address with the top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH perfume container wanted. Use the handy coupon below.

A Glorious Feeling to your body IMMEDIATELY!

Would you like to have your skin feel soft and smooth as a rose petal simply by taking a most soothing pleasant bath?

Merely dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your tub—bathe as usual, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin!

The rarest velvet couldn't be more soft and smooth!

Perfumed LINIT is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores. Unscented LINIT in the familiar blue package is sold only by grocers.



*The Bathway to a
Soft, Smooth Skin*

THIS OFFER GOOD IN U. S. A. ONLY
AND EXPIRES NOVEMBER 15, 1933

Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. TM-8, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York

Please send me.....perfume containers. Color(s) as checked below. I enclose \$.....and.....LINIT package tops.

☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Red ☐ Blue ☐ Green ☐ Ivory

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

YES! There's a trick to washing matelassé fabrics



WOOL

COTTON

RAYON

COTTON

I'll take you into the secret!

So many women ask me, "Will the matelassé fabrics wash? Will they lose their crinkle? Will they shrink? Will they stretch?" My answer is—*"they'll wash nicely if you wash them correctly!"* Here is my simple recipe.

Watch the soap!

Don't use harsh soap. Don't use soap that is hard to rinse—that sticks to the crinkles and has to be *rubbed* out. Don't use hot water. Don't use soap that needs hot water to dissolve it—you might not cool the suds enough!

USE IVORY SNOW. This fluffy form of pure, mild Ivory Soap is ideal for matelassés. It is not cut into hard, flat flakes, but **BLOWN** into swiftly dissolving soft, *round* bits. No danger of too-hot suds when you use Ivory Snow, because it melts *completely* in water that is just **LUKEWARM!**

Watch the rinse!

No soap spots to be rubbed out in the rinse when you use Ivory Snow! Ivory Snow has no flat pieces that can cling to fabrics and make soap spots. Keep the rinse water the same temperature as the wash water—just **LUKEWARM.**

Press up-and-down and crossways!

Roll garment in a thick towel to press out loose water. Then shake it out and pull it into shape. While still damp, place on a softly padded ironing board and press on the *wrong* side of the material with a moderately hot iron. Press both up-and-down and crossways until thoroughly dry.

KATHRYN MARTIN
Washability Expert

BIG BOX—ONLY 15¢
99 1/100% PURE

IVORY SNOW
The gentlest and most effective
detergent for all washing

Sound in the Movies

(Continued from page 68)

up with, "When Day is Done," played as a trumpet solo by Goldie. Now we'll just turn the record over and listen first to "St. Louis Blues," sung by Irene Taylor, then "Sweet Sue," sung by Jack Fulton. These are followed by "Mississippi Mud," sung by the Rhythm Boys, and "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," done by Jane Vance and Al Dary. Then we have a banjo solo by Mike Pingatore, "Wabash Blues," and the finale by the orchestra, which is "Three O'clock in the Morning." If that isn't enough entertainment on one record I'll give up. (This is Victor Record No. 39,000A.)

TWENTY MILLION PEOPLE" is our next tune. No doubt by the time you read this you will have heard plenty of it. This is from the picture, "Hello Everybody," and is played for us by Wayne King and his orchestra. As Maestro King is noted for his sweet style, I don't think you will find any fault with the recording. I especially liked the clarinet work in this one.

The other side is also by Mr. King and his boys and is another tune from the same picture, the "Moon Song." (This is Brunswick record No. 6474.)

THE Hotel Commodore Orchestra is our next contributor, and the first tune we hear is "Let's Call It a Day," from the musical comedy, "Strike Me Pink." I like this tune a lot and I think you'll enjoy the way the band plays it. This is a simple and straightforward arrangement with plenty of rhythm and splendid for dancing.

Little Jack Little's tune, "Hold Me," is on the other side, also by the Hotel Commodore Orchestra, and in my opinion is every bit as good as the preceding number. Both sides have good vocal refrains. (This is Columbia record No. 2767D.)

HERE is a tune from across the pond and the band is from the other side also. "Try a Little Tenderness" is the name, and it's played for us by the New Mayfair Orchestra, under the direction of Ray Noble, I believe. I think this outfit is as good as any either here or abroad, and I enjoy hearing them from London whenever I can, via short wave radio. This is an excellent dance record with plenty of rhythm.

The other side is "Close To My Heart," played for us by Don Bestor and his orchestra. Not as good as the preceding side. (This is Victor record No. 24263B.)

"GOING, Going, Gone" is next, played by Glen Gray and his orchestra. However, I don't think it would be much trouble to turn Glen Gray and his orchestra into the Casa Loma Band, that bunch of famous young men from the South. But I know a lot of you will be glad to know that you can hear these boys on Victor records now. They are right up to form in this one, and you'll enjoy the vocal work by Peewee Hunt.

The other side is by the same orchestra, and this time a faster tune, "Black Eyed Susan Brown." You sure can step around when these boys start to play. Again we hear Peewee in the vocal. (This is Victor record No. 24254B.)

Sock!

(Continued from page 59)

After it was over, I picked her up. Tears were streaming down her face and she could not speak. When I turned her head around, she grinned. That grin almost broke my heart. In trying to help me and the scene, she deliberately risked her future in pictures.

Had I broken her jaw, there is no telling what effect it might have had on her appearance. It might have meant curtains for her career as a beautiful young actress.

SUCH instances as these might go on happening until some serious accident occurs—and then hands will be thrown up in horror, and the “guy who throws the punch” will be blamed.

There is no question but that, at the moment, there is considerable interest in seeing women knocked about at every turn; but like everything else, it will pass, and the public will get tired of it. That is what we have to watch: to gauge for ourselves just exactly when to quit and to try to beat the public to it.

As far as I am concerned, I could have dispensed with it long ago.

To fight men is not nearly as unsatisfying as hitting women. Men, when hit, sprawl rather gracefully; but women look so ridiculous trying to regain their balance.

I USED to say that any man with a sense of humor would never hit a woman. Now it has gone beyond that. I cannot help but find it offensive to see what had been a lovely, charming lady a minute before, sprawling in an ungainly position on the floor without any vestige of dignity left. It robs them of something that I admire most—poise.

A great deal of what I have said so far may sound a little phoney and strained—but that is just how I feel at the time of writing it. Being merely human, there may be extenuating circumstances which would tend to change my mind.

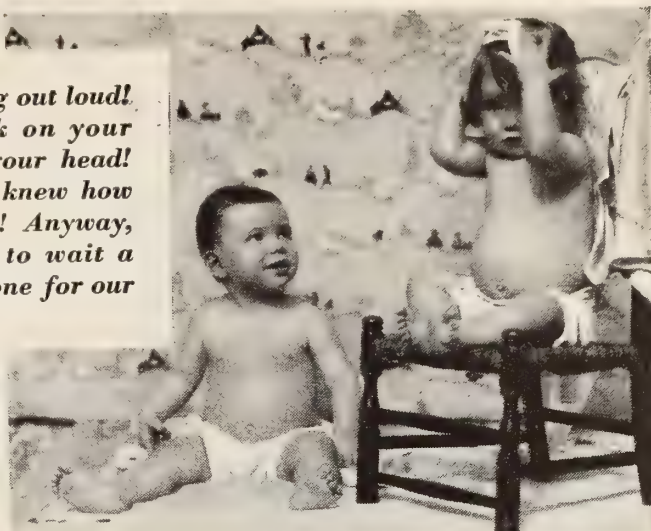
It is not unlikely that some sweet young thing, with baby blue eyes and a fragile body, will belt me right out of the scene with the business end of a bottle without even thinking of pulling her punches.

It may be no more than I deserve. But if that happens, whatever little chivalry I may feel toward the fair sex now might be replaced by the desire to get in the first punch—if only to instill a bit of regard for the contour of my skull. I have been hit before this—and hit hard—but as yet I have not felt any-thing to even things up.

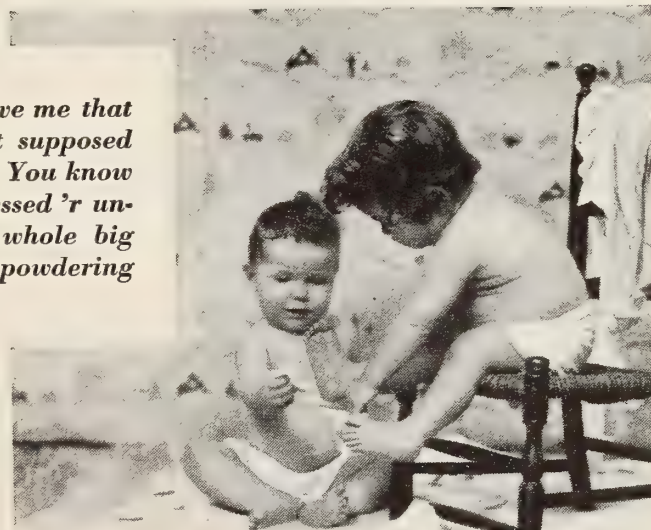
But, then, you can never tell about an Irishman.

Write to Rita Calhoun, care of the Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City, stating which of the leaflets described on page 71 you would like or whether you would like them all. Remember they are printed on loose leaves, so that you can keep them in a loose-leaf binder. Send 3 cents for one, 5 cents for three or 10 cents for all eight.

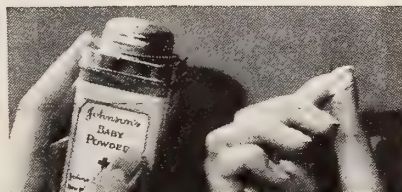
● **“For crying out loud!
— Put your sock on your
foot instead of your head!
— I thought you knew how
to dress yourself! Anyway,
mother told us to wait a
minute — she’s gone for our
powder.”**



● **“Here — give me that
sock! You’re not supposed
to put it on now! You know
you never got dressed ’r un-
dressed in your whole big
life ’thout Mother powdering
all over you!”**



● **“We may look a little
mixed up, Mother, but we’re
waiting for our Johnson’s
Baby Powder. ’Course we
wouldn’t get dressed without
it! After you sprinkle it over
us our clothes feel ’bout
twice as comfy . . . Umm!”**



Mothers!—You can’t be too careful when it comes to choosing a powder to keep your baby comfortable . . . for baby powders are not all alike! Test different powders between your finger-tips. Feel how much softer Johnson’s Baby Powder is. Made from finest Italian talc—it contains no zinc stearate . . . no orris-root! **Johnson & Johnson**
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

• **JOHNSON’S BABY POWDER** •

5,000,000 WOMEN CAN'T BE WRONG

in preferring

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Black
and
Brown

Lashes that look long, dark, luxuriant and sweeping add a most exciting interest to eyes. A simple touch of Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and eyes that are "just eyes" instantly become lovely, bewitching pools—enchanted, beyond words to describe. Five million regular Maybelline users know this secret. They also know that genuine Maybelline is necessary to genuinely alluring eyes. The reason being that Maybelline gives an entirely natural effect. In addition, genuine Maybelline is non-smarting, tear-proof, harmless and stimulating to lash growth. Five million women can't be wrong! They are also right in preferring the excellent quality of Maybelline Eye Shadow, Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil and Maybelline Eyelash Grower. These



famous Maybelline products, in purse sizes, are now obtainable at leading 10c stores.

**Maybelline
EYE SHADOW**

for delicately shading the eyelids to intensify the color and depth of the eyes. Pure and harmless, smooth and creamy, it may be had in Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Green and Violet.

**Maybelline
EYEBROW PENCIL**

smoothly and cleanly lines the brows, forming graceful, expressive eyebrows. Of pure and highest quality composition. Black or Brown.



**Maybelline
EYELASH GROWER**

contains highly beneficial oils that nourish and stimulate the natural growth of the lashes, applied nightly before retiring. Pure and harmless. It is an excellent stimulant for dry, brittle lashes.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Biff! Bang!

(Continued from page 51)

for the boy, right or wrong, and they showed it.

A SHORT time later Lee was enrolled in a dramatic school in New York City in preparation for his new career.

When he had finished his course he tried to get work. But young, inexperienced actors were not in demand. Everywhere he was met with the question, "Any experience?"

Several weeks of this was enough. So in desperation Lee manufactured an experience for himself. At the next place he tried the same old question came up. This time he was ready. He rattled off a list of rôles he'd played, lifted from old theatrical notices. He got the job.

Then followed rôle after rôle in stock, in vaudeville and in traveling shows. He bounded all over the country; hit all the one-night stands and the ten-twenty-thirties. But his eyes were always on that mecca of the true stage devotee, Broadway.

It was years, however, before he got his real chance. It was only a "bit" in "The Show-Off," but he was playing on the "Street." He was scared and worried for fear he wouldn't make the

grade. But he acted his small part with a fervor and intuition that caused Alexander Woolcott, then critic for The New York Sun, to say, "There are so many theaters in this town that many a good and true performance in a minor rôle goes unsung, because no one has the time or the space to tell about minor rôles. And there comes to mind two such performances which achieve perfection—no less. One is that of Gerald Haman in 'Candida,' the other is Lee Tracy's embodiment of the inventive brother in 'The Show-Off'."

Other rôles followed. Better rôles—and what was perhaps more important, better press notices.

Then Phillip Dunning and George Abbott picked Lee for the leading rôle of the little "hooper" in "Broadway." It was his big chance—and he gave to his characterization a robust precision and gusto that received "rave" notices from all the critics. The show ran for eight hundred and eighty performances, a record at that time. Lee had arrived.

SUCCESS on Broadway usually leads to Hollywood movie offers. Lee was no exception. He had had his chances

PATCHWORK up to date

Old-fashioned quilts are all the rage. Make them with the help of our New Method Circulars

Au236—Diagram and directions for quaint poke bonnet quilt are in this circular.



Au240—Flock of Geese, Fly Foot and two other geometric designs are given here.

Au237—Directions for making Colleen Moore's Star and Circle patchwork quilt.

Au 241—Attractive piecework and patchwork designs suitable for sofa cushion covers.

Au238—You can make Jean Parker's Tree of Life quilt with the aid of this circular.

Au242—Three famous old patchwork or appliqué designs for Colonial bedrooms.

Au239—Here you have directions for Maureen O'Sullivan's Star Pattern quilt.



Au243—Full directions for padding, lining and quilting your old-fashioned quilts.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of this magazine, enclosing 4 cents for any one circular, 10 cents for 3 circulars, or 15 cents for all 8. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.

Biff! Bang!

to enter the celluloids, but had just as steadfastly turned them down. He preferred to make his success on the stage before taking a chance in the movies.

Now, however, Fox made him an offer that he could not refuse. Lee went to Shavertown to talk it over with his mother. It might mean the breaking-up of his home in Shavertown. But Mrs. Tracy refused to let such a consideration affect her son's chances for screen success. Lee accepted.

At first he was frankly homesick for the stage. He didn't seem to get the right kind of rôles—nor could he give his parts the charm and the intensity that have characterized his later movies. Lee returned to Broadway, discouraged—but not beaten.

He secured the lead in "The Front Page," a newspaper play. Then "Louder, Please," another reporter rôle. To both of these he gave superlative performances. He became even more popular than he had been in "Broadway." This was his metier.

Hollywood was not long in seeing its mistake. Offer after offer was showered on the flip-talking actor. There were so many that Lee was able to pick and choose. One of the first reporter characterizations was in "The Strange Case of Molly Louvain," and another in "Love is a Racket."

It was his portrayal of the columnist in "Blessed Event" that made him a national favorite.

The vigor and the charm that he gave to his rôle as the representative in "Washington Merry-Go-Round" and as the lead in "Night Mayor" enhanced his popularity with the fans.

HERE was a new type of player. Dynamic, full of vigor, never silent or quiet on the screen during his scenes. And his hands were the most amazing hands the screen had seen, with the possible exception of the fluttering hands of ZaSu Pitts. In his early days Lee had the desire to become a magician and had trained for the part. The marvelous dexterity of his hands is probably a result of his early training.

After "Merry-Go-Round" Lee became the high-pressure circus press agent in "The Half-Naked Truth." Then the rowdy Private Jones in the film of the same name.

His picture, "Clear All Wires," won for him a long-term M-G-M contract.

As likeable off the screen as on, Lee is fast becoming one of Hollywood's best-loved citizens. Since his second and most successful trip to movieland last year, he has been almost too busy to mingle with the Hollywood groups. Thirteen pictures in ten months, all vital, moving characterizations, do not leave an actor much time in which to play.

And Lee is popular with the writing clan, too. Any one can approach him on the set during an idle moment between shots and angle an interview.

His five feet, ten inches of snap and aggressiveness are as fierce as his smile is disarming, yet he is intensely superstitious, and will cross the street rather than let a black cat cross his path.

Altogether, Lee has won a place for himself in the hearts of the fans, the producers and his Hollywood fellow-actors.

And he hasn't yet shown all that he is capable of doing. Lee Tracy is going places!

ANOTHER DAY OF

Suspense

Is "CALENDAR FEAR" aging you, upsetting your health and nerves?

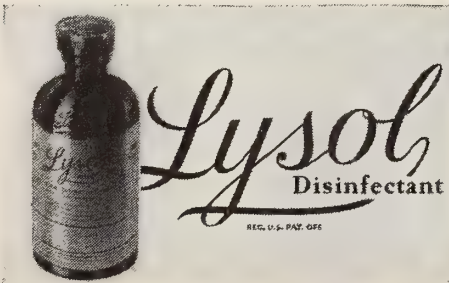
Turn back the days? *If you only could!* Jump them ahead? *Impossible!* So you wait and worry. A victim of "CALENDAR FEAR" . . . that gnawing FEAR which usually starts with a minor feminine disorder . . . that taxing FEAR which sometimes brings on a major physical collapse.

Too late, many women learn that feminine FEARS are caused by prudish ignorance and neglect . . . Too late, they discover the safe, sensible method of marriage hygiene so widely endorsed by the medical profession the world over . . . the regular and unfailing use of "Lysol" according to directions.

"Lysol" is *safe*, for it is mild, soothing, healing . . . Unlike many other antiseptics, it contains no free caustic alkali to irritate, sear and deaden delicate membranes.

"Lysol" is *effective*, for it destroys germ-life even in the presence of organic matter . . . Unlike certain other compounds which lose 95% of their power under such conditions, "Lysol" maintains its potency.

Use "Lysol." Your druggist has it. Your doctor recommends it . . . Send coupon for the new, *free* "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage." It will come to you in a plain envelope.



"Lysol" is economical . . . a treatment costs less than one cent. Safe . . . it contains no free caustic alkali. Effective . . . it destroys hidden germ-life. "Lysol" has enjoyed the full confidence of the medical profession for over 40 years.



LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. LO-8
Sole distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me free, postpaid, a copy of "Marriage Hygiene," with articles by three internationally famous women physicians.

Name

Street

City State

© 1933, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

Spare FRIENDS Save DRESSES

Perspiration can Cost
You Both



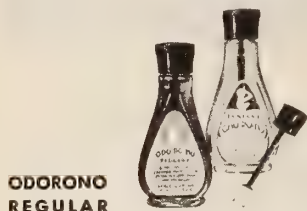
In less than ten minutes, underarm perspiration can defeat you socially and undermine you financially!

It can defeat you socially, because the unfortunate odor wrecks your charm and distresses your friends. It can undermine you financially, because the acids of perspiration stain and fade your dresses.

Odorono Protects your Dresses and your Friendships

A famous physician developed the *safe, sure* defense against perspiration and odor. Odorono prevents perspiration, as perspiration *must be prevented*, if dresses and friendships are to be saved! Greasy creams and sticks, powders, perfumes and soaps may, at best, get rid of odor temporarily. But Odorono not only secures your charm. It spares your clothes from early discard and your friendships from unhappy moments.

Choose with confidence the famous Odorono Regular (ruby red) or the newer Instant Odorono (colorless). Both now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.



ODORONO
REGULAR

INSTANT
ODORONO

for use before retiring
—gives 3 to 7 days'
complete protection.

is for quick use—while
dressing or at any time.
1 to 3 days' protection.

ODO·RO·NO

Gee Whiz!

(Continued from page 36)

motor cars drove up and deposited beautiful women, clinging to the arms of handsome escorts. Loudspeakers boomed out the names of famous ones. Cameras clicked and people applauded. Hollywood had on her evening gown for a premiere.

Somehow Bob wormed his way up to the rope that restrained the crowd. His eyes weren't big enough to take in the wonderful sight before him. Everywhere was laughter, beauty, life. All the things he had dreamed about.

Suddenly there came a dead silence. A great car of glossy black dignity came to a full stop. Liveried attendants sprang into action. The door opened. There was a gasp that echoed down the street. The hero-worshipping crowd broke into wild cheers.

"It's Joan Crawford!" they cried. "It's Joan Crawford! Doesn't she look beautiful!"

Slowly Joan walked up the long canopied lane that led to the entrance. She bowed gracefully to the left and right. Her breath came in hurried gasps. She clutched nervously at the gardenias at her throat.

"Gee whiz," was all Bob Young could say. This aloud, though no one was listening. He couldn't believe that one woman could be so beautiful. He wondered how it might feel to be walking beside her. His face blushed red at the thought. He glanced quickly around, as if someone might be reading his mind.

That night he rode home in a fog. The three transfers, the long walk from the end of the carline were over all too soon. He wished there might be more transfers and long walks, before sleep would blot out his vision of loveliness.

BOB continued working in the bank in the daytime and going to Pasadena at night. His acting was his pleasure. The smell of greasepaint was like some intoxicating aroma.

An agent looking for new talent, offered to get him in the movies. Bob was willing to do anything that might take him out of the bank. That he actually might amount to something in this new work never occurred to him.

When they offered him a contract, he signed in a daze. Before he even knew what was happening, he found himself in front of a camera. A woman named Helen Hayes had come from the stage to make pictures. It was all so new, so unbelievable. It couldn't be he. Even the very suit on his back wasn't his. It had all come so suddenly. He had been forced to go to a credit house, to make a good appearance before the camera.

His work in that picture, "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," is now screen history. His sincere performance is talked of to this day. Helen Hayes herself said afterward. "It was all I could do to keep acting. This boy was so young, so sincere and so eager to do his best. My heart went out to him. I wanted to throw my arms around him and encourage him."

How she really did help and encourage him is another story. Get Bob to tell it to you sometime!

IT was shortly after "Madelon Claudet" had been released down-

town. Bob was still strange on the home lot. He was still wandering around, refusing to believe he actually was a part of this new world. Momentarily he expected a policeman to come up, tap him on the shoulder and tell him visitors' hours were up.

He had come into the publicity department to see one of the boys who had taken a slight interest in him. Standing in a far corner, a trifle self-conscious, he waited his turn.

Suddenly the door burst open. In walked a smiling, sun-tanned girl. She was wearing a wine-colored suit. A gardenia in the lapel of her coat. She glanced quickly around. Her eyes fell on the tall, slim body in the corner. For a moment she turned away and then, swinging 'round, walked up to him.

"I saw her out of the corner of my eye, as she walked in," Bob remarked afterward. "But it almost seemed a sacrilege for me to look twice. Almost, before I knew what was happening, she was standing before me. I felt the red creep into my face. I knew she had made a mistake. 'You're Robert Young, aren't you?' she asked. I managed to gulp that I was. 'Well, I'm Joan Crawford,' she answered, and extended her hand.

"Can you imagine how I felt?" grinned Bob. "She telling me she was Joan Crawford—as if I didn't know it. I'll never forget that moment as long as I live."

"I saw you in 'Madelon Claudet,' said Joan. "You gave one of the most beautiful performances I have ever seen." And, then, because she is sensitive and understanding herself, she turned away, not to embarrass him any further.



Photo by Wide World

Loretta Young, skilled in archery and tennis, now champion at ping-pong. And with a costume to go with it.

Gee Whiz!

"I never said thank you; I never told her how I admired her, after all the years I had dreamed of doing it," said Bob. "I just said, 'Gee Whiz!' to myself and walked out in a daze."

A FEW days after that first meeting, Bob summoned up courage and called on Joan Crawford on the set. She immediately put him at ease. He managed to blurt out his admiration and gratefulness. Joan, who is always interested in beginners, encouraged him and offered words of advice.

It was while he was hard at work on "The Wet Parade" that an envelope was handed to Bob. It contained an invitation to dine with Joan Crawford in her beautiful home in Brentwood. That night he really lived as in a dream.

One day he was summoned to the studio.

"Joan Crawford is coming out to make a test with you," said the casting director. "It's for a rôle in 'Letty Lynton,' her new picture. You're up for the lead."

In all sincerity, Bob never minded that he did not get the part. He was too young for the rôle and he realized it. The fact that Joan had enough confidence in his ability and was willing to make a test with him, was much more indeed than he had ever hoped for.

After several successful performances, Bob was given a splendid rôle opposite Robert Montgomery in "Hell Below." The company went to Honolulu to shoot scenes at the submarine base in Pearl Harbor. Joan Crawford had just completed her rôle of Sadie Thompson in "Rain" and was preparing to make another picture immediately.

The day that he returned from Honolulu, Bob was handed another invitation. Joan was taking a party of friends to the premiere of "Rain," at the Chinese Theater in Hollywood. Would he join them? Could a duck swim?

There were the same lights, the same excitement. This time Bob Young was on the other side of the ropes. People stared at him. He wondered if they envied him. He wondered if they felt as he had felt, when he had stood in their place.

LATE that night, Bob found a note, pinned to his pillow. "Report to the casting office at nine in the morning," it read. He was happy; it wouldn't have mattered had he been commanded then and there to go to China.

The next morning promptly at nine a sleepy-eyed Robert Young reported for duty.

"You're going to play with Joan Crawford in her next picture, 'Today We Live,' said the casting director. "Go to the wardrobe and get measured for your uniforms."

Bob recently finished his rôle in this production. It is the best rôle of his career. His acting is some of the finest to reach the screen. He does his greatest work in scenes inspired by Joan Crawford.

If you don't believe dreams come true in Hollywood, just ask Bob Young what he thinks.

But, in all probability, he would only answer, "Gee whiz!"

MAD?

NO... JUST DOING WHAT LOADS OF WOMEN DO



You wouldn't dream of going to the ice box . . . taking three or four eggs, some butter, maybe a little milk . . . and throwing them out the window, would you?

Yet that's just about what happens when you turn perfectly good recipes into dismal failures.

LEARN TO COOK SUCCESSFULLY

The Food Editor of Tower Magazines has prepared a series of *individual* instruction that gives particular attention to your weakest points in cooking. Learn the fundamentals of food preparation . . . food values . . . how to buy food without waste . . . common errors to avoid . . . what makes recipes successful.

If you're a beginner, you'll want to know about simple sauces, cream soups, cakes and muffins, meat and vegetable cookery.

If you're an experienced cook, you may be more interested in pies and pastries, cakes, appetizers, frozen dishes, salads, breads and sandwiches . . . all the little niceties of cooking that make eventful dinners and parties.

But whether amateur or experienced, it costs money and your good disposition every time a recipe doesn't turn out right. So learn to cook without failures and save both!

For further details without cost or obligation, write to the Food Editor,

TOWER MAGAZINES, INC.

55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.



A new lipstick gave her more NATURAL APPEAL!

LIPS of lovely shape...but somehow unattractive. Never "sweet enough to kiss" simply because she spoiled their beauty with a *painted* look. It wasn't until she tried a new lipstick that her lips glowed with natural, appealing color...without a trace of paint!

Keep Your Lips Kissable

End that painted look that comes from ordinary lipsticks. Give your lips the fresh, natural color that Tangee Lipstick brings! This amazing lipstick brings out your full natural color...and cannot possibly make your lips look painted!

Tangee isn't paint. It's a scientific formula that changes color on your lips. In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips, it is the one shade of rose for *your* complexion!

Use Tangee for alluring lips...fresh with natural color all day long! Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks. At drug stores and cosmetic counters.



Tangee Creme Rouge

Use Tangee Creme Rouge for perfect summer make-up! Cheeks glow all day with natural looking color...even in swimming. For Tangee is waterproof. Greaseless...cannot clog pores. Its vanishing cream base *protects* your skin.

New!

SMALL SIZE 39¢

TANGEE LIPSTICK

Also in Theatrical—a deeper shade for professional use

TANGEE

World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ SPECIAL 10c OFFER!

The George W. Luft Co., Inc.
417 Fifth Ave., New York

TG-8

Rush Tangee Miracle Make-up Set containing miniature Lipstick, Rouge Compact and Creme Rouge. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

How Will You Have Your Talbot?

(Continued from page 61)

him misplaced. The investment was a good one. And, only a short time ago, when Lyle inadvertently found out about the mortgage and was able to pay it off, it was the happiest moment of his life.

While attending school in Omaha, he answered a newspaper advertisement offering a career upon the stage to an ambitious young man, willing to work and...but you know the rest of it.

The stage! Glamorous prospect. Delightful folly. Breathes there a youngster with soul so dead, who never to himself has said: "I can act! Bring on your Drews, Barrymores, and Booths! When they see what I can do, will their faces be red?...?...?"

Kicking his chemistry thesis under the bed, Lyle made a flying leap for the nearest exit. The idea that Grandma might object assailed him vaguely. When he was famous, had made a name for himself, she would understand....

GRANDMA did object. Decidedly, at first. No boy of hers was going to traipse over the country, sleeping in strange beds, and meeting up with goodness knew *what* sort of people!

But Lyle knew Grandma. And, as his pleas became more and more whimsical, the dear little lady's defenses crumbled, as they had crumbled before the deluge of cold cream and vanilla.

So our hero wrapped his other collar in a week-old copy of the *Brainard Gazette* and set out to make the world Talbot-conscious.

The job, requiring the services of "an ambitious young man," supported...or maybe I'm wrong...a hypnotist, whose *piece de resistance* was the breaking of a hundred-pound boulder upon the ambitious young man's chest.

For six weeks, seven days a week, it was Lyle's chest.

But, in spite of the prestige and juvenile admiration, the business of playing anvil to various local hammer wielders began to pall. Deciding he wasn't getting anywhere, Lyle ups and joins a tent show.

ACCORDING to Lyle, it was a grand experience. Night after night, he'd exit, left center, a handsome, dashing juvenile, only to enter the same door, five minutes later, as his own father!

"Where's mah boy, mah little Elmer?" he'd mumble through the hastily applied crêpe whiskers. And any man who can survive the strain of running around looking for himself seven nights a week, is ready for one of two things...the psychopathic ward or Hollywood. Lyle made Hollywood.

THE most poignant memory of his tent-show days is the night the cloudburst caught up with the company.

Grandma had sent "her boy" enough money for a ticket home. Hypnotists were bad enough, goodness knew. But—a tent show! Mental pictures of feminine snake charmers and living skeletons probably prompted the money order that was to send our hero home.

That night, a terrific rainstorm interrupted the performance. The only dry spot was the stage. There the be-

dragged company huddled around a cracked salamander, swapping stories.

Some of the men started a poker game and invited Lyle to join them.

"I'd never played," he said. "Didn't know the first thing about it, but...there was nothing else to do, so I sat down."

What might have happened to you, or you...or me...just wasn't in the cards for Lucky Lyle. He won so consistently that he was actually uncomfortable about it! Deliberately, he tried to lose. Held to an inside straight, and connected. Went the limit on a pair of treys...and drew three aces for a full house! No matter what he did, Lady Luck refused to be shaken, and by morning, the money for his ticket home had taken unto itself more than one hundred dollars surplus!

THINGS like that have a way of happening to the boy from Nebraska. For instance, Lyle didn't have to go to Hollywood. It came to him.

A wide-awake agent spotted him when he was playing in stock and had so much faith in the Talbot ability that he backed his discovery to the limit, even to the extent of sending money for Lyle's fare out here.

In the last nine months, Lyle has made seventeen pictures.

Lyle had never in his life played a villain, until he came to Hollywood. Then, for some unknown reason, the directors typed him with unsympathetic rôles. In picture after picture, Lyle wrecked homes, betrayed trusting Nells, and plugged innocent bystanders so well that critics singled him out for special mention.

In "No More Orchids," he was elevated (or, should I say, "relegated"?) to the status of virtuous young man. The result has been more or less disturbing, for Lyle is equally efficient in either rôle. What to do? And how will you have your Talbot? Straight? Or crooked?

Lyle, himself, is noncommittal. "Any part that gives me something real to do," he says. "That's all I want."



Grace Bradley, new Paramount discovery (you'll see her a lot on the screen soon), photographed at the studio with Jack La Rue, who is coming up fast and furiously.

Something to Go Back To

(Continued from page 62)

"A place where I can put beautiful things as I collect them, and have my friends when I want them—that's what I want now."

A SUDDEN turn up a hill, and the town dropped away. Resounding with the clack of busy hammers, the red-bricked walls of "the house" were before us. Double walls for permanence; a blind side toward the road for privacy; a high retaining wall in the making.

"O boy! see what they've done since yesterday!" An eager hand hurried me up the plank to the entrance.

A bricked interior, thirty-five feet to the huge fireplace in the bookcased end of the living room, facing us. One windowed side opened upon a twenty-mile view of metropolitan Los Angeles, snow-topped mountains on one side, a gleam of the Pacific—yet no one could see the house. The dining room shared the view with an added backward look at chaparraled hills and orange trees in a valley.

An epic moment while we stood beneath the precarious settling of a ridgepole into place over our heads, providing attic space "for junk you never have a place for," Dick said. An upstairs bedroom, three sides open to sun and breeze, a dressing-room equipped with mirrors and make-up table and built-in effects, snug kitchen opening on a hillside, "a peach of a bath."

"You see," Dick said, "it means freedom. It will be something to think back to, even if I should go away, if I should live abroad for a while. It's something that represents roots and traditions. I can always be coming back to it in my mind."

Our Colonial Garden

(Continued from page 76)

larkspur and foxglove, four o'clock and morning glory, sweet William and bouncing Bet, love-in-a-mist and hearts-ease, Canterbury bell and London pride, clove pinks and feverfew, bachelor's buttons and wallflower, heart's delight and love lies bleeding, hollyhocks, marigolds, peonies, daffodils, poet's narcissus, grape hyacinths, star of Bethlehem, snowdrops—these were some of the favorites of the early Colonial gardeners that may still be used as the foundation of most beautiful flower borders, giving bloom from the last frost in the Spring to the first frost in the Autumn, and cut flowers all through the season.

As you look at the plan of our garden you will see just how cleverly all the practical details have been taken care of. A row of shrubbery surrounds the lot, to give privacy. Ordinary privet hedge has been chosen for this purpose. It is reliable and sightly and can be kept within bounds by careful trimming.

The driveway is at the right side of (Please turn to page 94)



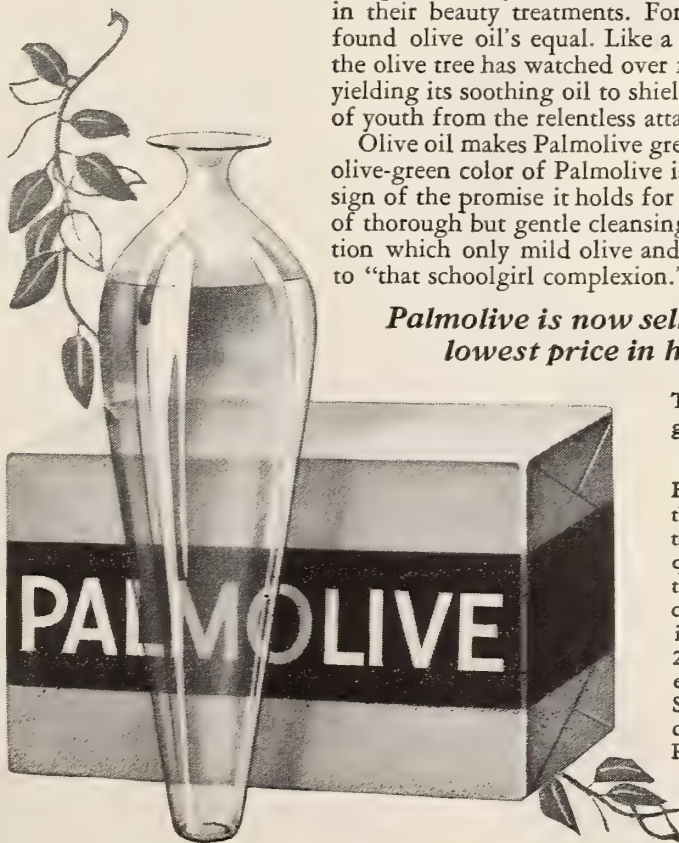
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Our Colonial Garden

(Continued from page 93)

the house, as you face it, and leads straight back to the two-car garage. The runways for the car are of cement, and grass is planted between them.

The garden is behind the house, shielded by the house from the street and by shrubs from the neighbors. Two tall trees at the back give welcome shade on hot days and at all times furnish an effective background for the house. At the right side of the garden, parallel with the drive, is a row of shrubbery—lilacs, purple and white, are our choice, from the back of the lot to the house. This cuts off a space next to the garage, for drying clothes, and one near the house for the rubbish cans.

The architect refers to the different views, or lines of vision in the garden, as axes. "The main axis," he said, pointing from the back living room windows—the living room is at the left of the house plan—"runs from these windows across the lily pool to the seat in its setting of cedar trees at the back of the garden. These, always green, make it as attractive to look at in Winter as in Summer. Then there is a secondary axis, that runs from the side living room windows out across the side lawn to the bird bath and border of flowers. In planning a garden this idea of an axis—a view or vista from the main living room windows—should always be kept in mind."

The green lawn with the pool in the center—holding gold fish in Summer to eat mosquito larvae, and pond lilies, if you wish—and the distant view of the white-painted wooden garden seat in its evergreen setting, with the sun dial in front of it, take care of the main axis. And a planting in the border, seen from the side living room windows, of roses and peonies and iris, gives a really lovely outlook there all Summer long.

There is a flagged terrace across the front of the house, with box bushes, in true Colonial style, standing sentinel before it. From the side porch a flagged path leads down the left side of the garden, branching off to the white-painted, clapboard summer house, with its latticed entrance, and to the two flower plots, one on each side of the summer house. Incidentally, another axis of the garden reaches from the summer house across the lawn and pool to the white-painted seat under the lilac hedge.

The two flower plots should be planted with a succession of flowers that give color and bloom all Summer. Flowering bulbs may border them in Spring, and these may be taken up and stored away after their season is gone, when sweet alyssum or annual candy-tuft seeds may be sown to give a low white and green border around the flower plots. These plots are about nineteen feet long, each of them, and each has an outside width of about ten feet, with the flower borders perhaps three feet wide and the flagged walk between the borders perhaps three feet wide. The planting is arranged so that high flowers are at the back of the borders, next the hedge and summer house, and lower flowers are toward the front.

Flowers needing all the sun they can get are planted in the front plot and those that will grow in part shade are planted in the shadier parts of the

back plot, under the shadow of one of the two big trees that give character to our garden.

The flowers in the front plot include hollyhocks at the back, next the hedge, with larkspur and bachelor's buttons in front of them, and white phlox next the summer house. Then come four o'clocks, sweet Williams, poppies, pinks, lupines, balsam, with space for a couple of bleeding hearts, or dielytra.

The back flower plot holds Canterbury bells, foxglove and monkshood next the summer house and the hedge, with love-in-a-mist, wallflowers, primroses, pansies, aster, scabiosa, marigolds and feverfew toward the front. And Johnny-jump-ups are seeded through the chinks in the flagged walks.

When you plan a house you will perhaps use every cent you can spare for its building and furnishing. "This garden," you may think, "costs too much. I'll plant my plot to grass and a few shrubs and let it go at that, for the present. Later on we'll add to it."

Our garden is planned for just that sort of gardener, as well as the one who has money enough to have the whole garden finished and furnished when the house is built. Many mistakes are avoided if the garden is planned in the beginning, and all additions to it are made as part of this ultimate plan. Grass may now be planted where, in years to come, summer house and garden bench, lily pool and bird bath will be located.

In our lists of flowers suitable for a Colonial garden many charming ones have been omitted because they were not known here two hundred years ago. The Colonial gardener was not a person of stubborn habits, however, and a garden quite Colonial in spirit might contain some of the flowers she never knew. New England women welcomed the bulbs their New Amsterdam neighbors brought from Holland, and the women who gardened in Virginia and Georgia enriched their flower lists with seeds and slips from the North. So although we have left columbines out of our garden, save those little red and yellow ones native to New England, we might well include them in all their lovely lavender and rose, pink and white. Nobody could have given them, when they came East from the Pacific Coast some fifty years ago, a more hearty welcome than your old New England flower lover. And if she had known the gay and sturdy zinnia of Mexico and our own Southwest she would have made a generous place for it beside her English primroses and larkspur.

A Colonial Garden for a Dollar

It's just the right time to plan, and plant, next year's Colonial garden.

Buy the seeds and plant them soon, and by the end of August you should have a crop of thrifty little seedlings. Transplant them into their permanent positions in your flower borders for next year's blooming. They will get well used to their new surroundings before frost, and with suitable protection will go through the Winter hardily.

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Teario

(Continued from page 49)

dib. "It are called 'Clavicade, or 40 Years of Misery' by Nole Coward."

"Oh, those!" decreep Hon. Geo F. Ogre, sticking his horse-boots on desk for rest his brain. "There are lot of sadder things than 'Clavicade,' right here and now."

"What is, for instancely?" I peruse.

"My salary rôle," he drawn. "But after you been in Hollywood long time like I has you forget how to cry. Also to laugh. All you can remember is how to cuss. And sometime you get that all wrong. After 25 yrs as a Movey Directoire my heart have got all lined with tin. If Garta Grebo should marry Nozzle Durante I would remane cool. That kind of man I are. Clam & collected. I never fall in love, axept when I see money. Now, Togo, answer me this questionnaire. When you sob a hole in yr stummick, watching that 'Clavicade,' you feel you got 50c worth?"

"O surely did!" I holla. "I feel I got 63c and free gum."

"Hum," collapse Hon. Ogre, and "Ham." He eloped to his feet where he march 4th and back, looking like Napoleon, only he didn't much.

"Togo," he say sudden, "this prove my great I. D. are sound."

"For a sound picture?" I narrate.

"Who are talking, you or me?"

"Yes, he is."

"Then I tell you. Togo, for now onwards all emotion pictures must end up unhappy, even if I got to ring their knecks to make them that way. In future happy-kiss endings are Out." He make kick-foot motion with boot-ware. "Where are the big money today? In tears. Where are the millions Secretary of the Treasury Wooden are asking for? In sobs. Look at all those shows what are Stacking them Away!!!"

I attempt to do so.

"What are they?" he derange.

I could not think what.

"SEE how Hon. Helen Haze have promenaded to Fame on nothing but sobb after sobb. That Chinaman play, 'Son of a Daughter,' where everybody go dead. That Hemingway flim, 'Farewell to Legs', where she die abed in last fad-out. Yeah too. See what about Hon. Jone Crawford. She got in that drama 'To Day We Can't Live' and make \$\$\$\$ by bursting her skeleton out of a airplane. Look at Hon. Kathering Hepbun, giving everybody quarts and quarts of grief in that unhappy hitt 'Strong Mr. Christopher.' I see the answer, by gollies. I see it. Take all that sunshine out of photography and bring in 45,000,000\$ worth of gloom."

"It make me so happy to think of your big I. D.," I chockel. "O Mr. Sire, where do we begin?"

"I just have sign a contrack with a kind of healthy girl name of Miss Kate Smith," dictate that dictator. "She are about 208 lbs. of sweetness and optimism. She sing so pretty over raddio that folks tries to sing with her, even when can't do it. Well, Togo, this Smith gel have got to get over that if she work for me. If she keep on with this mike-phone joy & bliss she will soonly be out of style like a T-muddle Ford. Who you think could rite her such a play that would make her gloomy?"

(Please turn to page 96)

If you Sew



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Teario

(Continued from page 95)

"Ibsen are dead," I snatch. "That leaves only me."

"Then do so in 23 hrs," he snarrel, "and deliver it quick to Miss Kate Smith before she start getting happy again."

MR. EDITOR, do you remember how Shakspear look when he poked some more Hamblet under forearm & start reading it to Queen Victoria? Well, I was slightly similiar, going around Hollywood asking police where was a person name of Smith.

At lastly I find her in a stylish Bung Low home trimmed with parsley and laughing roses. When I firstly see her I think it were 2 pretty girls, approaching together. Then I was mistaken and she report like loving marshmallow, "Are you Togo the Play Right?"

"Ezackly," I say. "Ezackly." "I knew you was a writer the first min my eyes set down on you," she say it. "You got that sorta lost look. Hon. Geo. F. Ogre just tell me by raddio that you got nice play for me."

"Yes, I got." This from me. "I hope it soot my style," she nar-rate. "I like to get some holesome play about a farm."

"This are farm-play," I suggest. "What sort farm, please?" she bereft. "A murder farm," I negotiate. "How chammimg." She set there looking like a piece of paper. "You got the nerve to read it, please?"

Therefore I unrapped that Play I finished up last night and read as following:

RABIES, JUST RABIES. A Play.

"SMILAX Leadbeater are a poor girl who long foreverly for white & pink lights of Great City. But can't do, thank you, because her father own a murder farm, which keep him unemployed night and day, while Tourists are ripe in his districk. Therefore poor Smilax got nothing to do, by golly, but clime trees all day, gathering ostrick eggs. . . ."

"In what country are this play happening?" require Miss Kate Smith.

"Which country you like most?" I ask it.

"My own," she say, "because that are where I comed from."

Therefore I read onwards:

"This sweetie Smilax do nothing but gather in those ostrick eggs all day. But at night she get some delight by broadcussing through raddio to Station ABCDEF, Medicine Hat, N. Y. After suppering, when Father come in, pretty tired from working on a awful tough tourist that day, he like to took her on knee and tell her sleep-time story about a ghost that come in every night and bit him on the ear. O such sweet happy time father & dotter get together those evenings, until one (1) night Hon. Smilax set on his knee and brake his leg. So Father say following dialog:

"Smilax, my dolling, you are getting to be a great big gel."

"So those happy days strut along for 2 or 3 more reels. Nothing happen, axcept when the Coroner come in for jollified talk of dear ole Yale when him and Pa made Bones in same class. Sometime, too, when dull season were there, some simpul naybors would come in for a short lynching party.

"Well then, Miss Smilax got grew up nearly to ladyhood when—BANG! Love

arrive to there all of a suddenly.

"Sir Basil Whippletree come there for see Father about getting his Aunt Jennie poisoned, so he could inherit the tittle. Smilax see him. Basil see her. O what a situation. They just want to be hugged and kissed, the way they feel about it. So Sir Basil take his head out of his hat with nice politeness and say for dialog as following:

"O Miss Smilax Leadbeater, tell you what less do. Less get married."

"I love, love, love," say she.

"I love, love, love," say he.

"Then, dolling," say he, "les go to Westminster Abbey and get stylish wedding license."

"Neva!" she holla.

"Not neva even?" he slouch.

"Naw. Our wedding can't be." She shook.

"Why for not?" he glumb.

"Because is why. We musn't be happy. Can you not see this?" she unrip.

"But it are so pleasant to be happy," he jid.

"Basil, how can we be so selfish?" she ask to know. "We must think of others."

"Which others?" he bloat.

"The Catamount Emotion Picture Co., Inc. We cannot sent our oddience home smiling. It would not be fare to our Managers. We must make them cry on the last fad-out. Basil, it are too easy to be happy. We must think up something hard."

"THIS are a pretty darnly throbbing scene, by golly. There stood those two (2) lovers, gazing at each other like a pair of cant-elopes. Just then income Father with a 3-gal vine-gear jug filled with very brown poison.

"My children, my children," he dictate, "while I were shocking up this Depression Cocktail for Aunt Jennie I think up something very brite. When Aunt Jennie are bounced off you will be rich-wealthy, man, Sir Basil. Therefore you must marry my dotter. I have just rang up Rev Keno Plain who will arrive here in 4 min. to do it, price 5\$."

"Ouch, are there no escaping from our happiness?" mone Smilax with teeth.

"I tell you what is!" yall Sir Basil. "Let us drunk up Aunt Jennie's cocktail & end it all."

"So you are the kind of young man what can't be trusted with other people's licker," corrode Father. "You shall neva, neva took this jug from out of my hands."

"Of suddenly Sir Basil kill Father with an emburella and took jug. Hon. Smilax stepp over to mike-phone and sing song, 'Put on yr hat & coat, we're passing out.' Big sob-noise while she took jug and swalla. 'Here's unhappy daze,' she gubble while Sir Bas took his also & both fell down on their feet.

"Just then door get open and income Rev Keno Pain with a Wedding License. He see so many dead folks there and dictate as following:

"Holy Katz! This are the second 5\$ fee I lost this week."

ISTOOD there quite long, reading my nice skenario to Miss Kate Smith, who set chawing taffy from paper bagg.

"And what happen then?" she ask to know.

Teario

"People go home," I narrate.
"Not true," she snagger. "Nobody would go home."

"Why couldn't?" I require.
"Because they would be all gone home already," she decried. "And while we speak of home, have you got one to go?"

"O yes, sweethearted Miss Madam. But firstly let me explain what color of electricity I require for Act I. . . ."

"Jussa moment. Jussa moment," she pronounce. "Before you say some more, let me show you a happy ending, kind I like. Suppose you are a villain,

taking the morgidge away from my home. I see you. I splunge at you. Like those." She splunge. "I hook my nuckles in your pants, like those." She hook. "I toss like these." She toss.

Nextly I knew I were bounding, just like ball getting away from Baby Ruth. I go by airway over fence, and when I could think where I was I was setting among rose-needles, very outside of that house.

I gas maybe I are a sad ending.

Hoping you are the same

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

Ex-Cowboy

(Continued from page 25)

been polished, he has learned drawing-room manners and the ways of the great world—but he has remained Gary Cooper. That doesn't, I assure you, always happen in Hollywood.

THREE things are responsible for the new Gary Cooper, I think,

His desperate illness a year and a half ago, when he left Hollywood without anyone knowing whether he would return.

The companionship of Douglas Fairbanks, who is his idol, and of that really great lady, Mary Pickford.

And the deep friendship of a woman who is internationally famous as a hostess, a horsewoman and a traveler, the Countess Dorothy Frasso, who before her marriage to an Italian nobleman and diplomat was Dorothy Taylor of New York, sister of Bertrand Taylor and aunt of this season's most beautiful débutante.

When you have watched Hollywood stars in their swift, skyrocketing flight from obscurity to fame as many times as I have, you seldom look upon them just as they are today. Contrasting pictures come into your mind and beside them stand the ghosts of their yesterdays.

Often when I see Mary Pickford as the gracious and delightful hostess, exquisitely gowned, intellectually equal to any company, I am aware of the little Irish girl I first knew, trying so hard to be grown up in her mother's clothes. Mary, like Gary, has kept the best of herself. Or, in the case of Joan Crawford, you see beside the affected, pretentious, tiresome movie star of today the honest, dynamic real girl of a few years ago and wish she were back.

I HAVE in my mind two contrasting pictures of Gary Cooper that always tickle me.

The first in his initial appearance on a Paramount set.

The second at a recent dinner party at Pickfair.

After he had made his first appearance on the screen as a cowboy in "Barbara Worth" he went over to Paramount to play the lead in a picture I had helped to write, "Children of Divorce." The part was that of a young polo player, a rich youth who belonged to the most exclusive of New York's social sets. And the studio sent him down to Eddie Schmidt, Holly-

wood's tailor de luxe, to get his wardrobe.

Never will I forget the first day in dinner clothes. I may be wrong but I'm pretty sure he'd never had on any before. And he was frozen stiff. He looked simply elegant. He looked the part, just a hundred per cent., but he could not move. Fortunately it was a silent, so he didn't have to speak, for in that case the picture would never have been shot. It took Frank Lloyd, who directed it, and who has just made that triumphant success "Cavalcade," exactly two days to get a scene of him walking across a room and opening a door.

Yet in spite of that, Frank wouldn't give up, because he knew the boy's outstanding personality and his unusual type of good looks would inevitably be successful if he could "get going."

No screen happening of recent years delighted me as much as Gary's truly great performance as the young soldier in "A Farewell to Arms." Thinking back to those early days, when so great a director as Frank Lloyd wondered desperately whether it was possible to teach this big cowboy enough about acting to get his looks and his personality by on the screen, it is an achievement second to none the camera has recorded. Playing opposite so great an artist as Helen Hayes, he all but stole the acting honors from her with his power and sincerity.

NOT many people, even in his own studio, knew how ill Gary Cooper was when he left Hollywood almost two years ago in a restless search for rest and health. It was like Gary to refuse to tell anyone. In fact, he didn't even admit it to himself any more than he could help, he tried to go on as he had always done. It wasn't, in his estimation, manly to be ill and he ignored it as long as possible. A sea trip, getting away from Hollywood, a complete rest from work, would put him on his feet again.

But they did not. And in Italy he had a complete collapse which, except for the woman who befriended him, might easily have proved fatal.

Some of his friends wrote to the Countess Frasso that Gary Cooper was touring Italy and it would be nice for her to look him up. She did, and found him desperately ill, discouraged (Please turn to page 98)



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The Quality Hair-Remover

Ex-Cowboy

(Continued from page 97)

and terribly lonely. Just outside Rome is the beautiful villa where she and her husband live, one of the most famous palaces in Italy, and there she took the boy and slowly, with the aid of the best doctors available, they nursed him back to health.

His vision and his understanding broadened with his contacts, and with his opportunity to see the wealth of immortal and unequalled art which remains Italy's great gift to the world. He met the Crown Prince of Italy and found him a delightful and simple young man, with the most delightful manners. He went, with a group of ardent hunters, on a hunting trip into Africa, where he slept beneath the stars and shot lions and rode all day in the healing air of the veldt. He came home by way of London and was the guest of Dorothy's close friends, the Earl and Countess of Port Arlington, leaders of the exclusive younger set in the British Isles.

IT was an amazing experience for a young man whose existence had consisted entirely of the great open spaces of the West and Hollywood. It gave him, inevitably, a wider understanding and a new polish.

Besides that, he formed a deep and lasting friendship with the Countess herself. And Dorothy Frasso was different in every way from the women he had known.

Because of his shyness and because he loves masculine companionship, and such pastimes as hunting and riding and fishing better than anything else in the world, Gary has never spent much time seeking women.

His first Hollywood love affair, as everyone knows, was with Clara Bow. The "It" girl waited, not for time nor tide nor any man. And she admired Gary from the first day they found themselves playing in the same picture. He had only been in Hollywood a few months then, and Clara, naturally, swept him off his feet and into a hectic and passionate romance. Clara, who is in my opinion the most dynamic personality we have ever had in pictures, dramatizes everything she touches and she dramatized herself and Gary until he didn't know whether he was on his head or his feet.

They parted in a blaze of some kind and Gary, slightly burned, fought shy of women until he met Evelyn Brent. There isn't any more regular girl in Hollywood than Betty Brent, nor any more happy marriage than hers to Harry Edwards. But she was younger then than she is now and nobody would call her a placid sort of person. As it happens, she isn't much more talkative than Gary himself but they seemed to be happy enough, until one day Betty walked off rather suddenly and married Harry Edwards.

Then, like a whirlwind out of the South, came Lupe.

NOW personally, I adore Lupe. She is, without any exception, the most amusing person I know. As natural as a puppy, as frank as a parrot, and entirely determined upon getting from life exactly what Lupe wants. She is beautiful and witty and shocking and the best fun in the world, as everyone who has spent anytime with her, knows.

Gary never had a chance. No man living, under similar circumstances, would have had a chance. Little as he wanted to involve himself in another love affair, he couldn't resist Lupe. And for a number of years she absorbed him altogether. There can be no question that they were madly in love. Too much in love. They had no time for the rest of the world and that is always a bad thing for young people. And in the end it burned itself out, as such things inevitably must, and it very nearly burned Gary out along with it.

SO in his young life, he had known little or nothing of friendship with women, and very little of women except Hollywood motion picture actresses, who are swell but different.

In the Countess Frasso he found a woman, older than himself a little, who had traveled all over the world, lived in many countries, been highly educated, and who knew life in practically all its phases. A fascinating woman, with a grand manner, amazing blue eyes in a dark face, and beautiful hands which were accustomed to wear world-famous jewels. She knew everyone of importance in Europe and America, was joint master of hounds with her husband, and knew nothing about Hollywood except that it was a place where they made pictures and that Mary and Doug, who were her friends, lived there.

You can see for yourself, I think, just what such a friend meant to Gary.

He had always been crazy about Douglas Fairbanks. Like most men in Hollywood he had a tremendous admiration for his personality, his athletic prowess and his joy of living. And Douglas liked Gary and was very good to him. Until finally Mary, who is one of the sweetest people alive, took him under her wing, too, and he began to be one of the small and interesting and select inner circle at Pickfair. Between them, they greatly influenced Gary's whole life, as they have influenced so much of Hollywood life and of motion-picture progress. And when the Countess decided to visit Hollywood and became Mary's house guest for the Summer, Gary was a constant visitor. He seems now almost as much a son of Doug's as Doug Jr. himself. Only of course Doug and Doug Jr. seem more like pals than father and son.

THUS the dark, silent cowboy has become very much a man of the world. But he is still silent.

Last year he had a serious battle with Paramount. He said nothing. He withdrew—into silence. They couldn't find him, and when they did he just looked at them and said nothing. It ended when instead of making him play the dreadful rôle of Lieutenant Pinkerton opposite Sylvia Sidney in "Madame Butterfly," they gave him the boy opposite Helen Hayes in "A Farewell to Arms."

He isn't a bit like an actor—and everybody likes him but nobody knows him very well and unless I'm mistaken nobody ever will.

Gary Cooper is very much like the cat Mr. Kipling wrote about—he walks by himself and all places are alike to him.

The I'm-No-Angel Girl

(Continued from page 41)

rowdy. In person she is small, voluptuous but not plump, singularly still, gracious, poised, a listener, not a wisecracker, with an appraising eye and an analytical mind.

She is obviously good-natured, kind-hearted. Mr. Timony, her manager, pointed to his gray hairs and said he got them from worrying about Mae's habit of giving her money away. Mae herself told me she hadn't much money. When I expressed surprise, knowing the fortune she has made, she tossed, "Oh, those law suits cost a lot."

WHAT I liked particularly about Mae was her declaration of laziness. I had the idea she was one of those steamingly ambitious people. She has written plays, sketches, books, articles. She has been on the stage since five—impersonations, toe-dancing, acrobatics, singing, acting. A training as rigorous as the old-school actress had.

But she says her ambition is to do practically nothing. She hates writing (Hooray, my pal!). She was forced to it by her critical sense. It began with dissatisfaction with her lines on the stage. She changed them to suit herself. Now she has to write her stories because she can't find any to fit her.

You'd never know Mae's measurements from the screen!

MAE'S manager, Mr. Timony, was especially upset about the marital rumors concerning Mae, because, you see, Mr. Timony was the man she was rumored married to. He's been her manager for years and that's all, but you know how Hollywood is.

But what upset him especially was a story saying he was an Italian newsboy from the East Side. Mr. Timony of the Dublin Timonys! . . . the son of a mayor of Brooklyn! . . . a distinguished New York attorney before he became interested in the stage and backed the Mae West productions!

It was also printed that he had a wooden leg. (Hollywood, of thee I sing.) This he amply disproved by a flip of his trousers revealing sturdy Irish support. This inspired me to tell Mae I was tempted to say she had one. Mae smiled cryptically and flipped: "Waste of time . . . come'n see me in 'I'm No Angel'."



Bing Crosby and Wesley Ruggles, his director, in "College Humor." Figure out for yourself, whether it's an argument they're having or another one of those famous stories that Bing tells.

MAE is Hollywood's Jekyll-Hyde. She revels in her two identities. On a picture she gave me she wrote, "A bad woman with a good heart." I'll bank on the good and applaud the bad. If Miss West isn't the realest, most interesting and talented actress in Hollywood you've got me and Mr. Timony to fight—and we've both got Dublin blood!

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW wounded Ann Harding's feelings by his wit. Ann went to Cuba to recover and the sharks chased her. *Pauvre Ann.* From Shaw to sharks! . . . Must be in for a tragic cycle.

Hollywood actresses and their woes make me a little sick after meeting Mae. You have no idea how refreshing it is to find a human being out here.

. . . Connie Bennett in a reformatory in "Bed of Roses". . . Jean Harlow in a reformatory in "Black Orange Blossoms."

Mr. Hays' men at work?

If there is anything that would incite revolution it is an attempt to reform Miss Harlow. As Miss West says of Jean: "Now there's a form!"

As loyal propagandist for the mellifluous Jeanette MacDonald and the lyric Novarro, who had to go to Europe in order to sing, I send the month's wreath to Louis B. Mayer who has engaged them to co-star in "The Cat and the Fiddle". And later "The Merry Widow." When I was in Paris toasting Miss MacDonald's concert triumph she told me that Mr. Mayer had promised she would play the *Merry Widow* if he produced it. She said she preferred his word to a contract. Which proves Jeanette knows her men.

"The Merry Widow," with its mythical kingdom stuff, may seem old-fashioned. They may decide to modernize it. In that event I urge Mae West as the Widow and Jimmy Cagney as Prince Danilo.

Would that be a waltz, oh, would that be a waltz!

INCIDENTALLY, pal Mae agrees with me that Jimmy Cagney is possibly Hollywood's most interesting actor. Mae says she likes 'em all—Gary Cooper, George Raft, Chevalier, March, but Cagney has that certain something.

Because Mr. Cagney plays rough characters, even as Mae, he doesn't get credit for his histrionic ability. The late Wilson Mizner, who certainly knew men and acting, said Jimmy was the finest in Hollywood.

The kid, he said, doesn't use his personality. He isn't at all the character he plays. But he plays them so well that people think he must be that type. Hollywood is all haywire.

Joan Crawford hated to divorce Doug just when he got entangled in legal difficulty but she had released the story a month in advance and felt she should keep faith with the press.

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Haunted Houses of Hollywood

(Continued from page 29)

innocently told his faithful German serving man to see that the light was never out, he suddenly found himself strangely popular with all sorts of people at all hours of the night.

The good word spread. The doorbell never ceased to ring. Lew's house became known as the place to go after all the other places were shut up. In fact, poor Lew would probably be in a hospital today if the Government had not come to his relief by notifying him that his light-house was causing confusion to coastwise shipping, and that if he didn't put the light out, and keep it out, he would be held strictly responsible for any ship which came ashore on the neighboring beaches!

IT is strange, isn't it, how mention of the popular Lew Cody, even after all these years, invariably brings to mind some memory of his even more popular wife, Mabel Normand? This time, the memory involves a ghost-haunted mansion, the one Roscoe Arbuckle bought for himself, at the height of his fame, in the old West Adams district of Los Angeles, a district so aristocratic that no film celebrity except Arbuckle and Ramon Novarro has ever ventured to invade it.

Here, in a rambling old pile which goes back to the first years of Los Angeles' prosperity, Fatty held his parties and his court; and here one night came Mabel, the fat boy's old laugh-making partner of the Mack Sennett-Keystone days—not as an invited guest, although, as all the world knows, Mabel loved a good time, but as a refugee.

She was in one of her jams. The newspaper boys were hounding her every footstep. Her own home was no longer her castle. She must hide somewhere. And where better than in Fatty's capacious house and in the protection of Fatty's ample shadow? The party, which was in progress when Mabel arrived, continued nightly and daily in the then Arbucklian manner for two whole weeks—while the most beloved of Hollywood women, and the most cruelly persecuted, lived safely and secretly, her presence unknown to any of the guests, in an upper chamber of the West Adams house.

ANOTHER huge house, even larger than the Arbuckle mansion, but much more cheerful in its associations, is the big white one which stands well back in the huge palm trees and on terraced lawns at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Fuller Street. To be sure, one poor fellow killed himself under its red-tiled roof; but he was not a movie celebrity, and so presumably no longer haunts the place. Most of the movie people whose ghosts are associated with this mansion lived happily forever after; although, it must be admitted, not always in the united domestic state which that phrase usually implies.

For me the ghosts which, today, haunt the massive mahogany-and-white halls and chambers of this famous pile, are chiefly those of glamorous Norma Talmadge and her gay young friends—"most chiefly," I think, that gay broth

of a boy, Eugene O'Brien. Time was, you know, when Norma and Gene were inseparable on the screen, and almost equally so in real life. A good many people thought they were having one of those things; but I really never thought so. People engrossed in secret love affairs get solemn and exclusive; unlike misery, they have no use for company; but Gene and Norma were always laughing and sharing their laughs with their friends.

When Joe Schenck, Norma's magnate husband, had to go to New York, which was often, he would telephone Gene and tell him to look out for Norma and see that she didn't get lonesome. Then, like as not, if he had a few minutes before boarding the train at the Santa Fe Station, he would telephone Norma to look out for Gene and make sure that he didn't stay up too late or drink too much beer, so he wouldn't be good in the picture the next day.

After Norma left, Joe rented the place to Emil Jannings for twelve hundred and fifty dollars a month. You can see by the price what kind of place it was! Then came Maurice Chevalier and Yvonne Vallee, the latter now a Hollywood ghost in the usual marital sense; and after the Chevaliers, the very unghost-like Eddie Cantors and their plenteous progeny. Now, the house stands vacant, full of memories.

THE big place we have been talking about is not, of course, the old Talmadge home of the pre-Schenckian era. That was a little gray cottage on Finley Avenue, near the old Metro studio, in which Peg Talmadge lived with daughters Norma, Constance and Natalie, and to which the girls used to bring home any number of friends for dinner, luncheon or even breakfast, without first consulting their mother. Was Peg annoyed? Well, as a cook, she had a right to be!

It was in this house that William S. (Big Bill) Hart came courting Norma—with some success for a time, I might add—so here, perhaps, along with the gay Talmadge ghosts may be found the solemn shadow of that noble actor and princely man, who should never have been allowed to leave the Hollywood screen.

Another haunted house which dates back even further than Peg Talmadge's is mother Gish's, which was once the studio home of the famous dancer, Ruth St. Denis. Here lived Mrs. Gish and her daughters, Lillian and Dorothy; and here came the great David Wark Griffith to visit the little blond girl, who was—and, in his opinion, still is—the greatest actress of the screen.

Here also came Bobby Harron and Mae Marsh and Miriam Cooper, "the old Griffith crowd," to all of whom Mother Gish was for so many years a mother confessor.

HAROLD LLOYD'S youthful ghost is not content to haunt a single residence. It haunts a whole apartment house—"The Delport"—where he and his father lived in the days when they were too poor to afford a telephone and were obliged to use the pub-

Haunted Houses of Hollywood

lie one in the apartment house hall. By this telephone Harold used to stand for hours—seemingly unmindful of opening doors and straining ears—pouring out his love for, and to, the fair Bebe Daniels.

Bebe was the Mary Brian of that day, the girl with whom all the smart young Hollywood boys wished to step; and our Harold, although admittedly acrobatic, could not step fast enough or high enough to monopolize all of Bebe's attention. This fact was a source of great relief to Harold and of great fun to the listening tenants, among whom were many of his and Bebe's movie friends. For Harold did not hesitate to voice his sorrow, each time he was turned down for somebody else, in cries and moans, which still on dark winter nights, I am told, echo through those halls.

Ben Lyon says that Harold's ghost doesn't always stick to the apartment house, but sometimes wanders, after all these years, up to the Lyon home to do a little crying and moaning for the sake of old times. Anyhow, it is well known in Hollywood that Harold's affection for Bebe Daniels has endured from the old days through the various experiences—both romantic and domestic—which each has had, and remains, thanks perhaps to the apartment-house ghost, one of the finest things of its kind in Hollywood history.

AND while we are on the subject of haunted apartments, there is another notable one—or rather there are two of them—in the little house at the corner of Pico and Georgia Streets, where Blanche Sweet used to

live with her tiny grandmother and her huge grand piano.

Each apartment consisted of a kitchen and one other room, which was living room, dining room and sleeping room combined. Grandmother lived in one of the apartments. Blanche and the piano lived in the other—but it was rather difficult. Both grands—mother and piano—were perfectly comfortable; but Blanche had to sleep in the kitchen of her apartment because her wall-bed just wouldn't "let down" when the piano was in the room.

Which only goes to show that some of the biggest ghosts can be found in the smallest houses!

Of course, some of these haunted Hollywood homes have been so altered by their later owners that not even the ghosts would recognize them. For example, who would ever think that the charming home of Bill Powell and Carole Lombard on Beverly Drive, one of the gayest, most hospitable places in all Hollywood, was haunted by the ghosts of Lita Grey Chaplin and the poor little fought-over Chaplin boys?

Bill and Carole have fixed over the place until it fairly shouts their personalities, especially Bill's! Above the fireplace in the party room, where Lita's own portrait used to hang, there is now an oil painting of Bill's pal, Dick Barthelmess. At least, it was a portrait of Barthelmess until Powell, in honor of an approaching visit from Dick and his wife, retouched the original in his inimitable manner, so that now it presents a villainous, gangster-like individual with a cock-eyed gleam in the left eye and a sinister smirk on the lips—but with just enough resemblance left to the impeccable Dick to make the result inescapably ludicrous.

A less obvious attempt at ghost-destroying, but one which is typical of the well-nigh complete obliteration of the Chaplin ghosts, has occurred in a certain closet, where Lita used to keep her shoes and where Bill now keeps his hats—fifty of them, count 'em!—all older and more disreputable than the one Bill is now wearing, although, to those of us who have an intimate acquaintance with the Powell hat, this would seem hardly possible.

AS a matter of fact, renovation is about the only possible way to lay a Hollywood ghost, especially a marital ghost—one of which, as you probably suspect, is born every minute. If talkie stars were to build entirely new houses each time they married, there wouldn't be enough land in the whole state of California on which to build them!

The remodeling scheme works, too. Take Ruth Chatterton's case. When she was married to George Brent, the latter simply wouldn't go to live in the house where Ruth and Ralph Forbes had spent so many happy years. He would live in a bungalow on the Warner lot; and did. He would bury himself with his bride in a cabin at Arrowhead; and, as you remember if you read the snowstorm news last Winter, he did. He would even take his turn in the so-called "Honeymoon House" on Bedford Drive—where Flor-

(Please turn to page 102)

She's an ex-AIREDALE



Hollywood saw that she was beautiful, but movie people work under pitiless lights, play in glaring sunshine. They called her an "Airedale" because her arms and legs betrayed superfluous hair.

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Haunted Houses of Hollywood

(Continued from page 101)

ence Vidor and Jascha Heifetz, Frances Marion and George Hill and Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg had honeymooned before him; and he did. But he wouldn't live in Ruth's house. So there!

"It's not so bad," he probably reasoned, "to be seen at premieres and parties and even prize-fights with your wife's first husband. It's good business for the wife; and possibly for the husbands. But to eat, sleep and clean your teeth with the fellow's ghost always around, that's too much to ask even of a movie hero."

But fresh paint has apparently done the trick. The other day, I met blondly beautiful Virginia Hammond on the Boulevard. Virginia, you may remember, was Ruth's chum back in the Broadway days when Ruth was Henry Millering and she was E. H. Sotherning. Now, she told me, she was living temporarily in Ruth's old house.

"Keeping the home fires burning?" I asked.

"No, keeping them from burning," laughed Virginia, "while the workmen are fixing things over for George and Ruth."

EVEN the house into which Mary Pickford moved after she left the one with the hoppable hedge had its memories. There Douglas had lived with his first wife, Beth Sully. There Douglas, Junior, had grown to young manhood. But Mary did her best, which is usually fairly good, to erase these memories by the most thorough job of ghost-elimination Hollywood has ever seen. No one would ever recognize in the glowing "Pickfair" of today, with its shining lake and its swans and its gay awnings and huge sunshades, the somewhat solemn mansion in which King Doug lived during the first years of his reign.

The ghost of Garbo, which is still not a marital one, haunts many Hollywood houses; for Greta was a restless soul, always on the move. She lived in the lovely Marie Prevost house one night only, didn't like it, and moved out the next day! Of course, Greta didn't play one-night stands all her stay in Hollywood; but her moves were so frequent that even an honest real-estate man could say of almost any of his Beverly Hills properties:

"This is the house in which Greta Garbo lived."

Miss Garbo usually had a reason for her sudden changes of residence; and in one instance, at least—if you can believe the story that is current up Beverly way—the reason was a good one.

It seems that Greta was in the habit of taking early morning sunbaths in a secluded portion of the grounds of one of her homes, and that an over-enterprising news photographer discovered the fact. So, one morning, after the shameless manner of his kind, he was waiting for her, concealed along with his camera behind a nearby bush.

The lady appeared as per schedule, divested herself of encumbrances, but did not take just the exact position expected of her. Her face did not show. Realizing that without the identifying

Garbo features the picture would be valueless, the fellow decided to risk all.

"Oh, Miss Garbo!" he called softly. Greta turned over, as he knew she would. The camera promptly clicked. The resulting picture was never printed. There is some sense of decency left, even among newspaper men! But the next day, so the story runs, Miss Garbo moved to a house with a solarium!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is living now in the particular home which Garbo was honoring at the time of her recent hegira. But for me the Garden ghost does not walk so insistently or so inescapably at Claudette's as it does at Gary Cooper's, which was, as I remember it, Greta's favorite among all the Hollywood homes she at one time or another occupied.

I doubt if any really ghost-conscious person could even now attend one of those swagger parties of Gary's, like the one he gave for Mary Pickford the night before she left for Europe—even though totally surrounded by all those distinctly Cooperish African big-game trophies—without wondering if the ghost of Garbo mightn't be hiding, as the live Mabel Normand once hid in Fatty Arbuckle's house, in a secret room above the revellers' heads.

Marlene Dietrich, like her Swedish predecessor, has found difficulty in adjusting herself to Hollywood housing conditions. Marlene doesn't mind ghosts. In fact, she dotes on them—so long as they are white. But she almost equalled the Garbo record for speedy retreat when—after she had got the windows all covered with steel bars—she suddenly discovered that the house she had hired on Roxbury Drive was formerly occupied by Charlie Mack, one of the "Two Black Crows."

Janet Gaynor has both ghosted and been ghosted. She and Lydell did their ill-fated honeymooning in a house in which Kay Francis and Kenneth McKenna had honeymooned so successfully before them. Then, she moved with Lydell to that other house on Palm Drive, where, still later, Greta Nisson and Weldon Heyburn started their storm-tossed voyage.

Graucho Marx relies on his verbal absurdities to frighten away any ghosts of tenors which may still lurk about the Lawrence Tibbett house in North Rexford Road, where Grace Tibbett used to give those wonderful, impromptu, late-at-night parties, with an astrologer or palm reader to entertain her guests until dawn.

CARL LAEMMLE is a brave man. He defied the ghost of one of the great producers of all time—and paid \$650,000 for the privilege—when he took over the giant Tom Ince place up in Benedict Canyon; and Mrs. Ince went in for a little ghosting on her own part when she moved, after Tom's tragic death, into Corinne Griffith's lovely old home on Summit Drive. The houses are almost as contrasty as their ghosts: Tom's in the magnificent Spanish style, with heavy rafters within and prickly cactus gardens without; Cor-

Haunted Houses of Hollywood

inne's, flower-like both within and without.

John Barrymore, also scornful of ghosts, moved into the King Vidor house way up in the Beverly Estates, just around the bend from Jack Gilbert's; and he and Dolores have somehow managed to live in unexampled—and so far as Jack was concerned—un-dreamed-of happiness where King and Eleanor Vidor loved and quarreled.

The Buster Keaton house at Hartford Way and Benedict Canyon Road, which was so lately the scene of Buster's mad pranks and Natalie's happy motherhood, has now joined the ranks of the haunted houses of Hollywood. Buster has just sold it to Fanchon of Fanchon and Marco, perpetrators of preludes.

The Madge Bellamy house over in the Los Feliz district brings back ghostly memories to those of us who knew Madge back in the days when she was William Fox's most resplendant star. This is another one of those Arbuckle-size mansions with terraced gardens and huge solarium, the first of its kind in Hollywood. Her father lives in Madge's house now. He's the caretaker!

Dolores Del Rio took what would seem to be the only safe course so far as Hollywood ghosts are concerned. When she first came to town, she bought a large lot in the Outpost tract, on the top of one of the highest of our many high hills; and on this lot she built a lovely Spanish-style house, an exact replica—even to the iron frog in the pool in the middle of the patio—of her old home in Mexico City. There she lived happily for a time with her beloved husband, Jamie—and there, after a hasty quarrel, and

hastier separation, she received, broken-hearted, the news of his death.

Afterward, when she married Cedric Gibbons, the art director, he built her a new and very different home at Santa Monica. It is as modernistic as the front door of Sardi's Hollywood restaurant. But this house did not hold Dolores long. It is now the home of Billie Burke—and in it she, too, broken-hearted, received the news of Flo Ziegfeld's death.

I SAID something about this being a story of live ghosts, and I tried to keep it so; but now that we have wandered over the line, I cannot end the journey without at least mentioning three famous houses in Hollywood, which will always be haunted by the ghosts of those who have crossed that line never to return.

The first is the Wallace Reid house with its great boulder fireplace and its pool table and its typewriter and its electric Victrola and its golf bag and its guns—at least, they were there in Wallace's time—where a family of foreigners, who probably never heard of Wallace Reid, now make their home.

The second is the Rudy Valentino house with its black marble floors and its cerise hangings and its red lacquer furniture and its black satin upholstery and its great bow window, where Rudy used to sit and write verses about babies—which now, like Rudy's place in the hearts of his fans, remains unoccupied.

The third and last and, perhaps, the most haunted of all the haunted houses of Hollywood is the one Paul Bern gave Jean Harlow for a wedding present, the scene of their honeymoon, and his death!

All Good Producers Are Nutty

(Continued from page 33)

inside out and upside down. I told you we used stars that didn't fit the story. We did. But we changed the story to make it fit the stars we already had.

And you liked it!!!

When you saw it, you never knew that we bought it to keep it away from another company. You never knew we had hashed the original story all up. You never dreamed that we had mechanically made the story fit certain stars because we had no stars to fit the original story.

And what's the difference?

The main point is that you liked it. So it comes down to this: Movie fans are nutty, too. And if you are a movie fan of the rabid type, you are just as nutty as we are.

HOW do you show it?

Well, first of all you write letters to your favorite movie star.

You get a swell answer. He is charmed to have heard from you as one of his public. He knows only too well your yearning to work in a studio. But he warns you it is not the play it seems to be. It is hard, grinding work.

Many a day he has gone home exhausted after a hard day's slaving. Listen to your mother and father. After all they are your best pals. They love you. They are experienced. Trust them.

And a lot of other hooley like that.

BUT what really happened?

Your letter reached the studio with a mass of others.

It was opened by a dark, sloppy, student-like girl.

"Listen," she says to the girl at the next desk, "here's another poor sap who is misunderstood by her pappy and her mammy. She can't be happy until she gets a job on the screen. What'll I tell her?"

"Answer her with Form No. 12," answers the other. "You know. The one about trusting her father and mother. Tell her about the hard work but for heaven's sake don't tell her that her beloved hero kicked yesterday because he had to make re-takes for two whole hours out of the twenty-four."

The dark girl writes to you and signs (Please turn to page 104)

Fashion Note

FINGER TIPS
and TOE TIPS
must match in
shade



\$500.00
TO BE GIVEN AWAY

New Lady Lillian
NAIL POLISH
without a blemish

1st prize . . . \$150.00 3rd prize . . . \$25.00
2nd prize . . . 75.00 50 prizes, each 5.00

CONTEST RULES

The winners will be determined by the best letters of not more than 25 words, telling reasons why you like these famous Lady Lillian products.

Enclose a Lady Lillian cap, label, box or facsimile cover in letter. Neatness will count. Contest closes September 1st. Everybody is eligible except employees of the Northeastern Laboratories.

The winners names will appear in this magazine.

The decision of the Judges will be final. In case of tie duplicate prizes will be awarded.

JUDGES: Miss RUTH MURKIN Good Housekeeping Magazine
Miss VIRGINIA SCHMITZ Tower Magazine

A simple statement like this may win the prize for you!

"A Lady Lillian Complete Manicure Set at 10c gives me twenty better manicures at a fraction of ordinary cost."



Sold by most

F. W. WOOLWORTH
STORES

Complete set 10c

Sold in Canada 15c

Send 12c for a complete Lady Lillian Manicure Set if your favorite chain or drug store can not supply you.

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MARINE SUN DECK TURKISH BATHS

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X CREAM
PREVENTS BODY ODORS

10¢ for this large size new "X" Cream that prevents body odors... It's smoother, daintier, safer and superior Sold at the better Five and Ten cent stores

REMOVES ALL BODY ODORS



Billy's THE APPLE OF HIS MOTHER'S EYE ...but...

She's handicapping him . . . maybe for the rest of his life . . . just because he isn't getting the right foods to build good, strong muscles, teeth and bones. If you're not sure about your children's diet . . . or if you want new menus and recipes they'll like and which are good for them . . . you'll want to send for these two helpful food circulars right away, 10 cents each.



FEED YOUR CHILDREN THE NEW WAY. How to feed your young children and their older brothers and sisters. Two weeks' menus. Recipes. Height-weight charts. 10c.



FOOD CHILDREN LIKE TO EAT. Menus and recipes for breakfast, lunch, dinner. Special meat dishes. Party refreshments. Candies and desserts. 10c.

Name

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TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.
55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

All Good Producers Are Nutty

(Continued from page 103)

the name of the actor to whom you wrote. She does his signature very well.

You show his letter with great glee to all the other girls in Ishpeming, Michigan, or Newburgh, New York, and you get the kick of a mule out of it.

But it's all a business, girls. Just a business.

If an actor is really popular he gets more mail than he can possibly read. He sees possibly one letter out of a thousand, and then only because it's so darned amusing that it is too good to bury in the file.

ALL good producers are excitable, unethical, self-centered, afraid of each other, suspicious of everybody.

They can "feel" a story.

All good producers are warm-hearted, sympathetic, child-like, even artistic.

Again I say they can "feel" a story.

Most of the best producers are not well educated. Most of them have sprung from the cheaper backgrounds. The minute they get too much education, too much culture or refinement, they lose something which makes them good producers.

Their taste is generally pretty cheap. That's one of the things which makes them good producers.

They are apes, in that they imitate each other terrifically, magnificently and—unashamedly.

Let one good producer make a good picture and note how quickly the other good producers come out with something along the same line—even though they advertise it as something brand new and different and original.

And you seem to like it!

I told you we bought a story because another company wanted it. We produced it and you liked it. But I forgot to tell you that we have bought hundreds of others for just as silly a reason—and they are still on our shelves, unproduced!

Every other big company is in the same boat.

It is a radical form of nuttiness.

After we buy them, we cool off. We have kept them from the other companies, but we find there is some reason why we can't turn these stories, books or plays into screen fare.

We own hundreds of such properties. So do the other companies. Some of ours, which we won't produce into pictures, would be just right for some of the other companies.

"Well," you exclaim, "why on earth don't you sell some of them to the other companies? And why don't you buy some of their stories that they don't want to produce?"

There!

Your very question shows you are not nutty enough to become a good producer. There is too much sanity and common sense in your question.

BEING a good producer, I answer you thusly: "My dear person, suppose I should sell one of the stories off my shelf to another producer. True, I don't want it. I'd like to have the money back that I paid for it. But, suppose I should sell it to Warner Brothers and suppose they should happen to make a great picture out of it! Don't you see? Can't you realize this would make a monkey out of me as a

good producer? Can't you see that I can't afford to admit that the Warners can do something that I can't do?"

This, brother, is true talk.

There are gold mines of unproduced stories in Hollywood this very minute which could be made into great pictures. The companies that own them are tired of them, but not so tired that they will risk selling them to another company which might make a good picture out of them.

A sane business man, you see, has no place in the Hollywood scheme of things. He would think too straight. He would try to make money for his company instead of trying to protect his own reputation as a good producer.

But I love these very nuts I am writing about.

If they weren't nutty they would be working in a bank, or clerking at a ribbon counter, or doing something else at a small salary. But if they were working in a bank or selling ribbons, their imaginations would be stunted.

And the only way to keep you interested in the movies is to have them produced by men with imagination.

A banker can't "feel" a story.

He's cold. A good producer is hot. A banker deals with one kind of figures, and a good producer deals with a more human kind of figures.

The things that make you laugh or cry in the theater are the very things you would not think of doing yourself. That's why they make you laugh or cry.

It takes a nut to think these things up and have the nerve to do them.

ANUT is a dreamer. A nut in the movie business is one who has the "feel" of your soul. He can reach into your very insides and find your feelings and know how to arouse them.

One of the first successful nuts in the movie business was the man who real-



Assistant Director: "Ps-s-s-st! Tell her she's got to take another salary cut. That'll make her cry for you."

All Good Producers Are Nutty

ized that you—yes, you—had always had a secret yearning to throw a raw egg into a rapidly-revolving electric fan.

YOU never threw the egg because it would muss up the sitting room. But away back somewhere in the darkest recesses of your soul you wanted to raise hell in general and never mind the damage. But you never did it because you were regular.

This very smart showman—I guess it was Mack Sennett—realized your secret yearning. He resolved to satisfy it.

So what did he do?

He showed you, first, a beautiful girl. He endowed her with dignity and class. He built her up as a most desirable creature. He made her fascinating, siren-like. He made you want to hug and kiss her. He gave her all the alluring charms of girlhood. He created a great sympathetic interest in your heart for her. Then very suddenly—

He threw a pumpkin pie smack into her beautiful face!

He kicked her terribly in the seating capacity!

He piled another pie into her face, this time lemon meringue!

You were shocked, deliciously.

You couldn't believe it. You dared not believe that your secret, innermost hopes and desires had come true. He did the thing that must not be done. He destroyed her dignity, her beauty, her charm.

You screamed over it, screamed in delight.

That's nuttiness, my masters!

It took a daring nuttiness to do it on the screen.

It took an understanding of your very insides to do it.

A banker would not do it. A ribbon clerk would become nauseated at the very thought of it, and he wouldn't even have thought of it.

But a nut thought of it—and you loved it.

SENNETT was probably the originator of the idea. But from this it was an easy step to other forms of nuttiness. The next step was to show a man all dressed up like a million dollars, silk hat and all, and then have him slip on a banana peel.

The nuttiness of the daring producer appealed to your own nuttiness—for you must admit that you *are* a nut, at heart).

Years later, this was applied to drama. It was one thing to throw a pie into the face of a comedienne, but it was quite another to do it in drama.

So another good producer got a nutty idea.

Why not do this daring thing in drama?

So he bought a story, a very beautiful love story in which the hero marries the heroine and they seem about to live happily ever after. But that was only to fool you.

Suddenly the gorgeous hero and the exquisite heroine have a family spat. It grows from bad to worse until just when you are least expecting it, the handsome hero socks the delicate heroine in the jaw with a sock that knocks her flat on her back. Or hits her with a grapefruit. Or something.

Well, it worked. You gasped. You

didn't expect it. You thought the two sweethearts would clinch in each other's arms and that the picture would fade out on the ever-present happy ending.

But the idea of socking a girl on the jaw got you.

That was only a trick—a trick on the part of a nutty producer. He knew you would be shocked. He wanted you to be shocked. Then he shot a few more feet showing the hero and heroine kissing and making up—and—

You loved it!

You went away from the theater and all you thought about was the unexpected sock on the jaw. So you told your friends about it and they went in droves to see the terrific biff.

Thus the good producer proved that his nuttiness was good screen stuff, because it stood the acid test of fan approval.

In socking the girl on the jaw, the producer was only aping the old idea of hitting the slapstick comedienne in the face with a luscious pie—but you never thought of that. You regarded it as an original piece of stage business and you loved it.

LOOK back on the pictures you have liked best.

What sticks in your memory?

I'll bet my shirt that it is something copied from something else, but copied so cleverly that you considered it new and original.

Good producers have the "feel" of this in your make-up. They completely believe that you can be fooled over and over again with the same old hokum, provided they dress it up in new togs. And they are right.

Before I got into the movies I tried song-writing. I wrote a very original song. It was so original that it was a little bit hard to whistle. I tried it out on a vaudeville team. When they came to the original part, they hesitated.

The minute they hesitated I knew I was lost.

So I changed it. I made it like all the other popular songs that had ever been written before. I tried it on the experts again and they sailed through it like wildfire. This meant I had a hit.

It was played in theaters and you whistled it and sang it. You knew just how it was going to go as you went along. You were secretly pleased with your own intuition. You even thought you understood music, when as a matter of fact there was mighty little music in it—just routine.

Well, it's routine that makes the successful moving picture. Now and then we give you the unexpected—like the pie in the face or the sock in the jaw—but as a rule we give you what you expect because it makes you happier.

You read a new book and if you can guess in advance how it will end, your vanity is tickled and you think the author is darned clever. You hear a new song and you are more than satisfied if you can whistle it the first time you hear it. You see a new movie and you are gratified to find that nothing in it was much smarter than you are.

That's due to the nuttiness of the creator. He is just nutty enough to please you—and pleasing you is nothing short of genius, which is another word for nuttiness.

SIMPLE Tinting rinse glorifies all shades of hair



Where there's a man—there's competition! So prepare yourself for the battle of the beauties. Begin with your hair. Make it glow and glint with the loveliest tint of its type. You can do it yourself with Lovalon—the rinse that tints the hair as it rinses. There are 12 shades to work this magic for any shade of hair from minted gold or raven's wing to sophisticated gray or white.

This harmless vegetable rinse is not a dye, not a bleach—merely a temporary tint that will wash off in your next shampoo. It will banish the dry, brittle look caused by waving, dyeing and bleaching. It removes the yellowness from gray or white hair.

5-rinse packages 25¢ at drug and department stores. Small packages at five and ten cent stores. At smart beauty shops, or send direct to Lovalon Laboratories, Department T-38, 281 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco, California.

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Tints the hair as it rinses

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It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

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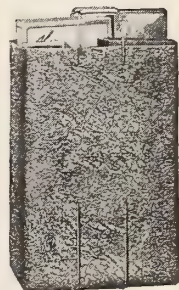
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SAFELY RELIEVED IN 10 SECONDS

Keep Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads always handy and you'll be as foot-happy as a child! Sore toes from new or tight shoes are instantly relieved. Every possibility of a corn is prevented. These thin, protective pads end corn pain; quickly and safely remove corns or callouses. Get a box today. Sold everywhere. Cost but a trifle.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Radio Rambles

(Continued from page 57)

and, since she had neglected to state the exact time of her arrival, on the postcard, the Old Maestro had been manipulating his canoe since noon. The pond was frozen solid and in order to make any headway at all it had been necessary for him to equip the bottom of the canoe with casters.

When Mrs. Sward arrived he was propelling his craft over the surface of the municipal rink, using an ice-pick in place of his paddle. Thanks to the blizzard the Old Maestro was covered with flakes and looked for all the world like a snowman who had been put to work by the Unemployment Relief Association.

MRS. SWARD, with hair akimbo, stood on the bank too thrilled for words. Here, at last, was her idol of the radio world. The press agent's fatal sentence kept flashing through her mind. "You can see him there any afternoon autographing paddles for his admirers." And there he was, keeping faith with the publicity man and his public.

Scrunch! . . . Scrunch! . . . Scrunch! went the casters as they rolled over the frozen surface.

Ick! . . . Ick! . . . Ick! sounded the ice-pick as the shivering idol prodded the canoe along.

Screwy! . . . Screwy! . . . Screwy! shrilled a near-sighted seagull who had got off its course and had mistaken the small snow-mantled craft for the Albany night boat.

Mrs. Sward was lost in admiration, but after drinking in the scene and wiping her eyes, she was stirred to action.

"After all," she thought shyly, "I came to praise Bernie, not to bury him."

Suiting the action to the word she waved her canoe paddle at our hero and shouted, "Yoo-hoo, Mr. Bernie! Here I am."

After moaning his catch-line, "Yowsa" several times, the Old Maestro—and he was an Old Mess-tro by now—wheeled his canoe to the shore.

Mrs. Sward was agog. "I seen your article in *Radio Burp*," she gushed.

"Yowsa," chattered her idol through teeth which clicked like castanets.

"It said you was here every afternoon so I just wanted to have my canoe paddle autographed. I knew you wouldn't mind."

"Yowsa," muttered the band leader feebly.

MRS. SWARD produced a fountain pen and the Old Maestro pulled off one mitten, dusted the snow from the paddle and wrote: "To my Pal. From your Pal, Ben Bernie."

Handing the pen back he slumped over in the canoe, suffering from exposure. Mrs. Sward, afraid that the ink would run, rushed off, in the general direction of Haverstraw, to get a blotter.

The near-sighted gull, disgusted with the entire business, ventured a last ear-splitting "Screwy" and flew off after a man carrying a goldfish bowl. The gull thought it was a portable puddle.

THE rest is history. The Old Maestro was later found by a man named Strunsky and removed to a

bon-fire where he was lost to radio until he was thoroughly thawed out.

There is no moral to this tale. It simply shows what happened to a grand radio entertainer who was a victim of publicity. Everyone, with the exception of the press agent, experienced untold suffering.

While the Old Maestro lay prone in his canoe, the snowflakes were beating on the window pane in the cubbyhole office. Again the press agent put down his cigarette, again his finger stabbed at the typewriter keyboard and again, after some brisk clicking, if you had looked over his shoulder you would have read:

"Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro, has a new hobby. He goes tobogganing in Central Park every afternoon."

This article will be published next July.

P. S. Something should be done about press agents!

FRED ALLEN

Too bad about Ed Wynn's uncle, isn't it? We've been meaning to check up with Warden Lawes when he steps in from Sing Sing for one of those "Twenty Thousand Years at Sing Sing" broadcasts. You probably remember the tale:

Ed: Say, Graham, my uncle's been hard at work for three months.

Graham: What's he doing?

Ed: Six months.

JOLLY BILL STEINKE, of Jolly Bill and Jane, who roars in to see us now and then, amuses himself in odd moments drawing cartoons for newspapers and friends. Before he started on the mike he was a vaudeville act, drawing cartoon slides right in front of your eyes. If you'd like to see one of Jolly Bill's cartoons we'll get him to do one for us. Rumor has it also that he was once a circus clown. Incidentally, Jolly Bill and Wallace Beery look like twin brothers.

WHENEVER we see her, Madge Tucker—better known as "The Lady Next Door"—reminds us of Joan Blondell. Incidentally, Madge has probably developed more children into radio actors than any single program director. When NBC moves into Radio City, she's going to have a special studio for her diminutive charges.

A rising young star in the ether firmament is Gertrude Niesen, who first sprang to fame through her imitations of Lupe Velez. Lupe saw Gertrude's imitation of her the other night at a benefit and was delighted. So it isn't another case of Nat Goodwin and the ham.

You probably remember the story of the actor who asked Goodwin what he thought of his imitation of Nat.

"All I can say, Mr. So and So," replied Goodwin, "is that one of us is terrible."

Just a parting suggestion for the Stoopnocrats. One teaspoonful of soda bicarb slipped into every highball. It saves all that fumbling around the medicine chest before going to bed. Good-night Everybody.

New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 67)

that this particular picture just about has to be decided upon by the person who sees it.

Even if you like jazz, there are a couple of classical numbers that do things to you; and even if you like the general run of motion pictures, "Strange Rhapsody" should do the same.

In "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," one of the first pictures to play at the Radio City Music Hall, Nils Asther proved that he was definitely at the top flight of current picture players. Add Kay Francis, Walter Huston and Eugene Pallette and you have something worth seeing.

In case that isn't enough, add Phillips Holmes and Louise Closser Hale and there should be plenty for anybody.

However, sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, and there is everything in "Strange Rhapsody" that any audience has a right to expect.

HOLD YOUR MAN—(M-G-M)—

Happy days are here again! There may be some in these United States who had fault to find with "Red Dust" and, truth be told, there were flaws that I could find myself. Yet it was a picture to remember, as any picture must be when it has Clark Gable and Jean Harlow for its stars.

"Hold Your Man" has just that and not much more—yet, brothers and sisters, that is plenty. For the torrid Mr. Gable and the super-torrid Miss Harlow offer enough to take you out of your seats on the hottest of summer evenings and make you believe that you are on an island where the sky is blue and winds blow from the sea, and the boy you love—but you know the rest of it. Enough that Gable and Harlow score again in a super-emotional thrill-fest that should leave you limp. It did me.

Mr. Gable may not be your favorite screen lover but teamed with Jean Harlow, there's something that can't be dismissed just like that.

This time they're in what is generally known as civilization. That is to say, America. Clark is a bad boy and Jean a girl who is none too good. They get together and after some three or four reels, end up in jail. If you want to know why, you'll have to find out yourself, and you'll thank me for making you.

I liked 'em both and I liked the show . . . and I like the opportunity of telling you that I think you'll like it just as much as I did. There are a couple of scenes that are well worth the price of admission.

LADY OF THE NIGHT—(M-G-M)—

I'm still hoping that there's going to come a day when one and all will agree that Loretta Young is a definite screen possibility. Maybe it's funny, my saying this, after she's been starred for several years, but I still feel that her best work is still to be done.

Just for a joke: suppose Loretta Young and Charles Farrell had been starred in "Seventh Heaven!" Do you get what I mean?"

M-G-M has done pretty well by her. In "Lady of the Night," Loretta is on trial for murder. Waiting in the clerk's office, she notices the law books on the shelves around the walls, each with its year stamped upon it. As she looks at them, she thinks of the years that have led her to her present straits—that's the story. Simple—nothing new—yet once more, Loretta Young brings freshness to a worn-out story and makes it well worth your seeing.

Franchot Tone, well publicized at the moment, Ricardo Cortez and Warren Hymer all help Miss Young to make the picture worth while, and William Wellman who is a pretty darn good director, has nothing to be ashamed about over the direction.

Unless something awfully good is playing at another theater within walking distance of your home, you won't do much better than "Lady of the Night."

MARY STEVENS, M.D.—(Warner

Brothers)—Did it ever occur to you that Kay Francis, the Warner Brothers' clothes model, might be an excellent dramatic actress?

"Mary Stevens, M.D.," is not going to prove that particular point; in fact, it falls a little short of what it might have been. Yet it proves conclusively that Kay Francis has all the histrionic ability needed to play much better rôles than have been given her in the past.

Imagine a woman doctor in a world that is tough for men. Imagine a woman who finds that duty and ethics are not always the same thing, who cannot quite let her mind rule her

(Please turn to page 108)

SUMMER DAYS PLAY HAVOC WITH YOUR Beauty!



WHAT summer does to your skin is a shame! . . . If wind and water don't attack it, the hot sun does.

It becomes dry and lifeless. It loses its smoothness—grows coarse and leathery. A week's exposure and wrinkles begin to appear.

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INSECT BITES NEVER ITCH NOW

Yet I Used to Suffer Agonies!

Insects just bite me to pieces. I used to be lumpy for days after an outing. But no more! I just put a drop of penetrating, antiseptic Campho-Phenique on the bite. It soothes clear down to the deepest skin; itching and pain stop like magic. I'd never use anything else! Get a bottle yourself—30c. or 60c. at any drugstore. Or try the 10c. size. Keep it handy always.

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THANK YOU—

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Your free sample, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

FREE



"Aw, him? He's running a fever until he hears how his screen test turned out."

ARE YOU AS

Lovely

as you want to be

?



EVER look in your mirror and say, "Hmmm—what's wrong with me? I could be lots better looking if I just knew how. Wish some kind soul would take me in hand and bring out my good points!"

That's just what the Beauty Editor of Tower Magazines is doing! Taking charge of other women's beauty . . . telling them what they don't know about loveliness . . . how to test your skin to discover just your right make-up colors . . . how your hair line affects your facial contour . . . how to give your skin that transparent look with the new "damp finish" . . . all the important things to know about beauty.

Whatever you don't like about yourself . . . you'll find valuable help in this series on beauty aids. And, best of all, it's a personal beauty study of **YOU** and *your needs*.

For further details without cost, write to the Beauty Editor, TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 107)

heart, and who dares not let her heart have the free rein that would bring her happiness.

George Brent is the romantic support and once more Mr. Brent falls a little short of your reviewer's ideas of what romance should mean. George is too stolid. If I were a girl, and George Brent proposed to me, I think I'd scream—if that's still what girls do when the job in hand is too much for them. George has to loosen up a whole lot before we are ready to admit that he's good enough to be even the screen lover of Kay Francis. (Back of our mind, we'll always see Bill Powell and Kay in "One Way Passage" and the champagne glasses breaking across the Tia Juana bar on New Year's eve.)

But, be that as it may, "Mary Stevens, M.D.," is a better than run-of-the-mill movie. It has drama, action and originality. With a little break it might have been one of the best pictures of the year. And, as it is, it is well worth seeing.

THE NUISANCE—(M-G-M)—Even when they try to make a program picture with Lee Tracy, he ups and makes a special out of it.

You've seen him as a publicity expert in "The Half-Naked Truth," a doughboy in "Private Jones," now you'll see him as a shyster lawyer in "The Nuisance," and you'll forget everything you've seen him in until now.

And though the picture is all Lee's, he didn't get it without a struggle. Frank Morgan as the drunken doctor, comes near to stealing it, and Charles Butterworth does the best bit he has ever done in a career filled with fine achievements. Madge Evans shows unsuspected ability as a stool pigeon who falls for Lee, and a bit player named Herman Bing deserves better rôles in the future.

All in all, I am rather inclined to say that M-G-M has a money-making hit. The studio had a fair story and a fair idea of producing it. What happened? Well, the cast went haywire,

did swell jobs all around and the result is that there will be many a picture labelled "Special" that will fall way below the standard set by "The Nuisance."

I think "The Nuisance" is a particularly bad title for a movie and sincerely hope you won't let it stop you from enjoying a good hour's entertainment.

STRANGER'S RETURN—(M-G-M)

—Once every year King Vidor makes a great movie. "Stranger's Return" may not be what some of the King Vidor efforts have been in the past, but it doesn't suffer too much by comparison.

Nor does Mr. Vidor take any long chances. Having been given a screen story that has all the earmarks of a good movie, he proceeded to cast a band of players who should be able to make a good movie out of almost any story. Lionel Barrymore heads the cast. Miriam Hopkins adds her glamour, and Franchot Tone, Stuart Erwin and Tad Alexander complete the cast.

Once more, Mr. Vidor does things that the average Hollywood director misses. Once more he brings to mind things that we miss in our own daily life yet, seeing them on the screen, we realize we have missed them. And most of us will leave the theater with a mental reservation to the effect that we will be more careful in the future.

Lionel Barrymore is undoubtedly Hollywood's greatest character actor and in "Stranger's Return," he is everything that his audience has grown to expect him to be. In "Sweepings" Mr. Barrymore was more or less restricted to the limits of the people whose rôles depended on his own. In this, as in "A Free Soul," the Barrymore characteristic stands out alone. It is the whole show—the rest revolve around him. And it is a tribute to all of them when I say that they do him justice.

Don't look for comedy, for there is little humor. Yet, "Strangers Return" may well be among the best shows of the year in the memories of many of you, a few months from today.

The September issue of

- HOME
- NEW MOVIE
- Illustrated LOVE
- MYSTERY

will be on sale August 9. Get your copy early . . . the supply won't last all month.

Happy Days

(Continued from page 60)

Ruth Abbott, following Ruth's opening in a play at the Hollywood Music Box. Ruth is from the New York stage, you know, and is married to Cleve Moore, Colleen's brother. Cleve and Ruth met in the same play, and it was one of those love-at-first-sight affairs. Now Ruth is doing some picture work as well as the new play.

Colleen looked chic in white evening pajamas with a green jacket. Ruth wore a plaid silk taffeta, with v-neck front and back.

George K. Arthur, whom you will remember with Karl Dane, in the old days, was there with his wife and his sister-in-law, Doris Lloyd. He is producing plays these days, but is also appearing in short subjects.

It is quite the thing now-a-days at parties for guests to dash in from other parties, especially at these after-theater affairs.

So we weren't surprised to see Mae Clarke, who wasn't at the opening, but had been attending a dinner dance somewhere, pop in by herself. She wore an informal dinner dress of green crepe, and was generously tanned.

We haven't yet stopped talking about Mae's three hospital trips. She says gaily that she keeps in touch with her favorite hospital all the time! One trip was when she had her nervous break-down, the next for her appendicitis operation, and the third following her automobile accident when her poor little jaw was "wired for silence," as she put it.

Mae and Arthur Jarrett, who sings at the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador, but who is surely going to be heard from some of these days in pictures, are rather interested in each other, I think. At least Mae speaks of him most glowingly. But Mae does have a fancy every now and then!

Mary Carlisle came with Edgar Allen Woolf. She looked sweet in a white silk evening gown, made simply and girlishly.

Colleen's mother and her aunt helped entertain, while her father, Mr. Charles

Morrison, and her husband, Albert Scott, along with Cleve, aided in receiving.

All members of the cast of Ruth Abbott's play, "The Middle Watch," were there, including E. E. Clive, Finis Barton, Cecil Brunner, Claire Vadera, Colin Campbell, Leland Hodgson, Reginald Sheffield, Charles McNaughton, Gerald Rogers, Edgar Sinnott and Elspeth Dudgeon. And Louise Mackintosh and others, including many social lights of Beverly Hills, dropped in during the evening.

Poor Cleve Moore got himself in wrong! He put the flowers his wife had received at the theater into the back of his car, but somehow they got lost in transit. There was quite a well-bred to-do about the matter, and it was finally decided that while Cleve went back to the theater for something, somebody spirited the flowers away.

Buffet suppers in Hollywood are becoming more and more elaborate. Colleen's included a most delicious dish, noodles with a sauce the base of which was ground round steak and cheese. It is called "cheesburg."

JOAN CRAWFORD'S latest picture was shown at Connie Bennett's party. And Doug Fairbanks, Jr., came to see it.

What's more, Joan came over and kissed young Doug, even if she is divorced from him, in regular 1933 style!

And Doug confided to me that it was really in order to see Joan's picture, more than anything else, that brought him to the party.

It is growing more and more the fashion for the ladies to go unescorted to parties; and among those thus staggling it to Connie's were Mary Pickford, Countess Frasso and Eileen Percy.

By the way, the Countess was wearing her famous star-sapphire necklace, and everybody was trying it on. Dolores Del Rio seemed to get the most kick out of it, and it certainly was becoming to her dark beauty.

Constance wore a fuchsia-colored dinner dress of flat crepe, trimmed with a cape of the same material, and Joan Bennett, her sister, who came with Gene Markey, wore a princess gown of black net, very becoming.

William Haines brought Alice Glazer; Dolores Del Rio came with her husband, Cedric Gibbons. Werra Engels was there with a man whose name I did not learn, but who seemed very devoted. Gary Cooper came alone, but devoted himself gallantly to all the ladies, in turn.

The supper was buffet, as is usual at Hollywood parties.

Guests also included Mr. and Mrs. Raoul Walsh, George Cukor, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bennett, Norman Pritzel, Ricardo Cortez and others.

WE were in the Indian Room at the Ambassador Hotel, where Rouben Mamoulian was giving a party for Marlene Dietrich—a very colorful party, as it turned out, since, against the warmly tinted trophies, including paintings, rugs and pottery which decorate the room, appeared Russian singers, dancers and orchestra, in native costume.

(Please turn to page 110)



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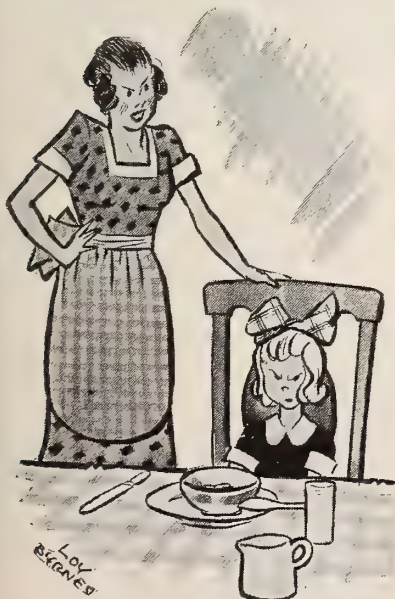
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"You don't catch Joan Crawford leaving any oatmeal in her dish."

Happy Days Are Here Again

(Continued from page 109)

Miss Dietrich came with Joseph Von Sternberg, and was at least half-feminine as to dress. She wore a white skirt and a man's shirt, vest and coat. She danced a lot with Mamoulian, and once with Von Sternberg, but Von doesn't go in much for dancing.

Claudette Colbert came with Norman Foster, and they danced together a good deal.

Dinner was served at little tables, and guests moved about a good deal from one table to another, especially after dinner, and this made for charming sociability.

Indeed, formal dinners are fast going out in Hollywood, being replaced by buffet affairs, where you take your plate and sit where you wish, or else by these tete-a-tete dinner services, which are almost equally informal.

The entertainment took on an informal aspect, too, with the daughter of the noted singer, Nina Koschetz, performing a lovely dance, while other entertainers sang or danced at intervals.

Gregory Ratoff sang a Russian song, one of those in which the audience joins every so often with a loud whoop!

Claudette Colbert, though she is on the Paramount lot, met Dorothea Wieck for the first time, and the two chatted together in French.

Richard Bennett entertained the party by dancing the rumba with little Miss Koschetz, and made a big hit! A merry fellow, Bennett, when he wants to be, and one often wonders if his rumblings of bad temper aren't a part of his "line," like George Bernard Shaw's.

Gary Cooper was with Sandra Shaw. Guests besides also included Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Atwill, Ralph Bellamy, Charles Butterworth, John Cromwell, William DeMille, Charles Farrell, Norman Foster, E. H. Griffith, John Halliday, Howard Hawks, Leslie Howard, William Howard, Jesse Lasky, Louis B. Lighton, Paul Lukas, Fredric March, Louis B. Mayer, Kenneth MacKenna, Lawrence Stallings, Charles Vidor, Frank Capra, Messrs. Gary Cooper, James Creelman, and many others.

SKATING parties are the vogue these days, both "ice and roller." Indeed, we see stars skating about the streets of Hollywood quite freely. Joan Marsh and Tommy Lee skated right into Sardi's for lunch, the other day!

Herbert Mundin and his wife gave a delightful skating party at the roller skating rink near Santa Monica, the other night.

Herbert says he is "now at the showing off stage of skating." He really does awfully well, cutting all sorts of figures with the sliders.

"I like roller skating, but ice skating leaves me cold," punned Mundin.

Buster Collier had the honor of taking the first tumble, but he took it big!

Then Mrs. Mundin gracefully slid down, but Al Kauffman, Jose Crespo, Mrs. Henry King and the others managed to keep their feet.

Mr. and Mrs. Mundin finished their party with a real Dutch supper, beer, pretzels, delicious cold meats and potato salad, and cheese cake.

What's in a Pen-Name?

Some of the suggestions made for a nom de plume for our Hollywood scribe

By NEMO

(NEW MOVIE)

HELLO everybody! Hello yourself! I could sue you for what you called me!

I've been swamped with letters from every state in the Union, from every corner of every state, from Canada and Mexico for good measure, and a few from China, Peru, South Africa and odd points—all calling me names!

I've been so busy reading them (and I've read every doggone one of them, too, whatever my friends say about me) that I've become practically socially extinct out here where the talk begins. Lew Cody invited me to dinner three times before I told him, loftily, that I was too busy reading letters from my public. I showed a pile of letters to Jimmy Cagney. "Gaze on a bachelor author's fan mail, you mere star," I said, kindly, but cattily. He went pale, not a sock left in his system.

Joan Crawford offered to help me, but I told her I'd always done my own picking and I was too old (at thirty-five, say) to stop now. Hedda Hopper only laughed at me, but she's always laughing at everybody anyway, so why worry?

IF I tried to answer all your letters, I'd have to give up my other writing, including "Hollywood Day by Day." (Do I hear hisses or cheers?) And I'd have to give up a lot of luncheons and teas and dinners and parties—so give a fellow a break, will you? . . . Some of the names you wanted to call me weren't any too polite or too delicate, but it was all in fun, anyway.

The boys called me the hardest names, right out in public. The girls who signed themselves "Miss" kidded me, as usual. And the girls who signed themselves "Mrs." took me more seriously. (They always have!) To one I was "The Newsance," to another "Station MEOW," and to another of you I—I, with my dignity, my stick, my spats and my winning ways—I was "Peek-a-boo." Here I grew to six-feet—one and 195 pounds and even wax my moustache (when I can find it) and you—you—YOU! . . . call me Peek-a-boo!

Honestly, though, I got a real kick out of reading your letters. And (I might as well admit it openly) you got the old romance turning cartwheels and flipflops inside me again. A lot of you have names, for instance, that conjure up all sorts of dreams in a fellow's brain. Do you mind if I indulge some of them for a moment?

Now tell me, how could you help wondering what a girl named Donna

The pen-name, "Nemo," to be used by the anonymous author of "Hollywood Day by Day," was first submitted by Miss Marguerite Kelly, 10 Cottage Street, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. She is thirty-five and is employed as a hotel telephone operator. She has never won any other contest. She cares for her father, who is seventy-four and has been an invalid for many years. Miss Kelly receives the \$100 award.

Belle might be like? Or Tynne? Such an odd name; where did she get it? Or Zaira? (Aren't you tall and dark and exotic-looking, Zaira?) I always loved the name of Sheila. (She's from Santa Monica, too.) And Cornelia Katherine. I know she's tall and stately, her hair is straight, unbobbed and she parts it in the middle, and her eyes are a slumbrous black. . . . But Brownie, who lives down in Tennessee, she's different. She's little and cuddly and all over the place. And the little Valdez girl from Texas. I don't know why I think of her as small, too, and dark. She's my Lupe Velez. Anna Russell, a lovely name of memories, from New York, and Yolanda, too, and the euphony of Laurette Love. Can you blame a mere man for his fancies?

AH, Meta Rose—what a name for the stage or screen! And I loved the name of Chrystal, and Joy from Albany, and Isobel, from Brooklyn. Oh, well, I could go on forever.

I don't dare rave about the girls who signed themselves "Mrs." I've been around enough to know. And after what some of the boys called me I'm not just like that with them. If I were a girl I'd scream! As it is, I'll light another cigarette, and begin reading your letters all over again. And, too, I'm due at Miriam Hopkins' for dinner. Ah, what a girl!

So . . . thanks again for the letters—and thanks again for the name. I'll be seeing you.

Good-bye everybody!

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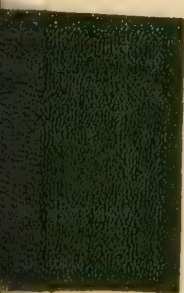
key when you open a pound of Beech-Nut Coffee—OR—five outside package wrappers from Beech-Nut Gum or candy, for each puzzle you wish to get. Ask for puzzle by its name. Address—Beech-Nut Packing Co., Dept. E, Canajoharie, N.Y.

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SEPTEMBER



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New Movie

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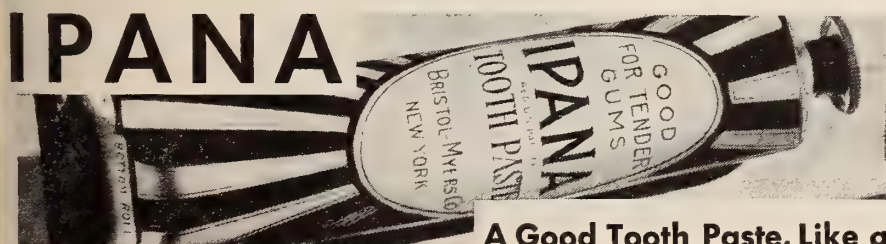
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THE New Movie MAGAZINE

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

CATHERINE McNELIS, Publisher HUGH WEIR, Editorial Director

VOL. VIII, No. 3

SEPTEMBER 1933

Cover Design by CLARK AGNEW

AM RICH . . .
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GRATIFIED . . .
YET I AM ONLY A . . .
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SLAVE**

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VERNE PORTER, Managing Editor

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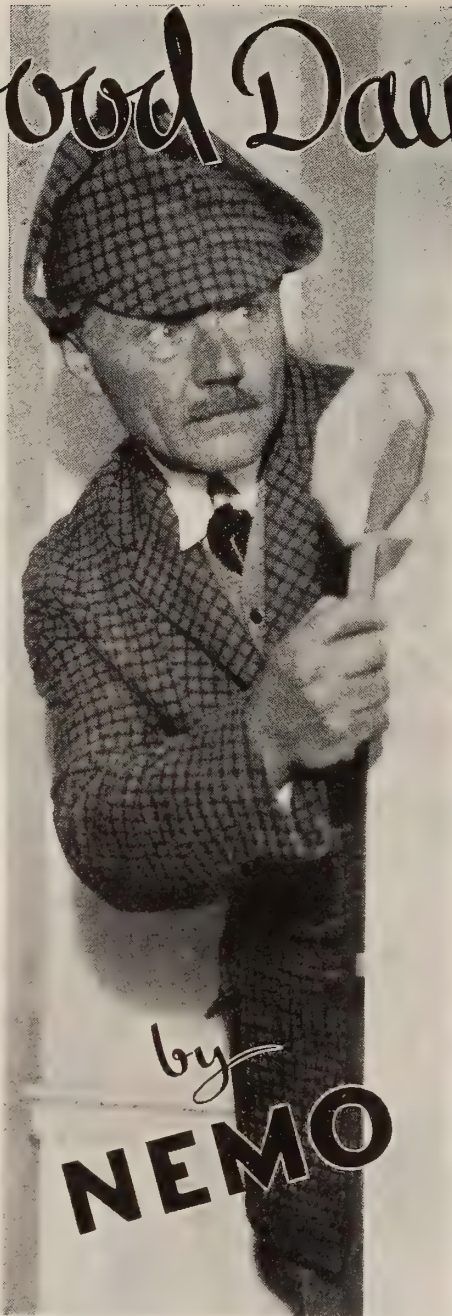
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Hollywood Day by Day

I HAVE been spending my week-ends this Summer down at La Jolla, which is, in my humble opinion, quite the loveliest of the seaside resorts between Los Angeles and San Diego. Others think so, too. Dr. Reynolds, Charlie Chaplin's friend, the famous surgeon who would rather act than surge, is a frequent visitor. The Doc is to have a big part in Chaplin's new picture.

Between talks on the beach about astrology—both Reynolds and Chaplin are great admirers of Mabel ("Smitty") Smith, Hollywood's newest star-gazing sensation—the Doctor let out a few things about the Chaplin plans. Of course, everybody knows that Paulette Goddard is to have the feminine lead in the new Chaplin picture; Reynolds didn't have to tell me that; and everybody assumes that Henry Bergemann, the big delicatessen dealer, will do his usual foil stuff for Charlie. The chief new bit was that the comedian intends to follow this opera with a talkie version of "A Woman of Paris," with Paulette in Edna Purviance's old part.

Another thing about Charlie: his new boat is not to be called "Panacea," as reported in the papers. It is to be called after the old one—"Edna P. II" instead of "Edna P." Paulette Goddard may own the boat; probably she or someone else does,



Photographed exclusively for the New Movie Magazine by Wide World

The prize-winning pen-name selected for the anonymous author of this department

Hollywood and its stars are just as excited about the real identity of Nemo as are many of our readers. Scores of the stars have tried to beguile us into giving him away with, "Just tell me, and I'll promise not to let a soul know." Charles Ruggles, the comedian, was among them. We wouldn't tell—but we asked him to pose for his conception of the mysterious reporter. Here he is (above) photographed as he believes Nemo to be. Each month a prominent star will give you his own impression of this famous author, who lives in Hollywood, is an associate of the stars, and continues, uncaught and unsuspected, to wear the mask of Nemo.

for Chaplin, as an alien, has no right to own water craft in our waters; but the comedian is still loyal, aquatically at least, to the beautiful girl who supported him so ably in the pictures in which he won his greatest fame.

LA JOLLA isn't such a long way from San Diego; in fact it is legally a part of the beautiful southern city. I was, therefore, much interested in Minna Gombell's marriage to good old Joe Sefton, San Diego's big bank and trust man. The only thing that's kept this pair of bill-and-coosers from the altar for some time was the question of whether Minna should continue with her screen career. Asked about this on the day of the wedding, Minna said:

"We compromised. I'm going to continue."

The Seftons compromised on homes, too. Minna has a charming little apartment in Hollywood. Joe has a show place in San Diego. So they compromised on a summer house at Laguna, which is just fifty-fifty between the two. Freddie March, who also has a place at Laguna, says that it is an ideal place for children—but I suppose it's rather early to be thinking about that in Joe's and Minna's case!

BILLIE DOVE, famous in Hollywood because she is the only girl who ever walked home from a canoe ride, is another town "catch" who has succumbed to the love song of the visiting tycoon. She is now Mrs. Robert Kenaston. The change of name doesn't seem to have done her any harm. She looked as lovely in her sun tan and flowered frock at the Miramar dinner dance the other night as she did when she first stepped from Ziegfeld's front row into the role of the most beautiful girl in Hollywood.

SPEAKING of the most beautiful girl in pictures, Mary Pickford told me once, while we were sitting on the edge of her swimming pool at Santa Monica, that there had been only one really beautiful girl on the screen.

"Mary Pickford," I said.

"No; Claire Windsor."

Leon Gordon, the famous painter of women, agreed with that verdict. He chose Claire from all the much-touted beauties of Hollywood to immortalize in that wonderful paint-

(Please turn to page 8)



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Alex Kahle

Arline Judge confided to me the other day that Malibu, where she and Hubby Wesley Ruggles had been living, was no place for a baby. "And it's so big and lonesome down there," she complained. So now they are in the midst of building a Spanish-style house between Hollywood and Santa Monica. Arline, by the way, startled the staid residents of Beverly Hills the other day when she went whizzing down the street on roller skates, pushing the baby carriage, occupied by the entranced Ruggles baby.

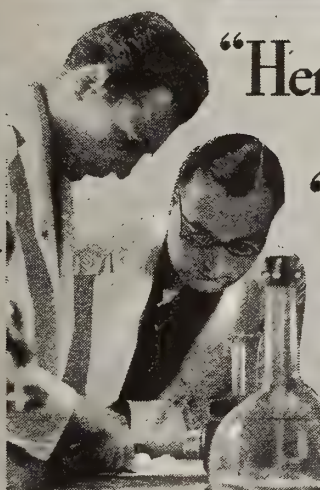


"I wonder **WHY**
this soap actually
makes my skin
younger-looking?"

"I don't know why...
but we've all been
using it for years
because it does..."

**JOAN
BENNETT**

Lovely Fox star.
Scientists now tell
her why this soap is
such a wonderful
aid in keeping her
skin young-looking.



"Here's WHY, Miss Bennett!"

SCIENTISTS NOW EXPLAIN...

**"This soap contains
precious elements
Nature puts in skin
to keep it *youthful*..."**

**MARIAN
NIXON**

Fascinating Fox
star who is one of
686 out of the 694
important Holly-
wood actresses who
use this beauty soap.

THINK OF IT! Scientists find this beauty soap actually contains precious elements skin itself has—and *must* have to stay youthful!

Here's news of vital importance to every woman who ever has said: "I *wish* I could keep my skin radiant, *young-looking*."

The Secret of Youthful Skin

Nature puts certain precious elements in every type of skin. Youthful skin is rich in them. But, as the years go by, these elements are gradually lost, making skin dull... old-looking.

But here is good news: Scientists now say, you can *check the loss* of these precious elements!

Lux Toilet Soap, with its complete freedom from harshness, its ready solubility, and its content of precious elements, is a wonderful aid in keeping skin young-looking, they declare.

No wonder screen stars are so devoted to this fragrant, white soap. 686 out of 694 important Hollywood actresses use it. And it's *official* in all the big film studios.

A Lovelier You

Why don't *you* let this scientific care keep *your* skin exquisite? Get two or three cakes of Lux Toilet Soap—start today to use it—and watch your skin grow lovelier.



**"No wonder the stars
like this soap..."**

...says Miss Barbara Foltz, of Indianapolis, Ind. "I read the enthusiastic praise that Hollywood stars give Lux Toilet Soap. So I tried it. Now I just wouldn't use any other."



For EVERY Type of Skin...dry...oily..."in-between"—BEGIN TODAY!



Dropping in at the Paramount studio, I found Jimmy Cagney was also a visitor. He was calling on Bing Crosby and Carole Lombard, and I watched our New Movie cameraman pose them for a snap. . . . Bing has signed up to do two more pictures for Paramount, and is building himself a huge Hollywood mansion. . . . Jimmy's been busy coaching his brother, Bill, who has just signed an RKO contract.

(Continued from page 6)
ing which hung so long on the walls of the Los Angeles Ambassador.

I GOT a great kick the other night watching Claire and Antonio Moreno dining and dancing in the Coconut Grove in that same hotel. It seems only the other day that Claire and Bert Lytell, at the height of their tropical love affair, were nightly visitors to the Grove. I suppose it must have been some time ago, though, for Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey were also among the most indefatigable of the dancers, and Elinor Glyn was in the habit of dining there with Irving Thalberg. Apropos of the latter couple, I remember asking:

"Who's that with Elinor, her son?"

"My God, no," exclaimed my companion, "it's her boss!"

Afterward, I got to know Irving Thalberg very well; and we had

When Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers (right) made "Lucky in Love" at Universal, the whole town buzzed with talk of romance. I accused them, but they only laughed. Anyway, they admitted lunching every day in Lew's dressing-room, and that Lew was the donor of a tiny, heart-shaped platinum locket set with emeralds. Inside is engraved, "To Ginger from Lew." Ginger spent hours in the publicity office trying to find a picture of Lew small enough to fit in the locket. Ginger's taken up horseback riding with a vengeance. Every day now she's taking a hurdling lesson.

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by John Miehle

*Hollywood
day by day*

many a laugh over his being Elinor Glyn's son. By the time you read these lines, I hope Irving is back on the old lot restored to his old health and his old honors.

AS I looked around that loveliest of dining and dancing places, I was sadly aware that Claire and Tony were the sole reminders of the old days when Clara Bow, a new girl with bushy red hair, was winning prizes for her dancing.

It was here that she first attracted Miss Glyn's attention and earned that title of the "It Girl," which was so largely responsible for her sudden rise to fame. It is curious, isn't it, that so different a screen type as Elissa Landi should be a Glyn discovery, too? Few people know that Elinor put up the money and actually produced Elissa's European picture which won her an American contract. From Bow to Landi! Either Elinor's taste is changing, or she isn't so young as she once was!

IN the new crowd I spotted Evalyn Knapp with the inevitable Donald Cook—you see them somewhere, Sardi's, the Derby, the Beverly Wilshire, every night—Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot, Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow, Fay Wray and Felix Chapalet, Boots Mallory and Cy Bartlett and Peggy Hopkins Joyce with that intrepid Cuban adventurer, Alexander Kirkland. Peggy, I suppose, belongs with the old crowd, but she doesn't bring back to me memories of the old Holly-



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wood so much as she does of the old Paris and the old Riviera, when she was the current flame of Henri Letellier, the world's greatest lover—and, incidentally, the saddest man I ever saw.

Kirkland, by the way, since he ran away to Havana with Ann Harding, has been one of the most sought-after of Hollywood young men. He used to be such a mouse.

BUT to get back to beautiful women—which is always a pleasure!—I was talking with Willy Pogany, the painter, in his Hollywood studio the other day. Willy has been out here several months making studies of the perfect camera face, and he has decided that it takes the eyes of one girl and the mouth of another and the neck of another and the nose of another to make the ideal. Pogany, it seems, recently made a careful survey of the twelve girls—the so-called Wam-

pas Baby Stars—who were selected this year as the most promising youngsters on the Hollywood lots. It was only by choosing a feature from each one of the twelve that he was able to achieve his perfect camera girl.

Incidentally, Willy was asked by the Motion Picture Relief Association to give a little talk before the newsreel camera for sweet charity's sake on this very subject. I went along as a sort of moral support—and after Willy had been talking for about an hour, I thought there was something funny about the sound of the camera, so I went over and took a look. To my dismay, and to Willy's disgust, we found that the camera had been running backward, and no picture had been taken.

At that, Pogany was better off than the radio performer who arranged for three hundred congratulatory "fan" letters to arrive at his employers' office the morning after his debut—only to discover that, through some technician's error, he had talked into a "dead mike" and hadn't been on the air at all!

I ASKED Charles Rosher, who is a great friend of Pogany's, what he thought of the latter's theory; and he agreed with it absolutely. Rosher ought to know. During the twelve years of Mary Pickford's undisputed ascendancy, from "The Lit-
(Please turn to page 11)

Johnny Weissmuller showing—or shouting—Jean Harlow the famous Tarzan call. . . . between pictures, Jean's working merrily away at her novel, and she tells me she's become a speed demon on the typewriter. Jean's issued seven solid gold "passes" to her most intimate friends, admitting them to her private swimming pool forever and ever. Did Johnny, who was seen with Jean at times during Lupe's absence in the East, get one?



Benita Hume, the English star, was Maurice Chevalier's guest at a little party he gave in the Coconut Grove. Helen Hayes and Adrian were there. They were seated so near the orchestra that Maurice couldn't make Benita hear. Finally, in desperation, he stood up and began telling a story in pantomime. Like everyone else in the room, I "listened in." Suddenly Maurice discovered all eyes were on him, and he hurriedly asked Benita to dance. But he went right on talking.



If it's fun to be fooled, here's how! The Illusion: Your eyes tell you that this is Miriam Jordan, Fox starlet, but you are, oh, so wrong. The Explanation: In England, where she made her stage hit, she was always known as

Mimi, and her biggest successes were in what we slangily know as hot-cha parts. So she bobbed her hair and her name again, and now, to you, she's no longer mild Miriam but—presto!—mad Mimi.

(Continued from page 9)
 the Princess" to "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," no one but Rosher was allowed to "turn the crank" on the best-known face in the world. He scouts the idea, however, that Mary's success was due to the possession of the ideal camera face.

"There is no such thing," he told me, as he gazed contemplatively at his own portrait by Vitch where it hung on the Derby wall. "Miss Pickford was a wonderful photographic subject, but so was Norma Talmadge, and so was Gloria Swanson. And can you imagine three girls whose faces were more different in contour, in proportion or in expression?"

EVERY month I try to take at least one long buggy ride away from Hollywood. It helps to keep

Heather Angel is one of the British importations to whom we folks in Hollywood have given the keys of the city. Her mother is with her. She makes it a point never to go near Heather when daughter is working, but the other day she spent all afternoon on the set with Lilian Harvey, an old friend of theirs. She has been promised that she may watch Heather through a keyhole.



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 day by day*

Lilian Harvey, photographed on the set, through one of the huge spotlights. I could rave all day about Lilian; she's just swell. Everyone out here is plain crazy about her. It is the usual thing, when a star finishes a picture, to give presents to the director and the crew. But when Lilian finished "My Lips Betray," the crew, adoring her, took up a collection and bought her a silver cigarette case. If she proves just one half as popular with you, the public, as she is in Hollywood, she's bound to be a sensation.

the old town in the right perspective, you know, and makes it look all the better when I get back. One month, it's Agua Caliente; next month, it's Palm Springs; next month, it's Frisco; this month, it was New York. Just twenty-one and a half hours by the new planes—and not very far from Hollywood in other ways! I went to see Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez the first night. They were clowning it with Hope Williams, who looks enough like Katharine Hepburn to be her sister. So, you see, it was pretty much of a Hollywood party, after all.

Speaking of Lupe Velez, is our beloved Gary Cooper going Mexican again? It is said that he "discovered" the little eighteen-year-old Chiquita Carsonne, who played with him in "One Sunday Afternoon." I have discovered some things about her, too! She was released from a convent when she was only eight years old, because she had an uncomfortable habit of seeing into other people's minds. Here in Hollywood, two famous people, who have willingly submitted themselves to the searching gaze of Chiquita's beautiful eyes, are Cecil B. DeMille and our hero, Gary. It is no surprise to us that this should be so. We know that Gary has the sweetest, most gentlemanly mind in all Hollywood, and, of course, Cecil, like Caesar's wife, is above reproach!

Have you heard that Cecil, being one of Hollywood's most venerable traditions, himself—venerable in the history of movie-making, not in age!—is creating a "lest we forget" stock company of his own. Among the many youngsters, who sat in judgment on our day in his picture (Please turn to page 13)

When Barbara Stanwyck went touring with "Tattle Tales," the musical show starring her husband, Frank Fay, she left the baby, Dion, at home with a nurse. She told me it almost broke her heart. "But," she said, "I've got to think of his comfort ahead of my love for him. Touring on the road is no place for a youngster."





Photograph by Wide World

Irene Dunne, one of the sweetest singers of them all, yet she never has had a chance to sing in the movies. At last, though, you're to hear the voice that first made her famous, in "Lady Sal." Her next picture to follow

will be "Of Human Bondage," with Leslie Howard. . . . She posed for this picture for The New Movie Magazine in her charming New York apartment, during her recent trip East to visit her husband.



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Wide World

Minna Gombell, who recently married Joseph Sefton, San Diego banker (both shown above), is now mistress of three homes—one in Hollywood, one in San Diego and one at Laguna, half way between the two cities. They spend their week-ends together at beautiful Laguna.



Elizabeth Young, the New York society girl, newly contracted to Paramount, found a huge limousine waiting for her when she stepped off the train at Los Angeles. It was a present from an uncle in Philadelphia. She has acquired a colored chauffeur whom she's named "Old Man River." Of course, having known Elizabeth's father, Judge Young, of New York, and her perfectly swell mother, Helen Young—who is something of an author, too—for years, it would be bad taste for me to rave too much about Elizabeth's future. But you just watch her.

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Julie Carter (here you see her as she appeared in "It's Great to Be Alive") is the champion small-town girl of Hollywood. Her father was a railroad engineer and their home was wherever his work took him. She started as an extra, was picked for "bits," and in this latest picture you hear her voice for the first time.

(Continued from page 11)
"This Day and Age," were Eric von Stroheim Jr., Wallace Reid Jr., Bryant Washburn Jr., Carlyle Blackwell, Jr., Fred Kohler, Jr., and Elsie Ferguson, niece of the actress.

DURING my brief trip to New York, I attended a performance of "Biography," chiefly because Ina Claire, one of my favorite blondes, was sending the male population of New York into rhapsodic ravings.

As I entered the lobby, I discovered Mary Astor patiently waiting for someone. It is hard to believe that Mary is a day older than when I first knew her. That was quite a few years ago. She had the long hair of a child then, and was the favorite model of one of Fifth Avenue's most sought-after photographers, who was famous for portraying saint-like qualities in his photographs of women.

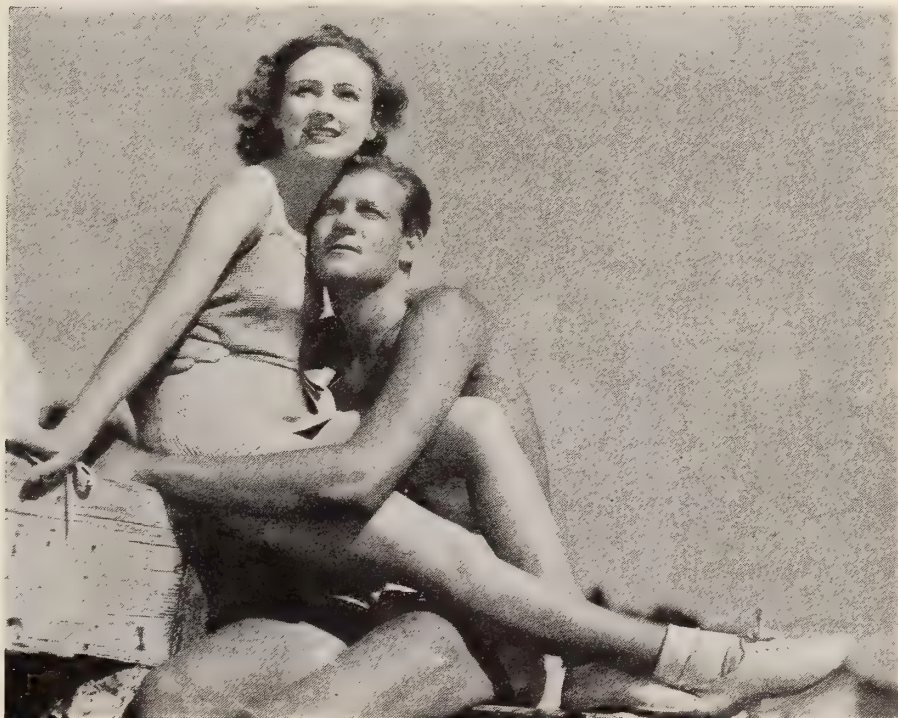
Lillian Gish never looked lovelier than when photographed by this man. In those days, Mary's picture was everywhere, both in photographs and on canvas. She has lost none of her youthful sweetness and charm. In her simple, dark blue dress and red leather belt, smart blue hat and veil, she sat with her tardy girl friend and enjoyed Ina Claire's inspired performance with the zest of an unspoiled child.

Even being one of the women who has been made love to by John Barrymore and Clark Gable—on the screen, I mean—has not made her "go Hollywood."

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I've promised you so many times that you'd see Dorothy Jordan and Joel McCrea teamed in light romances,—and you haven't seen them yet,—that I'm getting rather ashamed of myself. But each time the series is to start, the studio changes plans. Here, however, you do see them "rehearsing" at Malibu—just to show you how well they'll look together on the screen. Their first picture is "Three Came Unarmed."

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by John Michle



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I stayed at the Warwick while I was in New York. It isn't so expensive as the Ritz or the Ambassador, but, because of its nearness to the theatrical section, it is one of the favorite resorts of all the movie people.

THE fine new Ziegfeld Theater, across from the Warwick, is a movie house now—which reminds me

press agent stuff, but just the same, Sam has as good a claim as the next man to inherit the mantle of the Great Glorifier. He's one of my oldest acquaintances in the picture business, Sam Goldwyn, and I can testify that he always has had an eye for beauty—especially feminine beauty.

He is taking practical steps, too, to transplant the Ziegfeld tradition to the screen. He has brought John Harkrider out from New York, Ziegfeld's old costume designer, to make clothes for Eddie Cantor's new musical and also for Anna Sten's long-delayed debut in Zola's "Nana."

I RAN into another Ziegfeld graduate on the Metro lot the other day, Madame Albertina Rasch, who trains those bevy of sinuous dancers known as the Albertina Rasch girls. Madame, a small, dark-haired, dark-eyed, confident little woman, who inclines toward plumpness, is sure that styles are changing in chorus girls.

"They want lots of curves," she said, "and a certain voluptuous thinness."

Pressed to translate the latter phrase into understandable terms, she gave the following figures for the ideal girl of 1933:

Height.....	5 feet, 5 inches
Waist.....	26 inches
Hips.....	37 inches
Calf.....	13½ inches
Bust.....	34 inches
Shoulder length.....	15 inches
Neck to waist.....	15 inches
Waist to feet.....	41 inches
Neck length.....	3½ inches
Arm length.....	27 inches



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Wide World

This is one of the reasons why Jimmy Cagney did not take that long vacation trip during the Summer. It was either a swimming pool or the trip. Jimmy and the Mrs. talked it over and decided on the pool. Here you see Jimmy himself superintending construction.

(Continued from page 13)

ANOTHER exuberant girl, who never seems to grow up or grow "snooty," is Tallulah Bankhead. I saw her sitting in the front row of the "Apollo," having the time of her life, watching the antics of Olson and Johnson. She had on a black evening frock and a red velvet jacket and looked fascinating as usual. Tallulah was a great success in New York this winter. It's too bad that she didn't start there, on her return from England, instead of coming directly to pictures. A season or two on Broadway would have given movie people a chance to see what she really could do.

The best part of it is that Tallulah holds no grudge because of the terrible things that were done to her out here. She told me the other day that she still liked Hollywood, and, under the right conditions, would be glad to come back. She may, at that!

Jimmy Durante's out in Hollywood again, making his first picture with Jack Pearl, of radio fame, then to appear in a United Artists production. He gave his real reason for going West that Garbo needed him. "She simply couldn't get going without me," he said.

of the gigantic attempt Sam Goldwyn is making right now to establish himself as the Ziegfeld of Hollywood. He even speaks of his chorines as "Goldwyn's Glorified Girls, too exquisite to be alive, too good to be true, too beautiful for the naked eye."

There is a giggle in this sort of thing, of course, as there is in most



Photograph by Wide World

Lillian Bond, out in the patio for breakfast, shows you how you really should entertain your pets, if you're not fussy!

THE fact that beer licenses in Hollywood have been cut down from \$1,200 a year to \$10 a year should be a great help to Madame Rasch in assembling a chorus of the proper curving voluptuousness!

EDDIE CANTOR, by the way—still speaking in the Ziegfeld tradition—tells me he is thinking of

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moving his big family back to New York. Not that Eddie is deserting us; far from it; but one picture a year of the size and costliness of the usual Cantor production is about right, and one picture a year doesn't necessitate an all-year home in Hollywood—especially with Eddie's radio duties calling him continually back to New York.

Eddie lived in the Delmonico Tower on Park Avenue a good part of last year; and although it is a swell place in a swell location, Eddie's simple heart longs for home.

SPEAKING of Hollywood and Park Avenue, the last time I had seen Betty Furness, before she showed up on the RKO lot out here as a potential star, was in the court yard of "277 Park Avenue," where she used to play tag with my sister's small child. She has astonished Hollywood with her ability to make her own costumes and hats, but she hasn't astonished me. Her mother, although a woman of independent means, acquired a big reputation in the East as a decorator. She did the Ambassador Hotel in Palm Beach and many other important structures. Betty comes by her artistic qualities honestly, I can swear to that—and also by her good looks!

THERE'S another youngster of my acquaintance, a boy this time and a Californian, whom I would like to tip you off about: that's Homer Griffith, husky, blond quarter-back of the famous Southern California "Trojan" football team. In addition to his studying and his quarter-backing, Homer is singing professionally on the radio with Lofner's band. He already has several tentative picture offers; and with his looks, his personality and his voice, he ought to go far.

I TIPPED you off a month or so ago about Nelson Eddy, the young baritone opera singer with the blond hair and giant body, and look where he is now: playing the male lead with Jeanette MacDonald in the musical version of "The Prisoner of Zenda." So keep your eye on Homer Griffith. That is, if you can. Trojan opponents will tell you he moves fast.

Speaking of athletes, I saw June Knight the other day, back from the big fight, wearing Max Baer's roses. Now I happen to know Maxey—who is, as you have probably read, Schmeling's conqueror and prospective heavyweight champion of the

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Here's Lyle Talbot just about to toss Glenda Farrell into the studio pool. . . . Did you know that Glenda has to get the permission of her young son before she can devote herself to any great extent to any one escort? Tommy looks them over, and if he doesn't approve, they're out. Glenda tells me that Tommy has put his okay on Gene Raymond, who has been escorting her lately.



Constance Cummings and the two Scotties that were presented to her by the British-Gaumont Company, for which she has been making a picture. You'll see some of her new Hollywood pictures soon. I expect to see her make her American come-back in a big way.

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world—and if he loosens up for any girl to the extent of saying it with flowers from New York to California, there's something doing.

Maybe Max will do his stuff in pictures, too. He's more conventionally handsome than Jack Dempsey was in the pre-nasal days, and more romantic looking than Bull Montana. I doubt, though, if he is as durable as Bull. When the latter got run into the other day by a wild lady driver, the local headlines read: "Auto Slightly Damaged Striking Bull Montana."

I FOUND the Paramount publicity department in stitches the other day because someone had written in suggesting that they solve the question of who is to play Alice in "Alice in Wonderland" by giving the role to Mae West!

"You never can tell what's going to happen around here these days," one of the boys said, "with Peggy Joyce and Mae West both on the lot."

One thing that happened the day I was there was that Alan Dinehart, who once starred in a play called "The Meanest Man in the World" and who has been playing the part in dozens of cinemas ever since, admitted that he was going to marry cute little, twenty-one-year-old Mozelle Brittonne, with whom he's been Beverly-Wilshiring all year. Alan refused to admit, however, that the presence of Baby LeRoy—who, by the way, now has a seven-year contract—on the Paramount lot had anything to do with his sudden decision to merge with Mozelle.

BUT the big sensation, that day, in the Paramount family was not a Paramount star but a visitor from M-G-M. Garbo came to call. It was the first time I had seen her "close-up" since she came back from



Even though Sari Maritza was hailed into court and forced to pay some \$700 damages caused to a rented house by her two dogs and pet cat, she still insists upon keeping them. "They're about the highest priced pets a girl could have," she says, "but, gee! what can I do? I love them."

Elba, or wherever it was she spent her exile, and I can testify that she's the same Garbo. She was even riding in her same 1927 black sedan. The only thing new in the outfit—and this goes for Greta's clothes, too! was the new chauffeur.

Garbo said she came to see Rouben Mamoulian, who she hopes, is to direct her new picture. I suspect, how-

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Photographed by Wide World

Did you know that Joan Blondell had a little sister, Gloria? No? Well, then, just to show you, here she is, escorted by Eric Linden. See the resemblance?

ever, that she really came to see Marlene Dietrich—not in the flesh, of course, for Marlene, pants and all, has gone—but in "The Song of Songs." Anyhow, she disappeared at once with Mamoulian into a projection room for a private pre-view of that picture.

I went out to Culver City the next afternoon to talk with Jackie Cooper and see how he felt about having



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Wide World

Jack Oakie came into the Paramount grill with Mary Kornman, who has graduated from "Our Gang" comedies to being Jack's leading woman. Jack seated her grandly, then took off his coat and hung it up. "Do you always take off your coat when you lunch with ladies?" I asked him. "She's no lady," he replied. "She's my pal. And she likes me best with my coat off."

\$76,000 cut out of his salary contract for the next two years, only to find that the little fellow had been rushed to the Hollywood Hospital scarcely an hour before to have his appendix cut out of his tummy—or thereabouts. Poor Jackie! It was tough to lose \$76,000 and an appendix all in one month. But it was only the month before that he acquired a new father!

UPTON SINCLAIR tells me that Serge Eisenstein shot fifty-four miles of film for "Thunder Over Mexico." When Upton told that story to Eric von Stroheim, was the latter's face red? There seems to be no doubt about the Eisenstein achievement, however, for the undeveloped film, when it arrived in this country, without either director or directions, filled more than two thousand cans.

THE most changed studio in Hollywood these days is the United Artists. Time was when you'd see Doug or Mary or "D. W." or Norma or Gloria whenever you turned a corner. Then came a time when you didn't see anybody for long weeks at a stretch. Now everything is hustle again under this unspellable and unconquerable Darryl Zanuck.

Zanuck, backed by Joe Schenck, has reached out and helped himself to some of the biggest stars in pictures. Already he has Wallace Beery, George Arliss, George Raft and the glamorous Connie Bennett; and they do say he's about to snare Constance Cummings and Clara Bow.

I asked Darryl how he liked the new lot as compared with the old.

"Well," he said, "the polo field at Warner's was better."

Darryl and Will Rogers are the colony's best and most indefatigable polo players. Gable was good, too, until the M-G-M bosses made him give it up for tennis.



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by John Miehle

Betty Furness . . . but just read what Nemo says about her. He "knew her when." Here she's attired in an ensemble of crimson corduroy, with swagger-length coat and puffed sleeves, with the blouse, gloves and turban all of white piqué. And they do say she designed the costume herself.



Photo by Wide World

Charles Laughton, in England, playing in "Henry the VIII." He is shown here with two of his wives, played by Mlle. Oben Oberon and Binnie Barnes. We thought you'd like to see how your favorite looks when he goes into the classic dray-ma.

TO Ben Turpin goes the biggest laugh of the month. When the audience yelled itself hoarse for Peggy Joyce the opening night of "International House," Ben came out and took a bow!

To *The New Yorker*, goes the best moving picture story. After quoting from the Paris press a few somewhat bewildered comments on Mae West's first picture, one of which hazards the belief that Mae was really a blond negro, because of her "robust and grave singing which recalls the plantations of cotton along the Mississippi on which the show boats ply," the American paper told how one Parisian critic stated that her present screen success was founded on a stage play called "Lil Diamond."

"Lil Diamond, eh?" said *The New Yorker*. "They done her wrong."

THE most elaborate practical joke of the month was perpetrated by New Papa Dick Arlen, who presaged a visit of Jack Oakie's to Toluca Lake by plastering all the approaches to the vicinity with huge printed posters stating that "The Toluca Lake Protective Association, the Toluca Lake Anti-Noise Society, the Toluca Lake Peace & Quiet Club and



Photo by Wide World

Joseph Cawthorne, famous old-time stage comedian, now in Hollywood in the movies, and his most intimate friend, John Barrymore. When the Barrymores are not cruising, they will be, according to the Hollywood wags, at the Cawthorne home.

the Toluca Lake To-a-man-against Jack-Oakie Amalgamation had dedicated themselves to One Great Cause—to keep Jack Oakie out of Toluca Lake." The notices were signed "Richard Arlen, Mayor."

Later bulletin: Norman McLeod, my special Toluca Lake correspondent, reports that in the excitement of trying to keep Jack Oakie out, no one noticed that Andy Devine had moved in!

That's all this month. See you next month! Until then, good-bye!

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day by day

BATHERS:

BE SURE ARM AND LEG HAIR WON'T SHOW*

USE MARCHAND'S



{ * REMEMBER EXCESS HAIR }
{ LOOKS BLACKER WHEN WET }

WET your arm. See how the fuzzy hair seems to grow blacker. And leg hair when wet shows up even heavier and uglier!

Men look at your legs and arms. How can they fail to see excess hair—made darker than ever, when you go in bathing?

For the sake of appearance, daintiness—keep arms and legs attractive.

Make excess hair unnoticeable with Marchand's—quickly, easily. Then you won't mind how wet arms get! Remember, shaving will make hair grow back bristlier than ever.

WEARING SLEEVELESS DRESSES,

sheer stockings, or going barelegged—take the same precaution—because excess hair may be quite noticeable, even when dry.

BEAUTY AID OF BLONDES

Thousands of attractive blonde women use Marchand's—to restore youthful color and beauty to faded hair—to make drab hair lustrous and lovely. It is used at home, safely and successfully.

Beware of imitations and substitutes. Be sure you get the genuine. Ask for "MARCHAND'S"—see that the label spells

MARCHAND'S

GOLDEN HAIR WASH

IF YOUR DRUGGIST CAN'T SUPPLY YOU—GET BY MAIL—

Fill in coupon, mail with 45c (coins, money order or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York City

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY of STARS



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Manatt

● Wallace Beery as *Captain Terry* and Marie Dressler as *Annie* in their new co-starring sensation, "Tug Boat Annie," completion of which was delayed for many months on account of Miss Dressler's illness. Now—with cheers from millions of fans—she's strong and well again.



YOUTH

Youth saves the world . . . youth, revolting against stodgy tradition and frayed precedent, rejuvenates our decaying civilization. This is the note struck by Cecil B. DeMille's "This Day and Age," showing the friendship and then the love of Richard Cromwell as *Steve* and Judith Allen, the newcomer, as *Gay*.



Mary Brian appears in the first picture Universal has made in the East in many years—"Moonlight and Pretzels," a musical comedy also featuring Roger Pryor and Leo Carillo. You'll be curious to see the new and bubbling Mary since, as she expresses it, she has "grown up and stepped out."

WHOOPEE!

Hollywood's MAD

Unleashing the studio hounds to find males who'll clink box office dimes

JOLTED by late box office reports, our studio deans realized suddenly that the Hollywood campus is thronged with M-m-m girls without enough O-o-oo boys to stage a prom—not even with Marlene pressed into trousers.

"M-m-mm," you must know, is the female element discovered by the lusty lads of the University of Southern California. It is inadequately defined as "general seductiveness." Mother Glyn's "It" without the tiger skin. The thing what M-m-Mae West's got.

On the heels of this m-momentous discovery by our gallant Trojans, the co-eds of Nebraska's "U" discovered the O-o-oo thing and elected their perfect man.

Enter, at this point, the rector of Christ Church of Towanda, Pennsylvania, with classic authority. In a letter the rector says that on the East bank of the Nile there was a statue named Memnon after the Greek mythological hero. It was Memnon's custom to emit curious metallic sounds, much to the titting agitation of the temple dancing girls who each morning did the

HENRI GARAT

from France, inspires much hope in Fox.



old Nile number before him. As he gazed upon them doing their reverent ooch-ooch, old Memnon distinctly muttered, "M-m-m." And probably thanked heaven he arrived before Hays.

There seems to be a little bit of Memnon in every movie producer. They're business men, of course, pure and simple. Still, as Sister West would say, they ain't ice. This may explain the excess of Mmms



JAN KIEPURA

the golden voiced, better known as "the Peck's Bad Boy of Opera," being imported by Universal.



HERBERT MARSHALL

too long absent, whose suave ways have set the feminine hearts awl.

Photo by Wide World

over Ooos. It's merely supposition, of course. Even Dame Nature goes off balance every now and then and dumps a lot of Mmm babies on a nation without enough Ooo's to da-da with.

Certainly our producers have done right

by Memnon and we Memnonites are grateful for such temple belles as Mmms Garbo, West, Crawford, Harlow, Dietrich an' -m-m-m-mmm.

Where are the O-o-oo's to match the breach-of-promise bait?

Mae West, Memnon's favorite temple danseuse, says Jim Cagney ain't so bad.

"That mug?" says Memnon. "He ain't got looks."

"But he's got," says hippity flippity Mae, "the old animal."

"What about the young and handsomes, like . . . ?"

"Them," says Mae, flipping a hip, "is for inexperienced guls."

That will do, Mae. You may resume your temple duties.

WE'LL turn to the box office, which is ice. Unlike Memnon, it is interested only in the cold clink of dimes. But these metallic sounds, after all, are chiefly echoes of the Mmm's and Ooo's.

Consider, first, the leading lady dime-diggers: Mae West, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer,

MAN HUNT

By HERB HOWE



Photo by Rembrandt Studios

NELSON EDDY

MGM's new musical O-o-o-oo.



BRIAN AHERNE

Paramount's white hope.



Photo by Barron Studios

FRED ASTAIRE

a kind of hoofing Prince of Wales

Marlene Dietrich, Jean Harlow, Constance Bennett, Janet Gaynor, Helen Hayes, Sylvia Sydney, Ruth Chatterton, and, of course, the dowager Queen Dressler.

Incidentally, Miss West thinks the hottest Mmm is Miss Harlow—'ceptin', of course, Miss West herself. She says Jean hasn't found herself yet; when she does there's going to be temperature. Box office, Mae means.

Then there is the procession of girls who are holding their own or tripping up the starry stairs: Ruby Keeler, Lupe Velez, Kay Francis, Lilian Harvey, Elissa Landi, Claudette Colbert, Myrna Loy, Constance Cummings, Bette Davis, Madge Evans, Katharine Hepburn, Sally Eilers, Joan Blondell, Dorothy Jordan, Irene Dunne, Jean Parker, Barbara Stanwyck, Miriam Hopkins, Frances Dee, Heather Angel, Gloria Stuart, Arline Judge. . . . And still they come!

Now examine the ticker of male quotations as emitted by the box office. Only four men compete against the twelve leading women stars: Wally Beery, Lee Tracy, James Cagney and Edward G. Robinson. Fredric March, Gary Cooper, Leslie Howard and even the Barrymore *freres* need all-star grouping.

This batters my line-up of the first of the year when there were more men than women. It's the New Deal, that's what. Good old F. D. R.

THE smashing star victory under the New Deal is that of the triumphant Mae West. Other debutantes to the starry set are: the ascending Miss Harlow, Helen Hayes, Katharine Hepburn, Ruby Keeler, Dorothea Wieck, Diana Wynyard.



Photo by Elmer Fryer

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

having lost his coltish affectation may soon become one of our greatest male stars.

The only male to win a sheepskin during the same period is Lee Tracy.

George Raft didn't quite make it. The Valentino raiment, so hastily spread out for him, was found not to fit. True, he has not had any englamouring roles, but I think it will be found he lacks the variety and punch that elicits the O-o-oo.

While the girls have been progressing in their studies, the boys have not been getting their old marks. This has been their own fault in some cases; in others, you'll have to admit that the girls have been teachers' pets.

Ol' Pal Gable admits he has backed up. He became the hero of the M-G-M lot and lapsed on the screen.

Clark was always rushing to the rescue of stellar ladies who needed strong support. He couldn't say "No," and was being worked to death (screen death, anyhow) when his doctor, and pal, Franklin Thorpe, said it for him. Fortified by a "much-needed" vacation, he probably will gain screen strength in stronger parts than he had before.

Maurice Chevalier had to adopt a baby for "sympathy." That's always a sure sign. The Frenchman has a good routine but it's set, and good tricks can become more monotonous than no tricks at all.

Ramon Novarro, the Latin romantic, finds the age passing him by. It's a hard-boiled era of fistic Romeos. Instead of singing sweet ballads to a lady on the balcony, the *Romeo* today climbs up and kicks her off. Still, for all this, Ramon can put on the old moth-eaten burnouse and get business. He, also, has been neglected by the studio professors, who now are allowing him to sing. The team of Novarro and Jeanette MacDonald should (Please turn to page 86)



IT CAN'T BE I---
It Must Be Somebody Else!
SAYS KATHARINE HEPBURN

HEPBURN ODDITIES

Katharine Hepburn's "private life" is a tall, husky, New York business man to whom she has been married almost five years, and with whom she is most decidedly in love.

She adores diving but not dieting, loves golf but not bridge, would rather do figure skating than go to a party, and reads French novels in the original.

Katharine can be equally happy driving a second-hand flivver or a Hispano-Suiza, but keeps her foot on the accelerator in either case.

She can wear an original Schiaparelli designed for her in Paris and knock an audience cold, but she feels happy in old blue denim overalls at a dollar a pair.

The neighbors' boys and girls squabble about which side will have her to play One Ole Cat and the other games when she gets home to Hartford. And, boy, can she play!

When Katharine graduated from Bryn Mawr and went on the stage, nobody believed in her except her gifted mother and the man she later married. They both stood by her in the four hard years between that beginning and film stardom.

Her brothers at Harvard started the Hepburn family scrapbook of Clippings About Kate. It's bulging over now and going into the second large volume. She doesn't believe a single word of it.

Going back home to visit the folks with the screen's latest meteor

By DOROTHY VERRILL
who "knew her when . . ."

EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of this article, Dorothy Verrill, for many years a prominent Connecticut newspaper woman, first met Katharine Hepburn when she was a little girl, and Katharine's mother, Mrs. Thomas N. Hepburn, of Hartford, was leading a gallant fight for woman suffrage, a cause in which she was a pioneer. The charming personality, persuasive speaking ability and splendid courage of the mother are all evident in the stage and screen star who is her eldest daughter. Miss Verrill's long friendship with Mrs. Hepburn and her family and her intimate knowledge of Hartford make this an authentic and colorful sketch of Katharine Hepburn's intriguing and unusual personality.

THIS must be all about a couple of other girls—it can't be I!" exclaimed Katharine Hepburn, sitting cross-legged on the floor before the fireplace in the living room of her parent's home in Hartford, Connecticut. She was looking at the bulging scrapbook which her family has filled with clippings and other records of her career.

Even when surprised and incredulous, she would be grammatical, for she once remarked that it was bad enough to be misquoted but worse to be misquoted in poor English.

And her astonishment at the family collection of clippings is completely genuine. Really just an average American girl with a prosperous background and marked dramatic talent, sincerely scornful of publicity as such, brusque with reporters, unamenable to press agents and still keenly aware of the discouragements she endured for five years before attaining success, to her it all seems incredible, dream-like.

She feels it must be another girl and although she may be secretly pleased, even thrilled, she is somewhat terrified at the sudden blaze of curiosity, the insistent barrage of questions, that have been the result of her sudden fame.

It was because of this terror that she made those peculiar answers to questions about her personal life. "You must have me confused with that other Katharine Hepburn," she said to the reporters who besieged her after her first triumph in "A Bill of Divorcement."

AND there really are two Katharine Hepburns. One of them sits on the floor in old clothes and reads about the other with a surprise akin to that which many of her relatives and most of her friends still seem to feel.



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Ernest A. Bachrach

But there is another Katharine Hepburn, a small-town girl, a shy girl, fond of simple things and simple living, devoted to her home and family.

One Katharine Hepburn whirls about the streets of Hollywood, does and says surprising and spectacular things on "the set," steps off the Twentieth Century in clothes which establish a fashion, walks on Park Avenue or shops on Fifth, attends first nights and refuses to give interviews or autographs. She is RKO's newest, brightest and most glamorous "find," co-star of "A Bill of Divorcement," the first picture in which she ever appeared and which she stole from John Barrymore under his very nose; and star, in her own right, of "Christopher Strong," which nobody even attempted to steal from her, eminent as her fellow players were. Then star of "Morning Glory," written just for her.

She is the lissome, red-haired, big-eyed, exotic and eccentric girl who is hailed as "the American Garbo," whose costumes are copied, whose haircut is famous, whose face has launched a thousand cover designs—though it was only last fall that it first flashed on the screen.

BUT there is another Katharine Hepburn, a small-town girl, a shy girl, fond of simple things and simple living, devoted to her home and family. And whenever Katharine Hepburn, the movie star, returns from Hollywood (which is whenever she finishes a picture) she goes "back home" to Hartford, Connecticut, to visit her folks, just as she has spent every possible moment (Please turn to page 92)



Girls of Paramount's much-exploited cellophane chorus. From left to right: Helen Harris, Althea Henley, Lona Andre (one of the Wampus baby stars) and Gwen Zetter.



Hollywood beauties appearing in the bathing girl contest sequence in "Headline Shooters," RKO's new action drama glorifying the news-reel cameraman.



June Glory (left), who is now achieving small parts.

Loretta Andrews (right), one of Hollywood's best known extras.



Toby Wing, a chorine in all of the Warner musicals, has only just now been given her first real chance.



Photos by Bert Longworth

Jane Shadduck (left), rising to the glorious heights of speaking parts.

Adele Lacy (right), a dazzling beauty, glorified in the musicals.

They also serve, who only stand and wait.
JOHN MILTON.

The truth about Movieland's Un- known Soldiers

AND wait and wait and wait!
If Milton had known of Hollywood he might have dedicated that immortal line to Hollywood's extra girls. Now I proudly borrow it to eulogize these courageous, unknown soldiers of Movieland.

In Hollywood casting offices you see them with blank eyes and tired faces—waiting. Sometimes hours. Often all day.

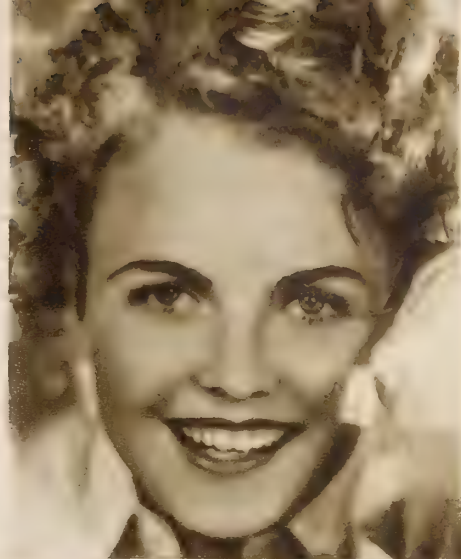
In cheap, colorless little apartments and bungalow courts, you find them haunting a telephone—waiting for the golden ring of its bell. Waiting—always waiting.

At night they sleep with stagnation, and in the morning they begin their waiting all over again. The army of the living dead, I call them; marching on to oblivion. So blindly. So hopefully. Following the call of fame as the rats followed the Pied Piper of yore.

Dead—but deep in their hearts still dreaming. Hollywood Zombies!

PRISONERS OF HEART-BREAK TOWN

By RAMON ROMERO



Sammy Lee, the dance director, and his four assistants, gathering five hundred extra girls together to pick sixty-five for the ballet sequence in "I Loved You Wednesday." This picture is illuminating in that it shows how many girls will respond to what is known as a "chorus call."

Bee Stevens, Monica Bannister, Anita Thompson, Bonnie Bannon, Marian Murray and Margaret Dixon.

Ruth Romaine (at top of page), whose name you may be seeing in electric lights.

IN the files of Central Casting they are only numbers; their bodies mathematically listed, their souls lost in the quicksands of the alphabet. Prisoners of hope with an address and a telephone number, an evening gown and carfare. Serving time in Hollywood. Shunning freedom. Accepting defeat and hunger and humiliation. Increasing their own sentences in a living hell from one month to another, from one year to years beyond recapture. Turning their backs on escape—hoping that each new day will bring that "break" that will start them on the road to stardom.

Too late they have become but mere shadows that move with a great invisible loneliness through a thousand crowded motion picture sets—zombies who work in front of a camera instead of on a field—ambition their master, flogging them into soul-submission.

From everywhere they come. Out of Long Island mansions. From Iowa farms. From tenements and convents. From bleak, snow-covered countries and from heat-laden islands. From dotted villages on maps and from the heights of dizzy skyscrapers. From everywhere and anywhere. Oceans! Mountains! Continents! Even hell-fire doesn't stop them.

Warned that Hollywood is like some great creative octopus that will destroy them, they turn deaf ears upon such advice and willingly risk their dreams, their ideals, their very lives, for a chance to be caressed by its tentacles of glory and luxury and adoration.

But more often they are crushed. Completely annihilated. And still they come, drawn by a treacherous mirage and an ambition that kills!

TEN THOUSAND girls and women are registered for extra work at Central Casting. There are numberless other thousands who have made applications for registration. Being put on the registered list to play atmosphere is more difficult than trying to get a part in a picture!

Filled application blanks lie on layers of shelves rapidly gathering the dust of time, perhaps never to be looked at again.

In the meantime, hopeful applicants wait with frenzied anticipation for their names to be added to the scroll of the living dead. Waiting, day after day, for death—mistaking it for opportunity, giving it the illusion of success, (Please turn to page 96)

FROM
VAUDEVILLE
 TO THE
WHITE HOUSE



Photograph by Wide World

Miss Janis, shown above, with her husband.

Personal observations concerning that strong, iron-jawed, ruthless leader, Walter Huston—who'd rather be "Wally"

By

ELSIE JANIS

MOST of our baby-faced, helpless little starlets who on the screen give the impression of not having sense enough to go in out of the rain, are, in reality, strong-minded, clear-thinking, young women. They can tell ahead of time when it is going to rain and usually have plenty put aside for the event.

Our great he-men who treat the girls rough are for the most part wife-bound. They hand out socks in the films, but at home their wives select the pairs they wear.

Our sleek and shimmering sirens, Garbo, Dietrich, Crawford and others, much prefer a picnic at the beach to an orgy, and romp about in trousers which cover the over-advertised "understanding".

The whole industry is a mass of contradictions, but the strangest of all is Walter Huston. As a proof I submit the name by which I have known him for years—"Wally!" That strong, iron-jawed



At last, Wally Huston in a sympathetic role. He is a Hungarian drunkard in "Storm at Daybreak," but it's too early to crow, because, before the picture is finished, the drunkard will probably reform and become a leader of men.

dictator, for whom the producers battle every time a film calls for a ruthless leader, is Wally to his close friends, Wally in his own life and wants to be Wally in yours.

But play one president well in the pictures and you're elected to sit, stand and wallow in power indefinitely. Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves. By portraying him so well in films Wally got himself a set of studio shackles which bind him to leadership, when he would perhaps love to follow the procession in a trailer, playing a cello.

At present Wally is playing a sympathetic role.



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

He is a Hungarian drunkard in "Storm at Daybreak," but it's too early to crow, because, before the picture is finished, the drunkard will probably reform and become a leader of men, the studio having decided that

Mr. Walter Huston is not running true to type. I lunched with him the other day (more free food) and he was telling me how he had to beg to play the Hungarian weakling.

"I can't see you in this kind of thing," said Mr. Metro. "It's a Lionel Barrymore part, sympathetic and tear-jerking."

From the day Lionel started that sob-laden speech in "A Free Soul," he hasn't been allowed to stop pleading except in "Rasputin." Even then he made you feel sorry for the Russian.

By portraying Abraham Lincoln so well in films, Wally got himself a set of studio shackles which bind him to leadership, when he would perhaps love to follow the procession in a trailer, playing a cello.

In real life there's not a tear in a carload of Barrymores. They are brilliant, scintillant, humorous genuises for whom you might feel practically every other emotion, but any one who had the temerity to feel sorry

for a Barrymore would have the nerve to claim an intimate relationship with Confuscious.

THEY are great troupers. So is Walter Huston. Any one of them could give you a variety of characterizations, but the weakest link in the chain that holds the picture industry is the idea that when a player scores a hit in a role he must play the same one over and over. The locale may change, but the formula remains.

Wally used to be in (Please turn to page 89)



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

DANCING LADY

Joan, herself, tanned to a golden bronze, photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine, in her Hollywood gardens. The large picture hat you see is of white linen with gold buckles, and Joan's wearing a pajama ensemble of linen. . . . Her newest film is "Dancing Lady," co-starring Clark Gable.

The famous humorist wisecracks his way through the Hollywood scene

ROLAND YOUNG has arranged signals for his beach house to warn friends when he is not at home, or does not wish callers. If a green light shows above the door, it means come in, but when the blue light burns, friends know Mr. Young is either out, or in no mood for company.

It strikes us that this marks an important technical advance in the lives of motion picture people. The basic idea can be developed into an arrangement of tremendous convenience in Hollywood.

A film star, by simply touching a button, could send up Roman candles which, according to a prearranged code, would mean:

"My husband doesn't understand me."

A salmon pink flare might indicate—

"Outa gin!"

And when a box-office beauty wants people to know she is about to take a sun bath, an electric switch could sound a siren.

For photos of Dietrich my love is well-wearing,

Attending her pictures I'm never found booing;

She seems so amused by the things she is wearing,

And looks so surprised at the things she is doing.

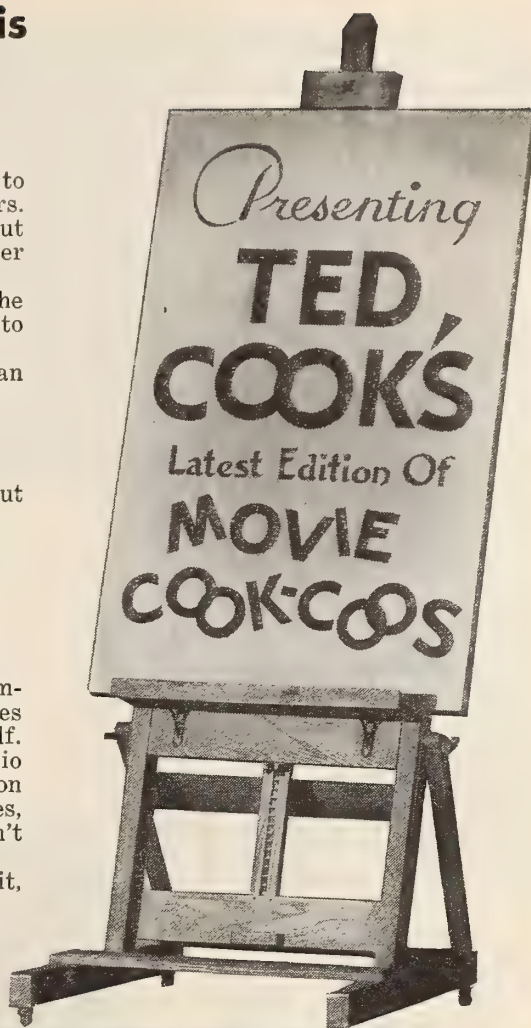
WILL HAYS has suggested that the studios could save themselves money by selling each other the unproduced stories they have bought, paid for, lost interest in and put away on the shelf.

Which would be quite a help, economically, since every major studio has thousands of dollars tied up in story material it has no intention of using. But it seems it wouldn't work. According to authorities, whenever a producer finds that somebody else wants a story he doesn't want, he stops not wanting it.

In fact, he immediately gets busy. Has a picture made from it, and is usually relieved to find that he was right in the first place.

(Please turn to page 81)

Drawing by the author

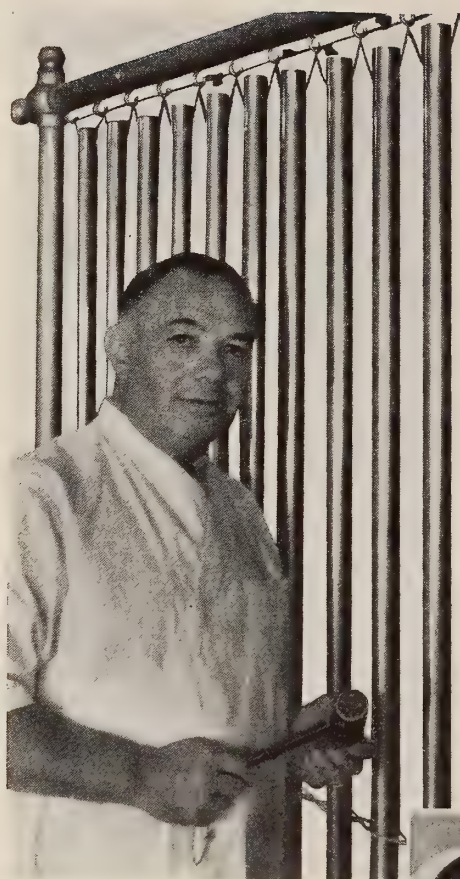


A film star could send up Roman candles which would mean:
"My husband doesn't understand me!"

You Can't Believe Your EARS

Amazing and ingenious devices used behind the scenes and the magic of the sound man's art

By ERIC ERGENBRIGHT



(Above) Joe Delfino with a set of German chimes imported for use in one Berlin scene.

(Right) With these brake-drums, from junked automobiles, Murray Spivak reproduces cathedral chimes—and you don't know the difference.



THE studio sound crew, with its huge truck, its powerful dynamo and its intricate recording apparatus, journeyed far into the hinterlands to capture the gentle, melodious babble of a mountain brook.

They returned in triumph, screened the costly film and heard with despair a raucous clamor which resembled nothing so much as an avalanche of scrap iron falling on a tin roof!

In a nearby studio, a western thriller (all-talking) was in the making. The dashing hero drew his trusty six-gun, fired from the hip—and broke the "sound track." On the screen, the report of his shot sounded as puny and flat as a baby's handclap.

Such incidents were daily calamities five years ago, when sound pictures were young and producers foolishly hoped that audiences would be able to "believe their ears." Today they know better. Bitter experience has taught them the wisdom of calling on Joe Delfino or one of his fellow-craftsmen.

"Tell 'Sound Effects' to bring some flowing water to Recording Room Number 5," is the mandate on the Fox lot. And five minutes later, Signor Delfino, dean of Hollywood sound experts, appears with a simple device in which bits of cork are cascaded against a fine-meshed screen by a slowly revolving cylinder. He



(Left) Apparatus used to make the rat-ta-tat of machine-gun fire.

turns the crank, a faint, soothing sound is produced, and, when it is "hopped-up" in recording, the illusion is perfect. No stream ever babbled with greater sincerity and feeling.

Delfino lives in a world of sound vibration. Years of specialized training have given his ears uncanny ability to analyze the most casual, or the most unusual, sounds—to "break it down" into its components. He sits at his dinner table, hears the whine of the wind through the screen door, instantly realizes the difference between that sound and the lower note of the wind in the open, and his alert mind is automatically "on the job." There will never be a vacation for Delfino unless he chooses to isolate himself in a sound-proof cell.

Ninety-nine per cent of the sound effects which you hear from the screen—excepting, of course, the voices



Varied lengths of gas pipe are used to reproduce the rich and mellow tones of ringing bells.



Warren William and Bette Davis posed before one of the new outdoor microphones. Through this instrument the roar of the waves is subdued when recorded on the film, and the voices of the players brought out. Some of the new devices will record faint sounds occurring more than a mile away.

of the players—are synthetic. Why? Because it costs far too much, in both money and time, to transport a sound truck and crew to a "location" where the actual sound desired can be recorded; because, in many cases the actual sound is unrecognizable when recorded; because such a "natural" is almost certain to impose other, distracting noises which cannot be "tuned out" successfully; because of the need of correct "timing," which means the synchronization of the sound effect and the players' dialogue and action.

Delfino's department at Fox, started at scratch when the screen "went talkie," now boasts nearly five thousand sound machines in stock. Others are being devised daily.

AUTHENTICITY is the sound man's god. It is not enough to simulate a required sound; it must be reproduced exactly. The odds are a thousand to one that a slight discrepancy would never be noticed, but every possible effort must be made to guard against that one chance.

Consider, for example, so simple a sound as a train whistle. It has given the sound man many a headache.

The whistle of an English train differs considerably in tone from that of a German train, and both are radically different from the whistle of the typical American locomotive.

Consequently, the well-stocked sound department must have on hand a whistle from every country; otherwise, to some widely traveled critic in an audience the perfect illusion of reality might be spoiled.

Owls hoot differently in various parts of the country, the whistle of a San Francisco ferry sounds nothing like the blast of a North River boat; the heavy roar of a tri-motored bomber does not resemble the staccato whine of a pursuit plane to the educated ear; the sound of footsteps in the snow varies greatly according to the snow's temperature, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

A sample problem, one which would be mere routine to the expert sound man, occurred in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" (1932 version). In one scene, a sleigh lurched against a snow bank, overturned and spilled its load of Christmas packages, while the floundering horse, made even more panicky by the shouts of Ralph Bellamy and the screams of Marian Nixon, became entangled in the harness and broke one of the shafts.

Throughout the entire scene the wind shrieked. Delfino, explaining his procedure, says that he first analyzed the entire "effect" by listing its individual sounds, which were: (Please turn to page 78)



Photo by Dorothy Wilding, London

"American women are interesting, but too—sophisticated. They try too hard to imitate men. That is not good. But *you* are different."

Right: Franz Lederer in the New York and London stage success, "Autumn Crocus."

Photo by Sasha, London



I Kiss Your Hand, Madame!

Merely an introduction to Broadway's latest matinee idol who now makes his bow to you in the movies

By PEARL A. KATZMAN

WHEN I first met Francis Lederer, the new Broadway matinee idol, in the corridor leading to his dressing-room, he pressed my hand—and kissed it! I almost fainted.

The next time, I was prepared. My hands were scrubbed, my nails were polished, and my best perfume had been poured liberally over my fingers. Franz did not disappoint me. Although he did not click his heels, he bent from the waist and pressed my fingers to his lips. And, girls!—what a thrill!

"And what," I asked, being in a very original mood, "do you think of American women?"

"Ah," said Francis.

But more about this later.

IF any man has the right to be conceited, Francis is that man. The toast of central Europe, the adored of London, the idol of Broadway, he has been crowned with laurels of every size, color and description. And Hollywood is busily preparing new laurels for him! Naturally, then, you would expect him to be bored, uninterested, somewhat vain.

The truth of the matter is that he's astonishingly naïve!

"For heaven's sake," I felt like saying, "don't be so darned truthful! You'll be getting yourself into hot water."

But I didn't say it, and Francis went right on telling me things. So I am privileged to repeat to you the truth—and nothing else but!

First of all, Francis asserts that he is *not* a matinee idol. And he wishes the newspapers would stop referring to him as such. Among other names bestowed on him are "Czech and Double Czech."

"The Certified Czech," and "The Next Hollywood Sensation"—outgrowths of his nationality, and of the delightful personality he displayed in his American theater debut in "Autumn Crocus."

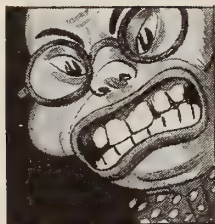
But I shall simply call Francis Lederer a grand actor, and a swell guy! Which is what Connie Bennett, Ina Claire, George M. Cohan, Edna Ferber, and a host of other distinguished persons think of him.

Handsome? That's no word for the way Francis looks to half the women in this world. (Note: the other half haven't seen him yet.) He's six feet-two of gorgeous masculinity, with a pair of shoulders that would sow envy in the heart of a Dempsey, and a lean, lithe body that would make even Johnny Weissmuller groan. Black hair—curled for his role in the play, when I saw him, but it's really straight. The curls give him a romantic aura, and his large brown eyes (Please turn to page 82)



● This is the way you and your only one would have acted thirty years ago. Or, perhaps, today? . . . Here it's Frances Fuller, fresh from the New York stage, and Gary Cooper in "One Sunday Afternoon." Try it on your own 3.2.

Hollywood NIGHTS'



*(Togo's gone to China to fight
the poor Chinees.
This means a month's vacation—
so it's up to me
To furnish the diversion when
Togo's gone away;
Hence the bust of melody below
—hey, hey!)*

1—Haroun Wil Haze and the Wonderful Lamp

Haroun Wil Haze was a potentate grand
With absolute sway over Cameraland;
Caliph he was of the Silent and Talkie,
Czar of the Mickey Mouse squealer and squawky;

As little Big Shot
He could put on the spot
The choosiest star on the
Paramount Lot;
He could jingle the gong
On Anna May Wong
Or even King Kong;



He could frown on pictorial passion-arousers
And bully Marlene into changing her trousers.

In fact, Caliph Haze was no poor, piffing whittler—
He earned his renown as the Hollywood Hitler.

But mild was his sway,
Since he hated a fight;
Long was his day
And short was his night.

One evening, close to eleven p.m.,
He called from his couch a suggestive "Ahem!"
Which summoned at once from his typewriter near
The niftick Wil Rahjahs, his new Grand Vizeer.
"Wil Rahjahs," the Caliph cried, "put up your rope
And hand me the cream of your newspaper dope;

Chew up your gum
And do me this sum:

Myself, as the Censor of Hollywood Morals,
I wish to inquire
Into the dire

Private behavior of blondes and of sorrels. . . ."



At this, bright Wil Rahjahs, much quicker than skat,
Pulled at the brim of his six-gallon hat;
"I know a magician lives right round the corner
Over the shop of the good Brothers Warner.
This mage has a Lamp of such wondrous precision
It beats all this hooley they call Television;

It penetrates doors,
Rubbens through floors,
Does all the chores,

Casting its X-ray eye far overseas,
It can spy out a secret wherever you please.
Follow me, boss."

Somewhat at a loss,
The Caliph Wil Haze in a sketchy disguise
Followed Wil Rahjahs, in search of the prize.

Seven flights up, in a studio weird,
Crouched the magician with mice in his beard.
Red lights and green flashed with wild glitters,
Enough to give twenty-one traffic cops jitters,
As the miracle worker quite clammily spake,
"What's the connection youz guys wants to make?"

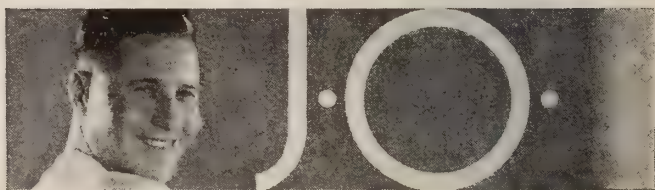
The Caliph looked deep
As if bent upon banning;
"Well, let's have a peep
At some dirt they are planning."
Fst-fst! went the Lamp
With a volley of light
On a screen cold and damp,
Revealing this sight:

Picture No. 1

The Song of Songs Complex

What have we here? Would you look, would you
lissen?

Hear all that harmony—some of it missin'—
Hark to the Joans, Bennett, Crawford, Blondell,
Filling the air with a musical yell.
Hear the three Barrymores running the scales
With a sound that's a little like biting through nails;
And Uncle Walt Damrosch is at the piano,
Teaching Jack Oakie a sort of soprano!



Isn't it queer?
What's the ideer?

Simply this here; it's a musical year.
Since wild "42nd Street" gave the "Gold Diggers"
A run for its money in voices and figgers,
Box office melody now the big thing is
And all of our Talkies have turned into Singies.

Musical shows,
Anything goes;
Strike up the band,
Give 'em a hand
For louder and funnier,
Brighter and punnier
Musical shows.

And behold Freddie March, rubbing salve on his throat
While taking a crack at a rather high note;
Irving Berlin hovers round to decide
On a jazz orchestration of "Jekyll and Hyde."
Kingly George Arliss sits up on his throne,
Trying some toots on his new saxophone;
He's learning his part, and the tune he is getting
Is "Hamlet," arranged with a George Gershwin setting.

Isn't it quaint?
Durned if it ain't!



Even a saint ought to file a complaint.
Here comes Charlie Chaplin in posture satiric
To bust his long silence and trill us a lyric.
And dumb Harpo Marx has just opened his throttle
To sing "Annie Laurie"—a quart to the bottle!

Musical hits,
Comedy bits—
Fill 'em with tunes
Sweeter than prunes,
Hoofers, spoofers,
Bring-down-the-roofers—
Musical hits.

The picture fades out and the Caliph Wil Haze
Looks at the wall with a mystified gaze.
And he says, "If that's Sin, well, I don't know the type;
Though some of the cracks are a little bit ripe.
Now listen, my boy. Since I'm hired as a slummer,
To stick to old Hollywood right through the Summer,
To swat the Obscene—if you know what I mean—
Root out the Wicked and prop up the Clean,
To heckle Mae West when she warbles a song
With a naughty complaint about Doing Her Wrong—
Well, now, Sir Magician, what have you tonight
Of a scandalous nature—you know, that's not quite . . ."

Picture No. 2

Intimate Behavior of Movie Celebrities

Two English screen stars studying a book;
Chaste Diana Wynyard and elegant Clive Brook.
What is it they're reading to make them groan and
sigh?

It's something by Ring Lardner, the very slangy guy.
And this is why they're doing it, to be extremely frank:
They've got to drop their Londonese and learn to
speak in Yank,

FOR

In Kankakee and Killikinick
The English accent makes 'em sick.
They think that "Dance"
Should rhyme with "pants,"
They don't think "really"



Should rhyme with "jelly"—
They're sort of thick and kind of hick

In Kankakee and Killikinick.
In Killikinick and Kankakee
They're prejudiced as they can be;
They will not call a bore a bwa,
They will not call a war a wa.
And so an awful kick they made
At how they talked in "Cavalcade."
How many millions more agree
With Killikinick and Kankakee?

When this picture dimmed out then the Caliph looked
glum

And roared, "Gimme Sex in a hurry, by gum!"
So the hairy magician just turned the crank,
Changing the scene with a terrible yank.

Picture No. 3

Revelations of Female Figures

Say, why are all those busy bikes
a-scorching round the place?
Does Fox intend to duplicate the
good old six-day race?
See Joanie Crawford 'scooting on a
bike that's built for one—
Is she trying to catch up again with
Old Doug Fairbanks' son?
And look! There's Janet Gaynor
wheeling up and down the lot
With the Boardman gal and Nixon
gal—m'gosh, what steam they've
got!

Are they burning up the courses
To forget their last divorces
And dodge some future Lochinvars,
pursuing fast and hot?

No, it's fat, fat, fat, which attacks the young and fair.
Handlebars and pedals give Obesity the air.

Marie Dressler doesn't worry—
She just giggles. "What's the hurry?
I've become the Nation's Granny
Through getting Polly's nanny,
And now just watch me pass you all
In Tug Boat Annie."

"Cut out the rest," cries the Caliph, pit-pat,
"There's certainly nothing alluring in that,
Magician; now turn on a News Reel Display
To show how my realm's misbehaving today."

Picture No. 4

Roof-top View of Hollywood

Says Jackie Oak to Peggie Joyce,
"I'd like to be your seventh choice."

Says Peggie Joyce to Jackie O.,
"Go change your shirt—then cheerio!"

Says Wallace B. to Arline Judge,
"Adopted babies are my fudge."

"Well, I prefer," says Arline J.,
"The good old Farm Production way."

Says John D. Rocky-feller bald,
"What shall our movie house be called?"

Says John D. Junior, "Call it, sir,
The Roxy-feller Thea-ter."

Says Mary Pickford, "I'm so young
That Peter Pan . . ."

With nerves unstrung

Haroun Wil Haze, the Caliph bold,
Puts on his turban, quits 'em cold.
Away he saunters, arm in arm



With wise Wil Rahjahs, toward the farm.
"In this here business," says he,
"You can't tell A from X or Z."
Says Rahjahs, "If you're meaning sex,
The whole durn thing, to me, is X."



How to Achieve the TWELVETREES Look

A new addition to the list of well-dressed Hollywood stars is Helen Twelvetrees who achieves her smartness through complete ensembling and simplicity. This costume is of blue wool with double epaulet shoulders and an attractive collar of white washable crepe which may be detached. The hat shown again in the sketch at the top is of the same wool as the dress. The gloves are white washable doe-skin and the pumps of a dark blue suede—darker than the rest of the ensemble. She wears nude-toned sheer hose and carries a blue and chromium powder compact. The chromium is repeated in the rings of her dark blue suede envelope purse, echoing the steel buttons on the dress and the metallic earrings.

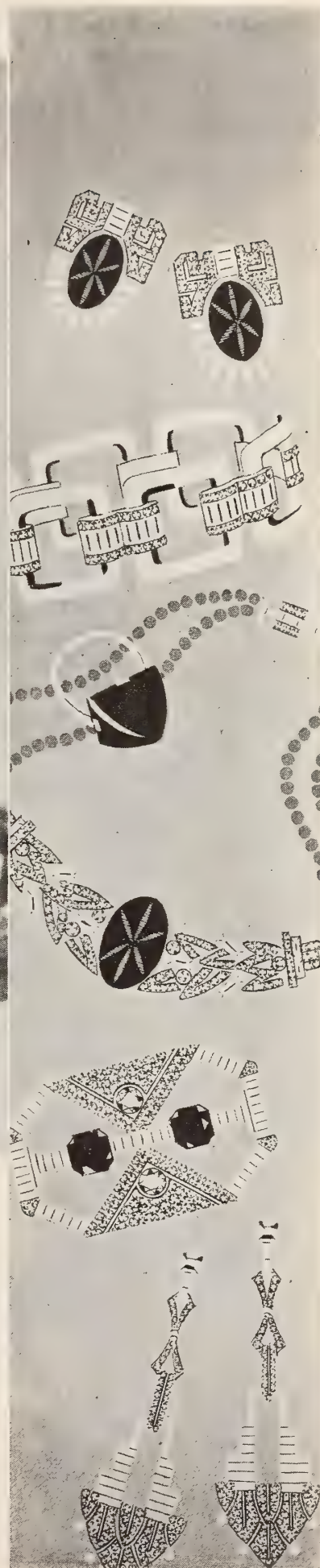




NEWEST FOR EVENING WEAR

Purple Velvet and Costume Jewelry to Match

Perfect ensembling of jewelry to evening gowns is one of Glenda Farrell's pet hobbies. Here she is wearing a gown of purple velvet with a bodice of sparkling silver white metal cloth. With it she wears the new evening costume jewelry, reproductions of precious stones—in this case amethysts and diamonds or rhinestones. The clips shown at the top, right, have rhinestone baquettes set around an oval amethyst in white gold. The bracelet is of crystal with rhinestone set links. The ring is a huge amethyst set in a plain white gold band and the necklace combines two strands of pearls with the other two stones. The brooch has the same combination of rhinestone baquettes and amethysts and the earrings have tiny pearls attached to the white gold and rhinestone drops.



WAYS TO WEAR FLOWERS

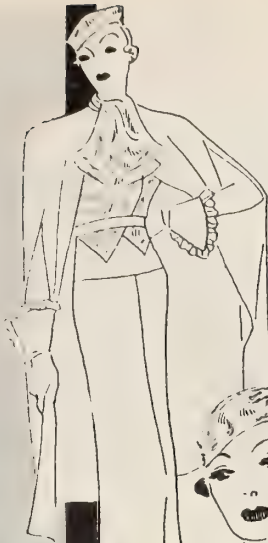
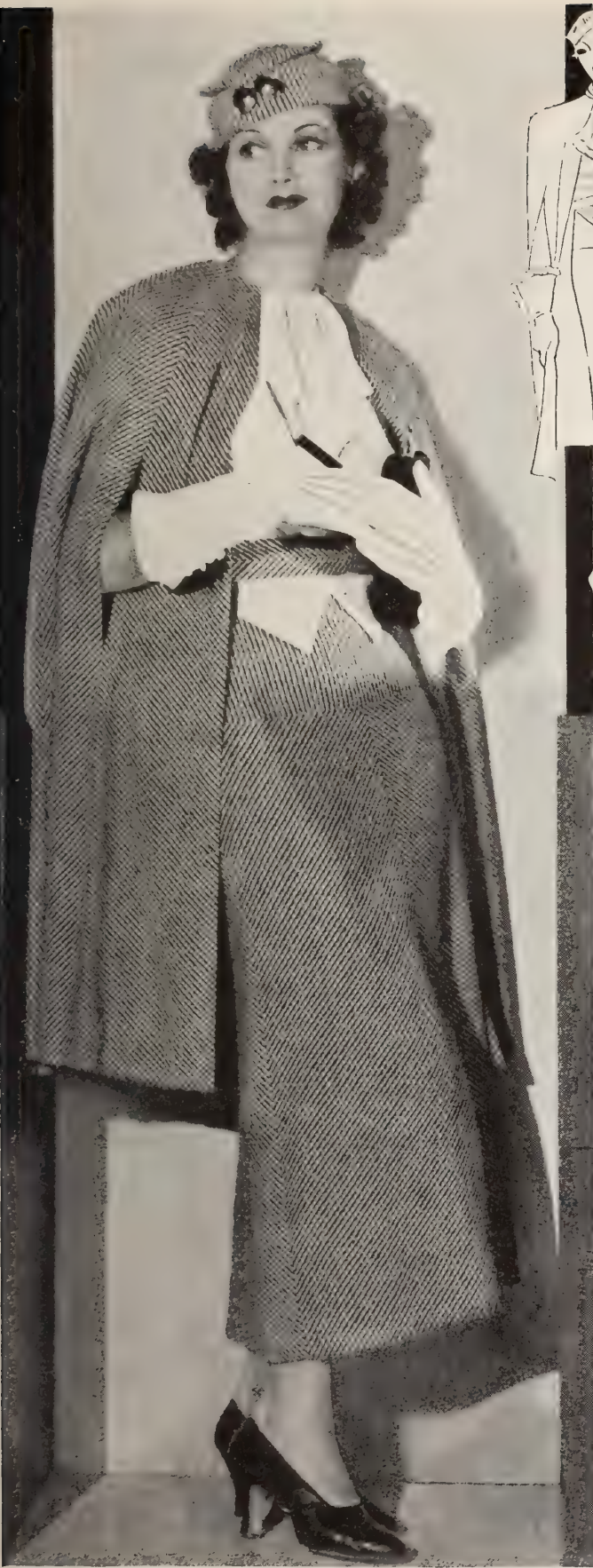


Benita Hume wears a bouquet of old fashioned flowers at the center front of her tailored tea gown (above.)

The New Movie's Hollywood Fashions



Brown crepe satin and crepe flowers—three of them—are set at the waistline of Elizabeth Allan's nude angel skin evening gown. Other favored ways of wearing flowers are shown in the sketches—center back at the waistline; at the bosom; a whole row over one shoulder. Or you can wear one large flower of one color on one shoulder and one of another on the other. With the bateau neckline evening gowns two or three flowers are set straight across, right under the chin.



Elizabeth Allan wears a black and white diagonal wool street costume. The sketched pique hat matches the vest and gloves.



A black velvet chechia matches the velvet coat Sally Eilers is wearing. The sketch shows a galyak hat to match the wide collar.



Colleen Moore wears a little tan wool beret, trimmed with a brown grosgrain ribbon band and bow. The scarf matches.

● THE NEW MOVIE'S HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS ●

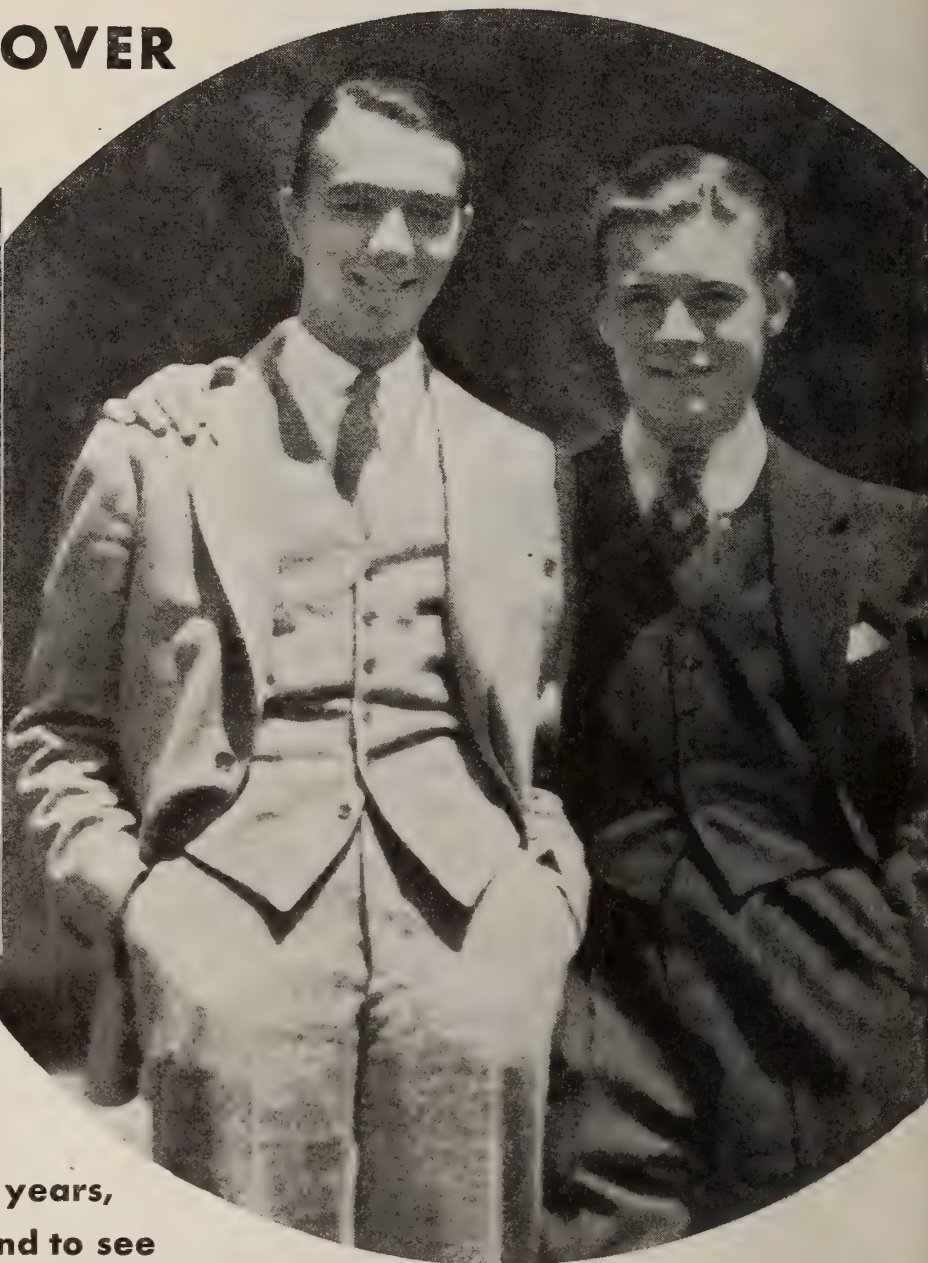
HATS to MATCH

TOM BROWN'S BUDDY

LOOKS HIM OVER



Letting you in on a big secret: Tom's favorite indoor sport is NOT making fudge. That one completely floored him. It's Anita Louise, shown with him here. And, asks the author, can you blame him?



**Henry Willson, after two years,
goes to visit his pal and to see
if success has changed him**

Henry Willson, who wrote this article, and Tom Brown, his best friend, from a photograph taken in Hollywood where Henry visited Tom for several weeks.

FORGET about seventy-five per cent of everything you've ever read concerning Tom Brown. Then start all over again.

You may think you know him—but you don't. I have learned more about Tom since living with him the past six weeks than in the five years that we've been pals.

First of all, Tom is not a "woman-hater." Nor is he a "young Lothario," as some would believe.

He likes all of the girls, respects and admires them, and at present is much infatuated with one in particular, and he says, "She's the sweetest in the world."

So there you have that side of Tom Brown. He is not fickle, but is just like any other fellow his age when it comes to the girl question.

Another idea that many have of this young actor is that he is the ultra-collegiate, "hey-hey" kid. Although a great deal of the time Tom is vivacious and energetic, he has serious as well as moody moments.

A boy who has earned his own living for the past ten years could hardly be as flippant and carefree as some have pictured him.

Whenever Tom goes into something, whether work or play, he tries so hard to make a success of it that he actually wears himself out. A perfect example of that is the work Tom has done on the new Puppet Club, of which he is the president. This organization is made up of some of Hollywood's younger movie people. For several years there has been a crowd of young folks out here such as Junior Durkin, Patricia Ellis, Helen Mack, Anita Louise, Grace Durkin, Ben Alexander, Patricia Ziegfeld, Gertrude Durkin and Joseph Depew, all of whom went to school together and acted in the same plays back on Broadway.

Tom arrived in Hollywood and decided it would be a swell idea to form a social club of all these young fellows and girls, rent a club-house, give dances and put on plays. Consequently, (Please turn to page 84)



Loretta Young ("She Had to Say Yes") finishes up "Heroes for Sale," starring Dick Barthelmess, and then, after the

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Wide World
bitter struggle between studios over her services, goes to Zanuck's Twentieth Century for at least one picture.

The BOULEVARD

And the Boulevardier—sometimes
HERB HOWE—goes places and
pleads for animals and nudists



Drawings by KEN CHAMBERLAIN

WITH a view to aiding me to break from the sorcerous thrall of Mae West, a friend sends me a copy of the Payne Survey which treats ominously of the effect of pictures on the adolescent mind. I'm studying it desperately, but am afraid it came too late. Mae's portrait taunts me from the wall with her own handwriting: "You can be had."

THE Survey states that out of 458 high school students examined, sixty-two per cent confessed they imitated the dress and manners of the stars. Thirty-two per cent admitted they copied the love technique (Omugawd, Mae!). And twenty-two per cent said they had become dissatisfied with the limitations of the home.

ONE boy declared he had learned to kiss a girl on ears, neck and cheeks as well as on the mouth from watching screen stars pour the honey, while a lass of the same age expressed contempt for her admirer because the dolt merely pecked when kissing—an indication of mental blight, she felt, since he had failed to profit by Prof. Gable's demonstrations.

APRIZE pupil of fifteen had benefited hugely from her screen studies. She said that when she is with the opposite sex she is rather quiet and allows them to tell her what to do. When they start snoogling she puts them off at first. "But it always ends in their having their ways," she archly adds. "I learned this from the movies."

THE crack student was a darky Garbo of high-flyin' imagination. She says she fell in love with Gilbert Roland and imagined she was married to him. They had a lovely time mess'n round until he caught her kissing Ramon Novarro. There was a lawsuit and her picture in all the papers. She won the suit

and married Ramon. "Ah keeps this up," says Mammy Novarro, "until ah'd married and divorced all the stars in Hollywood."

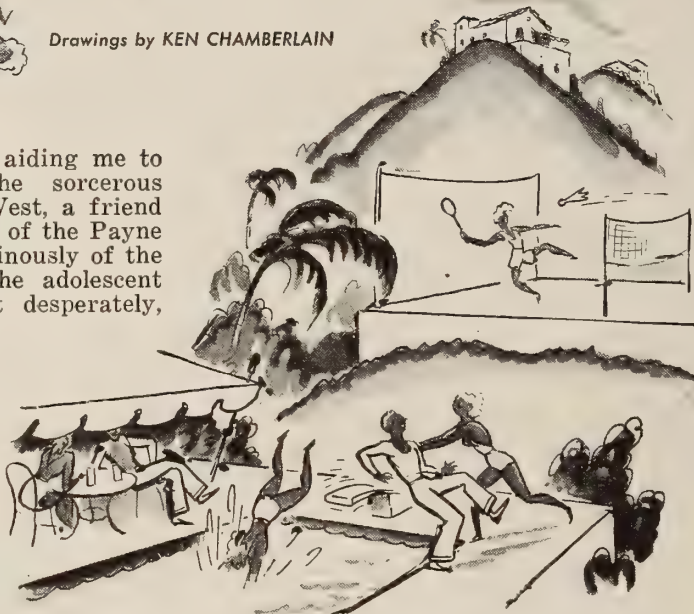
Chile, yuse a star yuhself!

THE Survey was made by impartial professors who credit the screen with some genuine educational effect. I can testify for that. I was always torn between Roquefort and Gorgonzola until Miss Harlow's illuminating dissertation in "Red Dust." Now I eat Gorgonzola and think of Jean. Wonderful combination for dreams.

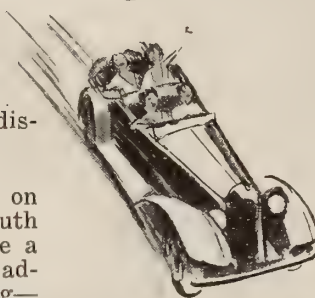
AT this moment I seem to be under the influence of Tarzan Weissmuller—or Tarzana Garbo. I'm hermitting in the San Diego mountains with the Indians, swinging *toute nue* in the live oaks and sleeping in an adobe built a hundred years ago by the Cupos. I have an Indian maid bigger than *Diamond Lil*. Her name is Rosinda and she is tagged about by

a six-year-old.

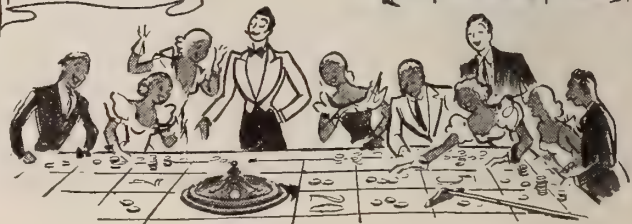
Being the sort that always gets familiar with the servants I attempted palaver with Rosinda. All I could recall of the Indian language was the Sioux word,



Beverly Hills



Agua Caliente



Goes GOONA-GOONA

"wookytipi," which means "house of peace" and wasn't at all what I had in mind. So, resorting to my esperanto, I said: "Vous vellee pretty papoosey, not?" and beamed like Daddy Browning.

Rosinda stared in stark bewilderment, then resumed her bed-making. Determined to penetrate the darkness of the savage mind I resorted to the Tarzan method. Gesturing eloquently from Boulevardier to Rosinda to dirty clothes, kicked in a corner, I said: "Me-you. You-Rosinda. Me-Herb. Rosinda washee Herbie's shirtees?" With a stricken look such as one might have on encountering the idiotic offspring of *King Kong*, Rosinda stood transfixed in terror. Then, as lightning in a tropic storm, the comprehension crashed. "Oh, I beg youah pahdon, Mistah Howe, you wish youah linen laundried?"

A Chattuhton fan!

AS I dive into the sylvan pool imagining I'm Joel McCrea about to be fought for by sharks and Miss Del Rio, or swing screamingly from the tree-tops pretending I'm *Tarzan* in quest of a mate O'Sullivan, I hear the crack of huntsmen's rifles and tremble lest the flashing bronze body be mistaken for a deer's.

This induces rage over the senseless massacre of Wild Things. I see nothing sportsmanlike about lying in tall grass at dawn to assassinate a duck as she rises from her bawth, nothing heroic in murdering a genteel old lion who merely stares curiously at you without troubling you for so much as an autograph.

I certainly will never copy Gary Cooper, who brings 'em back dead and does his drawing room in taxidermists' taste. Nor am I impressed by the heroics of Doug Fairbanks (the rompish elder one), who exhibits the skins of his victims in detective-guarded Pickfair.

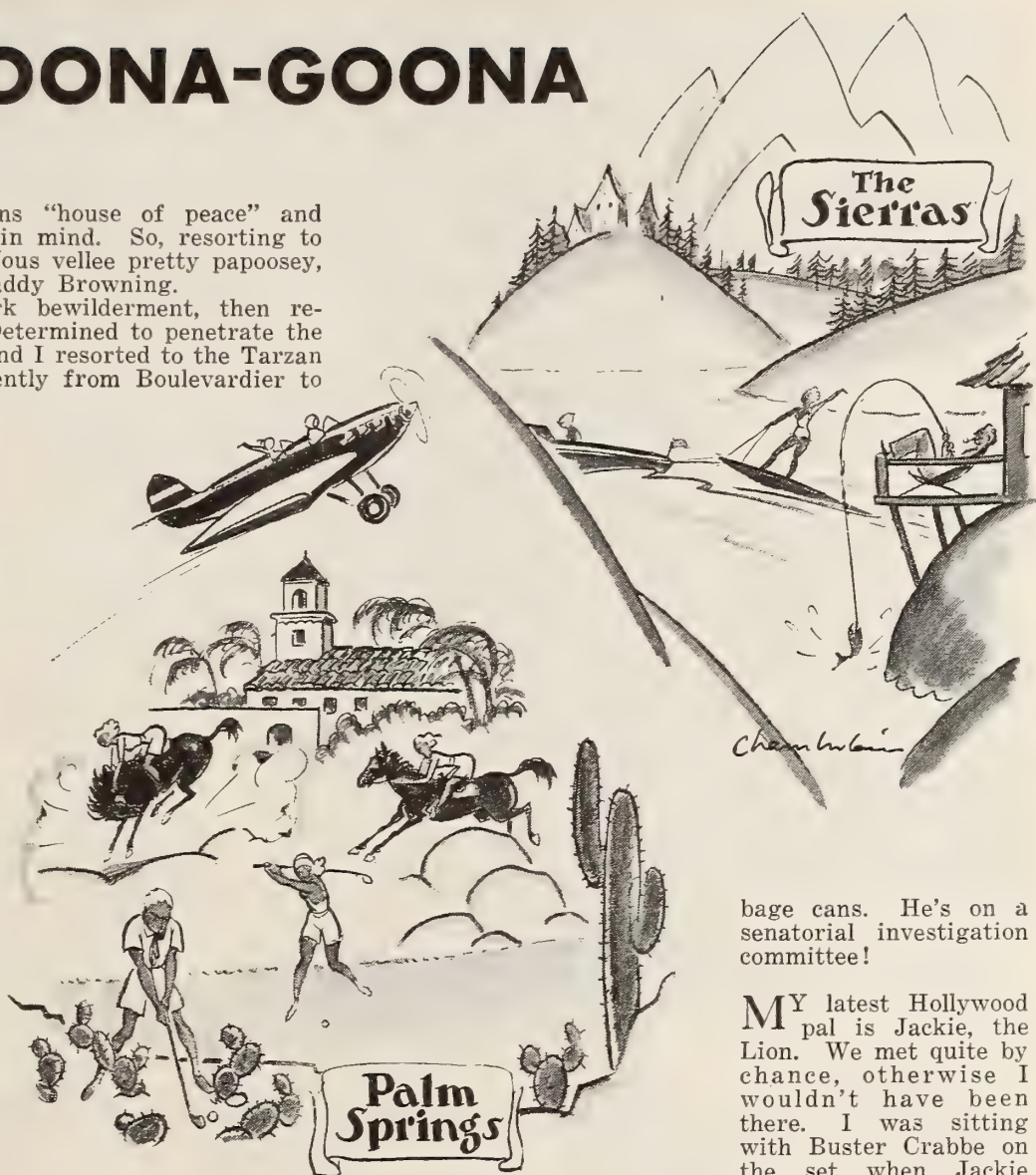
Big game-hunters with bodyguards!

KNOWING both animals and actors in their native haunts, I must say this for the superior taste of animals: I have yet to see one of their lairs decorated with stuffed stars or even with their autographed photographs.

IN this mood of animal fraternity, I was ripe for a letter from Miss Daisy Miller, inviting me to join the Animal Protection Union. The invitation was evoked by references to my hound, Cellini, in these pages. The pamphlet enclosed contains some startling information. Under *POLITICS*, it says:

"Make no mistake about it, we must put the dog right square in politics. . . . As a taxpayer the dog has always been in politics. . . ."

Now I understand why Cellini bounds up and down the aristocratic alleys of Beverly knocking over gar-



bage cans. He's on a senatorial investigation committee!

MY latest Hollywood pal is Jackie, the Lion. We met quite by chance, otherwise I wouldn't have been there. I was sitting with Buster Crabbe on the set when Jackie leaped on to the stage. I tried to leap off but

the limbs behaved like a big game-hunter's without his bodyguards. Jackie sniffed me politely, then inhaled happily of Buster as he thrust his head between Crabbe's legs to have his mane massaged.

BUSTER told me of showing the film, "King of the Jungle," to Jackie, who scored so effectively in it. The showing had been arranged for some professors of psychology who doubtlessly wished to test the influence of pictures on the animal mind. Jackie was spellbound by his own appearance and when his favorite lioness appeared, he thrust out a passionate paw. Astonished at getting no response from the Mae West of the jungles, Jackie commenced sniffing suspiciously, then sank back on his haunches in disgust. Talkies may impress the adolescent human, but they're hooley to Jackie. He will not be interested until we have smellies.

Tip On Lion Loving:

Jackie likes his petting but does not like his feet tickled or his tail pulled. How like a man!

I AM not Jewish and I am not Communist and so I held my peace, but when Herr Hitler denounced the Nudists my Hollywood patriotism showed its fangs. I cancelled bookings. Why should we risk exposure in Germany when we're perfectly safe here in our coats of tan? Sun-worship is the Hollywood religion. We've all gone (*Please turn to page 75*)



Photo by Wide World

Glenda Farrell and her young son, Tommy, posing especially for *The New Movie Magazine*. Tommy is allowed the prerogative, by his mother, of looking over all her beaux. If

Tommy does not give the word, they are, as Glenda expresses it, "out." Tommy has recently okayed—according to Glenda—Gene Raymond.

BARON MUNCHAUSEN

takes you on his personally
conducted —

Radio Rambles

By

Jack Pearl

The New Movie Magazine's guest reporter

Dear Radio Ramblers:

MAYBE, for a change, you'd like to hear about the wives of some of these broadcasters. Well, I was talking about this to Sharlie the other day, and he says:

"Sure, Baron! Great!! You tell 'em, Munchausen—tell 'em all about how the wives of these radio guys is bromo seltzer."

"What's that, Sharlie?" I says. "What do you mean?"

"Well," sneers Sharlie, "you ought to know the answer to that, Baron. It's simple enough."

"Look here, Sharlie," I answers, sort of peeved, "you got no right to hold out on me—not while I'm paying you a salary."

"Then I'll give you a tip, Baron. It's 'cause some of them are on the air with their husbands and some of them aren't."

"Gosh," says I to Sharlie, "I know that, but why are they bromo seltzers?"

"Oh, Baron," answers Sharlie, "you

Vince Callahan's figurette of Rudy Vallee, made entirely out of paper. If you want to make one yourself, please turn to page 95 and get full details of how to obtain patterns and directions.



Jack Pearl, perhaps better known as "The Baron," radio star and now movie star, making "You're a Liar" with Jimmie Durante for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

disappoint me, it is so easy. It is 'cause they fall into two glasses."

So you see, friends, Sharlie gave me this idea, and if you don't like it, it's his fault. After all, what right has he got to be around all the time if he doesn't take the rap for me now and then?

THE first wife I want to take up is Winifred Desborough Pearl, the girl I call "honey"—"Mrs. Jack Pearl" to Sharlie. (Good looking fellow, Sharlie, or I wouldn't be so particular about that.)

A short while ago, Winnie realized a lifelong ambition. She's been traveling around a lot this year with the wives of two of my old pals, Mrs. Jack (Mary Livingston) Benny and Gracie Allen, who's married to George Burns, as you know, and makes no secret of it. (Please turn to page 102)



BEAUTY A LA MODE

CALIFORNIA, CHINA AND PARIS PICK THEIR QUEENS



Above: The winners of an RKO beauty contest in Southern California, all to receive parts in the Clark and McCullough comedy, "Zum Zum Zum." Left to right: Dorothy Thompson, Hollywood; Genevieve Logan, San Bernardino; Anna Rose, Los Angeles; Denise Bruneau, Bell, Cal.; Natasha Kuranova, Glendale; Virginia Townsend, West Los Angeles; Mildred Stone, Hanford; Virginia Darling, Santa Monica, and Patsy Gail, Los Angeles.

Center: Nina Barsamova, elected movie queen of Shanghai, wins a Hollywood trip.

At extreme right: Mlle. Jacqueline Doret, winner of a Paris beauty contest, enroute to Hollywood—and fame? Her resemblance to Jean Harlow won her the prize.



HOLLYWOOD

HEADLINES

FILMWARD

Hollywood continues to rob the speaking stage



- 1** Dorothy Tree, of the New York stage, contracted to Columbia.
- 2** Left, center: Shirley Grey, stage actress since childhood, contracted to Paramount.
- 3** Muriel Kirkland, a stage sensation in "Strictly Dishonorable," contracted to Universal. Her next picture will be "The Secret of the Blue Room."
- 4** Grace Bradley, from the New York stage, to Paramount.
- 5** Judith Allen, formerly Mari Colman, selected by Cecil B. DeMille as the ideal lead in "This Day and Age."
- 6** Charles Butterworth, veteran actor of the New York stage, contracted to M-G-M.

THIS AND THAT

HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES



At left: Raquel Torres, Mexican screen star, snapped in full action on the tennis courts at Malibu Beach.

Photo by Wide World

Below: Jean Blair, stand-in for Joan Blondell; Joan Blondell herself (in the center), and Iris Lancaster, stand-in for Joan Crawford, photographed at the Warner studios.

Photo by Wide World



Above: Beauteous Lona Andre, publicized as one of the most dazzling charmers in Hollywood, and one of the most ardent of Movieland's skating enthusiasts.

Photo by Wide World

At left: Another of the intruding crowd of foreign stars come to invade our movie metropolis—Mady Christians, of Germany. What a real Babel our Hollywood is getting to be!

Photo by Wide World

**Interesting pictures from here
and there in the movie capital**



HEADLINES

CHOICE ROLES

HOLLYWOOD



JO



AMY



BETH

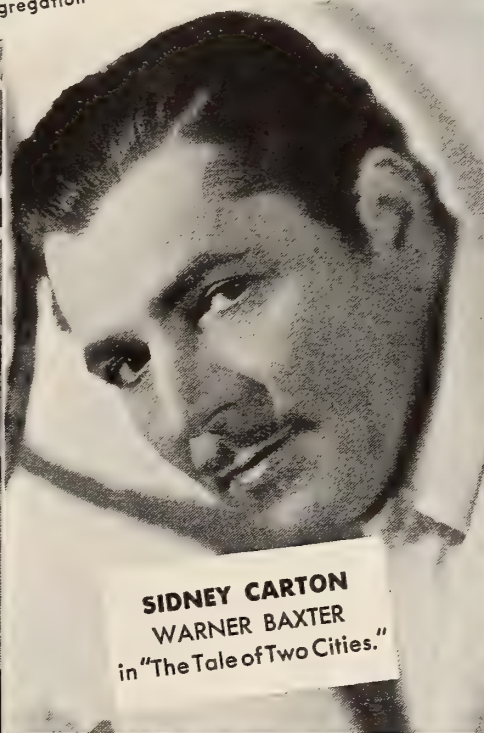


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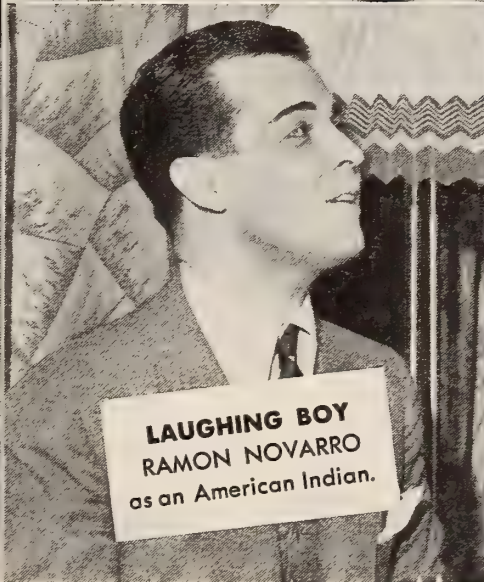
"Little Women," from the Louisa M. Alcott story, will be RKO's big bid to fame and box office. In it you'll see an all-star aggregation—Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Helen Mack and Frances Dee.



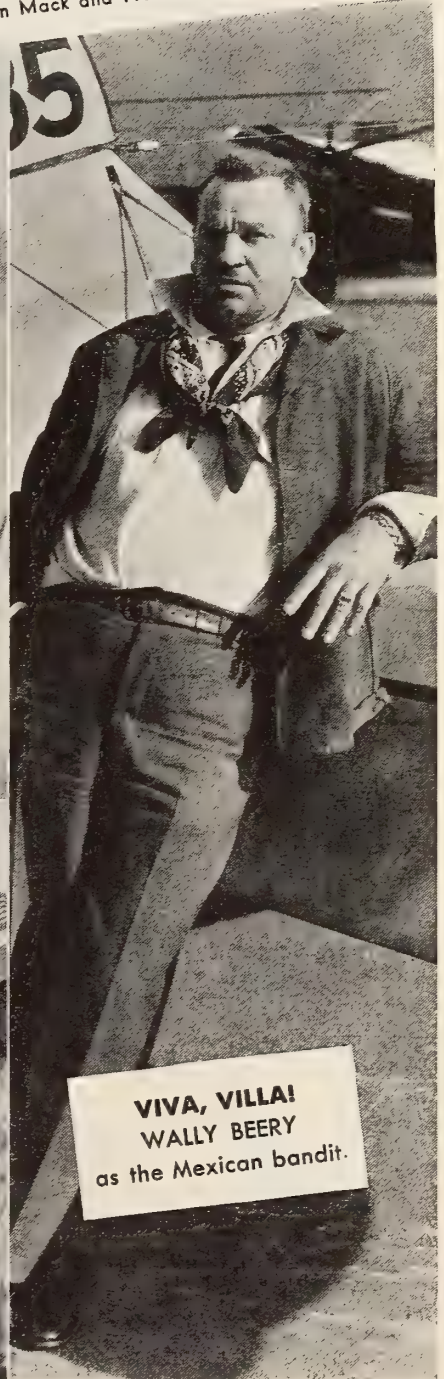
STEVE BRODIE
GEORGE RAFT
in "The Bowery."



SIDNEY CARTON
WARNER BAXTER
in "The Tale of Two Cities."



LAUGHING BOY
RAMON NOVARRO
as an American Indian.



VIVA, VILLAI!
WALLY BEERY
as the Mexican bandit.

Why Do Movies Cost so Much?



EDITOR'S NOTE: This series of articles was written by one of the best known high executives in the film business. Here, without the use of his name, he gives his frank views on certain phases in the industry. He's cynical, it is true, but he is frank. He may destroy some of your illusions, but he does it with the truth.

Cyril probably couldn't earn \$20 a week on a regular job.

“WHY do movie stars get so much money?”
 “How can you call yourself a business man when you pay an actor or an actress five thousand dollars a week?”

“You movie people ought to go broke when you pay such outlandish salaries. Why, just look at the President of the United States!”

Well, let's look at him.

He's a nice fellow, a cheerful soul, and over twenty million of you voted for him. You voted to pay him seventy-five thousand dollars a year to take over a man-sized job.

But if every movie theater in the United States advertised that he would appear tonight on the screen, he wouldn't be a box-office sell-out.

Ah, you say, that's different. You bet, it is! Did you ever stop to think that there are hundreds of men in the United States who could hold down the job of President? Hundreds of 'em. Nearly any senator could get away with it. The governors of just about forty-eight states could do it. Maybe even *you* could.

We've had some presidents who were not worth \$75,000 a year, but we voted them in and we paid

them, at least for four years, because that's what their contracts called for.

But there are not one hundred movie stars. There are not fifty. I can't count ten today—I mean ten who will pack the movie houses wherever their pictures are shown.

You know more about the picture business than I do because you've never been in it, but even you—smart as you are—can't count up ten stars whose pictures you positively refuse to

miss. Just try right now.

SO that's why they get so much money. It's because there are a few of them. I mean the real thing. Real stars. A real star packs 'em into the theaters every time. A near-star doesn't. There are hundreds of near-stars.

Near-stars get too much money. That's the big waste in the movie business. Real stars never get too much. Any time you can pay \$5,000 a week for someone's services and make a fat profit on the investment, you'll invest, won't you? That is, if you have or can borrow the five thousand. Of course, you will. So it is not extravagant to pay big money on anything that will make you bigger money.

I said the near-stars get too much money.

Who's to blame?

First, the movie producers who bid against each other to cast this or that near-star in a picture.

Second, the agents of the near-stars who help the producers bid against each other by lying to each producer about what the others are bidding for this or that near-star.

This Famous Producer Speaks His Mind at Last



Illustrations by
REA IRVIN



Third, the Sherman anti-trust law.

The movie business is one of many industries which could live through hard times better if the Sherman law didn't encourage, even compel, extravagance.

YOU see, when we are casting a picture on our lot (or any other lot), we want to get the performer who fits the part best. I don't mean the star part. I mean the supporting cast. We decide that Cyril Hemingway is the best man for the juvenile part. At the same time a competitor decides that Cyril is needed on his lot.

Cyril's agent knows all about it. So he tells us our competitor is after Cyril and is honing to pay him \$1,500 a week. We had made up our minds that Cyril would be a good bet at \$150. But we hear the other fellow wants to pay him ten times as much.

Well, you'd think that we and the competitor would get together like a couple of smart business houses and either toss a coin for Cyril or else decide between us that he is worth, say, \$150 a week, no more and no less.

But we can't. Cyril probably couldn't earn \$20 a week on a regular job, but we are willing to pay him \$150 to keep him from starving to death.

We can't get together and fix a sum, no matter how decent or fair it may be to Cyril. The Sherman law says, "If you do, I'll land you in the hoosegow. It's a conspiracy in restraint of trade."

So what?

Well, we decide we've got to have Cyril and if the other

company is going to offer him \$1,500 a week, by gum, we'll make 'em look sick by offering \$2,000.

Now multiply that illustration by the hundreds and you'll see why the movies cost so much. Do your multiplying every week.

That's a little slant on the law end of it.

AS for the producers being to blame, they are worse than the law. They are plumb insane, when it comes to paying out money.

Only last week our company decided that hard times are here. We decided to cut expenses, no matter what happened.

One of the men on our payroll, whom we considered important in the making of our pictures, was drawing \$1,000 a week every week. We figured that \$750 would be better for us and that it wouldn't kill him because he can buy potatoes cheaper than he could when we first signed him up at \$1,000 a week.

We talked it over with him. He didn't like it. He told us Stock Story No. 6, which is this:

"I am supporting my mother and father, my brother-in-law and his two kids. I send money every week to keep three nephews in Ohio. I am putting one of them through college. Besides, you are paying Mr. Jones more than you pay me, so I can't afford to cut my pay." And let's say it's all true.

We came back at him with Stock Answer No. 6, which is this:

"True, but we are having a tough time. The theaters are not doing the business they once did. When the theaters drop business, we drop receipts. We've got to have a new deal. We've got to operate for less money or we'll all be out of work." And let's say it's all true.

Back and forth went the shuttlecock of argument.

Finally we wore him down—wore (Please turn to page 106)



We pay our near-stars too much money.

New Pictures

YOU SHOULD SEE—AND WHY



Loretta Young, Victor Jory and Vivienne Osborne in "The Devil's in Love."



Mary Boland, from the stage, William Bakewell, Claudette Colbert and Wallace Ford in "Three-Cornered Moon."

NOT only are the big pictures turning out to be real big ones, but the little ones seem to be getting bigger. The average run-of-the-mill program pictures of the last few months have seemed to have more genuine interest and entertainment than any other group in my memory.

There is a possibility that some of the famous old favorites were as good as they seemed to be, because they didn't have much competition. Only half a dozen big pictures were made every year and their release was pretty much of a cinematic event.

Today, every studio is on its toes, hoping that by some quick trick or idea it can turn a program picture into a potential special. The fans are getting breaks. Shows like "A Bill of Divorcement," "Hell Below," "College Humor" and a dozen others show this to be true. None of these are what Hollywood terms expensive productions, yet they compare favorably with the so-called specials.

There is reason to believe that Hollywood is getting the knack of making talking pictures.

NOT only are pictures getting better but the people in them are beginning to perk up, also. There are more good-looking youngsters coming up this year than you can shake a stick at. Radio had scads of them—Bruce Cabot, William Gargan, Elizabeth Allan and Francis Lederer, though the latter is hardly a newcomer. Then there is Hepburn, who has still to reach her peak.

Paramount has Mae West, Warners Bette Davis, Columbia has Jean Parker, Fox has Lilian Harvey and there are a host more who may be just as good by the time that the next few pictures have been released.

Directors, too, are showing promise. Jack Ruben and Mark Sandrich at Radio are getting as proficient as Lubitsch used to be in the old days. Sidney Lanfield, Rouben Mamoulian

Those you should see this month include:

THREE CORNERED MOON

A startling cast, including the beautiful Colbert, in a new screen story.

ANOTHER LANGUAGE

A great stage play that is as great on the screen. Helen Hayes has much to do with it.

PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING

The sweetest thing of the month and a good movie in its own right, with Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter.

NO MARRIAGE TIES

The best picture that Dix has made in many a day, with smart dialogue.

DOCTOR BULL

Will Rogers in another show that fits him. Boots Mallory is a lovely eye-full.

MAMA LOVES PAPA

Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland in the funniest picture of the month.



and several others are offering new ideas that add to the sum total available to directors . . . and no film is very much stronger than the man at the helm.

THERE is one more thing that makes your reviewer believe that "better days are actually here." This is that some splendid ideas are now in work. "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Alice in Wonderland" are well off the beaten track; Radio has "Fugitive from Glory," Hudson's famous "Green Mansions" and "Flying Down to Rio." M-G-M offers something new in "Eskimo" and "Queen Christina." . . . And, all in all, it looks as if there is going to be fun on the movie front line this time.

There aren't a lot of big pictures this month but almost every one of them is well worth seeing.

NO MARRIAGE TIES—(RKO)—A couple of timorous gentlemen recently wrote a book that was sold under the title of "A Hundred Million Guinea Pigs." In it they took a left-handed slap at current advertising customs. What they did is nothing to what Richard Dix hands out in this latest film of his.

A drunken newspaper man with a gift of gab, he rises to be the greatest advertising figure in the country. But his methods are none too gentle. His motto seems to be, "Scare 'em enough and they'll buy anything." "If the mouthwash blackens their teeth," he says, "we'll sell 'em toothpaste that will whiten them."

All goes well till he meets a beauty specialist who is as big in her line as Dix is in his. Played by Doris Kenyon, who is lovelier than ever, this is one of the best roles of the year.

Against her will she falls for Dix's slick line of chatter only to find that Richard's heart is in the keeping of his little art director. Rich tries to do the right thing but the lady sees through his ruse and commits suicide rather than bring him unhappiness. Elizabeth Allan, a talented little English newcomer, is entrusted with the job of rebuilding the great man who goes back to drink after the tragedy. This is a picture that doesn't "tell" so well and I suggest that you see it and have a good time for yourself.

MAMA LOVES PAPA—(Paramount)—Charley Ruggles and Mary Boland were made for each other—at least, cinematically. Charley has a brand of whimsical comedy that is all his own. Those of you who were fortunate enough to see Mary Boland in "Face the Music" know that she can put a kick into a comedy situation that only an army mule can equal.

Paramount has the right idea. There may be bigger and possibly better names in the picture business, but there aren't more than a few combinations that can assure the down-to-the-ground certainty of entertainment that Mr. Ruggles and his plump companion are able to supply.

Lilyan Tashman and Walter Catlett excel in supporting roles, and Norman McLeod's direction keeps a perfectly goofy story moving briskly right to the end.

It is a thoroughly impossible story of domestic strife, but it is one that has never been told better and one that has as many laughs as the dull-est of us can ask for on a rainy evening. I prescribe "Mama Loves Papa" as an almost certain cure for the megrims, fall colds and kindred ail-

Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery and Louise Closser Hale (at top) in the M-G-M film version of the highly successful stage play, "Another Language."



William Gargan, as the ace of news-reel cameraman, and June Brewster, as the winner of the bathing beauty contest, in RKO's new action drama, "Headline Shooters."

**ALL THE LATEST NEWS AND VIEWS
OF THE FORTHCOMING FILMS**

Harvey Stevens, Margaret Lindsay, Warner Baxter and Janet Gaynor in Fox's "Paddy the Next Best Thing," one of the first homely romances of the new season.

ments. Don't attempt to see it if you have a headache.

THREE-CORNERED MOON—(Paramount)—Claudette Colbert should be enough for most people, but Paramount has added Richard Arlen, Mary Boland, Lyda Roberti, Jack Oakie, Edward Gargan, William Bakewell and Joan Marsh to make the matter practically unanimous.

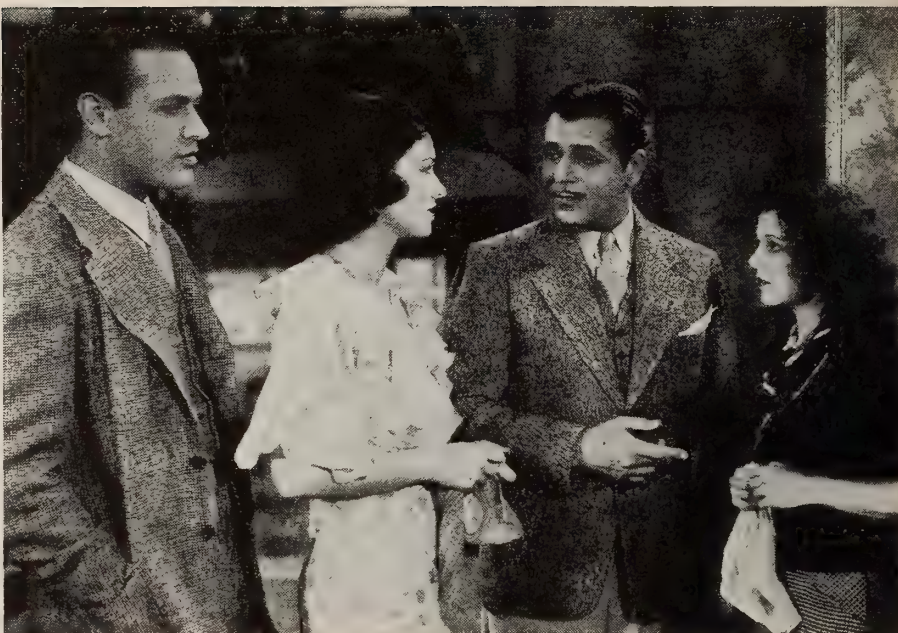
While this is an all-star cast, it is one that has been assembled because the roles happened to fit the players. There are a couple of combinations here that you will see more of at a later date unless I miss my guess.

Miss Colbert does not have a great deal to do, but what she does do is in a finished manner that reminds one of her excellent stage training. Richard Arlen is capable, but the outstanding bits in the picture are those that involve the bouncing Miss Roberti and the extremely uproarious Mr. Oakie. These two strike sparks off each other and should be seen together more in the future. Bill Gargan, the tin-eared butler of "The Animal Kingdom," steals the high acting honors, as he usually seems to do. Possibly it is a good thing that RKO has decided to

star him . . . he ought to have trouble stealing his own picture.

The story is fast and breezy and has been well directed by Elliott Nugent. Billy Bakewell shines in a role that we wish had been a little bigger.

Don't blame me if the title is changed later on.



ANOTHER LANGUAGE—(M-G-M)—"Another Language" is a simple little story that has world-wide appeal because of that very simplicity. On the stage, Dorothy Strickland made an understanding character out of the young wife, but Helen Hayes is a greater artist than Miss Strickland and we can safely tell you that "Another Language" is a much finer thing today than it has been until now.

The whole show rests on Helen Hayes. Bob Montgomery, as the youngest of the Hallam brothers, is a vacillating young puppy who cannot see that all that distinguishes him from the rest of the human guinea pigs is the wife that he has been lucky enough to win.

While the Hallam family is doubtless a trifle exaggerated, there is enough truth in it for each one of us to see a little of ourselves on the screen. There is possibly nothing more selfish than love can sometimes be, and it is here that Miss Hayes makes her message clearer than it was done on the stage. You feel that while she realizes that she is fighting for everything that life can hold for her, she still understands that her success must necessarily be dependent upon some other's loss. It is this understanding that makes "Another Language" one of the finer motion pictures that have been produced this year.

Louise Closser Hale is splendid as the mother and Minor Watson and Henry Travers are excellent in support. This is one movie that should definitely receive your attention.

PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING—(Fox)—"Paddy the Next Best Thing" has always been one of the most popular stories of its type and it is ideally suited to the talents of Janet Gaynor and her co-star, Warner Baxter.



Elizabeth Allan and Richard Dix in RKO's "No Marriage Ties"—in which the two agree that "marriage is a mistake, a killer of love," and that they will protect their new-found happiness by robbing the minister to pay Dan Cupid. This picture, at first, was called "Ad Man."

**THE NATIONAL DIGEST
OF THE
BEST TALKING PICTURES**

ALL THE LATEST NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE FORTHCOMING FILMS

Janet has never been sweeter than as Paddy, the Misfit. Most of you probably know the story of the little English girl who was supposed to have been a boy—hence, "Paddy, the next best thing." As the unwanted little orphan Miss Gaynor is able to be sweeter than she has been in many and many a moon.

There is a suspicion in your reviewer's mind that Miss Gaynor's charm in this case is due largely to the restrained and tender performance of Warner Baxter, who drops the swash-buckling attitude of "42nd Street" and "I Loved You Wednesday" for the quiet charm of a lonely Englishman who comes to love the little waif.

With the possible exception of a few scenes in which our Janet is just too coy for words, I am inclined to believe that this will be her most

popular picture of recent years. The story doesn't amount to much, but it has charm and movement; and Gaynor and Baxter seem to work better together than any other team in which Janet has been a part.

If this were a star system of reviewing, I'd give it three stars and wonder if I weren't being a little bit sentimental.

DOCTOR BULL—(Fox)—I'd be much happier if Will Rogers confined his attentions entirely to the screen. His is a charm and homely philosophy that belongs only where an atmosphere can be built up around it. On the radio he is a trifle too homespun for my taste, yet in a movie he is able to capture some of the truly American charm that made O. Henry and Mark Twain famous.

While he doesn't remind you of

anyone you may know particularly well, Will Rogers always gets a personal angle or feeling into his pictures that few other stars could manage. You feel, somehow, that he has captured the secret of being happy, and that if you watch the screen carefully this secret may be yours.

Actually, he hasn't had a particularly good story and this latest one is no better than the rest. It isn't important, however, because when you come out of the theater after seeing any Rogers picture, a couple of scenes will stick in your mind and the rest doesn't seem to matter. Remember "State Fair" and those wonderfully tender scenes with Louise Dresser? You can see them together again in "Doctor Bull" and they will tug at your heartstrings even if you do feel that you ought to be smiling.

Vera Allen, one of Fox's new starring possibilities, Boots Mallory, Marian Nixon and Frank Morgan complete the cast. John Ford directed and you will probably find that "Doctor Bull" will be among the better pictures that you remember at the end of the year. Personally, I don't quite know why it should be . . . but I'm pretty sure that you'll agree.

SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM—(Universal)—While "Secret of the Blue Room" is probably the best mystery show of the month, this (Please turn to page 109)

A scene—the orgy on the ship—from M.G.-M's Arctic drama, "Eskimo," during the filming of which Director Van Dyke and his company spent months in the barren wastes of the North.



Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres in Universal's "Don't Bet on Love," originally known as "In the Money."

AND THESE, TOO:

SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM

The best mystery show of the month with Lionel Atwill, Paul Lukas and Gloria Stuart.

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Gary Cooper and Fay Wray in a trim little film that you'll like.

THIS DAY AND AGE

Cecil DeMille's big show about Youth. It's worth your seeing . . . red meat . . . and strong dramatic action.

AND THESE ARE ALL ABOVE AVERAGE

*Eskimo
Headline Shooters*

*Lady for a Day
The Death Watch*

*Midnight Club
The Devil's in Love*



Mickey Mouse's

WELL, Hollywood start the season off with a bang! Eddie Cantor's shooting "Roman Scandals," the cameras are shooting Eddie Cantor and the producers are shooting the works. The upshot of the whole thing is that the coming season will witness more big pictures than ever in the history of the industry. (I got that out of a book.)

OVER at United Artists things are popping plenty. Darryl Zanuck announces a new release every other day.

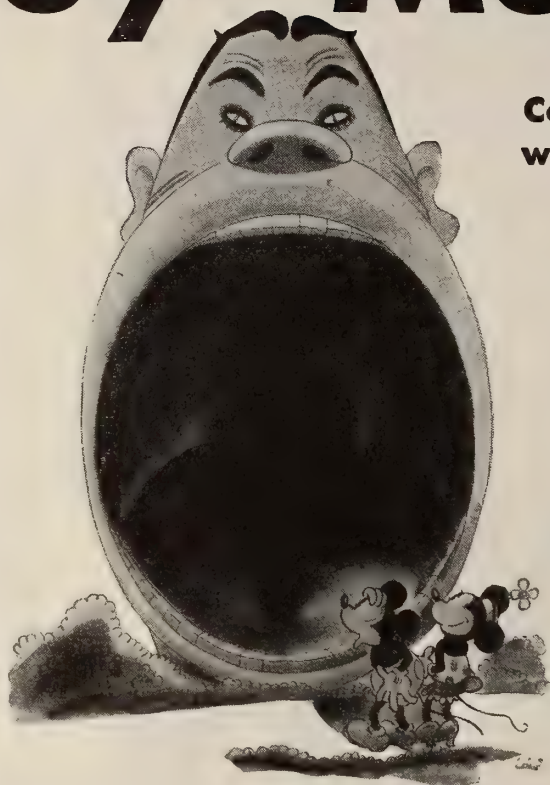
That Zanuck crowd is certainly giving Hollywood a new release on life! No sooner was Twentieth Century formed than the announcement was made that Arliss would be their first star. That puts an end to all rumors regarding Arliss.

A happy ending I calls it. Arliss well that ends well!

LEE TRACY has started work on Metro's "Turn Back the Clock," a very timely subject. Colleen Moore will appear with Lee in this picture.

Swell! We'd love to see Moore of Colleen!

JACK HALEY has been brought on from New York to co-feature with Jack Oakie in a picture for Para-



That's the biggest opening I've ever seen in Hollywood."

Comments on the Hollywood news by the world's most popular actor

**By
MICKEY MOUSE**

As told to Hal Horne

mount called "We're Sitting Pretty." There's plenty of Jack in this one!

With Paul Muni doing "America Kneels" for Warner Brothers and the two Jacks doing "We're Sitting Pretty" for Paramount, the business is beginning to look like setting-up exercises.

ALICE BRADY has been cast in "Bride of the Bayou."

How's Bayou, Alice?

You did a mighty swell

job in "When Ladies Meet."

PARAMOUNT'S "Midnight Club" is hitting on all twelve! This picture features Clive Brook and George Raft—a swell choice.

A Raft goes well with a Brook.

WITH Fox releasing "I Loved You Wednesday" and Paramount offering "One Sunday Afternoon," every day in this business is beginning to count. Not to be outdone, Universal is giving us "Only Yesterday," with Margaret Sullivan and John Boles.

I can just picture them advertising ONLY YESTERDAY STARTS TOMORROW!" Nothing fazes a theater man.

M-G-M is giving us "Another Language." I just can't wait to hear it. Ann Harding is riding along nicely in "Double Harness" for RKO with William Powell in the feature role.

More Powell to you, Ann! You and Bill should make a swell team in "Double Harness."

WILLIAM GARGAN heads the line-up in "Headline Shooters" for the same company. *Should be Gargan-tuan.* If you know what I mean. I don't! Seriously, Bill's becoming one of the most popular stars in Hollywood. All the companies are after Bill. So are the autograph collectors. *Bill collectors, I call 'em!*

WALLACE BEERY is doing a swell role in "The Bowery" for Twentieth Century. It's the Beery's, they say! Raoul Walsh was borrowed from Fox to direct. It was all done in a very polite way, of course.

Zanuck stepped up to Fox and graciously asked, "May I have the next Walsh with you?" How could they refuse under the circumstances?



It's only Walt giving me a party.

Movie-Go-Round



Free wheeling?

THE Four Marx Brothers have just finished "Duck Soup" for Paramount and theaters will soon be serving it to their customers.

A swell dish, from what I hear!

WILL ROGERS is doing "Green Dice." From what I understand, it's being produced on a very lavish scale.

Where there's a Will there's a weigh. "Green Dice" should be a natural.

UNIVERSAL is releasing "S. O. S. Iceberg"—their initial production for the season. By all means, see M-G-M's "Tug Boat Annie" with Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery.

"Tug Boat" certainly should draw!

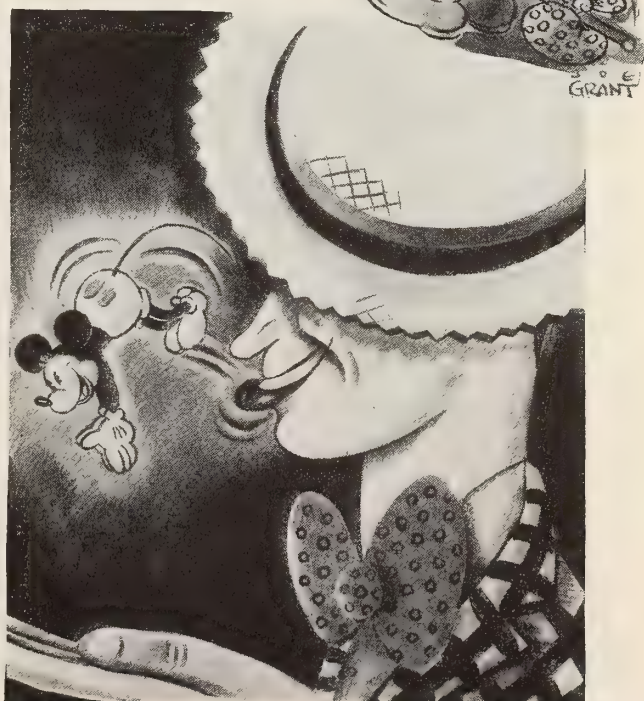
All in all, it looks like a swell season for Hollywood—a season with plenty of spice.

AND am I excited! They're giving my latest picture, "Mickey's Gala Premiere," a formal opening at Grauman's Chinese Theater. Walt Disney, my boss, says they expect to have a monster turn-out, but I haven't been able to find out the monster's name.

I did hear, though, that after the premiere they are going to throw a big party—I think the big party will be Primo Carnera. He's so big that when he starts falling, it takes him at least a month to hit the floor.

So, until that time, as Minnie said when she opened her mouth and tried to reach a high note, "I'll be C-ing you!"

I say, "Lip and let lip!"





Above: A facsimile of the photograph of June Knight, the new Universal star, that appeared in the June issue of **THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE**, from which the accompanying type-sketches were made. . . . Details of the selection of the two first awards and also information regarding the Claudette Colbert type-sketches, to be made from a photograph of Miss Colbert that appeared in the July **NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE**, will be found on page 96 of this issue.

★

Below: The type-sketch of Miss Knight made by C. W. Crumb, of Detroit, Michigan, selected as one of the two best of the many that were submitted.

TYPE TRICKS

★

**Portraits of the stars made
on the typewriter**

★

Dorothy Hardke, of Benton Harbor, Michigan, is the typewriter artist who made the above sketch of June Knight from her published photograph. The ingenuity shown by Miss Hardke in achieving shades and tones was highly regarded by those who went over the scores of type-sketches submitted.



HALE HORTON tells of the long-drawn-out struggle of

Hollywood's latest find—and of her sudden success

"O.K., Helen!"

HERE you have no Arabian Nights story of movie renown won at the wave of a wand! Not even was Helen Mack's inception auspicious. Not by the wildest flight of your imagination! For she was born in New York City to poor parents, and she lived in a furnished room on Seventy-second Street until well into her fourteenth year.

Her father and mother ran a small grocery store; Helen managed the housework by herself, cooking the meals and washing the dishes, as well as her clothes. And kept up her chores even while attending the Children's Professional School.

"But, I doubt if I'd have had any beau anyway," she told me, with a wry grin, "because I happened to be a plain little brat with straight, stringy hair and no particular fascination. And I'm glad I was," she adds, "otherwise I wouldn't have been given so many character parts, parts unsuited to more beautiful children. And by getting jobs in 'Zaza,' 'Pied Piper Malone' and 'The Little Red School House,' I managed to help pay my tuition.

"But after graduating from school I couldn't get a job for love or money! I'd left my name with every agent in town, and every day I'd make the rounds, begging for work. But they just didn't want me.

"It wasn't until just before my fourteenth birthday that I finally managed to sign with a vaudeville act. I told them I was sixteen.

"For two years I traveled with the act and when I returned I still wasn't sixteen! And when I was fifteen I managed to convince everyone I was eighteen, and finally I began to get stage jobs. I guess I must have been a pretty good fibber."

AT the age of sixteen Helen came to Hollywood with William Hodge in the play "Straight Through the Door." Whereupon she experienced her first desire for a movie career: "At first I thought I'd stay on the Coast, but something told me to return East and wait until Hollywood called." And Hollywood was to yoo-hoo frantically within a year, Winnie Sheehan, Fox executive, being on the business end of the call.

Thrilled with the possibility of becoming a great motion picture actress, Helen boarded a westbound train, taking her mother along. She felt her career was well under way, especially when she was immediately elected a Fox debutante star.

Her first picture assignment was that of a sweet ingenue. Her second picture assignment was that of a sweet ingenue. At which point the studio decided she wasn't a sweet ingenue, a fact that Helen had been trying to impress upon them for three months. And for the remaining nine months of her contract she was given no assignments whatsoever. Not even extra work.

"Day after day I'd take the bus to the studio, only to receive vague promises of work in the future. Everyone tried to avoid me. You'd have thought I was poison.

"My only friends were the prop boys and electricians and the employes in the make-up department. I found them more human than any other people in the world. Hour after hour I'd sit there and watch other girls being made-up for character parts that I just knew I could do.

"Oh, I tell you I didn't like those days very well! I almost died with loneliness and disappointment. I begged the studio for a *(Please turn to page 77)*



Helen Mack, who first scored in "Sweepings," shown with Phil Harris, the radio crooner, in "Melody Cruise."

HOLLYWOOD NIGHT by NIGHT

JUST about all the young mamas of Hollywood were gathered at the party given by the Joseph Cawthornes.

And it was fun to hear them talk!

Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, who is very young looking and pretty, despite the fact that she has a sixteen-year-old daughter, said she was just preparing to become a grandmother when she became a mother!

She told how Jack Dempsey sent the baby two pairs of boxing gloves. She took him to the doctor one day wearing the gloves, and the doctor's eyes bulged out when the baby began brandishing his fists about.

Helen Hayes and Mae Marsh were comparing notes about their children. Mae said she had just nursed her three through chicken-pox and got them back into school, but that she had told them, "If you come home with the whooping cough or anything, I'll just leave you to your fate!"

Mae has lately written a book of child's verse, very charming, called "When They Ask Me My Name." Helen Hayes said that her little daughter loved it.

Louise Fazenda was asked whether she had wanted a boy or a girl, and Louise answered humorously, "My dear, at my age, you take what you can get!" She said she had no idea a little baby could take up so much room; that they had to move to a larger house. "If we have another one, we'll have to move into a hotel," she said.

Mrs. Joe E. Brown told how little Mary Elizabeth Ann, her older daughter, three and a half, loved her baby sister, how she would stand off and pretend to be squeezing the baby in her arms, without ever really touching her!

Dolores Costello Barrymore came for a few minutes, but said she hadn't been well. She and John left early.

"Sorry, I can't stay to tell you how wonderful our children are," she smiled, as she waved us good-bye.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Brian and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Corthell both have young children, too, and you should hear Donald, who used to be the gayest, most

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

dashing of young actors, rave about his little daughter.

"He's much more foolish about her than I am," Mrs. Brian confided, with a smile.

Of course all the husbands of the young mamas were present, but most of them, including Hal Wallis, Louise's husband,

Edward G. Robinson, Donald Brian, Herbert Corthell, Joe E. Brown and the others, went upstairs to play bridge or poker in the library.

Besides the young mamas there was a grand assemblage of other married couples—Frank Craven and his wife, Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Breese, Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Evans, Adele Rowland and Conway Tearle, Grace LaRue and Hale Hamilton, Lois Weber and Captain Harry Gantz, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. David Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Robert North, Mr. and Mrs. John Flinn and many others.

The Cawthornes have been married thirty-three years, and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Morgan twenty-three!

Then, of course, there were the newer couples—Elsie Janis and her husband, Gilbert Wilson, Greta Nissen and Wellborn Heyburn and others. Other guests included Laura Hope Crews, Antonio Moreno, Jane Grey, Mary Forbes, Louise Mackintosh, Billy and Ella Wickersham, Mrs. Laura Grismer, Mrs. Wilfred Buckland.

Helen Hayes was charmingly dressed—but, pshaw, who cares what Helen Hayes wears?—she is so much more than dress!—in a green crepe gown trimmed in velvet of the same shade, the trimming in soft criss-cross effect across the breast and draped with a large green velvet bow at the shoulder.

Mrs. Robinson wore a dark blue crepe dress trimmed in double circular ruffles of starched chiffon around neck and arms. Our hostess was lovely in an Eleanor blue lace over silk of the same shade, cut princess, and Louise Fazenda wore a tight-fitting beige silk.

(Please turn to page 103)



Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable (at left), photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine, enjoyed themselves immensely, according to Miss Kingsley. Try as it will, Hollywood can't convict Clark of any social indiscretions.



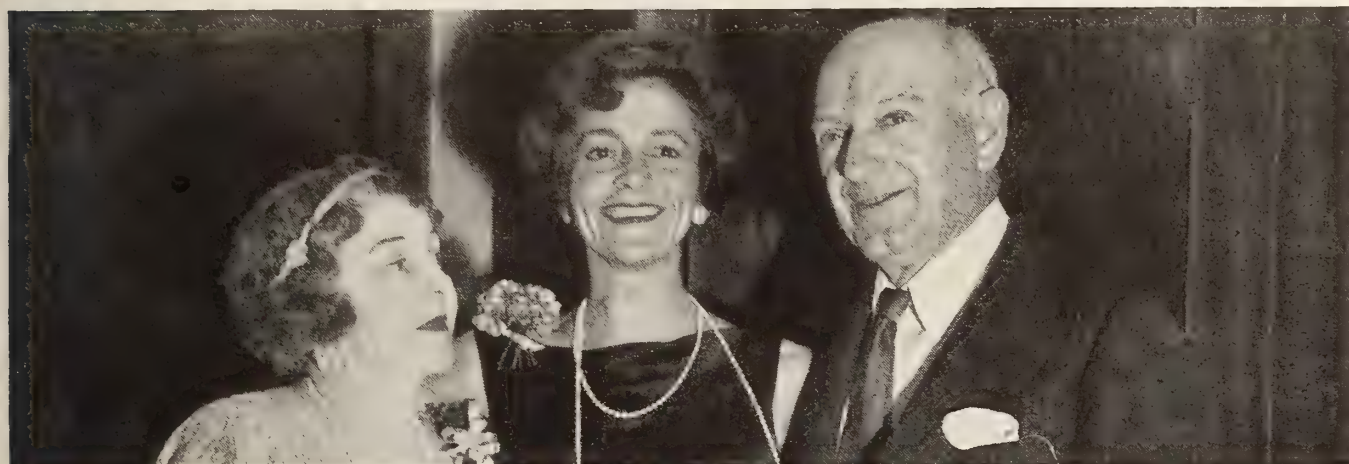
Jean Harlow and her stepfather, Marino Bello, at one of the parties to which they accompanied Miss Kingsley. You'll see Jean out quite frequently these days, now since her period of deep mourning is past.

**Come out for a merry round of
the gayest movie parties with
GRACE KINGSLEY, The New Movie
Magazine's society reporter**

*All photographs made exclusively
for the New Movie Magazine*



Anna Q. Nilsson, John Roche and Alice White snapped at the party which the Steeles gave.



Mrs. Joseph ("Queenie") Cawthorne, the hostess, Elsie Janis and Joseph Cawthorne, the host.



Nina Quartero, Theda Bara, and Mrs. William G. McAdoo, Jr., daughter-in-law of the Senator from California.



Helen Hayes's mother, Helen and Mrs. Jimmy Gleason (Lucile Webster), at the party to young mothers given by the Cawthornes.

SCHOOL DAY



Marilyn Knowlden, who appears with Katharine Hepburn in "Morning Glory," gives this as her favorite dinner menu:

*Roast chicken Mashed potatoes
Plenty of gravy
Canned or fresh asparagus
Crackers and jam or jelly*

Dorothy Gray, who has been a child double for more stars than any other youngster in Hollywood, chooses this breakfast:

*Orange juice
Cooked or uncooked cereal with
thin cream
Poached egg Buttered toast Milk*



Cora Sue Collins has her heartiest meal at lunch time. Here is one of her favorite menus:

*Vegetable soup
Broiled lamb chop Baked potatoes
Green peas
Raspberry gelatin dessert*

THE Hollywood mother faces the same problems that bother little Johnny Jones' mother in Masselin, Ohio, or Salem, Oregon. She has to figure out healthful diets to suit the needs of her child and choose the best schools. But the mother whose child works in pictures has probably the most difficult problems to solve.

His working hours are irregular. If the child attends school, he has to keep up his lessons while he is working in a picture. The law provides that any child working in a picture shall spend three hours of the day with his lessons and the shooting schedule of the picture has to be adjusted to fit these hours. It is sometimes difficult to get the right food when the child is away from home, at the studio, or perhaps on location. Her major problem, however, is to keep her child well so that he can do his film work, keep up his lessons and at the same time get his normal amount of rest.

The Hollywood mother has made a study of these problems and gives her entire time to her working child. No afternoon bridge parties for her; she must be at the side of her child at all times. True, she may not be on the set, or even in sight, but she is always within earshot.

"When Cora Sue is working in a picture I always give her her lunch in her dressing room," Mrs. Collins says. "I take her clothes off and put her nightgown on and make her lie down and feed her like a baby. She relaxes and rests and her food has a chance to digest. Even if we have only an hour I do that. If she eats in the dining room she gets excited and I

notice that her work isn't as good in the afternoon. Her noon meal is really her dinner. She has either soup or broth, one green vegetable and one white vegetable, that is, potatoes or a starchy vegetable; steak, lamb chops or chicken. Her meat is usually broiled, never fried. For dessert she has something not very heavy, like custard or junket, or a gelatin dessert. Once in a while sponge or other plain cake."

One of the clauses in Jackie Cooper's contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stipulates that he shall have a private tutor and not be required to attend either public school or the school at the studio. He has his lessons with his teacher at home every morning from nine to twelve. This seems to be a satisfactory arrangement, for Jackie at the age of ten is in 7-A grade.

Dorothy Gray, who has been a double for more stars than any other child in pictures, is almost ten years old and attends public school. She eats normal, nourishing food and drinks quantities of milk. At breakfast, lunch and dinner she drinks a glass of milk, and when she is working in a picture, her mother gives her milk between breakfast and lunch and again in the middle of the afternoon.

With the opening of school this business of planning wholesome meals for growing boys and girls is a question of absorbing interest to parents not only in Hollywood but everywhere. Realizing this we have prepared a special set of food circulars that will help you arrange the best possible diets for your children.

Hollywood parents give serious thought to their children's bills of fare

DIETS



Eric von Stroheim, junior and senior, and (below) young Eric's dinner menus at Black-Foxe Military Institute:

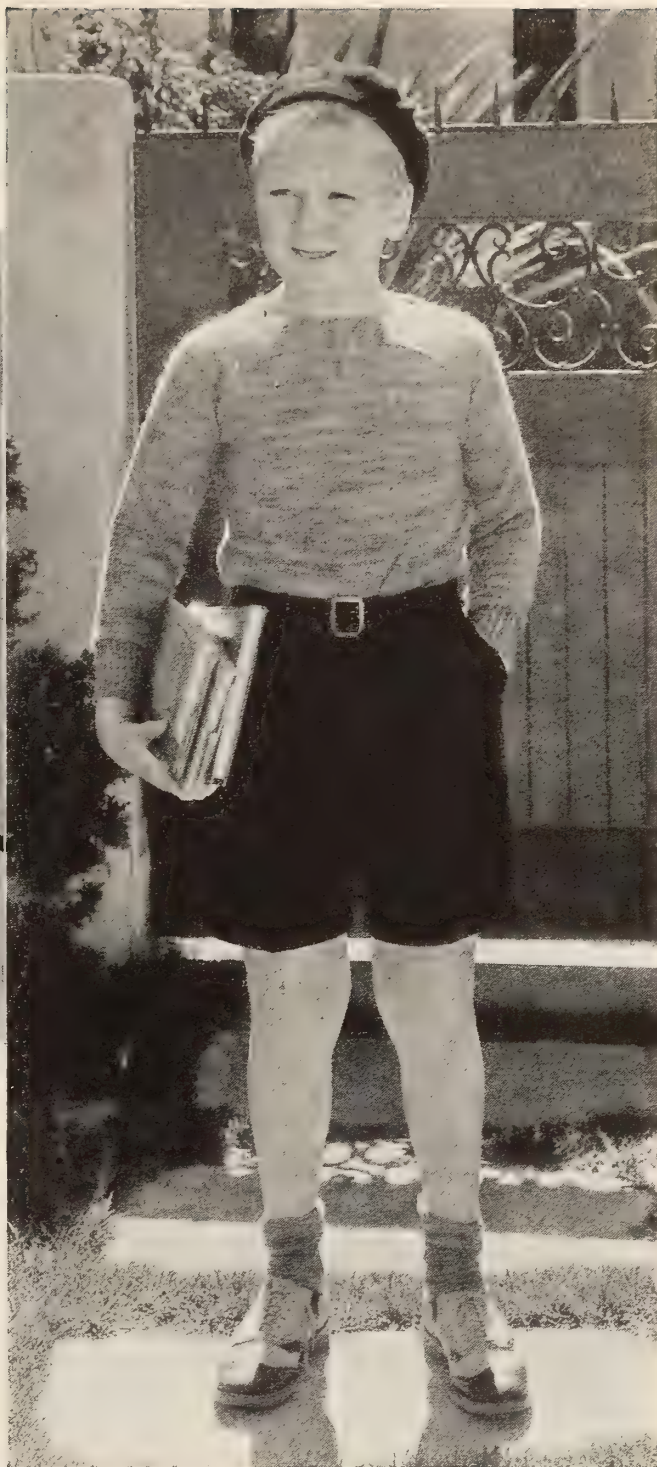
Leg of lamb
Browned potatoes Creamed peas Hot rolls
Blackberry jelly Summer squash
Cottage cheese and pineapple salad
Ice cream and cake Milk

Sword fish
Scalloped potatoes Spinach with egg
Apple butter Cracked wheat bread
Cabbage, apple and marshmallow salad
Fruit Jello with whipped cream
Orange juice

Jimmie and Robert Keaton (sons of Buster and Natalie Keaton), Arthur Levine (son of Nat Levine), Gaylord Lloyd, Jr., (son of Gaylord Lloyd and nephew of Harold Lloyd), George Bosworth (son of Hobart Bosworth), William Counselman, Jr., Irving Cummings, Jr., Pat Forde (son of Director John Forde), Chester Foxe (son of Earle Foxe, who is head of the school), Douglas and Marshall Green (sons of Al Green, director), Richard Sargeant (son of Mrs. Richard Barthelmess), and Al Ray, Jr., (son of the present Mrs. John Stahl and nephew of Charles Ray), are among the students at the Black-Foxe Military Institute.

The boys work and play hard and their diet is heavier than that of less active boys and girls.

Directions for securing recipe circulars may be found on page 103.



Jackie Cooper and (below) his meals for a day:

Breakfast *1 glass of fruit juice or small bowl of stewed fruit*
2 soft boiled eggs or dry cereal with skimmed milk
1 piece buttered toast and glass of milk

Lunch *Portion of salad made of greens: lettuce, watercress, tomato, celery, etc.*
Fresh fruit if in season, otherwise bowl of cooked fruit
1 glass of skimmed milk

Dinner *Portion of cooked fresh vegetables*
1 medium small baked potato or baked macaroni, noodles or spaghetti
Fresh or cooked fruit or small helping of cake
No milk at evening meal

The PEOPLE'S

SPENCER TRACY as the wisecracker in "Me and My Gal," with Joan Bennett, was a natural. The picture itself was the nearest thing to being true to life that I have seen. I imagine that I could walk right in and feel at home with them, instead of putting on airs and a high hat for these sophisticated dramas that just give me the yawns. You know the kind—Teas and dawnces and shiny nails with do-wagers pronouncing secretary, "Sec-retry." Oh, well, you can please some of the fans some of the time and you can please some all of the time. Anyway, I would like to see real honest-to-goodness, natural people in plain-spoken pictures.



"Joe E. Brown for me. I don't want to cry with all the girls. I want to laugh. And he gives me plenty to laugh about."

I saw the "Phantom Broadcast" last week and want to put in a complaint for the terrible ending. The moll that did the actual killing is seen in the last fadeout on a boat bound for Europe, free and none the worse off for her crime. Why should she remain unpunished? I still claim murder will out and would like the screen to stick to this theme—Casey E. Cieslak, 5237 Argyle St., Chicago, Illinois.

Never Seen Garbo: Time for me to express my opinion of Great Garbo. I have never seen any of her pictures and wouldn't want to. I have no use for a person like her. If she wants privacy, let her have it, but there are times when she should come out of her shell and show a bit of gratitude to the public responsible for her salary (excluding myself). I don't see anything wonderful in Greta and I believe that there are American girls just as good. Away with Greta Garbo! Fay G. Du Bow, 2298 Main St., Hartford, Connecticut.

(Note: What a chance for you Garbo fans to answer! Come on!)

Why Go to Dramas? At last the musical pictures have come into their own again. We've waited a long time

Where the **BOX OFFICE CRITICS** talk directly to the picture producer

for the return of these pictures, but if you saw "42nd Street," you will agree with me that we have not waited in vain. Because if this is a sample of the singing pictures they're going to show in the future, then here's more power to all the fellows who helped make "42nd Street" a success. . . . In these times of depression and worries, why spend money on a drama when you can get a picture full of humor, song and dance for the same money? Anyway, why go to a movie for a drama? Especially in these days, all you have to do is look in your neighbor's house, and you'll find drama aplenty. . . . Go to the movies if you want a few hours of real entertainment. But if you do feel in a sentimental mood, pick up THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE and read the life story of a star each month, or read some of the many articles written by some of the best writers of the present day. . . . Here's to musicals, long may they reign.—Mrs. Harry Kon, 2035 E. Rittenhouse St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Keep 'Em Wild: Here's hoping more

Fan Letter Favorites of the Month:

Ruby Keeler
Katharine Hepburn
Lee Tracy
Clark Gable
Joan Crawford
Helen Hayes
John Boles
David Manners
Cary Grant

Best Pictures:

Gold Diggers of 1933
42nd Street
State Fair
White Sister

Hints:

Less sex
More music
Less heavy drama
More romance

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1933 in the films.

Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards.

These letters may be addressed to either The People's Academy or to the Dollar-Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You are the judge and the jury. Write us what you think.

The medals will be given for the following:

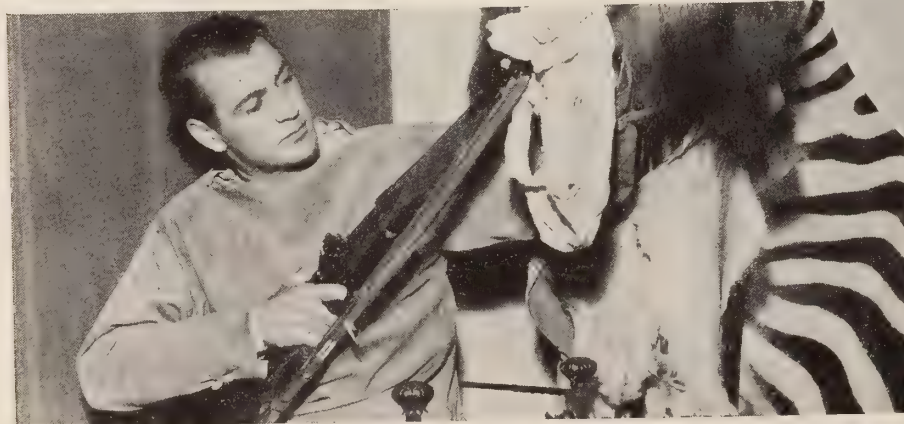
- 1—Best all-around feature picture
- 2—Best performance (actress)
- 3—Best performance (actor)
- 4—Best musical picture
- 5—Best human interest picture
- 6—Best mystery picture
- 7—Best romance
- 8—Best comedy
- 9—Best short reel picture
- 10—Best news reel picture
- 11—Best direction
- 12—Best story

"I understand that Joan Blondell says she's lucky because she's not beautiful; that there's too much competition in Hollywood along that line. I disagree with her. I think she's a dream."



"We fans want to see more of Gary Cooper. Give us many, many more and better and bigger pictures of him. . . ." At left: We see Gary fondly inspecting one of his many adored guns in his private arsenal.

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine



Academy

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Make them short and snappy—and tell why you do not like someone or something. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts. THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



"Spencer Tracy (above, repairing a polo stick) . . . was a natural. . . I would like to see real, honest-to-goodness people in plain-spoken pictures."



"There isn't anyone quite like Freddy March. May he continue his 'Forward, March!' Give us more of him with Claudette Colbert."



All photographs made exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Bert Longworth

wild pictures like "Tarzan," "The King of the Jungle," and the Boris Karloff monster pictures are turned out. They are a good change from all these musical reviews and silly sex pictures from which we are getting fed up—even though they are entertaining. We want something that will keep us on the edge of our seats and make our hair stand up!—Ruby Huizar, 1217 Mateo St., Los Angeles, California.

Don't Type Katharine: Is Katharine Hepburn to be another sacrifice to the Great God Public? Because we hailed her in "A Bill of Divorcement" and "Christopher Strong," will she be definitely "typed" as Ruth Chatterton, Janet Gaynor and Tallulah Bankhead have been and as Helen Hayes is in danger of being "typed"? That girl is simply bubbling over with talent. Give it an outlet—please! If not, she always will be expected by her audience to portray a bluff, crisp-voiced heroine, with now and then a black-velvet-clad dash of Garbo, and a film version of the trousered Dietrich.—Mary Clarke, 3347 Army Street, San Francisco, California.

Bricks and Cheers: I do wish that interviewers wouldn't write such flattering stories about the movie stars, always dwelling only upon their fine points. It makes them seem to me less human. After all they must have faults and we fans would like to hear about them along with the rest. It

"Bette Davis has everything. Why don't they star her? Why don't they give her better and bigger parts?" . . . This is Bette snapped as she was leaving the studio and overtaken by autograph-hunters.

would make the stories more interesting. Don't you think so, Mr. Editor? —Ruth Burton, Great Plain, Danbury, Connecticut.



"It's really a great treat to see good old Will Rogers. He's just folks—one of us."

A Tribute: Lee Tracy—you're marvelous! Have you ever come across such an "electric" personality as Mr. Tracy's? Here's hoping we see loads of your pictures—and good luck! A cheer! Three loud and resounding cheers for your very interesting magazine! It can't be beat!!—Ida R. Milano, 636 Elizabeth St., Utica, N. Y.

Take Notice, Operators: Being a bit hard of hearing I notice that the operators are sometimes responsible for a picture's success or failure. They must go to sleep on the job at times as the sound will go so soft or low that my wife, who has perfect hearing, cannot hear. Then when a new reel is on it is very loud. So, I say, keep the operators awake and we will all enjoy the pictures more. And give us more musicals like "42nd Street." That was a great picture. Why not trot out Mae West again? Everyone liked her last picture.—Edgar Caspari, 2118 N. 60th St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Bow, Mr. Manners: While you all are raving over your Gables, Montgomerys and Cagneys, I want to add a couple of hurrahs for my favorite actor—David Manners. Why don't we see him starred more often? This fine, clean Canadian lad has the quiet distinction of Ronald Colman, and the appeal of Gable; yet he can be as fresh and free as Montgomery at his wildest. Tall, slender and perfect of feature, he possesses a physical beauty that puts most of the screen's current heroes to

(Please turn to page 108)

WITH M-G-M going along with its most ambitious musical offering in years, "The Hollywood Parade," Warners planning one even more striking than "42nd Street" and "Gold Diggers of 1933," Universal at work on "Take a Chance," Fox turning Buddy DeSylva and its full corps of musical experts loose on "My Weakness," and Paramount and RKO injecting rhythm here, there and everywhere, there's music on the air.

This is to be a season of musical productions—musical comedies, operettas and extravaganzas. You fans have asked for it, and you're to get it full force. Our only hope is that you won't get too great a flood of them and, consequently, many decidedly mediocre. That's what happened before, you know, and you turned thumbs down—so the producers complained—on *all* musical pictures.

FROM Maurice Chevalier's picture, "A Bed Time Story," we have "In the Park in Patee," played for us by the Hotel Bossert Orchestra. Not having seen the picture, I don't know how the tune is put over, but it's a fairly lively little ditty. The other side, by the same orchestra is from the same show, "Look What I've Got," a nice tune for dancing. Both sides have vocal refrains. (This is a Columbia record No. 2769D.)

HERE is a real medley record, by our old friend, Duke Ellington, from the old Blackbirds show. It starts with "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," which features the sweet trumpet work of Arty Whetsel, then we swing right into a red hot one, "Doin' the New London," with the entire orchestra with Johnny Hodges running wild with his saxophone. Next, as the tempo changes to slower movement, we hear a few measures of "I Must Have That Man," played as a trombone solo, then the tempo picks up again and we hear "Baby." Now turn the record and we'll listen to

(Please turn to page 83)

One of the sparkling
jazz numbers in "Her
Bodyguard."



MUSIC IN THE MOVIES

The Month's Biggest Hits

"IN THE PARK IN PAREE"

Fox trot—played by the Hotel Bossert Orchestra.
(Columbia)

"TELL ME TONIGHT"

Fox trot—played by Ambrose and his orchestra.
(Victor)

"BLACKBIRD MEDLEY"

Medley—played by Duke Ellington and his
orchestra. (Brunswick)

"RHAPSODY IN BLUE"

Fox trot—played by Borrah Minnevitich and his
Harmonica Rascals (Brunswick)



The majority of cancers
—in early stages—can be
successfully and completely
removed or destroyed by



Surgery, X-rays or Radium

SPREAD the encouraging findings about cancer. Too many people can see only the dark side of cancer. There is a widespread and mistaken belief that cancer is incurable and that nothing can be done to stop its destructive progress. Such belief leads people, who have reason to suspect its presence, to delay having an examination—until it is too late.

Another reason why cancer often gains headway is because in its first stages it is usually painless and therefore disregarded.

Wounds that refuse to heal—warts, moles, scars and birthmarks that change in size or color or become scaly—abnormal lumps or strange growths under the skin in the breast and elsewhere—unnatural discharges—all call for immediate action.

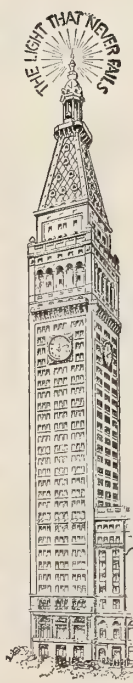
Jagged or broken teeth should be smoothed off or removed. Continued irritation of the tongue or any other

part of the body is often the beginning of cancer. When any one of the first signs of cancer is discovered, there is no time to lose. If an early discovery is made, the probabilities are that surgery, X-rays, or radium can effect complete recovery.

Cancer is neither contagious nor hereditary, although the history of the disease shows that certain types of individuals and certain families are more susceptible to cancer than others.

Some forms of cancer are obscure and can be detected only by a physician who has had long experience with the disease, but many of the ordinary first symptoms would almost surely be discovered in a thorough periodic health examination.

Tell people that cancer in its first stages can usually be entirely removed or totally destroyed. Help to save lives.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1933 M. L. I. CO.

NEW HOLLYWOOD COIFFURES



Mae Clarke wears the only real boyish bob found among featured players in Hollywood. But it suits her, doesn't it?



Kathleen Burke chooses the sculptured bob and keeps bangs on her forehead.



Marion Shockley, right, Wampas baby star, wears a simple, youthful hairdress.

Hair is going up in Hollywood, up off the forehead and up off the neck, whether long or bobbed



Kay Francis wears her hair marcelled tightly back from her forehead in her role as "Mary Stevens, M.D."

The up-on-the-head movement is illustrated by the new Sally Eilers coiffure, featuring rolled curls.

A HOLLYWOOD hairdress a couple of years ago, meant only one thing—a long bob, parted on the side with much fluff fluff of curls and things smothering the neck.

Now it means the smartest coiffure for your hair and personality. You can go Hollywood in your hairdress and be sure of getting something becoming and, what is more, different from your next door neighbor's.

If you want a boyish bob with charm, try Mae Clarke's. She's the only Hollywood featured actress who has risked cutting her hair short enough for a real boyish bob. She parts it on the right side and combs it back with one wide dip at the left.

Kay Francis has a new coiffure in "Mary Stevens, M.D." It's something to choose if you want to look attractive and a bit distant and reserved at the same time. It's tightly waved, straight back from the forehead and shows more than half the ears on the side.

Sally Eilers has a new coiffure and wears her hair much shorter now than before. It's cut unevenly so that soft little rolled curls can be made almost any place on the head. The back ends are short enough so that they curl up to show the hair line. Marion Shockley, Wampas baby star, wears a youthful, debutantish hairdress, parted on the right side with the hair cut short on the left for an extra curl. The waves are wide (*Please turn to page 76*)

You may *think* you see them...



—but there are so many things in life that, at a glance, look so exactly alike. So remember that a spool of thread is not J. & P. Coats or Clark's O. N. T. thread unless you see the name on the spool-end. Don't assume you are getting Clark's or Coats best six cord until your eye has proved that you are. The spool-end tells. Examine it before you buy. An easy way to be sure you are getting the thread you have always depended on. It pays to use good thread.

J. & P. COATS • CLARK'S O. N. T.

For more than a Century—as Today

THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD



Gail Patrick chooses rose patterned appliqués embroidered with red on natural linen.

**Popular stars show us how to
make their favorite table linen**

*If you would like to know how to make the
new table linens please turn to page 88*

(Right) They are smart and easy to make—those
lace and linen lunch cloths, prized by Margaret
McConnell, M-G-M featured player.

Two long runners and three oblong doilies give
distinction to Marian Nixon's table.



"THESE BOOKS ARE SIMPLY GRAND, RUTH,
FOR NEW COOKING IDEAS."



"YOU know, my family thinks they're getting pretty fancy food nowadays, but it's only a clever way of planning my meals. And I get all my new ideas out of these Tower cook books!

"Look at this page from **44 Easy, Economical Dinners**. Chicken liver canapes . . . from yesterday's chicken. I used to serve the liver with the rest of the chicken. Now I save it, add a chopped egg and out of practically nothing at all I have something exciting as a start for my dinner. It's amazing what a difference those little *planned touches* make in a meal!

"It's fun, too, cooking from this other book that has the

Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars.

The other afternoon I took the children to see Skeets Gallagher, and then that night made his favorite *Soufflé of Tomatoes*—and did Jack and Betty like it! 47 movie stars tell you how to fix the dishes they like best.

"I'm sending this other book, **Reducing the Right Way**, to my sister. She's been putting on a lot of weight lately and has been looking for some menus that will help her reduce and yet give her all the foods she needs to keep her health. And that just describes these menus."

IF YOU WANT THESE BOOKS
WITH THEIR EXCELLENT MENUS
AND RECIPES, FILL IN THE
COUPON

Tower Books, Incorporated,
55 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me

- ☐ 44 EASY, ECONOMICAL DINNERS
- ☐ FAVORITE RECIPES OF THE MOVIE STARS
- ☐ REDUCING THE RIGHT WAY

I am enclosing ten cents for each one I want.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

It's really a
Pleasure
to take!



WHEN you need a laxative, wouldn't you rather take a piece of delicious chocolate than something bitter and nasty?

Of course you would! And millions of people feel the same way about it. That's why they use Ex-Lax—the chocolate laxative.

Ex-Lax doesn't taste a bit like medicine. No spoons! No bottles! No bitter or messy medicines! It's just like eating delicious chocolate.

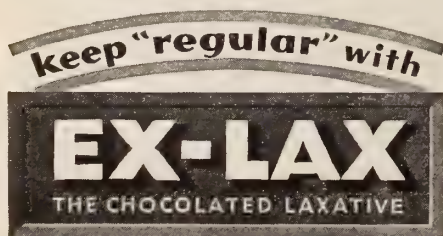
So Effective, Too

Ex-Lax is *so* mild—*so* gentle—for 27 years mothers have given it to their children. And yet, it's so effective that even the strongest men find it unnecessary to take unpleasant laxatives again.

Success always starts a lot of imitations. So watch out!

Be sure to ask for *genuine* Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X. Over 50,000 druggists sell Ex-Lax—and recommend it.

You can get Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c boxes. Or if you'd like a free sample, write to Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. B93 Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.



The MAKE-UP BOX



Try the new deodorant compact, an automatic lipstick that works like a charm and a new complete line of beauty products.

FOR this still summery weather—or any weather—the big problem is a deodorant. We've a new one to tell you about. It comes in the flat, little silver compact shown above and is just as easy to use as any powder compact and as attractive, too. It not only deodorizes but acts to check perspiration. And it can be used directly after shaving as it is non-irritating. We think you'll never want to be without it once you have used it.

YOU don't need to cross anybody's palm with silver to know that lovely hands are one of the best assets any of us can have. Hands are so important these days that none of us can afford to neglect them. We all have our favorite hand creams and lotions. But there's a new one, a different one that you'll want to have right handy on your kitchen shelf, especially if you like to give the kitchen chairs a new coat of paint now and then or do over the dressing table. It's a white fluffy cream that's gently rubbed into the hands before painting or using cleaning fluids or doing housework. It protects the hands from contact with paint or dirt which are washed right off with the cream.



Protect your hand loveliness.

AUTOMATIC lipsticks are getting better and better. In fact we've found one we'd call practically perfect. Remember those Chinese pencil boxes where the cover slid back into nothing and out again at the touch of a finger? Well, this new one works on the same principle. The cover slides down the side and the lipstick slides up at the same time. It's a new container for a lipstick that has been well and favorably known for many years. You'll be able to find your favorite shade and will be pleased with the consistency of the stick—not too dry, nor yet too greasy.

WE'VE always liked to have our jars and bottles match so we were happy to find out that the makers of one of our preferred cold creams had come out with a new and amazingly complete line of cosmetics. Both a cleansing oil and liquefying cream are included in the group as well as a tissue cream, skin tonic, hand lotion and an unusual foundation cream that comes in a skin tone. Rouge and powder shades are planned on the basis of eye colors along with skin tones rather than hair and skin tones. The jars and bottles are most attractive and planned to fit in with any dressing table or bathroom color scheme.

WHAT'S a week-end without a week-end kit, particularly the attractive new one we just ran across? It's a colorful and compact box, ivory, orange and black and holds large sizes of cleansing cream, skin lotion and face powder—the preparations women use most frequently—as well as tubes of rich cream and a powder base finishing cream. We're taking it with

us this very week-end. You'll like the almond hand cream featured by the same company. In the past it has only been sold in a jar but now a tube has been introduced. It's recommended for use as a hand soap as well as cream when traveling and leaves the hands beautifully soft and smooth. The tube form makes it convenient to pack and to carry in your handbag.



For that week-end trip.

If you would like further information about the articles described here, names and prices as well as other beauty news and notes on new beauty methods, write to the Beauty Editor, Make-up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Hollywood Goes Goona-Goona

(Continued from page 45)

goona—goona, and we love it!

Of course, Miss Crawford, Miss Garbo and Miss Harlow are not absolute nudists. They all wear salad dressing.

Miss Crawford's recipe: equal parts of vinegar and oil. Baste body regularly in sun. This gives that old French fried potato effect.

Ever try a clove of garlic, Miss Crawford? Ummmm.

MISS CRAWFORD is always an eye-ful whatever the dressing but of late her air of brooding gives one the uncomfortable feeling she may leap off any moment in *Ophelia's* mad dance, pelting gardenias all over the place.

GETTING back to Herr Hitler: (Personally I'd rather brood with Joan, but the show must go on) Mr. Hitler feels that nudism excites disrespect for women. He hasn't, of course, seen our Malibu women. Mae West, for instance, shyly admits you couldn't tell her and the Venus di Milo apart if you met 'um at Malibu . . . ! 'Cept, of course, Mae's got arms.

I'M sure the German Chancellor would agree that it's educational to visit the Louvre and view Mae di Milo. Well, Malibu is a living Louvre. Mae says you must come'n see'um sometime and get a load of kultur.

CASTING care and garments to the servants, Hollywood roughs it in the raw. At a recent house party some one suggested we all get back to the essentials like our covered wagon ancestors—fling off the effeminizing luxuries and enslaving pleasures.

The idea was acclaimed. Bright and early next morning at noon we donned slacks, sweaters and berets and clambored laughingly into old covered Packards and Pierce Arrows for the trek. After an exhausting hour we arrived in a wild mountain glen with oak trees shading a tile swimming pool.

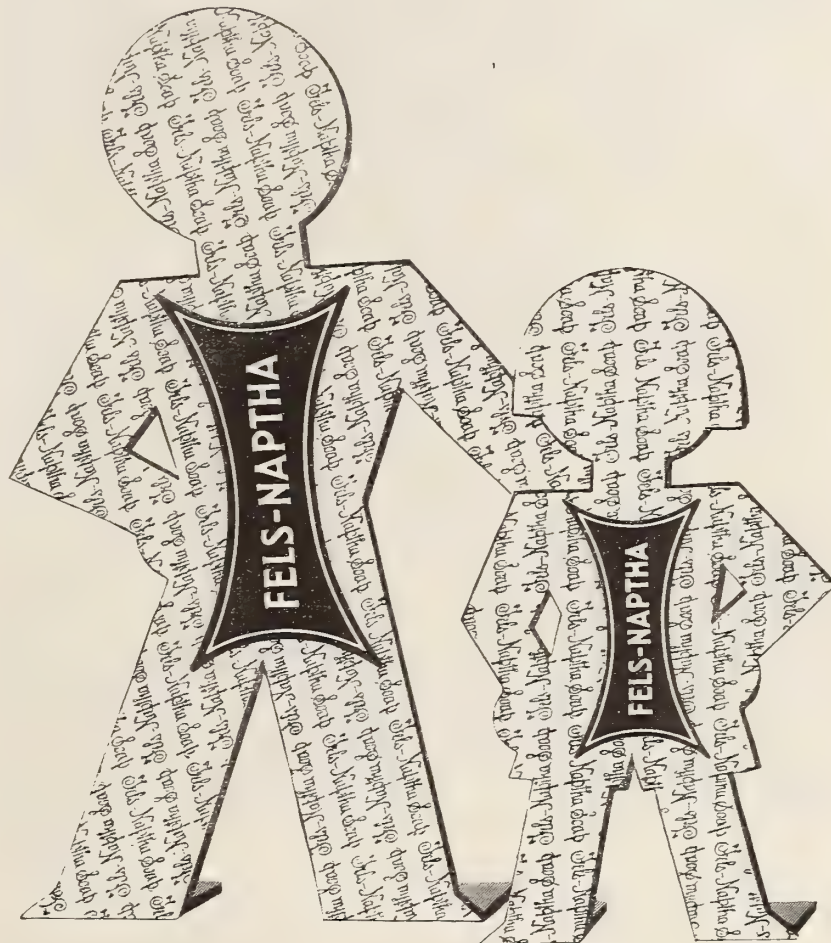
Wearry, but in tune with the infinite, we flung ourselves down on rugs that the servants had spread in the shade. Several thirst-maddened wretches croaked for drinks. As if Mother Nature heard their cry, a caravan of cars appeared bearing cases of champagne, Scotch, vermouth, gin, soda and ice from our host's cellar.

Other vans yielded beauty-rest mattresses, linen, dishes and bromo seltzers.

For a whole afternoon and night we roughed it in the open under God's canopy as well as some from Barker Brothers. It was a different company that returned to the effete world next day. All were refreshed by communion with nature, all except the servants who seemed eager to get back to their frigidaires and electric stoves—unimaginative slaves of civilization!

MALIBU is still the favorite retreat because there you can get away from it all and not miss a thing, neighbors being the same only closer—so close you can get the dope before hearsay.

We'll give you this youngster if you'll give him a chance



THIS "youngster" is a sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap.

We'll gladly send it to you. All we ask is that you give it a chance at the hardest job in your family wash.

Pick out a grimy shirt or a specially soiled pair of rompers. Then put this sample bar to work. See how quickly and easily it gets out the dirt—how greasy smudges come out without hard rubbing.

Even this short acquaintance, we're sure, will convince you that

Fels-Naptha is the "helpingest" cleaner that ever went into your tub.

That's because Fels-Naptha brings you *two* helpers instead of one. Not soap alone, but good golden soap skillfully combined with *plenty* of dirt-loosening naphtha. You can smell the naphtha in every bar! A willing team whose *extra* help means cleaner clothes with less work.

Send in the coupon today for your sample—or, better still, buy a few of the full-size bars from your grocer.

© 1933, FELS & CO.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me that free sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. I'm willing to give it a fair trial!

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Please print name and address completely)

Wise babies aren't cry babies about their skins



If you want a baby's smooth, clear skin, use the baby's beauty treatment

No use shedding private tears over a dull, old-looking skin! When men, who come to see you, stay to make a fuss over your baby sister—it's time for you to get busy!

Help yourself to a cake of the baby's Ivory Soap and start taking Ivory beauty treatments.

What better soap could you use for your own skin than this pure gentle Ivory that keeps a baby's tender skin so petal-smooth? Ivory is white . . . pure. It contains no strong dyes or cheap perfumes. And so doctors say it is *the safest soap* even for tiny babies. •

It's smart to be a baby about your bath! Ivory's creamy-white lather caresses your skin, gently freeing every pore of the day's grime and dirt. It rinses off magically . . . leaving no die-hard soapy smell to conflict with the scent of your real perfume.

Watch your complexion grow lovely and youthful again after your daily Ivory cleansings. Feel its silken-smooth texture. And then say to yourself, "It's Ivory for me from now on!" Ivory beauty treatments cost so little, and do so much for your skin!

Ivory Soap

99 44/100 % pure . It floats

Hollywood Coiffures

(Continued from page 70)

and natural looking, with the hair combed off the forehead.

If you are young and quite a feminine type, try Sally Eilers' coiffure with the little curls all over. Or if you like a simple coiffure, Marion Shockley's. The style points to be considered this season are: shorter lengths for bobbed hair—don't let your hair be more than two inches long any place and shorter at the back; hairline exposure, either by an even shorter cut or tightly rolled curls; waves that start no closer than an inch and a half from the part; straight sections to contrast with curly sections; an off the forehead and face movement; sleeker, neater coiffures than before.

But there's no use worrying about hair styles if your hair itself is unbeautiful. If the waves are to catch the highlights, if the ends are to be soft and curl smoothly, if the hair is to be a lovely shade of whatever color it is—blond, brunet, or red, it must be healthy and well cared for.

Cleanliness is the first step toward beautiful hair. Once a week is not too often for the average head—certainly it should be shampooed not less than once in two weeks.

Then there are hair tonics and toners made up for various types of scalp and hair conditioners that will also aid in keeping the hair clean if they are applied with fresh bits of cotton. There's a dry shampoo to use in emergencies.

Choose a good shampoo liquid or melt your favorite soap. Wet your hair with warm water before applying the liquid soap which should be mixed with hot water. Work up a thick lather covering every section of the hair and scalp and rinse thoroughly before applying the second soaping. Rub deep into the scalp all over your head, the second time, then rinse again and be sure to rinse out every particle of soap. Next douse your head in an acid rinse such as lemon juice or one of the mild prepared rinses.

There are toners and oily tonics which should be applied before the shampoo. Hot oil treatments should be given preferably the night before a shampoo, and washed out in the morning. Part the hair in rows an inch apart to apply the lotion to the scalp. Before and after a permanent wave your hair needs special attention.

After the shampoo dry your hair speedily, using towels to mop up the loose moisture, then a clean brush and comb. Finish the drying in the sun or under a sun lamp if possible. If you are going to give yourself a finger-wave you may either dry your hair first and then apply the waving lotion or apply it to the wet hair. There are several new wave-set lotions on the market—and all are much improved.

Then you'll be ready to study these Hollywood stars and their new coiffures and choose your latest hairdress from them.

More details on care of the hair as well as other important beauty news is waiting for you in our September Make-Up Box. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Ann Boyd, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., for your copy.

O. K. Helen

(Continued from page 61)

chance. I begged them even for character bits, for extra work. But nobody seemed to want me. So each night I'd take the bus home and go in hiding. I couldn't even face my friends.

AT this point a girl of less spunk might have accepted defeat and returned home. But not so Helen! "By skimping and scraping," says Helen, "Mother had managed to save a little money from my salary. So we decided we wouldn't let Hollywood beat us; that we'd fight darned hard until our last dime had been spent.

"I couldn't even get an agent to handle me," she said, "until one day at RKO, Dick Polimer found me waiting outside the casting office while other girls were being rushed in ahead. I guess he must have taken pity on me, because when the studio started casting for 'Sweepings,' he talked them into giving me a test. They really wanted Alice White for the part, but Alice turned it down," Helen adds with a sigh, "so I was finally signed up. And at last I had an honest-to-goodness character part!"

DIRECTOR John Cromwell praised her work. The studio said she was swell. And once again Helen felt she was actually going to town. Hope displaced despair, and her spirits zoomed to dizzy heights—only to be crashed to the ground two days before the preview. Polimer discovered that two thousand feet had been cut from the film . . . and since Helen was the least important of the cast, he rather feared her sequences had been cut completely. As a result Helen drove to the preview in utter despair.

"You'll probably find me starring on the cutting room floor," she said. "My big break!"

But she couldn't wisecrack her fears away. So imagine her amazement, if you will, when she discovered that her part had not only been left as originally "shot," but that her three sequences so etched their way into the audience's appreciation that her final scene brought a spontaneous roar of applause! . . . She burst into tears.

S AID Helen to me, a few days later: "It came so suddenly that for a while I didn't know what it was all about. For almost two years no one had paid any attention to me. And suddenly I was being sought after and congratulated by people who never in the world would have spoken to me before. I couldn't quite understand it. I kept telling myself that I hadn't changed at all, that my acting wasn't a bit better than it was when I first came to Hollywood.

"The only difference was that I had finally been given a break. The whole thing made me feel kind of funny. I sort of wanted to cry. . . . And then gradually I began to figure it out. I realized I had no cause for bitterness concerning my treatment at Fox.

"Many girls experience the same thing. People just aren't willing to take a chance on a newcomer, and I really don't blame them. *Thinking you're good isn't enough. The studios have to be shown. The trick is to keep on showing them! And if you can do that,*" she added with a sudden grin, "*you're okayed!*"

Which Helen is, don't you think?

"*why do my*
NAILS BREAK?"

You wash
dishes an hour
a day in strong
suds . . . it makes
your nails
BRITTLE

Use Ivory for dishes
(and all soap-and-
water tasks) for
a week

. . . then . . . see the difference

No free alkali in Ivory to roughen your hands, break your nails, spoil your manicure—Ivory is pure. Doctors advise Ivory even for a baby's skin. And Ivory is so economical. 99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % Pure.

IVORY SOAP **SAVES HANDS**



"I should think she'd notice it herself!"

AMAN has a perfect right to feel resentful when he meets a pretty girl, only to discover that she is lacking in a certain personal nicety.

"How can she help noticing it herself?" Underarm perspiration odor is so apparent to others, we wonder how the victim can be unconscious of it.

It's all the harder to excuse when you think how easy it is to avoid.

Just a little half minute applying Mum to the underarms when you dress—that's all you need for *sure all-day* protection.

Use Mum any time. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can even use it right after shaving the underarms.

Mum doesn't interfere with natural perspiration—just prevents ugly odor. At all toilet counters, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



WOMEN ARE GRATEFUL FOR THIS USE, TOO. As a deodorant for sanitary napkins, Mum gives an assurance that women appreciate.

You Can't Believe Your Ears

(Continued from page 33)

1. The sound of the wind (a hodge-podge requiring several sound machines).

2. The jingle of sleigh bells.

3. The slithering of the sleigh runners over the snow.

4. The sound of the horse's footsteps in the snow.

5. The grinding of the sleigh against the bank.

6. The straining of the sleigh's timbers.

7. The crash as the sleigh overturns.

8. The clatter of the tumbling packages.

9. The floundering of the fallen horse (thudding noises, jangling bells, creaking wood, heavy breathing, etc.).

10. The crack of the breaking shaft.

All these sounds were artificially produced, and all had to be timed precisely to match the action, which had already been photographed.

SNOW sounds must be synthetic, for studio "snow" is made of cornflakes, gypsum or salt. Walking in it produces a faint, half-hearted sound wholly unlike that peculiar squeaky, crunching noise which results when real snow, at low temperature, is subjected to sudden pressure or friction. Delfino solved the problem by filling a large leather sack with a compound of alum and cornstarch. By treading on that, he gains the sound required.

Wind machines occupy a place of importance in the sound department. Delfino uses no less than eight, each one of which is designed for a particular effect. Since he can control their speed, he also controls the "wind velocity," and produces, at will, the sounds of a raging hurricane, a steady, business-like gale, a gentle, sighing breeze or a gusty prairie storm. His most valuable device is very simple, being merely a small wheel studded with long, flexible wire arms, which whistle through the still air of the recording chamber most convincingly. It is used to duplicate the sound of wind as heard from within a building.

SOUND pictures were still in their infancy when the seeming impossibility of reproducing water noises accurately began to turn the hair of the sound men gray. For some inexplicable reason, a harsh, metallic resonance was always acquired in recording. Years of patient experimentation have solved the problem, and today every sound department stocks a special device for each kind of water noise.

Perplexing difficulties were also encountered in recording gunshots and explosions. Invariably the sudden report wrecked the delicate recording mechanism—"put out the light," as the sound men express it. The shot on the screen was utterly lacking in vibration.

Eventually sound men found a system of loading shells which overcame part of the trouble. Heavy blasts are still a problem, however. Usually they are recorded by setting off six or seven charges at such brief intervals that they register as one explosion. By so doing, the proper vibration is assured.

Veteran aviators who worked in the war picture, "Body and Soul," paused in amazement outside the sound stage and swore that an assortment of military planes must be maneuvering inside the huge building.

Entering, they found Delfino busily massaging a kettle drum with an electric vibrator—the same kind which your neighborhood barber and mine use as an instrument of torture. By making the drum-head taut, he increased the motor speed; by moving the vibrator nearer the center of the parchment he deepened the tone and brought a bomber into being; by slowly moving it back and forth he produced those peculiar variations which result from changing air currents. It's all very simple—if you know how!

One of the most spectacular "effects" ever recorded was employed to accentuate the dramatic climax of "Dynamite," Cecil B. DeMille's pioneer falkie. Remember the great cave-in which trapped the three leading players in the mine? Remember the horrible, nerve-racking din as the tremendous supporting timbers strained, cracked and finally broke under the force of the avalanche?

Sound men worked for days to produce that terrifying combination of sounds. Every complicated device they tried was a failure. Finally one half of the problem was solved to perfection—the sound of falling earth and debris was duplicated by dropping tons of coal down an inclined chute erected at considerable distance from the microphone. Accident revealed the means of producing the more important noise of the straining, breaking beams. A property man stepped on a piece of coal and the sound expert cried, "Eldorado!" Taking several small fragments of soft coal near the "mike," he covered them with a board, then ground them under his heel. Even the exacting DeMille was satisfied with the result.

WHEN jungle pictures became the vogue, sound men were forced to delve into the realm of the zoologist. For example, Delfino was ordered to provide a jackal's yelp for a certain picture. For two days he haunted the Seelig Zoo before his patience was rewarded; then, with the eerie cry of the single specimen in that collection echoing in his memory, he dashed back to his workshop and began experimenting with two ordinary tire pumps and a brass horn.

When the contraption was completed to his own satisfaction, he secretly carried it to the stage where Victor McLaglen was working. Hiding behind a pile of equipment near the set, he offered a silent prayer to the goddess of luck and started working the pumps. A series of ready yelps rang out—and McLaglen, who once served with the British forces in Arabia, whirled around and with great excitement demanded to know who had smuggled a jackal into the studio!

Reproducing the incessant chattering of small monkeys is a much simpler matter. The sound man needs nothing more elaborate than a cork, some rosin and a piece of glass. But with those articles operated by an expert, the "effect" would make a monkey of the most canny critic.

You Can't Believe Your Ears

Incidentally, Delfino gives a formula for testing the authenticity of sounds in jungle movies. "If you hear only one animal noise at a time, you can be certain that the picture was 'shot silent' and then doctored with synthetic sound," he says.

And then, since the jungle always offers a veritable bedlam of sound and a microphone can't be too choosy, his test seems fairly conclusive.

The well-equipped sound department of today contains mechanical devices which reproduce every animal cry and bird note.

And the sound man's mechanical ingenuity is far more dependable than the ability of the human "imitators" who haunt the studios for employment. In the early days of the talkies they found ready work, but today only one, a Senor Rodriguez, is called with anything like regularity. His specialty is imitating the cry of a young baby, and he receives twenty-five dollars a day.

The deafening clatter of an elevated railway train, the deeper rumble of a subway express, the creaking of a tug as it strains against its cables or the dock timbers, the squeaking of a new pair of shoes; all such sounds have been studied and duplicated by means of ultra-simple "gadgets" which are kept in stock and used time after time on a moment's notice.

The sound of escaping steam is imitated to perfection by fixing an empty tin can over an air jet; and, with that *modus operandi* established, it is an easy matter to duplicate the hissing chug of any specified steam engine by varying the size and position of the can and controlling the escape of air through the jet.

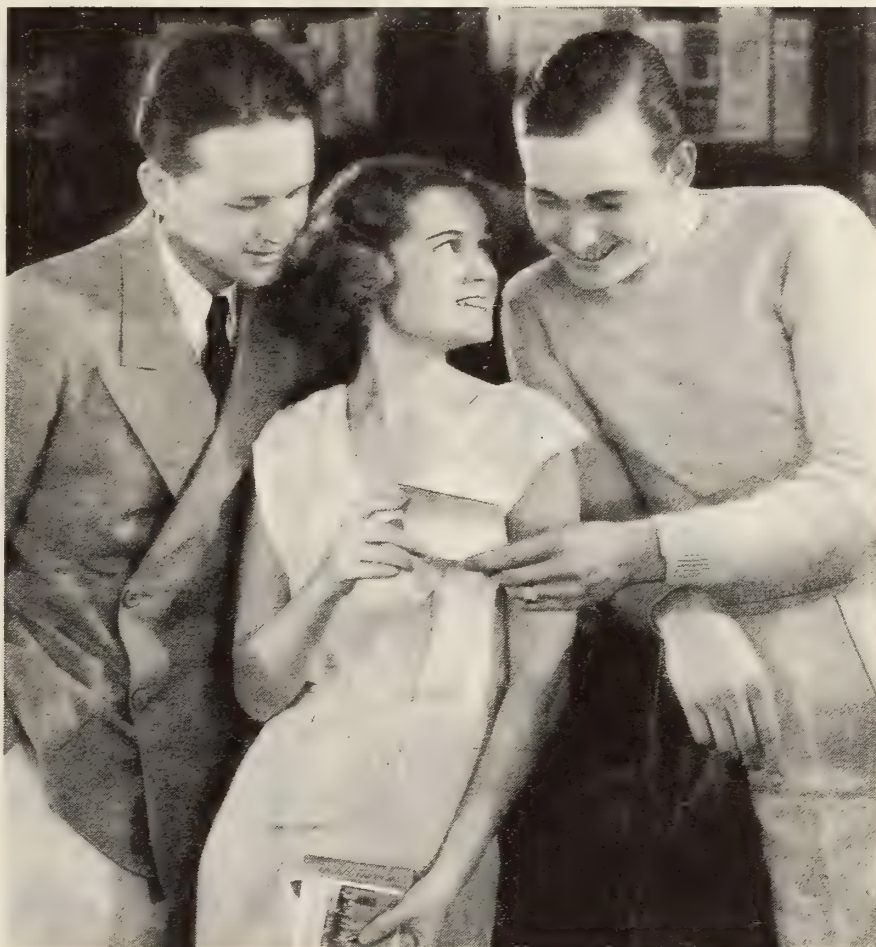
When, on the screen, you see a brick wall crumble and hear the ear-splitting crash of the falling bricks, be sure that Delfino or one of his fellow-craftsmen has been on the job. The "bricks" used in pictures are feather-weight imitations made of papier mache or plaster.

When the villain breaks a chair over the dauntless hero's handsome dome, the sound man supplies the "effect." The "breakaway" chairs used in such scenes are made of balsa wood, a material as light as cork and incapable of producing that loud, convincing thwack. Illusion added to illusion—such is the art of Hollywood.

Even the thuds of flying fists in a fight scene are synthetic, a tribute to the sound man's skill. It is not good business to permit high-salaried stars to risk their health for the sake of realism. Therefore, punches are "pulled."

HOW do the sound men gain their ideas? When a new "effect" is demanded how do they know which materials to use and how to set about constructing a workable device? Ask Delfino, and he replies, rather vaguely, "I don't know. I guess we just depend on our imaginations and our experience—you see, our ears are trained to recognize basic sounds." Perhaps that's as adequate an answer as any.

"You didn't Know I snapped this one—did you?"



Special surprise? Every batch of snapshots is full of surprises. That's why it's always so much fun when you see the prints.

Snapshots are very much better now than ever before. With Kodak VERICHROME Film, the possibilities are immense. Dull light or bright—snap your pictures when anything happens that you want to get. People needn't pose or squint at the sun . . . take them relaxed and natural. Your prints will be clear, rich. Today, try a roll of Verichrome—in the yellow box with checkered stripes. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.



HOW KODAK VERICHROME FILM DOUBLE-GUARDS SNAPSHOT SUCCESS

- Verichrome is the double-coated film. Two sensitive coatings instead of one. One coating for dull light, another coating for bright light give Verichrome its amazing picture-taking range. In sun or shade, on bright days or dull, it double-guards your snapshot success.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM

You Can Change DARK Colors to LIGHT Colors

—Easy as A-B-C with
Tintex Color Remover



Supposing you have a dark dress
(or any other dark-colored
article) and are pining for a
lighter-colored one



Tintex Color Remover will safely
and speedily take out all trace
of color (including black) from
any fabric



Then the article or fabric can be
redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints
and Dyes in any new shade to suit
yourself—either light or dark.

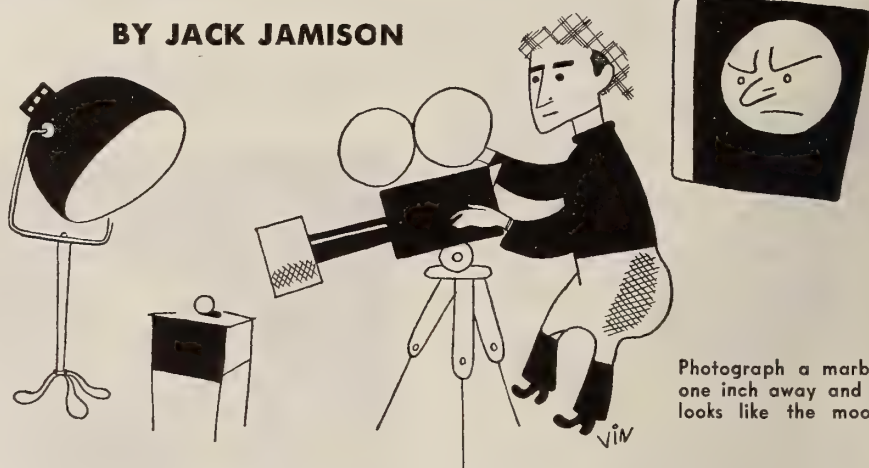
On sale at drug stores and
notion counters everywhere

Tintex

COLOR REMOVER

The Miniature Man

BY JACK JAMISON

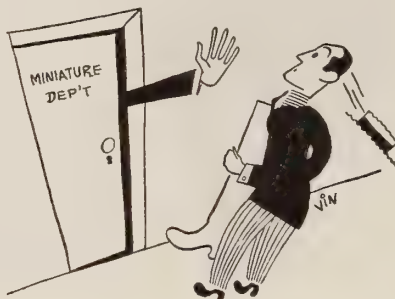


Photograph a marble
one inch away and it
looks like the moon.

Another in the series on what goes on behind the cameras

SHHH! BIG SECRET! Not the
machinations of spies during war-
time are kept any secret-er than Holly-
wood keeps its "miniature shots." No
miniature-man (no relation to Paul
Revere) dares to reveal the tricks of
his craft. No writer is allowed to barge
into the miniature department of a
studio even if he disguises himself as
an old rubber boot.

WHYZAT? A few years ago it
leaked out that miniatures were used



The whole department is kept a dark
secret from every prying eye.

in pictures. Instantly 90,674,293 fans
wrote in, "We will not have our pic-
tures faked! So there!"

But the fans just didn't understand
that there are two darned good rea-
sons why miniatures *have* to be used—
safety and economy.

HOWZAT? The Joel McCrea-
Dolores Del Rio film, "Bird of Para-
dise," that came out a few months
back, is a swell example. It had a
volcano and an earthquake in it. Now,
s'pose the studio had waited till a real
volcano blew off its hat right smack
when the cameras were trained on it.
We would have seen the picture about
the year 1991 A.D.! Another bad thing
is that the 'quake would have killed
the whole company including Joel and
Dolores—who, by that time, would be
very elderly and acting their love-
scenes from wheel-chairs—and smashed
the cameras and burnt up all the film.
See? So they set up a baby volcano
of papier-mache and stuck a prop man
underneath it to blow smoke out of it.

SAVING. One and the same picture
may call for three backgrounds as far
apart as the Taj Mahal, the Empire

State Building, and a Pennsylvania
steel mill. To please the fans who in-
sist that pictures shouldn't be faked,
the studios would have to send whole
companies of actors, technicians and
tons of equipment and props to all of
those places, making the cost prohibitive.

Yet, to make a film interest us, the
stories do call for such locations. Well,
there's only one thing to do. An al-
abaster model of the Taj Mahal can
be bought at any curio shop, the Em-
pire State Building can have a baby
just like daddy made up out of two
cents' worth of cardboard, and, as for
a steel mill, did you see Charles Bick-
ford and Irene Dunne in "No Other
Woman"? The giant smokestacks of
that mill were one foot tall. The smoke
and flame spurting from them were or-
dinary illuminating gas and steam,
controlled by an effect man sitting at
a box like a piano keyboard. Steam
was used for the smoke because real
smoke blinds the cameras and the cast,
while steam evaporates in a jiffy. And
the studio saved buying railroad tickets.

SEA STUFF. In the pictures gay
crowds of hotsy-totsy society folks are
always toddling off hither and yon on
yachts and ocean liners. That's just



So the studios build wading-pools and
sail tiny boats on them.

dandy, except that it costs a fortune
to hire a liner for a picture, and yacht-
owners have fancy notions about rent,
too. So the studios build wading-pools
and sail toy boats on them, the big
sissies.

Given a dark night, some sun-arcs,
and a wind-machine to kick up waves,
you have a tempest in no time; in fact,
the well-known tempest in a teapot.

Ted Cook's Cook-Cooks

(Continued from page 31)

Times that try director's souls
When Chevalier forgets his French
accent.

Extra girls with great big brothers
Get less work than lots of others.

She offered him her ruby lips,
She closed her soulful eyes,
But hold your horses—for he was
One of those make-up guys.

THE cry for economy in the studios
has reached such a high pitch that
it wouldn't be surprising if they or-
dered Dietrich to make a picture with
one leg tied behind her.

Anyway, movie stars who go too
far frequently develop a large
following.

"IT takes an Oriental to understand
an Oriental," says Edmund Lowe,
"and an actress to understand an
actor."

And furthermore, it takes a great
actress to convince him she does.

NOW if our Discussion Group will
kindly bring their chairs a little
closer, we'll take up Topic A.

There seems to be considerable talk
here and there—among people who
really care for this sort of thing—as
to whether or not the motion pictures
"have an effect on life."

Does the screen influence human be-
havior more than press and pulpit?

Do our children pattern themselves
from an eyeful of Harlow or an even-
ing of George Raft?

And do you and I unconsciously try
to be like Garbo or Chevalier? (Draw
in your lower lip, Mrs. McGillacuddy.)

Some say, "Yes"—while others mere-
ly laugh politely and ask how long
it's been since you wrote to mother.

Indeed, very few people take the
matter seriously enough. Except club
women who are mainly worried about
the morals of youth and a paper they
have to prepare for next Friday.

If the movies are influencing life,
well and good. It convinces them they
are doing something besides using up
lead pencils okaying other people's mis-
takes.

Of course we shouldn't worry about
it. But somebody has got to worry.
And it's Hollywood that ought to worry.
What if life becomes like pictures?
Then pictures will be like life. And
what will people do—the people who
have been going to movies all these
years to escape from the drabness of
everyday existence? It's clear enough.
They'll merely yawn and turn to the
novels of Teddy Dreiser, to forget their
troubles.

The producer was seated at his
XIVth Century Spanish table, and
at his right and left sat supervisor,
director, scenario editor and star.

It was apparent by the babel of
voices that there was a difference
of opinion. Suddenly the producer
jumped to his feet, pounded the
table with his fist, turned on the
supervisor, and shouted:

"Are you the producer?"

"No."

"Very well, then—don't talk like
an idiot."

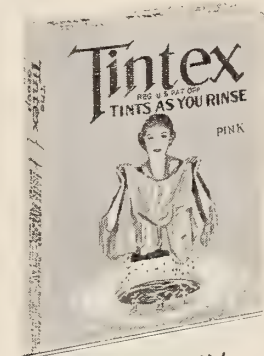
RESTORE GAY COLOR TO FADED SUMMER WARDROBES



Sun-harmed Fabrics Become New Again with Easy Tintex

There are still many days of summer to come. But there
is no need to buy new summer clothes to replace the
faded ones. Instead—just spend a few pennies for Tintex!

These famous Tints and Dyes instantly restore gay, original
color to all sun-robbed fabrics—or give them gloriously
different colors, if you wish.



"TINTEX IS EASY..
JUST TINT AS
YOU RINSE!"

You will marvel at the magic of
Tintex! So easy—so quick—so per-
fect in results. And you will be sur-
prised at the *dollars* it saves you. *This
very day*—rejuvenate your entire
summer wardrobe with the brilliant,
long-lasting Tintex colors. There are
35 from which to choose!

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TINTS and DYES

At Drug Stores and
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THE *Lure* OF LOVELY EYES

can be yours with

Maybelline
Eye Beauty Aids

Now
obtainable
in 10c
sizes



Maybelline Eyelash Darkener
instantly darkens eyelashes,
making them appear longer,
darker, and more luxuriant.
It is non-smarting, tear-proof
and absolutely harmless. The
largest selling eyelash beauti-
fier in the world.

× ×



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil
smoothly forms the eyebrows
into graceful, expressive lines,
giving a perfect, natural ef-
fect. Of highest quality, it is
entirely harmless, and is clean
to use and to carry.

× ×



Maybelline Eye Shadow
delicately shades the eyelids,
adding depth, color, and spar-
kle to the eyes. Smooth and
creamy, absolutely pure. Blue,
Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and
Green.

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Maybelline Eyelash Grower
pure and harmless, stimulates
the natural growth of the eye-
lashes and eyebrows. Apply
before retiring.

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These famous preparations
in 10c sizes mean simply
that you can now enjoy complete highest quality
eye make-up without the obstacle of cost. Try them
and achieve the lure of lovely eyes simply and safely,
but—insist upon genuine MAYBELLINE prepara-
tions—for quality, purity, and value. Purse sizes
obtainable at all leading 10c stores.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

I Kiss Your Hand, Madame!

(Continued from page 34)

make him seem tenderly dramatic, adorably tragic, and—downright friendly. High cheek bones, thin lips, a charming smile—these are other features in the strong, impressive face of Hollywood's newest star.

"What sort of pictures do you want to make?" I ask, trying to put over an arch glance through my mysterious new black veil.

"Well—" Francis laughs a little—"I certainly hope they will be good pictures!"

"I mean—comic or serious?" I per-
sist, while my heart bounces around.
For the disarming smile has merci-
lessly scattered my thoughts.

"Is there a difference?" asks Franz
curiously. "It is only what happens to
people that makes them seem funny or
sad. Inside, they are all the same—
just human beings. So it is with me.
I do not want to be funny, or sad, but
real—human."

Ah, me, Franz, don't be so business-
like! I try a brilliant smile in rather
vain imitation of my favorite movie
actress. And to my great astonishment
Francis reacts.

"You look very charming," he says
gallantly. I sigh in relief. That will
keep me going for half an hour, to say
the least.

"WHAT about these stories that
you're going to play the prince
in 'The Merry Widow?'"

"No, no!" Francis exclaims. "I
should like to play it—yes!—but I am
not the one for that role. It is Che-
valier—he is the one to play it." And
thereupon, Franz begins to sing the
praises of the illustrious Frenchman.
"He is a miracle—like your skyscrap-
ers! He is gifted by God. He is a real
genius! I see all his films—sometimes
twice. Last year, I heard him give a
concert in Prague. It was marvelous!"
His brilliant eyes glow, and he ges-
tures rapidly to explain his generous
admiration.

"Everyone predicts that you'll rival
Chevalier," I inform Francis.

"I?" He is genuinely surprised. "But
that is impossible. I believe in myself
—yes—but how can I hope to compete
with such a completely finished artist
as Chevalier?"

THE sun, beaming through the huge
windows of the club lounge, lights
the intense young face before me, and
reveals a devouring ambition surging
in a restless soul. I am impressed.
Brown eyes are afire, thin lips quiver,
long slender fingers run nervously
through the tousled black curls. The
lean, lithe body moves restlessly in its
chair.

There is poise about this man—an
adult sufficiency. But there is also
naïveté, and a wonderful little-boy-
ness. He is like a child trying to act
grown up, and succeeding so well, at
times, that you almost believe he isn't
a child. But then, he becomes enthu-
siastic, or perhaps a little shy, and you
find yourself thinking: "He's so
young!"

Sometimes, it's hard to understand
why one man should be able to inspire
adoration as Francis has done. Why
one tall man, with curly hair and flash-
ing eyes, with sparkling smile and
deep sweet voice, should be able to
bring to his feet—and into his theater

—mobs of admiring women. Why one
young Czecho-Slovakian boy should be
able to make his audiences laugh one
moment, over a charmingly naughty
line, and then make them sob the very
next moment, over a sincere bit of
drama.

It is hard to understand this until
you meet Francis. But when you see
how ambition devours him, you can
understand everything. His ambition
is absolutely exhausting—as it always
has been—and as it probably always
will be.

FRANCIS is exactly twenty-six years
old. Just six of those years have
been spent in the theater, although he
won a scholarship to the Prague Acad-
emy of Dramatic Arts before he was
eighteen. But there was a period de-
voted to military training which Franz,
like all his Czecho-Slovakian country-
men, had to serve.

Rapidly achieving popularity in
amateur dramatics, Franz won his way
into professional bits, and then found
a place in a small repertory company.
Playing leading roles, he made his car-
eer a long series of conquests. Town
after town, Europe fell before him.
Finally, he reached Berlin, and after
a brief but sensational preliminary
career, he played *Romeo* under the
great Max Reinhardt—and was ac-
claimed on all sides the greatest
Romeo in the history of the German
stage.

As the gigolo in "The Wunderbar,"
his talents were recognized and de-
manded by every capital in Europe.
Franz went to London to play in "Meet
My Sister." Then came the sensational
"Autumn Crocus," in which Francis
became the matinee idol of the London
stage. After cementing his popularity
in London by starring in an operetta,
"The Cat and the Fiddle," he brought
"Autumn Crocus" to Broadway, and
instantly set this phlegmatic blasé New
York afire.

He has made numbers of motion pic-
tures in Berlin, and his present con-
tract with RKO is two years old. But
he declares that he will never desert
his first love, the theater. And he has
written into his contract a clause
which will permit him to appear in a
legitimate play during four months of
each year.

OH, yes,—about American women!
Francis, alas, finds us "interest-
ing."

"But too—sophisticated," he says, in
one of those outbursts of frankness
which aren't so good for him. He gets
up, and struts around the room in per-
fect imitation of an ultra-sophisti-
cated woman. I giggle appreciatively.
Francis smiles amusedly and sits down
again.

"Women should be—womanly," he
tells me, in his charming accent.
"American women, I think, try hard
to imitate men. That is not good. They
lose the deeper charm of womanhood
by trying to appear masculine." Then,
suddenly aware that he has been too
frank, he adds chivalrously: "But you
are different!"

Blissfully, I gather up my things and
start to go. Once more, Francis bends
over my hand, in true Continental
fashion, and presses it gently to his
lips.

Music in the Movies

(Continued from page 68)

"Dixie" played as a sax solo by Johnny Hodges and then the red-hot number, "Digga Digga Do," with Albany Bigard going crazy on his clarinet. Now the tempo slows again and we hear Joe Nanton and his trombone playing "Dorgy." Then the finale, "I Cant Give You Anything But Love," played by the entire orchestra, with Freddie Jenkins hitting a flock of high C's and ending on high F. (This is Brunswick record No. 6516.)

HERE is George Gershwin's famous "Rhapsody in Blue," played by an orchestra composed entirely of Harmonicas. No doubt you have heard Borrah Minnevitich and his Harmonica Rascals over the radio, and if you have, I know you will want this record. It's amazing the music these boys can get out of an everyday ordinary mouth organ. The solo parts in this are played by Borrah, himself. The other side is also by the same group, and this time one of Mr. Minnevitich's own compositions, "The Ghost Walk" and it's every bit as good as the other side. (This is Brunswick record No. 6507.)

"SOME SWEET DAY," that old favorite, is next, and this time we're listening to Louis Armstrong and his orchestra. There was a report some time ago that the Rev. Armstrong had left this mundane sphere, and was giving Gabriel some competition in the horn blowing line, but this was proved false, for which we are duly grateful. Of course, Louis does all of the vocal work in this one, and his trumpet playing is right up to par. The other side is also by New Orleans' favorite son, and this time it's a somewhat newer tune, "He's a Son of the South." This is also recommended for all Armstrong fans. (This is Victor record No. 24257B.)

HERE is a good novelty tune for those who relish this form of entertainment. "H'ya Duchess," played by that old master of novelty music, Ted Weems and his orchestra. Since Ted makes a specialty of this type of tune, he does it in great style, and I know you'll agree with me when you hear this one. The vocal work is done by Parker Gibbs and Andrea Marsh. The other side, also by Ted Weems is another novelty number. This time he tells us all about that great American Tragedy, "Juggling a Jig-Saw." If we could get the puzzles together as easily as Ted plays this tune, everything would be fine. (This is Victor record No. 24205B.)

A Movie House for You

Would you like to have a house like the ones the movie stars own? We've blueprints of a dozen or more houses including a Spanish House of unusual charm, such as those the film stars own in California. Send three cents postage for your copy of the Spanish house blueprints to Tower House Editor, care of Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York N.Y.

What color nails at Newport? ALL SHADES!

• MISS MARY TAYLOR (left) in brown and white and mermaid wrap-around, wears *Ruby* nails on fingers and toes.

• MISS LUCILE BROKAW'S *Coral* nails are effective against navy blue slacks and white turtle neck. (Right.)

• MISS KATRINA McCORMICK (center) in a bright orange suit and *Natural* nails.



Beach clothes from Saks-Fifth Avenue

WHETHER it's backgammon on the beach, or tennis at the Casino, or a moonlight stroll on Hanging Rock, the Newport girls are busy ensnaring everybody with their brilliantly tinted finger nails. All shades!

See if variety in finger nails doesn't make your summer more adventurous, too! You start out with the ten finger nails you were born with (toe nails, too, if you've been careful to keep them nice). Then apply the tint that best accents whatever color frock you're wearing.

And do be practical. Good colors are very, very hard to find, so choose Cutex. In 7 smart shades perfected

by the World's Manicure Authority. Goes on evenly, stays on, and never, never blotches. Start now.

For the complete manicure use Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, Polish Remover, Liquid Polish, Nail White (Pencil or Cream), Cuticle Oil or Cream and the new Hand Cream.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

CUTEX Liquid Polish Smart Inexpensive

Guard your DRESSES Spare your FRIENDS

**Perspiration can Cost
You Both**



New dresses may be easy to buy, but new friends are hard to find. Even if you can afford to ruin good dresses with unsightly perspiration stains, don't risk offending your friends with perspiration's odors!

For underarm odor subtracts irreparably from your charm. And the dress that perspiration fades, is all too soon discarded.

Odorono Protects your Charm and Saves your Dresses

Perspiration is no problem, if you prevent it. This, Odorono—a doctor's prescription—does safely and surely. For underarm moisture *must be prevented* if you want to save both your dresses and your friends. With Odorono, perspiration and its odors will never disturb you.

Both Odorono Regular (ruby red) and Instant Odorono (colorless) now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.



**ODORONO
REGULAR**

for use before retiring
—gives 3 to 7 days'
complete protection.



**INSTANT
ODORONO**

is for quick use—while
dressing or at any time.
1 to 3 days' protection.

ODO·RO·NO

Tom Brown's Buddy

(Continued from page 42)

when he was elected president the larger portion of the burden fell upon his shoulders—and he is not the type to let those cares roll off like water from a duck's back.

The twenty-two members couldn't decide on a suitable clubhouse, and when they did find one—high in the hills—that appealed to them and their finances, the mothers of the girls decided it would be too dangerous to drive up those winding roads at night. Hence, it was up to Tom to try to break the lease. He came home and worried about that—and also the fact that they still had no clubhouse when it was already past time for the rehearsals to begin for their charity revue.

Alexander Leftwich, Billie Burke and many other notables had promised to help with the show and it was also up to Tom to scout around and collect the material and skits for the gala performance.

Until the clubhouse was finally found and rehearsals under way, this house of ours was one madhouse of puppets, phone calls, leases, more phone calls and more puppets, all supervised by a Tom Brown who had made up his mind that this club and this show would be a success or he'd know the reason why.

And how Tom worried!

TOM worries over his picture work a great deal. There is no hiding his feeling when he thinks he's done a poor day's work at the studio. He'll come home and argue for an hour that he's the worst actor living; that he will be "lousy" in the picture. Tom is moody and at such times will wander away by himself until he has overcome his feelings. But it is this same temperament that has inspired him into greater things.

When he's on the lot Tom takes himself and his work so terribly seriously that the cast often has a marvelous time playing jokes on him—and he can take it! He'll often come back home and have a good laugh at something that has happened at the studio—gags played on others or by others on himself, all of which go to make a hard day's work a little easier.

I have in mind one day in particular on the "Destination Unknown" set over at Universal. The director felt a bit kiddish and kept coaxing Tom to pour water in the pockets of Ralph Bellamy's and Pat O'Brien's blue dungarees. Of course, it takes a few moments for the water to seep through, and by the time the victim notices something peculiar—the jokester has disappeared.

But the funny part of this was that by the time Tom had soaked six or seven people, word had spread around who was doing it. So the cast and the director decided to turn the tables on Tom.

The camera was grinding away; Tom was acting through the scene for all he was worth. Mr. Garnett, the director, motioned for him to move closer to the camera. Tom obeyed, moved up as close as he could get; and just as he got within three feet of the lens, a pail of ice cold water hurled through the air and drenched him from head to foot—with the camera

and "mike" still running full tilt.

You should have seen the expression on young Carl Laemmle's face when he saw and heard this particular part of Tom's unrehearsed scene when it was shown in the projection room.

But Tom enjoyed the joke as much as the rest of the cast, and it at least cooled him off—until his next escapade.

USUALLY Tom is quick to catch on to a gag or practical joke. But some days at the studio he gets so wrapped up in his part that he wouldn't even recognize one of his own puns were it thrust back upon him.

It was one of these days at Universal when the director of the picture said, "We'll shoot your scepce, Tom, and then go to lunch!" They got the camera set upon Tom and one by one the cast and crew disappeared until only the director and cameraman were left. Finally they excused themselves saying they had to look at some film proofs and would be right back and for Tom to stay right where he was until they would return.

After a half hour of waiting all alone on a one-hundred-and-sixty-five foot stage Tom got temperamental. "I'll be darned if I'm going to stand up here all day and wait till they get good and ready. I'd like to know what's the big idea! Well, they can just come over to the lunch room and call me when they get ready," said Tom to himself, and with that he stalked over to the cafeteria.

When he arrived at the lunchroom the entire company, cameramen, director, etc., went into hysterics. They had left him on the stage and were by now down to eating their dessert. Tom took it—but it wasn't long before he pulled as good a one on them.

"IS Tom Brown conceited?" many have wondered. "Or has he changed since becoming a star?"

I wondered, too, whether Tom had changed since his arrival in Hollywood. The last time I had seen him—two years ago—he was living at the little Palace Hotel on West Forty-fifth Street in New York. A weekly half-hour radio broadcast, on the "Real Folks" program, provided his only contribution to the family income.

Today he is one of the leading boy actors in the world. His pictures have been a success. Could this success and new mode of living have changed this boy whom all Broadway knew as "little Tommy Brown"? Absolutely not! His letters back East were always enthusiastic about his new friends and his work but never once did they carry the smallest taint of his being a changed person. It was the same old Tom Brown—it is the same old Tom Brown—and, above all, will always be the same Tom Brown.

Tom is still much interested in all of his friends back East and can hardly wait to return to New York for a visit. Tom is, naturally, older and more serious than he was two years ago and he has learned much more about many things and made many new friends. He earns a great deal of money but instead of spending it for a new car and lots of clothes (as many of us would be tempted to do) he turns every bit of his money over to his family to

Tom Brown's Buddy

make the home more comfortable. He receives a weekly spending allowance. This is Tom's own idea and he even insisted on stopping that allowance when the studio cut everyone fifty per cent. So you see this Brown boy is a regular, honest and earnest fellow who possesses the grandest personality that ever blessed a human being.

FANS of Tom Brown who write and ask for pictures have often wondered whether he actually reads and takes care of the many letters himself. Let me assure you that this is one player who attends to every bit of his own mail "in person." Tom feels that anyone who takes the time and trouble to write to him and who is interested enough to send for a picture, certainly deserves every consideration he could give. He personally autographs every picture.

When John Smith writes to Tom asking for a photo, instead of receiving a picture with the star's signature stamped on it he becomes the owner of one of the latest photographs with "To John, Sincerely, Tom Brown," written across it in ink. He puts that added personal touch to it because he actually feels that a fan is a friend.

Many times a second letter will follow a month or so later saying that the writer had already asked him for a picture but had not, as yet, received one. The only reason for this delay is that it takes time to read thousands of letters and autograph pictures—especially after a hard day's work at the studio. But it is an absolute fact when I tell you that Tom will sit up late at night to sign autograph slips or endorse pictures. He would rather lose sleep than have a secretary do it for him, or have a fan feel that Tom is too "high hat" to bother.

SUMMING it all up, then, we find Tom a clever, buoyant boy, quick-witted, one who loves to work and loves to play—and above all leads a well balanced, sensible life. His most amusing impersonations of George Raft, Maurice Chevalier, Lon Chaney and, above all, Mae West are clever and most entertaining.

Tom would have to have a marvelous sense of humor to swallow the ridiculous things that have been said about him. The funniest thing I have heard to date is that "Tom Brown's favorite indoor sport is making fudge." Tom is an athlete and very fond of all outdoor sports, so you can easily imagine that that remark just about floored him.

If you really want to know what is this actor's favorite indoor sport, I'll let you in on a big secret when I say it's Anita Louise. Who can blame him?

Last the Best

The perfect end of a perfect meal is the dessert. A hostess who can end her dinner with a perfect dish will know that her guests' party has been a success. We have two circulars to help you—Desserts Are In Again and Fruits for All Occasions. Send ten cents for each to Rita Calhoun, care of The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



GUN POWDER WIFE

You know the type—a woman with a temper like gunpowder, ready to explode at the slightest provocation.

Friends wonder how her husband stands it. And perhaps he wouldn't stand it—except that he remembers the time when her disposition was sunshine itself. Then gradually things had changed. She had become cross and irritable, flaring into anger over trifles she once would have smiled at. *Something had gone wrong.*

Too often that "something" is simply—*coffee*. Many people, of course, can drink coffee in moderation without any ill effects. To others it means overwrought nerves—"gunpowder" nerves. It means nights of sleeplessness, with tired, draggy "mornings-after."

Why many can't drink coffee

Coffee contains a drug stimulant—caffeine. This drug can lash nerves into action even when they're crying for rest. It can keep you from the sound sleep your body needs.

"But," you say, "I can't give up coffee." That's what two and a half million others said—until they tried Postum. They found Postum a deeply satisfying, cheering drink. Did they miss coffee? Scarcely. But they did miss coffee's harmful effects. For Postum contains no caffeine.

It's made only of whole wheat and bran, slightly sweetened and roasted. Nothing to keep you awake. Nothing to cause nervousness, indigestion or headaches.

Try Postum for 30 days

If coffee does not agree with you, drink Postum instead for 30 days. Give your system that much time to get rid of caffeine's ill effects. After 30 days, judge for yourself how much better you sleep, how much better you look and feel. Mail the coupon—we'll send you the first week's supply of Postum free.

Postum costs less than 1/2¢ a cup. It comes in two forms—Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, and Postum Cereal, the kind you boil or percolate. Don't miss the fascinating Postum show—Foods and Agricultural Building, Chicago World's Fair.

GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. T. M. 9-33

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a week's supply of Postum.

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Fill in completely—print name and address
In Canada, address General Foods, Limited,
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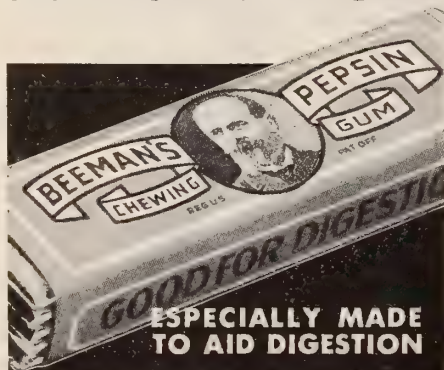


police!

"Hold back the crowds". That's what you almost expect. You feel so radiant—so beautiful. You have so much pep when your digestion is good.

But lots of people have a little indigestion without knowing it. They don't realize what makes them feel tired and restless. That's why so many chew Beeman's regularly. It's a delicious chewing gum that helps keep your digestion "just perfect". Chew it every day.

Chew
**BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM**



Hollywood's Mad Man Hunt

(Continued from page 23)

make the box office clink with echoes of O's and M's.

Richard Barthelmess is in transition. He's no longer Dickey and yet not George Arliss. His strength depends wholly on that of his pictures. I think as a producer he will come through.

Lew Ayres dipped. He bounced so high with "All Quiet" he couldn't get roles to follow up. And he needed experience. Co-starring at Fox, he will probably come up again. I think he has the steady stuff.

Tom Brown, best juvenile bet of the younger-than-young generation, hasn't been getting pictures. He should take the hurdles if they would set them up.

Bob Montgomery never was strong enough to shoulder a picture but smart enough to steal it from the one who did. He's a smoothie who'll get his as a picture-snatcher.

Dick Cromwell has been loafing for nearly a year. He got plenty of O-o-oo when he led off. All he needs is a screen.

Bill Haines declined with the smart-cracking vogue. A good actor, he should ride along in all-star pictures.

William Powell is not the dick he was as Philo Vance. Still, he gets a substantial middle-aged O-o-oo! Much depends on his pictures. I think he would shine larger in all-stars.

Charles Farrell had rating as a co-star but could not go it alone. He will have to return through the side door.

Conrad Nagel, who tossed and pitched on the old tiger skin with Aileen Pringle in Mme. Glyn's pashies, has retired to the stage with enough bonds to keep the tiger from the door as long as he lives.

Ronald Colman, for whom Garbo murmured o-s to no avail, is another Hollywood expatriate. He's an actor who insists on being a gentleman—after all these years in Hollywood! But Ronnie will always be sighed over whenever he chooses to appear. The girls don't care whether he makes love on tea or whisky straight.

WITH the above gentlemen in retreat—or momentary decline—you can understand why producers are unleashing the hounds for a man hunt. They need not only male stars but leading men. Right within sniffing distance of their studios are some live possibilities:

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., did a dip from star rating because he went up before he'd completed his ground work. No sooner did this occur than his work commenced improving. Rid of the coltish affectations, he is steadily gaining distinction by his subtle intelligence. Doug is very likely to become our foremost actor.

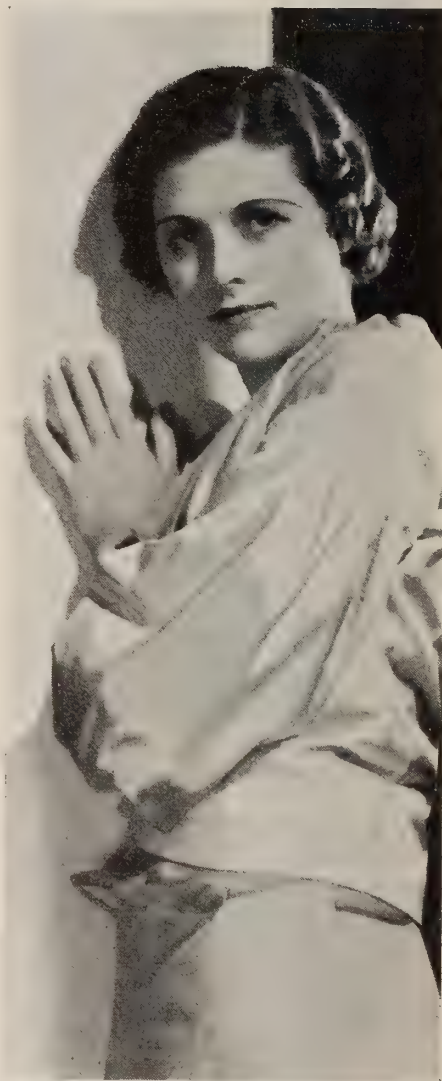
Herbert Marshall got away before they discovered his worth. He's the type that makes the temple dancing girls trip and faw down. Ladies who do not care for Mr. Cagney's direct approach—and even those who do—can be had by Mr. Marshall's suave touch. Best of all, he is also an excellent actor.

Paul Muni is another Thespian peer who is being brought back for a build-up.

Johnny Weissmuller might have put over the tarzans somewhat as Valentino did the sheiks. This is an age when ladies appreciate the old animal,

as the Duchess West says. Nature in the raw with horseradish. Besides, Johnny brought the kids to the theaters—and, of course, their mamas had to come, too. The studio allowed him to lay off and age. But if his bones don't creak too loudly, he's still a god for the Boy Scouts, the Girls, too—even the D. A. R.

Nils Asther—the 'big mystery man'!



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Irene Hervey is M-G-M's new discovery. Her first picture was "Stranger's Return." Tell us if you share the studio's enthusiasm.

M-G-M discovers him and mislays him regularly once a year. The Swede accent held him back for a time but that's been no hindrance these many months. When he makes his annual appearance the O-o-os are piercing. They can't be drowned even when he is sunk in the role of a Chinaman (because of his Swedish accent, no doubt!). Explain this: They work Gable into a sanitarium and let Nils loaf into sleeping sickness.

CARY GRANT is the rush-around at Paramount. I doubt if he's star

Hollywood's Mad Man Hunt

stuff but he's big star support. Much the same may be said for Warren William, Joel McCrea, George Brent, Robert Young, Franchot Tone, Eric Linden, Bruce Cabot, Gene Raymond, Alexander Kirkland, Spencer Tracy, Jack LaRue, Randolph Scott, Buster Crabbe, Lyle Talbot, Dick Powell, Gilbert Roland, Onslow Stevens. . . Any of whom may spring a surprise and get the gasps.

In the co-starring class there is the reliable Dick Arlen and Jimmy Dunn.

I haven't covered the comedians—Jack Oakie, Joe E. Brown, Will Rogers, Harold Lloyd, Jimmy Durante, Laurel and Hardy—who elicit sounds quite as precious as the m-and-o-sighs. A valuable rediscovery in this order is W. C. Fields, who is allowed vacations for no good reason. Raymond Hatton is another who can strut in a burlesque character.

Yet with all this male aggregation there aren't enough for the ladies to do wrong. Mary Pickford is thinking of signing up several just in case she decides to go West. Mae herself feels there aren't nearly enough once she gets goin'. Garbo had an awful time being satisfied as *Queen Christina*. That's why it is so hard for the o-boys like Gable, Cooper, Novarro and March to hold their star footing. The m-m- maidens grab them and pass them around until they have to be taken to a rest cure—even though they are perfectly willing to die in Garbo's arms.

"It's sumpin' fierce the way they cry for you," Jimmy Durante says. Jimmy had to quit his New York show when it was barrelling money in order to rush back to Hollywood. And for why? "Garbo, that's why," Jimmy avowed. Garbo couldn't seem to get goin' without Jimmy, Jimmy said.

LADIES come first in gallant Hollywood. It is quite proper for Mr. Novarro to support Miss Garbo, but preposterous—if not downright gigolo—to suggest that Miss Garbo support Mr. Novarro.

Mr. Gable willingly ministers to Miss Davies in "Polly of the Circus," but no one would be so absurd as to suggest that Miss Davies play church choir in one of Mr. Gable's numbers. And I certainly wouldn't want to be the one to suggest that Miss West take the grapefruit from Mr. Cagney—much as she regards the old animal.

But the box office is singularly hard-boiled, caring nothing for Hollywood's knightliness. Indeed, the gentle admirers of Mr. Novarro let fly some verbal grapefruit in the direction of Miss Garbo when she Mata Hari'd Ramon. And there is a constant barrage against the conspirators who keep Mr. Asher from the starlight.

While the Misses Garbo, Crawford, Bennett and Hayes are all great favorites with women, one must not forget that the all-time record was set by Valentino's eliciting the rhapsodic O-O-O-O. That John Gilbert for a time was greater than Garbo, that Wally Reid came before all the contemporary ladies, that Gable was agitating the box office more violently than Miss Shearer, Miss Davies and other goddesses before he was assigned to escort them.

(Please turn to page 88)

BREAKING INTO SOCIETY

MRS. BLAIR PHONED. WANTS US OVER FOR BRIDGE, TONIGHT

SO WE'RE BREAKING INTO SOCIETY! WELL, I'M NOT GOING. BLAIRS ARE SNOBS ONLY ASK US WHEN SOMEONE ELSE BACKS OUT



I KNOW... BUT WE GET SO FEW INVITATIONS. I'M LONESOME. DO LET'S GO

NO! ANOTHER REASON IS I'M TOO TIRED. SAY, HAVE I TIME FOR A BATH BEFORE DINNER?



YES, AND THERE'S SOME NEW TOILET SOAP—LIFEBUOY. THE GROCER SAYS IT'S SO REFRESHING

TO HERSELF— I DAREN'T TELL HIM HE NEEDS TO USE LIFEBUOY. HE'D BE SO HURT IF HE KNEW HE OFFENDED WITH 'B.O.'



LATE THAT NIGHT—

LIFEBUOY'S GREAT! GRAND LATHER. FEEL SO CLEAN AND PEPPED UP... YOU REALLY WANT TO GO TO BLAIRS, HONEY? O.K.

NOBODY COULD HAVE BEEN MORE PLEASANT THAN THE BLAIRS WERE TONIGHT. I'M PLAYING GOLF WITH HIM SATURDAY



WHAT THE BLAIRS THOUGHT—

THEY'RE A NICE COUPLE. LET'S HAVE THEM OVER OFTEN. BUT I THOUGHT YOU SAID HE WAS... CARELESS ABOUT 'B.O.'

SO HE WAS. BUT HE MUST BE USING LIFEBUOY NOW. I'M SO GLAD. I'VE ALWAYS LIKED HER AND NOW WE CAN BE REALLY NEIGHBORLY



MY SKIN IS CLEARER AND FRESHER, TOO

NO WONDER women everywhere are enthusiastic over Lifebuoy! For they not only find that Lifebuoy baths protect daintiness—prevent embarrassing "B.O." (body odor)—but that Lifebuoy is marvelous for the complexion, too.

Its lather is bland and soothing—yet it gives the thorough, pore-deep cleansing essential to complexion beauty. It gently washes away clogged impurities; freshens dull, cloudy skins.

Notice its extra-clean scent

You'll quickly learn to love its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent. It tells you Lifebuoy does more than ordinary toilet soaps.





Lustrous
Color for

GRAYING HAIR

If a single touch of gray shows in your hair, there is a wonderful secret that you may learn. You can try it **FREE** without the slightest risk. It will show you how to bring to every faded strand lustrous color that rivals youth's own radiance.

You merely comb Mary T. Goldman's clear, colorless liquid through the hair. Color comes evenly: black, brown, auburn or blonde. A new scientific improvement enables you to control the color desired. Hair stays lustrous—easy to curl or wave. No "artificial" look. No fear of washing or rubbing off on garments or linens.

This way is **SAFE**. No "skin test" needed. Leading medical school authorities have pronounced it harmless to hair and scalp.

At Drug and Department Stores

Your druggist or department store can supply full-sized bottle on money-back guarantee. Ask for Mary T. Goldman's. Or send for Free Test.

MARY T. GOLDMAN

COLOR FOR GRAY HAIR
Over Ten Million Bottles Sold

FREE TEST

Coupon brings you complete Free Test. Try it on a small lock clipped from hair. This way see results before using. Mail coupon... We'll send **FREE** Test Package.



FREE TEST PACKAGE
MARY T. GOLDMAN
999 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

✓ CHECK COLOR OF HAIR ✓

☐ BLACK ☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ AUBURN
☐ DARK BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN ☐ BLONDE

Hollywood's Mad Man Hunt

(Continued from page 87)

WHILE the Hollywood producers are all gentlemen (what ain't ice) they are not in business for pleasure or philanthropy. They must balance the budget between male and female. Even Memnon DeMille, with all his classic appreciation and understanding of bath-tub Venuses, never forgot to include the O-o-oo element in his pictures. He developed Wally Reid's possibilities. Rex Ingram's success was due in no small part to his presentation of Valentino to the world—and later Novarro.

The return of musical shows to popularity caused the producers to go on the quest of pulchritude for choruses, always with an eye to star finds. Concentrating on this pleasant pursuit, the studio sleuths had no time for male recruiting and it was at a standstill for months. Faced with a shortage of leading men with "names," the producers pressed male stars into service only to find they had depreciated valuable property.

That explains the sudden mad man hunt. Universal has signed Jan Kiepura, magnificent tenor of "Be Mine Tonight." Paramount has hopes for Brian Aherne. RKO has imported Francis Lederer, the capital O of the New York stage; also Fred Astaire, a sort of hoofing Prince of Wales. Henry Garat inspires hope in Fox, which has no male star to compare with Janet Gaynor.

A big New York daily has assisted with a male beauty contest. The boys sent in photographs with height,

weight, coloring and references to other qualifications. Scions of wealth and nobility are not shy in presenting themselves at Hollywood's back door. It's easy money if you've got that thing. But just because you are male, healthy and handsome, don't pack the bags. Only one actor out of ten got a job last year in Hollywood, and there are thousands of extras trying to get along.

ANOTHER reason that Hollywood has had more difficulty in recruiting men than women is that men have more occupations to choose from and have in the past been bashful about admitting screen ambition.

The Standard Oil company gets plenty of applicants when it sends its scouts annually to colleges to grab the best prospects. Paramount tried the same procedure a few years ago but wasn't very successful. Handsome, athletic, popular males preferred a safe and sane line offering ten thousand a year to the hazards of Hollywood for all its possibility of a hundred thousand.

But this is no longer the attitude. The way has been pioneered by such college men as Fredric March, Lee Tracy, Buster Crabbe, Franchot Tone—the latter a Cornell professor, my word! So the scouts are revisiting college campuses.

After all, the New Deal did promise to remember the forgotten man, and it's good to see producers falling into line. The girls may rate first, but we've got to be had!

Worth While NEEDLEWORK

Peasant types of table linen are in high favor. They are easy to do and most effective. Whether you have had experience in needlework or not you will want to make some of the new table linens, including those shown on page 55.

Here they are:

Se 244. Diagrams and directions for making Italian drawn work table-cloth and napkins.

Se 245. Illustrated instructions for two charming Mexican table linen designs, embroidered in bright colors.

Se 246. Colorful table doilies from a Czecho-Slovakian design may easily be worked with the aid of this circular.

Se 247. The famous French Assisi chicken in easy cross-stitch work is shown in detail in this circular. It is suitable for table linens, bureau covers, and children's dresses.

Se 248. Here you will find illustrated directions for two of the most characteristic types of Russian embroidery, suitable for table linen and bureau covers.

Se 249. Diagram and directions for Gail Patrick's favorite appliqué embroidery table linen.

Se 250. Margaret McConnell's table linen trimmed with lace edging and insertion is easy to copy with the aid of this circular.

Se 251. Simple illustrated instructions for simple embroidery, crochet and drawn work stitches are given here.

Write to Frances Cowles, care of this Magazine, enclosing 4 cents for any one circular, 10 cents for 3 circulars or 15 cents for all 8. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying description.

From Vaudeville to White House

(Continued from page 29)

vaudeville. He sang a bit, hoofed a little and clowned twice a day or more for years. A dash of the iron jaw which he displays so well now made him demand more money from the then all-powerful Keith-Orpheum Circuit. His demand was refused.

The jaw shot out and Wally followed it over to the opposition vaudeville, which folded, as oppositions will. When Wally decided that it was better to have less money for a long time than more money now and then, he found himself black-balled, barred, made an example of what no actor could get away with against vaudeville rulers. In other words, Wally "got the air," and he had no lyric ready.

We don't recognize him the next time we see him. He is hidden under a beard, playing a man much older than his own father, and all New York is talking about his wonderful performance in Eugene O'Neil's high-brow, low-down masterpiece, "Desire Under the Elms." Had we been quick enough we might have seen him in one other play before he landed under the beard under the elms. A play called "Mr. Pitt," by the author and undoubtedly many other names by the producer, as it only lasted six weeks.

THE leap from singing a song of his town composition called, "I Haven't Got the Dough-re-mi," for Messrs. Keith and Orpheum to the title role in "Mr. Pitt" was made possible through the influence of his sister, Mrs. William Carrington of New York, Westchester, Santa Barbara and the world, rich, socially prominent, a patroness of opera, art, drama.

But skip all that—she's really just Margaret Carrington, and above all, she's Wally's sister. You may have read that John Barrymore studied and was coached for months before he played *Hamlet* by some wonderful woman who knew more about diction, elocution, Shakespeare and breathing than any one existent. You may not have mentally pigeon-holed the name of the coach. Let me recall it. Margaret Carrington. She was an opera singer herself. I imagine marriage and millions cut in on her career, but nothing cut in on her desire to help people.

When brother Wally needed a little encouragement, Margaret moved, and when Margaret moves things happen. She told Brock Pemberton, the producer, about her brother Wally who had been hiding his light under a bushel of vaudeville for years.

"Rise and shine, if you can!" Mr. Pemberton said, giving him the script of "Mr. Pitt."

Out to Margaret's beautiful California home came brother and sister Huston. All Summer she coached Wally. When he went East to start rehearsals in the fall he knew the entire play by heart. His first speech, a sales talk by a nervous and shy salesman, was as long as most of *Hamlet's* speeches. At Margaret's suggestion it was spoken all on one breath—the result was a round of applause on the opening night.

"You can imagine what that meant to me," Wally said the other day. "I was scared stiff, of course. It was all (Please turn to page 90)

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From Vaudeville to White House

(Continued from page 89)

so different. No going into the dance. No chance to meet the audience eye-to-eye and fight if they happened to be hard, as we used to do in vaudeville. You know what I mean," he added. I'll say I do, having played my first date at the age of seven and my last at thirty-seven!

"Well, after that applause," Wally continued, "I said to myself: 'This legitimate Broadway business isn't going to be so bad.' I sort of felt that I had them." He grinned apologetically.

After the beard under the elms, New York was decidedly Huston-conscious. "Elmer the Great" added a lot to his popularity. People who don't like old gents with face fittings got a good look at Wally as the conceited but lovable baseball player.

I was playing a lot in France and England in those days so I didn't see Margaret Carrington's brother Wally, but I had heard so much about him from her and from Jack King, who was my accompanist, friend and best audience, that I dreaded the day when I would at last come face to face with this paragon who sounded, in their descriptions, too good to be true; and certainly too good to interest me. I like men with wicked pasts and weary futures, but when I finally married, I grabbed one so young that most of his past was in the nursery. His future may be weary, but there's so much of it that I can't strain my eyes looking ahead.

RETURNING from Europe. I found everyone talking about "The Barker" with Walter Huston and the latest model in attractive leading ladies, Miss Claudette Colbert. From the front row I got my first glimpse of brother Wally. I wonder if Margaret was surprised when I called her up before all of the trunks were unpacked! Jack King, who had been trying to sell Wally to me as a sure thing for the Janis Futurity, was so busy saying, "I told you so," that he could not answer my many questions regarding Wally's private life. In other words, I fell for *The Barker's* spiel, and would have joined the circus in 'most any capacity. I had a route of my own to play, however, so it was just "hello!" and "au revoir," to brother Wally.

When he came to California to film "Abraham Lincoln" I saw him several times. He seemed to be sort of in character, which any good actor is apt to be when trying to reproduce a great and idealized hero. His hair was long, his collar loose, his usual twinkly expression seemingly replaced by the more thoughtful one, so much a part of the great emancipator. We said "hello!" but I don't remember saying "au revoir."

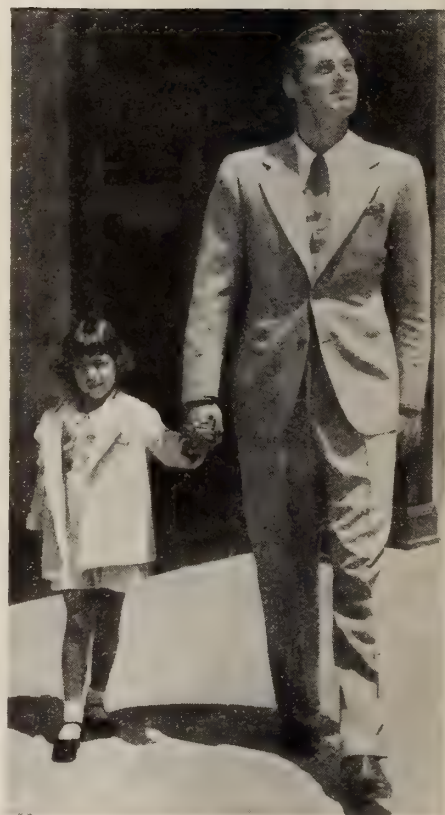
Later he played *Trampus* in "The Virginian," and in "The Bad Man." Then the law caught up with him, district attorneys, editors, bank presidents, Hard-Hearted Huston always dominating the situation. Even in "Gabriel Over the White House" he had to get knocked out before they let him soften or give in.

I was wondering, on my way over

to the studio, whether playing so many men of steel would have changed his personality. It often does, you know. Let the press and public keep on telling some perfectly normal person that they have an elusive or whimsical quality and they'll finally get so elusive that they can't find themselves. They'll become so whimsical that you want to ship them over to Sir James Barrie, with a note saying, "You started this whimsy stuff. Will you please finish it?"

We ate chop-suey and talked religion. Quite symbolic! There's a little bit of everything in both. We agreed that religion is in the heart and that as the heart beats under God's blue sky, in man-made subways, on studio sets, or in the bath tub, it is not compulsory that we gather under one roof at a certain time to express devotion.

From religion we switched to its natural understudy, nature. Wally has a place in the mountains where he spends all of his time between pictures, and most of his week-ends. When he talks about that haven, he unconsciously looks as *Jud Hammond*, the inspired president, looks every time he



Hollywood was all a-dither about what would happen to Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez, once Lupe returned from her New York stage engagement with Jimmy Durante in "Strike Me Pink" and heard about Johnny's squiring other stars hither and yon. But—much to the disappointment of the tongue-waggers—nothing happened. Lupe and Johnny took up their palship as before, and are seen as much together as of yore. . . . And to prove it, here is Johnny squiring Lupe's little adopted daughter.

From Vaudeville to White House

hears *Gabriel's* horn solo over the White House.

His wife loves the hideaway, too. "I can hardly get her to come down here at all," he said. As he had already told me that he was counting the days until he could get back to the mountains, I put two and two together, making eighty-four, and decided that Wally is still in the bridegroom class, even though he has passed the first year, which for some unknown reason, is said to be the most difficult in married life. As we had both been billed in the papers as marrying suddenly, at about the same time, we naturally compared notes, and got a very nice song out of the collaboration. I learned that Wally's marriage was far from sudden; that Mrs. Huston had played with him in "Elmer the Great." In my own case, it took two years of other people's constantly trying to make up my mind to bring about my "sudden" marriage.

WE recalled a dinner party given about six months before our respective leaps off the deep end of single cussedness. We met as two eligible parties, who ought to have a great deal in common. We had it all right. Wally was in love with his present wife and I was in love with my husband, but we both did excellent imitations of eligibles on the loose. The host beamed upon us both most approvingly as I stepped into Wally's waiting car. He drove me home.

I hadn't seen him again until we mixed chop-suey and religion in the Metro studio commissary last week. I'm going to see him again, however, and soon. He has asked my young man and me to the mountain paradise, and I'm sure Wally wouldn't ask any one to share any part of the one spot where he can be completely himself, if he wasn't sure they would understand why he loves the place so much. I want to see him doing the things I'm sure he likes to do. He didn't tell me how he spends his time up there, but if he doesn't putter around, planting things, building fences, tearing down walls and putting up others, like most of us who have spent our lives doing what press agents, managers and even the public think we should do, eventually find joy in doing, then maybe I'm all wrong.

Maybe he is Walter Huston, great character actor, much in demand, rising steadily in the eyes of the world, turning out one splendid performance after another, stealing one picture after another. Maybe he fights about contracts and money and billing as most successful people do. Maybe, when his blue eyes seem to be looking at something I can't quite see but can imagine is simple and honest, he's really looking ahead to that next salary raise. Maybe the cerise scarf blinded me. I doubt my own doubts—and one of these days when the studios run out of long speeches tinged with politics, power and propaganda, they may let him play just a nice guy with whom you will cry a little, laugh a little, and understand a lot. Then you'll be saying, "Why, I'm glad to meet you, Wally. I thought you were a couple of other fellows."

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It Can't Be I . . .

(Continued from page 25)

there or, in Summer, at the family's seaside cottage at Fenwick, near Saybrook, in the years since she graduated from Bryn Mawr in 1928 and went directly to the stage.

And the moment she arrives "home" she is no longer the exotic and famous young actress. She is just Kate Hepburn, Mrs. Ludlow Smith, a local girl who has made good.

The first time she got back to Hartford from Hollywood she had her first look, weeks after its release, at "A Bill of Divorcement" and found herself a local celebrity a long time after she had become world-famed. The second time she spent most of her visit in the Hartford Hospital, where her dad is a member of the staff, a novel experience for a girl who had never been ill in her life. But she always goes home, for although she has had a New York residence for five years, and has one in Hollywood now, Connecticut is home to her and probably always will be. And once there, she goes native.

SHE was born and brought up in Hartford, the eldest daughter of the successful specialist and surgeon, Dr. Thomas N. Hepburn, who was born in Virginia, son of an Episcopal clergyman. He is a big good-looking man with the reddish hair and the forthright manner of Katharine. Mrs. Hepburn, who was a pioneer worker for suffrage, feminism and birth control, is slim, youthful, handsome. It seems impossible that she is the mother of six children, several in their twenties. Her slender figure, distinctive features, hazel-green eyes and crisp, unusual voice as well as her courage, aggressiveness and poise, have all been passed on to her actress daughter, for whose aims she has always had sympathetic understanding.

"Kate" is the oldest living child in a family now numbering three daughters and two sons, an older son, to whom she was devoted, having died under tragic circumstances in boyhood. She is "going on" twenty-five. Next is Richard, twenty-one, a senior at Harvard, where he is completing a full course in three years. It was he who started the family scrapbook, and who, as a boy, wrote the plays which Kate, from the age of twelve, produced for the entertainment of friends and neighbors.

Then comes Robert, almost twenty, a sophomore at Harvard. The two small sisters are Marion, who is fourteen and much like Dr. Hepburn in appearance, plump, quiet and charming in manner, while Margaret ("Peggy") is twelve, a bit of a tomboy, blond, pretty and slim. They both want to be actresses, too, after they finish Bryn Mawr, where their mother won her A.B. and M.A. and where all her daughters will matriculate.

The girls' theatrical aspirations have been encouraged by Katharine, who has given them a miniature theater in which they produce plays, mostly classical and some Shakespeare. A sudden decision to rehearse one day not long ago kept them so interested that they forgot Marion had turned on the water for a bath in the adjoining bathroom, and a dripping ceiling in the room below brought a sudden end to cues and speeches. But not to their ambitions.

"Kate says we have to be prepared



Photo by Wide World

Doris Kenyon, widow of the late Milton Sills, and her new husband, Arthur Hopkins, wealthy real estate broker of New York and Syracuse. Mr. Hopkins, noted as one of the most active practical jokers in the metropolitan area, was taken seriously by neither his friends nor the newspapers when he announced his engagement to the actress, concert singer and poetess, but here they are! Mr. Hopkins is reported to have fallen in love with the beautiful Doris when she was a little girl.

to stand a lot of discouragement if we want to go on the stage," they'll tell you gravely, and Marion adds, with naivete:

"Kay says I have the talent but Peggy has the looks."

LOOKS do not seem to matter where the talent is, however, for when Katharine Hepburn, movie star, turns into Kate, the local girl come home, she would never be recognized by those who know her only on the screen. Gone is the mask-like face, the sweeping, dark lashes, the wide-spread eyebrows, the odd, passionate mouth, the gorgeous, alluring clothes, the effect of inscrutable depths revealed in burning flashes.

The Kate Hepburn who sits before the fire wondering at what the big, fat book of clippings reveals, is direct instead of deep, simple instead of exotic, plain rather than beautiful.

She is as slim as her screen image, but a bit on the bony side. Her hair is sandy, naturally straight, even lanky. Her lashes, like the eyes beneath, are light and not especially intriguing. Her mouth is wide, thin-lipped, the decisive upper lip holding down the lower with its humorous quirk. Her features are regular, distinctive, her face the triangular shape that registers best on the screen. Her clothes? No velvet tea gown, no brocade negligees, no allure at all, but probably a smock, an old, plain dress, a pair of overalls, or pajamas, boyish and practical.

But do not think this, the real Katharine Hepburn, is an unattractive girl. She has the personality, the honest charm, the youth and fire, that emanate from her shadow on the screen, which rather than the effect wrought by make-up artists, have made her successful.

It Can't Be I . . .

THE living room where she sits is large, low-ceilinged, pine-panelled, with comfortable, well-used furniture and chintz draperies. Its long windows give across to a garden walled about with hedges.

The present home of the Hepburns, on Bloomfield Avenue, in a smart suburb of Hartford, is a rambling, red brick house of English style, in the \$50,000 class, one of scores of handsome homes in the neighborhood.

Its service wing is toward the street, an idea originated in Hartford by Mark Twain many years ago. And speaking of Mark Twain, the home where Katharine Hepburn spent her girlhood was close to that of the great American humorist.

Like that old Hepburn home, the new one can be identified, even before its number is visible, by the boys and girls romping about it. Juveniles gather there to play in all weathers and Marion and Peggy, like their elder sister, invariably wear pants.

It is perhaps too bad to dispel the legends that have already grown up about Katharine Hepburn's overalls, but as a matter of fact, they are just an old Hepburn custom. During Summers at the seashore years ago she wore white duck sailor trousers, like thousands of other girls.

Then, saving money and laundry, she adopted blue denim dungarees, the working clothes of Jack Tar. These were not always easy to obtain, so when army and navy stores had none in her size, she bought blue denim overalls instead. They were cheaper, anyhow, and easier to get in small sizes.

Middy blouses, knit jerseys or Russian smocks went with them, and a bandanna knotted around her hair. Her hair was long, once she left little girlhood, and worn in pigtails until she did it up in a severe little bun at the back of her head. A bandanna has been almost a uniform with the younger set in Hartford for years, from Junior Leaguers to High School students.

SO at home, as a girl, during college vacations and on her sojourn with summer stock companies (Stockbridge, 1930, and Ivoryton, 1931) she wore dungarees or overalls as a matter of course, with bandanna, smock and rather disreputable but comfortable bedroom slippers or tennis shoes, as her working uniform.

Then came Hollywood, a warm climate, the same old working clothes—but now they were photographed, discussed, even established a vogue! Quite amusing to Katharine Hepburn, who had bought them for years at army and navy outlets or small town general stores or anywhere else that seemed handy, who likes them best when somewhat shabby and thinks a dollar a fair price especially if they're union made with shiny buckles and plenty of pockets.

So when she gets back home to Hartford, even though the neighborhood is very swank, she makes a bee-line for her old clothes, first recovering from a tempestuous welcome from the girls and boys in "the front yard" who are apt to yell, with scant awe for Hollywood's new star, "Hey, Kate, play on my side, will yuh?"

She has ardent hugs for her mother
(Please turn to page 94)

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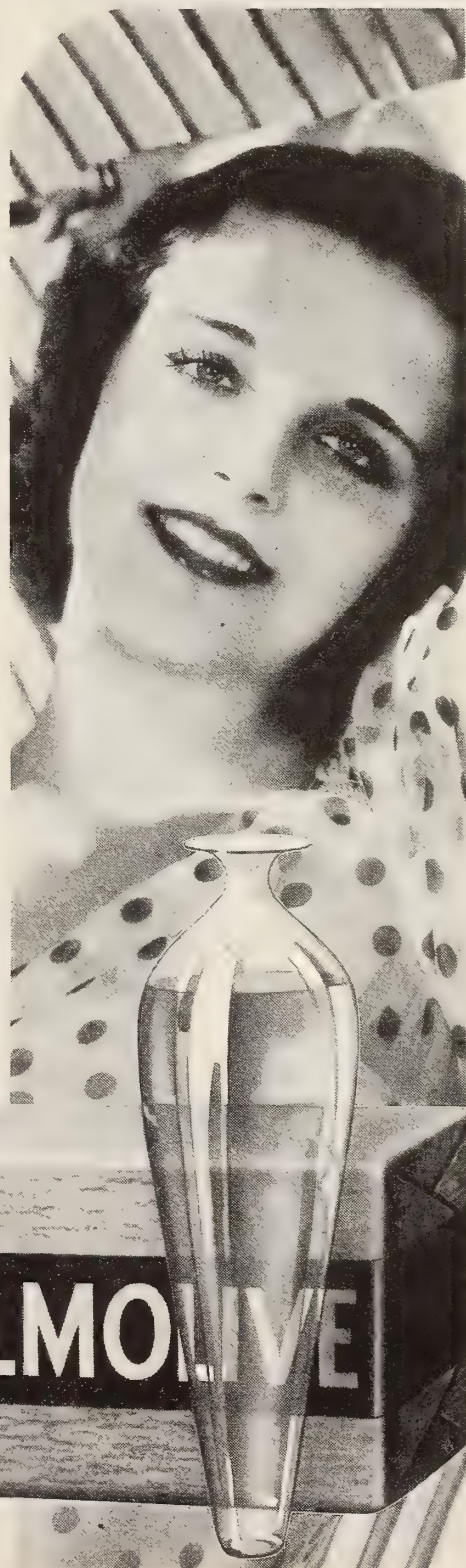
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It Can't Be I...

(Continued from page 93)

and dad, smiling greetings for the servants, friendly pats for the dogs, then she is up the stairs, two at a time, to her own room, with its old furniture and gay chintzes, and its closet full of her "home clothes." She is out of her New York apparel and into overalls or smock or pajamas in a jiffy. Then she shuts Katharine Hepburn, the star, into that closet and emerges from her room as just Kate Hepburn, a local girl back home from the big city to visit the folks.

Every possible moment is spent outdoors by this other Hepburn girl who dotes on camping out, hiking and active sports. She takes long drives into the Connecticut countryside in her own car, a convertible coupe, or one of the family cars, which range from Fords to Packards. Perhaps she plays a round at the Hartford Golf Club where she had early training under the pro, Jack Stait, became, at fifteen, runner-up in the state woman's championship tourney and was urged by him to train for national tournament play.

"Oh, I couldn't," she said then in her husky voice. "I think golf is just for fun."

One drawback to the enjoyment of golf club life by this Miss Hepburn is the fact that so many people in that set insist on thinking of her as the movie star and regarding her as if she were a curio in a museum or an animal in a zoo, unless they know her well enough to act on, "oh, well, what of it?" lines.

BUT it is not only golf that she thinks is just for fun (and she is one of the best golfers in Hollywood right now) but many other things some people take too seriously. Bridge, for example, she plays well, and she does play now and then, without caring much about it. But she loves ice skating and is an expert and graceful figure skater, while, at the other extreme, she excels at fancy diving. Since she is accomplished in these two spectacular but contrasting sports it will be odd if the screen does not exhibit her prowess at both of them.

When she is not outdoors, during her visits home, she putters around the house and garden like any other girl in similar circumstances. She pokes about the kitchen and perhaps cooks something herself, she presses out frills in the little modern laundry with its electrical gadgets, she watches her kid sisters in their theater, reads some new books, greets the friends who come in for tea or dinner (usually trying not to appear as impressed with her triumphs as they secretly are) or just sits and talks to her own folks.

Her husband, Ludlow Ogen Smith, native of Philadelphia, insurance broker in New York, who courted her when she was in college, married her after her first year of trying to succeed in the theater and has encouraged her in every phase of her career, is always with her in Hartford for weekends if not the whole visit. As they are both especially fond of roast beef, that is apt to be the main dish of their first dinner at the Hepburn home, in a dining room with ivory walls, mahogany Georgian furniture, tall candles for its only illumination, and windows looking out on the garden. She loves

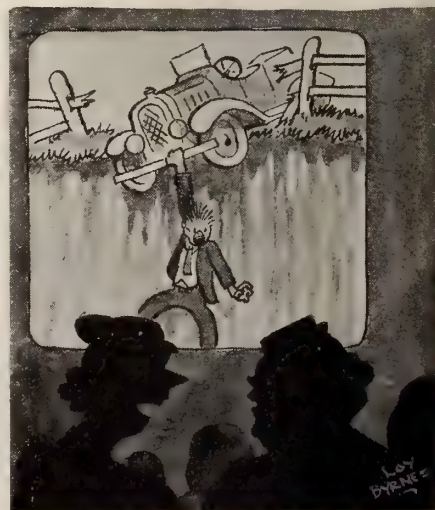
good food, eats whatever she wants and is always slim, though she was rather chubby as a girl.

YES, in Hartford Kate Hepburn sits in a house by the side of the road and lets the rest of the world (even Katharine Hepburn, the movie star) go by.

And how does Hartford feel about it? The home town's reaction to this local girl's success is just the typical and traditional reaction. Other local folk have made good on the stage. Winchell Smith, Otis Skinner, Charles B. Dillingham, William Gillette, Robert Ames, Walter O'Keefe, Russell Rhodes, Jerome Cowan, all came from Hartford to the stage. Richard Barthelmess made his first stage and movie appearances there, as a student at Trinity College. Only one other Hartford girl has ever approached stage success—Elvia Enders, blond, beautiful and socially prominent, who went from Junior League amateur shows to a principal role in "Little Accident" and played the season of 1928-29 in that comedy, marrying and retiring before Katharine Hepburn, who began in that same season, was even heard of.

But in any case, Hartford's attitude was at first mere tolerance, for Hartford does not wholly approve anyone who seeks success outside its own boundaries. Miss Hepburn's aspirations, like those of all the rest, were not viewed seriously. Her early progress was ignored. Even when "Art and Mrs. Bottle" and "The Warrior's Husband" brought her favorable attention from New York critics as an actress of the metropolitan stage, Hartford was reluctant to give her credit, and even when "A Bill of Divorcement" rocketed her to fame, the home town seemed slow to realize the importance of her meteoric rise. But at last, when all the rest of the world had done her homage, her home town hopped on the bandwagon, welcomed her with open arms, bragged about her and assumed an attitude of "we knew it all the time." And "we knew her when..."

Nobody now will ever be allowed to forget that Katharine Hepburn is a Hartford girl—she would be claimed as such even if her residence there had



"... with a white crepe de chine shawl collar and a hat to match."

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Here's one of the effective recipes from this bulletin.

Rita Calhoun,
Tower Magazines, Inc.,
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It Can't Be I...

been brief. Once of Hartford, always of Hartford, especially if one is world-famous. So the brief notes that were once, and infrequently, the only publicity Miss Hepburn received in her home-town papers, have grown into front page stories. Nothing, indeed, succeeds like success.

THE star is honestly indifferent to this sort of recognition and is no more approachable to Hartford reporters than to those of bigger cities. On the other hand, she rather likes it when "real folks" give her tribute. In the Hartford shops the salesgirls whisper and nudge and are honestly thrilled at the sight of her. Traffic cops tip their caps or salute with a flourish while she waits for lights to turn from red to green. A shy young fellow at a gasoline filling station says, "Beg pardon, you're Katharine Hepburn, aren't you?" To all of these she will acknowledge that she is that other self, for although she is termed "high hat" or "snippy" by some people, she is gracious to those who serve her, always.

There is another Hartford reaction. The Hartford Junior League, of which she was never a member, took over a local theater for the city's premiere of "A Bill of Divorcement," the proceeds to go to charity. The star, home to visit, was guest of honor, with her family. Debutantes, wearing orchids, were ushers. Awnings and carpets stretched from lobby to curb. Crowds gathered. Flashlights boomed. Hartford society turned out, so to speak, in a body. It was on this occasion, long after the film had been released, that she saw, for the first time her first picture.

"HERE I am, at the same theater where I used to see movies on Saturday afternoons, when I was a little girl," she said, "seeing myself on the screen. I was afraid to look at the pre-view—I hope I can bear this."

She sat through it, watching herself enact the heart-breaking role of *Sydney*, who gave up love when she learned of her family's taint of madness, watched herself dominating by sheer personality and acting art the scenes she shared with John Barrymore and Billie Burke, watched herself seeming to live that tragedy, heard herself applauded, saw others of the audience wiping away tears. She watched it all calmly, critically, as if it were another girl. She heard the home-towners clap and stamp and even shout "Bravo" (rare tribute from Hartford) when the film was over.

"So that's Katharine Hepburn, the new star of the screen," she commented. And doubtless added to herself, "It can't be I—it must be another girl." To which the other Katharine would retort:

"You're darned right!"

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Nadinola Bleaching Cream

Prisoners of Heart-break Town

(Continued from page 27)

decorating it with laurel wreaths whose buds will never bloom.

Before the advent of the Central Casting Corporation each studio handled its own extra players. In those days it was much easier for a newcomer to break into the game if he had a little pull with someone in the casting office. But now casting directors at the studios only cast major players and bit performers. When a mob is wanted, Central Casting supplies it.

Also there are a few choice extras with elaborate wardrobes. These extras work most of the time as atmosphere on small sets. And yet, even they are not busy all of the time. Of 6,000 men registered, only fifty-eight average three days of work per week. The average is even smaller with the opposite sex. Of 10,000 women registered only twenty average three days of work a week, or better. Thus it seems that the demand for men is by far the larger.

IN the days of silent pictures every extra was a potential star. Directors picked them out of the mob and fostered them to fame; producers looked to them as the white hopes of tomorrow. Stars considered them rivals in embryo.

To work on a motion picture set was a golden opportunity, an open sesame to screen success, a definite rung up the ladder of fame. But the talkies changed all that.

Experience and intelligence and the gift of speech became prime essentials. The screen had found its tongue, and with one grand gesture it did smite down a thousand careers, seduced the dreams of as many extras to something less than the dust.

Overnight the extra became an eternal serf of make-believe—a stationary figure in a giant industry—an unimportant necessity in the production of world entertainment. Something that could make about as much advancement as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.

Today motion picture producers pick their future stars from the Broadway stage, the stock companies of the hinterlands, the Little Theaters such as the Pasadena Community and the Hollywood Spotlight, from the foreign studios, and occasionally from the best of the men's and women's colleges.

Often in a quest for new faces they resort to the old beauty contest procedure. Only recently Paramount recruited four players from different parts of the country in the "Panther Woman" contest. As a result of it Kathleen Burke, Verna Hillie, Gail Patrick and Lona Andre are under contract, being groomed slowly for possible stellar honors. Without any previous experience, all of these girls are already playing leads, and possibly one of them may become a first-rate luminary.

They have achieved in less than a year what some poor extra girl with perhaps more talent and beauty cannot accomplish with years of struggle. The extra girl is stamped, branded! Her face is known around the studios. She has no glamour, no mystery. She is

just an extra girl. The contest winner is at least a transitory butterfly whose wings of splendor beguile producers.

FROM the extra ranks of the pre-talkie era came such great screen personalities as Gloria Swanson, Wallace Beery, ZaSu Pitts, Rudolph Valentino, Jean Harlow, Norma Shearer, Janet Gaynor, Bebe Daniels, the Talmadge sisters and many others. But of the extras of the microphone generation not one has risen from the cross of crucifixion. Their reward is only a rainbow of the illusion; their resurrection a new rendezvous with death. For them Hollywood is Calvary.

The wise girl of today who wants to break into pictures doesn't come to Hollywood. She goes to Broadway. And there she haunts the theatrical agencies until she gets a bit in a play or a chance to gain some experience in stock.

Either she makes a name for herself

TYPE-SKETCHES of June Knight, the new Universal star, whose picture appeared in the June **NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE**, poured in upon the judges from all parts of the Western Hemisphere. Many of them were excellent, and we regret that more prizes were not offered. As it was, the two prize-winners selected are:

DOROTHY HARDKE, Western Ave., Route 4, Fair Plain, Benton Harbor, Michigan.

C. W. CRUMB, 682 Collingwood Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

The first named will receive a Standard Royal portable typewriter, and the second named will receive a Smith-Corona portable typewriter. These each constitute a first prize.

Awards for the type-sketches selected as the best of Claudette Colbert, made from a photograph that appeared in the July **NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE**, will be announced in the next—the October—issue of this magazine. Watch for them.

Prisoners of Heart-break Town

thus, and is snapped up by some motion picture company, or fortified with this background she takes the gamble of coming to Hollywood on her own. Once here she can get some reliable manager to guide her career. One part, a screen credit, a little publicity and a spark of ability makes the rest easy.

But unless a girl can definitely prove that she has had previous theatrical training, managers aren't interested.

There are three kinds of extra girls. Those who have an income of their own, those who hope and starve, and those who take the easiest way as their only salvation. These are girls who are either ashamed to go back home and admit they are failures, or figure they might as well get everything they can out of life while their beauty is still fresh and their figures desirable.

But most of the others starve. One finds them in restaurants as waitresses, in office buildings running elevators that take them up to hell, selling their services as professional party girls. Frustrated ambitions, still-born success, blasted dreams, rob them eventually of their beauty, their vitality, their very desire to live. All over Hollywood one finds them—Youth in ruins; tragic and forsaken and beautiful, even as the skeleton of ancient Rome must be beautiful.

The successful extra girl earns on an average of about forty to fifty dollars a week during the year. Out of this she must buy clothes that are up to the minute in fashion, pay room rent, feed herself. Sometimes she must also support a family. The girl who works only on an occasional big set, and they are few and far between since the talkies brought intimate stories into vogue, earns less than two hundred dollars a year! Barely enough to put soup in her stomach and keep a roof over her head.

WHERE do these girls live? How do they exist? Prisoners, I've called them—prisoners of hope. But real prisoners are given shelter, even though it be dark, dingy cells—and they are fed every day. Hollywood doesn't even feed its prisoners—and allows them to wander the streets like homeless dogs looking for bones.

Some, who are more fortunate, live in swanky apartments, silks on their backs, shame in their hearts, confusion in their eyes. Others exist in dumpy bungalows, in small rooms with four walls and pull-down beds.

Those that parade the Boulevard when the lights are low, looking for a lift, an invitation to a warm bed, a bite to eat, are the most pathetic. In Hollywood the police don't issue yellow tickets. Hard luck passes them out.

THE Studio Club, founded by Mrs. Cecil DeMille several years ago, has been a God-send to the extra girl. It has given shelter, encouragement and understanding in the storm of struggle to many of these unknown soldiers. It has been a blessed retreat from the battlefields of ambition when the long, hard day of fighting was over.

Its small, cozy little rooms have been littered with the wounded—some for whom there is no recovery—but its

(Please turn to page 98)

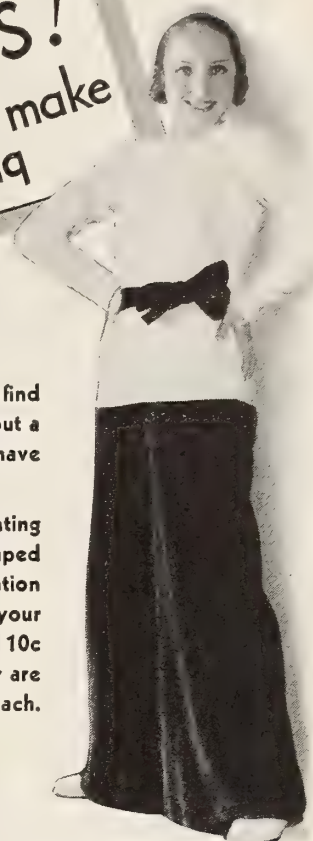
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REMOVES ALL BODY ODORS

Prisoners of Heart-break Town

(Continued from page 97)

triumphs have been many, too, for some of its brave inmates, such as ZaSu Pitts, have gone on to fame and fortune beyond their wildest dreams.

Run on a non-profit basis it is able to give room, food and service as good as any found in the best hotels, for an amount of money within the income of the extra girl who works at least two days a week.

Mrs. Frances Williams, who has been in charge of the club since its inception, treats all the girls as her own children. At present the club supports a hundred girls, but there is a long waiting list. The moment one girl leaves she is immediately replaced with another.

Sometimes some of the girls become so attached to the place that they stay on although they have become successful. But there have been tenants who would not leave even when requested to do so. Girls with uneven morals who are in Hollywood for fun and not for work are not tolerated. There is only room for those who are sincerely and earnestly ambitious.

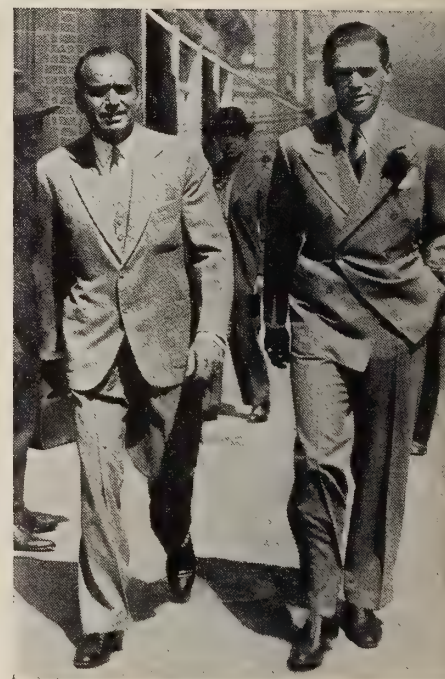
Mrs. Williams will go out of her way every time to help a girl who is making an honest fight. Such girls have been allowed to stay on without paying rent, have been fed and even supplied with small living funds. On the other hand, screen-struck novices have come to live at the club who, though sincere and honorable, are totally unsuited to the demands of a cinematic career, these hopeless dreamers are not encouraged for long. Eventually Mrs. Williams advises them either to seek domestic happiness or to take up some more profitable line of work to which they are more suited. But some are so sure of their eventual recognition as great undiscovered stars that they stubbornly scorn such advice and linger on in penniless persistence.

In its way the Studio Club has as many "problem girls" among its tenants as a school has "problem children." There was one girl who lived under the tragic delusion that she was a great beauty and a second Bernhardt. Even the blunt, cruel truth of her mirror could not convince her that she was in reality an awkward, undeveloped, homely wallflower totally lacking in grace, carriage and knowledge.

Everything was against her but her terrific ambition—and that rivaled Napoleon's. Had she aspired to ZaSu Pitts' roles there might have been some hope for her, but blindly she built up the illusion that she was more exotic than Garbo, more stunning than Swanson, more capable than Shearer.

When at last she became a burden and an expense to the club she was asked to move, but even a cyclone could not have made her budge an inch. Finally Mrs. Williams had to go out and at her expense rent a furnished room to which she had the girl's belongings removed.

When "Greta Garbage" (for that is what the other girls called her) discovered that she had been put out bag and baggage she raised the roof off the house. Her declamations could be heard from the Coast to the Rockies.



Photograph by Wide World

Doug, Sr., and Doug, Jr., strolling on the Lunnun streets. Young Doug returned ahead of his father, on a studio call and also to get back to work on the novel he's writing. He hopes to finish it this Fall. When young Doug was asked what he and his father were going to do abroad, his answer was typical. "Dad," he explained, "always is full of big plans—but we'll probably end up by going to Coney Island."

Reluctantly she went. Before the waning of a new moon, however, she returned, uninvited, and hid herself under beds, in clothes closets, behind screens. Secretly she had kept the key to her old room, and the new occupants would come home to find her hidden somewhere.

Eventually the lock on the door had to be changed. However, with fiendish persistency she would go to the club at late hours, sneak in, and hide herself in any room that happened to be accessible. One night there was a panic, for word spread that she was going to set fire to the place, and was at that moment hidden somewhere in the building; perhaps already making good her threat.

In pandemonium everyone went on the search, wildly trying to find her, thinking that she was out of her head, perhaps mentally unbalanced from starvation and lack of sympathy. When at last seen, the search ended with a mad merry chase on the roof of the building to which she had climbed by means of a fire escape.

Soon afterward she was sent back to her home town by contributions from the other girls, and she is said shortly afterward to have committed suicide. Of such fabrics is the tapestry of Hollywood woven.

THE favorite eating place of the extra girls who have only small change in their purses, is Simon's on

Prisoners of Heart-break Town

the Boulevard, which somehow, with its white tile front, resembles some of the cheap automats on Sixth Avenue under the "L" in New York.

The place is open twenty-four hours, and one can get a fairly good meal for a quarter—or, at least, coffee and doughnuts for a dime. On cold winter nights it often shelters many of the extra people who are out of work with no place to sleep.

Flotsam and jetsam rub shoulders. Derelicts sip coffee with declassé ladies. Tough girls discuss the return of prosperity with gentlemen who boast English accents. Out here they sometimes call it "The Brown Derby of the Extras."

There is a new type of extra player on the horizon, according to Dave Allen, head of Central Casting. The demands of the talking screen have slowly been creating this new entity. As in all evolution, the price of growth demands a heavy toll. When the new, advanced extra has been perfected it will mean the casting aside of thousands of atmospheric players who, outside of drawing a day's pay, have no interest whatsoever in creating anything, and no ambition to learn.

THE extra of the near future will not only be able to speak lines with intelligence, but will know something of screen technique and will have at least a working knowledge of the mechanism of motion picture production. As in the silent days, the producers will once more look forth to the extra ranks for new talent to advance to featured roles and stardom.

"In fact," states Mr. Allen, "the day is already at hand." Sol Wurtzel of the Fox studio, for example, is giving some extra girl or boy a part in each new picture that he will produce in the future. The roles will not be large, but if the lucky ones selected show promise they will be put under contract for larger parts.

Four girls have already been selected by Mr. Wurtzel to begin the experiment. These girls—Julie Carter, Elsie Larsen, Lucille Porcet, and Anita Thompson—will shortly play their first credited roles; and will be given every chance to step permanently out of the extra ranks.

Yet in Hollywood there is no guarantee of success, no formula for "clicking," as they call it. Miracles happen every day, and the unexpected success is almost the general rule.

(Please turn to page 100)

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Prisoners of Heart-break Town

(Continued from page 99)

What if these girls should fail? What if they should have to go back to that long, endless extra line after a taste of glory and recognition? It happens every day in Heart-break Town. The extra sets are full of ex-stars, ex-directors and the debris of once brilliant careers.

THE return to popularity of musical pictures means a new deal for the extra girl too, declares Mr. Allen. Such major studios as Paramount, United Artists and Warner Brothers are signing dozens of girls to contracts to use in future pictures.

Sam Goldwyn, who made The Goldwyn Girls a household word in Eddie Cantor's last two pictures, "Palmy Days" and "The Kid from Spain," will repeat again with a new group in Cantor's forthcoming travesty on the Roman Empire.

In the last group of Goldwyn Girls was Paulette Goddard, a stunning beauty who is to be Charlie Chaplin's new leading lady in his next picture, and it is whispered his next bride, as well.

AT Paramount girls who can sing and dance, besides look beautiful, are being given a big play, too. Demure, dark-eyed Jenny Gray, who was one of the girls in the screen chorus of "International House," was recently given a screen test by Cecil DeMille for the lead in his new picture of youth, "This Day and Age." Although the executives were pleased with her test she didn't quite make the grade—but her test is being shown to other directors, and she is assured of a part in some other picture.

In the chorus of "International House" were two other attractive beauties who are to be given better opportunities. Little Althea Henley was selected out of the line by the director for special close-ups. Now Paramount is said to be interested in her as a contract prospect.

Ruth Romaine, the other girl, is a luscious blonde picked out of the cellophane chorus by Peggy Hopkins Joyce as the most promising extra girl in Hollywood. Under Miss Joyce's guidance she has had a special test made that will show her possibilities to every executive and director on the lot.

Interesting to note that in the lineup of chorus girls in "International House" are two girls who were once well-known child players in silent pictures. Peaches Jackson and Mary Jane Irving once earned several hundred dollars a week, and now they are content to make their seven and a half to ten dollars a day, hoping that opportunity will come again to give them a chance to express the talents inherited from their childhood. Miss Jackson is said to live comfortably with a family that is well fixed, but little Miss Irving supports a crippled mother.

MARY JANE SLONE is Paramount's favored extra girl. She has appeared in dozens of their pictures; her beautiful face lost in a sea of other faces; her lovely figure a mere

ornamental asset in a crowded monument of beauty.

Toby Wing, Dorothy Shaw and Elsie Larson have crashed the gates to fame in different and interesting ways. Miss Wing has appeared in the chorus of every musical picture Warner Brothers have ever made. Now she has her reward. Out of all the chorines you saw in "42nd Street" and "Gold Diggers of 1933," she alone has won a contract, and will soon play her first featured role.

Dorothy Shaw came from a Hollywood bakery and Elsie Larsen from the Beverly Hills Brown Derby. Miss Shaw, who is neither beautiful nor slender, came from Canada to break into pictures, but ended up selling cakes because Central Casting wouldn't even register her.

When Fox sent out a call for tall girls to play Amazon women in "The Warrior's Husband," she applied, and won the role of one of the Queen's Guard because of her exceptional height. Not only did she get a larger salary but a chance to speak lines as well. Now she has offers from several comedy producers. But if it doesn't work out, she says there is always the bakery.

Elsie Larsen, one of the girls picked by Sol Wurzel to play in Fox pictures, was waiting on tables to earn bread



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Bert Longworth

Lucien Hubbard, film executive, and Eleanor Holm, swimming champion. Eleanor is one of the finest and most popular girls in Hollywood. She has announced her engagement to Art Jarrett. Mr. Hubbard is pretending to be looking to the heights to which Eleanor will rise.

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SEM-PRAY

Prisoners of Heart-break Town

and butter after a desperate attempt to keep body and soul together by working in pictures. A director saw her at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby and recommended her to Wurtzel, who put her under contract. Now she has put her tray away—but she still knows where to find it in case of a rainy day.

ONE of the strangest fates in Hollywood belongs to Jeraldine Dvorak, an extra girl who became famous because of her amazing resemblance to Garbo. You would think that such good fortune would lead to unusual opportunities in a city where Garbo imitators are as numerous as flies, but the resemblance is too startling, the likeness too perfect to give Miss Dvorak any distinction.

The nearest she has got to stardom is as a stand-in for Garbo. Now, strangely enough, she is playing Garbo in a burlesque version of "Grand Hotel," being made by an independent company in New York. I wonder if this will be her first and last part.

Marie Cooper is probably one of the most successful extra girls on the coast. For years she has been making a good living at it. Once the famous cigarette girl of the Montmartre when it was Hollywood's elite meeting place of the stars, she made the acquaintance of every important director, executive and star in the business. Offers came to her every day to play in pictures.

At first she was reluctant to give up her position for an uncertain future, but when the cafe closed she succumbed, hoping that she would soon be a star. Years have gone by—and she is still an extra; albeit one of the most expensive. Just why she hasn't made the grade no one seems to know. People just shrug their shoulders and say, "One of those things!"

EVERY year thousands of new extras come to Hollywood while only a few hundred give up the ghost and retreat to greener pastures. The demand is slowly becoming smaller while the supply grows alarmingly larger. Lately the local chamber of commerce has been sending out literature discouraging the screen aspirant who cannot come to Hollywood with at least five thousand dollars in capital.

But what are warnings to hearts that are longing for fame and wealth and applause? What does hunger mean to ambitious youth?

Out of courage they say greatness is born. In the womb of pain lies genius. What of the courage of the poor extra whose only reward seems to be oblivion; whose pains are such habit that they are no longer pains? Theirs is a Hall of Fame of invisible shadows where their names are written in sands of failure, erased eventually by the winds of a tomorrow that must make way for those thousands upon thousands of boys and girls who will be coming to Hollywood in the future.

Why will they come? Why do they stay? How can they embrace failure with such complete resignation when they might have found success somewhere else? The late Wilson Mizner summed it all up when he called it "the persistency of the uninspired." He forgot to say that hope is stronger than memory.

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It's triple sifted
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Yet I Used to Suffer Agonies!
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IT'S NEW AND DIFFERENT!

Your friends will rave about it! No more fumbling in your bag! There's always change at your finger tip for bus, carfare or phone! Comes in 6 attractive colors with handsome jewel to match your bag, or clothes: black, brown, blue, white, red and silver. Just pin a Dollar Bill to this advertisement and mail TODAY, mentioning color wanted. **AGENTS WANTED!** Sell your friends and make money doing it! **CHANGETTE, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., Dept. 917, New York, N. Y.**

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Quick, lasting relief now, for sore, calloused, tender feet. Velvet-soft moleskin, treated with KINOX adhesive medication ends pain of Callouses and corns soon as applied. Hard growths are gently absorbed. Antiseptic; cannot harm healthy tissue. Liberal 10c size sold in many WOOLWORTH STORES; or we will send 25c drug-store size or big wide family-size \$1 spool postpaid. Money cheerfully returned if not delighted with quick, permanent relief.

KINOX CO., Inc., Dept. W, Rutland, Vermont

Radio Rambles

(Continued from page 47)

Going about in company like that, you can guess how my Winnie felt, not having even a chance for a letter of protest from the radio fans.

Out in Chicago last month, she says to me, "Jack, it's okay for you, being a Baron the way you are, even if I do tell you you're not so funny some times, at least you've got a bigger title than any of the rest of these radio comedians. But tell me this: They've all got their wives on the air with them. Now, where do I come in on this radio racket?"

WELL, sir, I started thinking fast for an answer, and about two days later while I was still cogitating, my train of thought was suddenly wrecked by the ringing of the telephone. "Just a minute, honey," I says to Winnie. "I can't think while the telephone is ringing that way."

Well, who should be on the phone but the director of Station WJJD, Chicago. He wanted to put me on for an air interview. I knew I couldn't go on for him on account of my contract.

I started thinking fast again. Spots were floating before my vision, my eyes got glassy, my knees began to sag, my arches were falling. Here I was in Chicago, surrounded by a Century of Progress, and yet I could feel myself slipping.

I could hear the roar of the crowds. They were shouting for a kill. I started to lead with my right and just then—I was struck with a bright idea. Why not have them interview my honey—my Winnie—my Pearl?

The station director said, "Okay." I said, "Let's go, Chicago." And that's how Winnie went on the air.

NOW, Mrs. Jack Pearl can hold her head up with the rest. In fact, I am just waiting for her to get together with Gracie Allen and Sadye (that's her real name) Benny, and hear her hand them the real low-down on microphone technique.

The Bennys, George Burns, plus Gracie Allen and we two Pearls are, all six of us, always sticking around together. It's a case of, "If you don't come to my house, I'll go to yours."

Our three better halves—Gracie, Sadye and Winnie—are inseparable. They never get tired of talking about their clothes. Just to get even with them, George Burns, Jack Benny and I got dressed up in some old lampshades and paraded around the parlor the other night, giving imitations of what their conversation sounded like to us. We didn't get far, though.

"So," says one of the girls, about to let fly with a telephone book, "you think you got our numbers."

LAST winter, the Bennys, George and Gracie, and Winnie and I all went to Miami. When we got there we all joined forces with Eddie and Ida Cantor, to make it a double quartet. It was one swell arrangement. At last the women had a fourth at bridge, and we had a foursome for golf or pinochle.

The Cantors had a room next to ours, and thereby hangs a tale. The walls were rather thin. After a hard day of golf and swimming, we all turned in, the first night, dog tired. Now, tired people will sometimes snore, and judging from Ida's obligato after

she fell asleep, she must have been the tiredest of the lot.

We could hear Eddie, as he lay awake, snapping his fingers at her, wheedling and cajoling, in an effort to get her to stop. Every now and then Ida Cantor would quit for a while, but as soon as Eddie stopped snapping his fingers, she'd be at it again.

Finally, there came a knock at our door. There stood Eddie. "I can't take it," he pleaded. "Let me come in and sleep here, any place! I got to have a new deal!"

Winnie's a good sport, and the pathetic look on Eddie's face was too much for her. She agreed to Eddie's idea for a new deal, and she swapped bedrooms with Eddie. Strangely enough, Ida snored no more for the balance of the night.

CANTOR is a great mimic, and his idea of a good time was to call Mrs. Pearl on the phone and imitate my voice. The first time, he had Winnie completely fooled. He told her that I had to leave for a broadcast in Newfoundland at once by plane. Winnie was completely taken in until Eddie, still impersonating me, said:

"Honey, now don't forget. Please send my toothbrush immediately, by air mail."

ANOTHER swell couple—and again I'm talking about a radio performer who follows in her husband's footsteps on the microphone—is George Olsen and his better half, Ethel Shutta. They have been married seven years and they still neck in public. Two sweeter people do not exist. Are you reading, George and Ethel?

PAUL WHITEMAN, the Boswell sisters, Burns and Allen and I had a great time on our tour through the Middle West and South, recently. The first thing Paul and I did on reaching a new town was to send out scouts to find the local golf course and get out the old plus fours.

Paul adhered to his diet for as long as Margaret Livingston, Mrs. Whiteman, was on the road with us.

However, Margaret had to go back to the Coast for picture work, and then Paul's fun began. The first night he managed three or four bowls of chili con carne and a dozen bottles of beer, and the next day he was one pathetic combination of remorse and indigestion.

WELL, I'll be back on the air with you next month. They've got me out here in Hollywood, making a picture with Jimmy Durante. "The shooting" is taking longer than we thought. Schnozzle has us in hysterics with his mugging and wise-cracks. I had a line to read the other day which went:

"They threw me overboard without a stitch of clothing on."

When I came to this, during rehearsal, I saw a calculating light in Schnozzle's nose—I mean, eye. The director called for action, and the camera men began to shoot. I came to the line. Then Jimmy broke up the scene—"Vas You Bare, Sharlie?"

So long till October, when yours truly and the Federal Radio Commission again renew our long-standing friendship.

JACK PEARL.

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OR
JUST A
HOUSE?



There's a world of difference between a *Home* and a *House*. One, the warm, delightful place that draws friends to it. The other . . . rooms with furniture. And what you spend has little to do with it! It's all a matter of knowing how to get the right effect.

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For Further Details
About Beautifying
Your Home
ADDRESS

HOME EDITOR
TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.,
55 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Hollywood Night by Night

(Continued from page 62)

Helen Hayes' mother was present, and Helen declared that her mother was always saying witty things and then crediting her, Helen, with them. Eddie Robinson got tired of playing poker and joined us.

"What is it about fatherhood?" we demanded to know. "You look perfectly wonderful."

"And," we told Herbert Corthell, "you used to be comedy, with all that fat. Now you're romance!"

His wife confided to us that she made him take steps to get thin, and it certainly is a wonderful improvement. She herself is beautiful. She is Marion Alta, noted concert singer, in professional life, and may do some picture work in the musicals as well as some concert work.

"Though I thought I meant to retire when I was married," she laughed.

Supper was served at little tete-a-tete tables. It consisted of salads, together with cold roast turkey and ham, followed by a dessert of cake and ice-cream. A particularly delicious dish was made of eggs stuffed with salmon salad.

I chatted after dinner with Mrs. Frank Craven, who is more of a humorist, off-stage, than her husband. She said that "most of the youth of today hardens my arteries!" She and Antonio Moreno are old friends. He knelt gallantly at her feet, as she told me how, in the New York Vitagraph days, girls used to come to her begging to be introduced to Tony.

(Please turn to page 104)

SCHOOL DAY DIETS

School days will soon be here again and with them thoughts of renewed interest in children's diet. So this month's circulars have been written to give you the best possible help in planning and preparing proper meals for your children. Here are the subjects:

1. Nursery and Kindergarten Menus
2. Diets for Grammar School Age
3. High School Diet
4. School Box Lunches
5. Breakfast Menus
6. Dinner Menus
7. Lunch and Supper Menus
8. Favorite Dishes of Hollywood School Children

If you would like copies of these circulars send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Remember they are printed on loose leaves, so that you can keep them in a loose-leaf binder.

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"You have solved the true mysteries of Charm. People who will follow your advice will have charm and enjoy its mystic powers."

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Just what impression do you make? Grade yourself with Margery Wilson's "Charm-Test". This interesting self-analysis chart will be sent on request, with the booklet, "The Smart Point of View"—to acquaint you with the effectiveness of Margery Wilson's personalized training by correspondence. In your own home, under the sympathetic guidance of this distinguished teacher, you learn exquisite self-expression—how to walk, talk, how to project your personality effectively—to enhance your appeal. Margery Wilson makes tangible the elusive elements of Charm and gives you poise, conversational ease, charming manners, finish, grace—the smart point of view.

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BUT SHE PAYS ONLY 50c FOR HER FACE-POWDER

MONEY doesn't mean much to her, but her face surely does! That's why she entrusts her precious complexion to Luxor. It brings her skin a smooth, perfect texture (for Luxor is silk-sifted). It brings her lovely fragrance (for Luxor is scented with La Richesse, the same perfume for which she pays \$16 the ounce). And it brings her a new bloom of beauty, because among its many subtle shades she finds the exact complement to her natural coloring! You, too, can achieve radiance with this perfected face-powder. Discover it for yourself . . . at your favorite beauty counter.

**Luxor Complexion
POWDER**

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I'd like a generous trial package of Luxor Powder and Rouge.
Enclosed is ten cents to help cover mailing costs.
Check Powder: Rose Rachel _____ Rachel _____ Flesh _____
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"Here is the SECRET"

says
Mary Brian



BEAUTIFY YOUR HANDS THE MOON GLOW WAY

You may now have a different color nail polish to harmonize with each ensemble. MOON GLOW Nail Polish—the new Hollywood favorite—comes in five shades: Natural, Medium, Rose, Carmine and Platinum Pearl... to harmonize with each costume. You will be delighted with the smartness of your hands when cared for the MOON GLOW way. So why not keep all five shades on your shelf? If you paid \$1 you couldn't get finer nail polish. So ask your favorite department or drug store today for the complete set of five MOON GLOW shades—in two sizes, 10c and 25c a bottle. If they cannot supply you, fill in the coupon below and mail today.

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Gentlemen: Please send me special introductory pkg. of MOON GLOW. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. () Natural () Medium () Rose () Carmine () Platinum Pearl.

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Hollywood Night by Night

(Continued from page 103)

"All right," I'd say. "Stop heaving, and I'll bring Tony!"

As the guests mellowed with the evening, there was some wonderful entertainment. Joe Cawthorne announced that the Prickly Heat Trio would sing! Whereupon he, Donald Brian and Bobby North warbled some comic songs, after which Donald Brian sang and danced.

SHOWERS spoiled Frank Lloyd's garden party, so far as the garden part was concerned. But nothing could really spoil a Lloyd party.

Out there on the big Lloyd ranch, where the crowds had gathered for swimming, tennis and pole ball, the rain drove down in sheets, and we all ran for indoors, in the large, homey rooms of the beautiful Colonial mansion which is the Lloyd's country home.

There we sat and chatted in the library and drawing room, or played indoor games, the most amusing of which was "Playing the Ponies."

Nancy Carroll and her husband, Bolton Mallory, were playing with Leslie Howard, Mrs. Leon Gordon and Wallace Beery. Nancy grew quite excited, but was a long time winning. She finally did, though.

Nancy told us about bicycle riding.

"I can get on," she explained. "Then I stay on until I fall off!"

Wallace Beery and Leon Gordon had played pole ball until it began to pour rain; then they were forced indoors. Pole ball is played with tennis rackets, with which a ball on the end of a two-yard rope fastened to an eight-foot pole in the ground, is batted back and forth. Sounds very easy, but it isn't.

Frank Lloyd has a sort of family album that is a never-failing source of amusement. It is an assemblage of old stills, taken, some of them, as many as twenty years ago. These show old actors, old settings, old costumes. Occasionally, though, one pauses a little sadly in the midst of the amusement, as he reflects on the fate of the stars of other days. Some of them, to be sure, are still reigning, but how few! The others are retired, some with money, but most of them without, and some have passed away.

Many of them show Frank Lloyd as a young actor. And he doesn't care how much you laugh at him!

Chatting with Mrs. Wallace Beery, who is beautiful, as you probably know, we find her to be one of the most womanly women of the whole film colony. It is her children—and adopted children at that—who absorb her whole life. She wants to adopt another now!

"I want to have a baby in our home always," she said.

"We wouldn't mind raising six."

Mrs. Leslie Howard came and showed us where Leslie had upset some lemonade on her dress.

"You just make him do the washing of it!" exclaimed Nancy Carroll.

Sports clothes were most in evidence. Nancy Carroll, for one, wore a bright blue knit sports suit with a fetching little hat to match.

"**S**OOCIETY and picture folk really do mix more and more," remarked Joan Crawford, who, with Franchot Tone, had arrived at the house-warming Sunday afternoon party which Kay Hammond, of stage and screen, was



Photo by Wide World

Remember our telling you about the mask Richard Cromwell made of Joan Crawford? Well, just to prove it, here it is. He pasted the eyebrows on and used string for the hair, coloring it with orange-colored shellac and then curling it.

giving in her cosy new English home in Westwood.

Miss Hammond—in private life Mrs. Henry Wetherby—was a society girl before going on the stage, and has among her friends the elite of Los Angeles. So we met many charming social lights that day.

But we met our picture friends, too.

James Gleason and Mrs. Gleason were among those present, and there were Laura Hope Crews, Tala Birell, Anna Q. Nilsson, Alan Mowbray and Mrs. Mowbray, Tom Moore and his wife, Agnes Christine Johnston and Frank Dazey, Dorothy Phillips (do you remember her as a picture star?) and others.

Joan Crawford spent most of her time with little Bruce Barrett Wetherby, Kay's two-year-old baby. He calls her "Aunt Joan," and proudly showed her his new bedroom, made like a ship's cabin.

Mrs. Tom Moore told us how Tom, just after their baby was born, came home with what he said was a birth present for the youngster.

"It turned out to be," she said, "a huge stick of striped candy!"

She said that her mother took a friend to the hospital, a couple of weeks after its birth, to see the infant.

"But my baby was crying so hard—just yelling at the top of its lungs—that mother was ashamed to acknowledge it," said Mrs. Moore. "So she pointed out another infant, a sweetly smiling little cherub. 'Oh, no, that isn't Tom's baby,' said the knowing friend. 'That baby that is howling is his!'"

Agnes, who is a scenario writer, and who has three little children, said, "No, I'm not having any baby just now. Wish I were—it's easier than having a scenario!"

Dorothy Phillips says that her

Hollywood Night by Night

daughter, Gwendolyn, will probably become an actress. She wants to be one.

Tala Birell told us that she is living at the beach, and that she loves it there, for she adores the sea.

"It lets you know how insignificant are the things of this life," she said.

Wherever Jim Gleason is, there is talk of horses, and Jim told us of a polo pony he owns, which is twenty-four years old, and which he has put to pasture for good.

Jim said he might have helped win the last polo game he played only Will Rogers broke him up. "Here comes Jim on his Holstein!" Will yelled.

Sandwiches and beer were the refreshments. But Jim Gleason and your writer weren't drinking beer, so Jim promised to "make contact for coffee," which he did.

Our hostess was lovely in a sea green organdy, with surplice effect bodice and rather wide skirt.

Joan Crawford wore a black organdy, tight-fitting as to bodice, narrow skirt, and a black cloche of organdy. Her gloves were black gauntleted organdy.

ARTISTS, writers, actors, society folk—we found them all gathered at the party given by Drexel Biddle Steele, millionaire playboy, dilettante, artist and writer, at his penthouse apartment in Los Angeles.

The tea was in honor of Peggy Hopkins Joyce, and Peggy was radiant in a fancy sports suit of white silk with small hat to match.

Peggy said she was going out with different men all the time, because she didn't want to get attached to any certain one!

She said that Josef Von Sternberg was the most brilliant man she had ever met. But she did hope she had influenced him to have a different kind of hair-cut!

Some of those present were: Alice White, Colleen Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Atwill, Betty Kendall, Messmore Kendall's daughter, Don Blanding, the Hawaiian poet; Dario Rappaport, noted portrait painter; Polan Banks, novelist; Eliot Haskell, well-known young civil engineer; Elsie Janis and Gilbert Wilson, Mrs. Edith Shearer, Norma's mother; John Roche, Mrs. William McAdoo, Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli, Theda Bara, Nina Quartero, Jack Quartero, formerly a writer for Ufa; Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lukas, Marcelle Edwards, Mae Clarke, May Christie, novelist; Anna Nilsson.

Mrs. Shearer told us how, when tiny Irving Thalberg, Jr., found out that little Mary MacArthur, Helen Hayes' little girl, was going abroad with the party, he had told her in glee, "Oh, Edie," (of course she doesn't let him call her grandma)—"Oh, Edie, my girl-friend is going along with us!"

Now that's early, even for Hollywood!

Jack Quartero told us that when he was studying medicine in New York, and Norma Shearer was a mere extra, she had sprained her ankle in the Grand Central station. He, happening along at the moment, carried her to a taxi and took her to his office, where he fixed up the injured member.

Imagine Norma spraining her ankle now in the Grand Central Station! What a crowd would gather! How many hands would offer aid!

SUNNY Southern California disproved its name once more when Ida Koverman gave her party, which was intended to be a garden party, but which unseasonable rain turned into a drawing-room affair. Mrs. Koverman is a power at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, and many notables attended her parties.

Jean Harlow was one of the guests. She and her pretty mother took me. She was beautiful in a soft blue gown, with a white hat, a sports outfit. Robert Montgomery was there, too, with his wife, and Eric von Stroheim and Mrs. von Stroheim, Director Norman Taurog, Julia Faye, who came with Arthur Menken, cameraman and director of travel pictures; Jose Crespo, Robert Vignola, Bradley King, Marvin Maazell and his wife, and others.

COSTUME parties are coming back into vogue. Countess di Frasso gave a delightful one. It was called an English party, and guests were supposed to come clad as some character in English history, but some of them disappointed their hostess and arrived "as is."

Lilyan Tashman was Queen Victoria. Claudette Colbert wore white tulle and gardenias. She said she had no name. Jack Oakie wore a white sweater with the words "Lipton's Tea" scrawled over front and back.

ALICE BRADY was hostess at a tea, at which everybody taking cold drinks was furnished with a pair of mittens, that his or her hands might not become chilled!

Kay Francis was there with her husband, Kenneth MacKenna, and there were Grace LaRue and Hale Hamilton, and David Burton and Helen Vinson, besides a number of society folk.

RICHARD CROMWELL and a girl friend thought they'd do something different the other night. So they went slumming on Main Street in Los Angeles, visiting all the funny side shows down there.

At one place they found a man selling post cards. Richard decided he could sell more of them than the regular merchant, so he asked the man to let him do the ballyhooing. The man consented, and Richard really did top the other's sales. Then somebody recognized him, and he had to buy a lot of cards himself and autograph them for bystanders!

MIRIAM HOPKINS and King Vidor play tennis everyday. . . . Joan Crawford is seen much in the company of Franchot Tone. . . . Anita Louise and Tom Brown go about together all the time. Anita brought Tom a handsome silver cigarette case from New York. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow are still beaving. . . . Mervyn Leroy escorts Marie Dressler to openings. . . . And Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien are again seen a lot together. . . . Dorothy Lee and Nick Stuart dance together a lot.

. . . And, of course, you know that Carl Laemmle, Jr., and Eleanor Holm are oft seen together. . . . Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers keep up their palship. . . . Gossip is trying to make up a romance for Gary Cooper and Judith Allen.

How JOAN got her "MOVIE EYES"



Have the Witching Eyes of the Movie Stars Tonight

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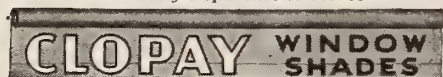
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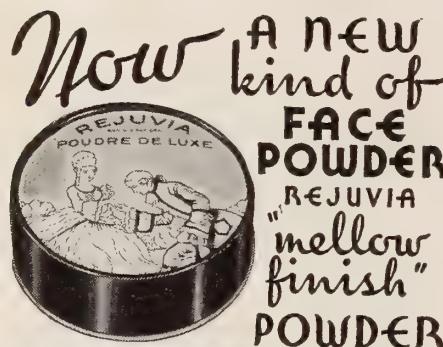
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Why Do Movies Cost So Much

(Continued from page 53)

him down to a mere pittance of \$750 a week. Or we thought we had.

But what happened? His agent got busy. He tore around to other studios and told them this man was not satisfied with the money we were paying him. He wanted \$2,000 a week.

The other company negotiated and made a smart deal. It agreed to pay him not \$2,000 a week but only \$1,750. It figured it had saved the difference by smart trading.

The net result was that the man we tried to cut from \$1,000 to \$750 a week wound up by getting exactly \$750 more than we ever paid him in boom times. And all of this happened during the very midst of the depression.

Hot stuff, isn't it?

Of course it isn't as bad as it sounds. Nothing ever is in the movie business. The truth is that the other company needed him more than we did. They needed him \$1,750 worth and we didn't. Not every week, anyhow.

Multiply that by scores of similar cases and you have some more reasons for the high cost of movies.

Maybe you say, "Why doesn't Will Hays, the czar, step in and stop this nonsense?"

Bless your heart, Will Hays is not a czar. That's just a newspaper headline title. He has no power to interfere in such affairs and certainly he hasn't as much power as the Sherman law has.

The Sherman law says we can't get together and stop this ruinous overpaying. Will Hays can't upset that. Nobody can upset it, because there isn't a senator or a congressman who would have the political nerve even to try to repeal the law that is strangling many a business in the land of the free. He would sound his political doom if he did, because the folks at home would swear that he had been taken over, body, soul and breeches, by the Big Business interests.

Let's talk about something more disagreeable about the moving picture business.

MAYBE you never noticed it, but the moving picture people have steered a very careful course between the wets and the dries. The screen has been amazingly free of propaganda for either side.

But that's not because both wets and dries haven't tried to use the screen.

We dope it out that you pay us to entertain you and nothing else. When you plunk down your money at the box office of a movie house, you are paying for entertainment. So we feel we would be simply crazy to try to teach you anything, jam anything down your throat, preach at you, educate you or propagandize you.

But get this:

The other day a dry leader dropped in at our home office and complained to the boss that we were using too many drinking scenes in our pictures.

"You are helping the wets," he said. "You are making the people drink-conscious. You are flouting the law. You show people drinking in their homes. You show people drinking in speakeasies. It's drink, drink, drink everywhere. We would like to know just exactly how the wets have suc-

ceeded in subsidizing you."

That's a pretty dirty crack. The boss should have tossed him out of the window, but you can't do that. You've got to reason with them when they get that way.

"Well," said the boss, "we have not been subsidized by anybody, wet or dry, black or white, Republican or Democrat. We are here to entertain. That's all. We try to show life as it is. If we show people drinking in their homes, it's because you and everybody else knows they do drink in their homes. The same goes for speakeasies. Everybody knows they exist. Our stories picture life as it is. At least that's what we try to have them do."

"Nonsense!" nonsensed the dry leader. "You can very easily select stories which have no drinking scenes of any kind."

Just like that!

The man who never bought a story in his life, who never struggled to discover new entertainment for the millions, tells us we can pick lily-white stories right out of the thin air.

But the boss was not very much disturbed.

"Mr. Goofus," he said, "a number of years ago a lawyer representing the distillers called on me. This was before the prohibition law was enacted. He told me exactly what you have said, only with reverse English. He said we were showing too many drinking scenes. He told me that these drinking scenes in our pictures would disgust the public and help the dries. He said that if we did not stop showing so many drinking scenes, his organization would stir up censorship laws against movies in every state in the union."

"And what did you say to him?" queried the dry leader, just as though he had been rehearsed into asking this joyous question.

"I told him to go to hell," replied the



Helen Vinson and William Powell doing a bit of special posing for The New Movie Magazine's photographer.

Why Do Movies Cost So Much

boss in his own emphatic manner. There was a protracted silence. Victory! The dry leader was convinced. He saw the point. He realized that drinking scenes are as bad for the wets as for the drys. At least, that's the way it should have turned out, but this is not a happy ending.

Instead: "Just the same," spoke the dry leader, "I think you should omit all further drinking scenes from your pictures."

Right here I would like to say that the boss told him to go to hell, just as he had told the wet lawyer, but I told you this was not a happy ending. The boss simply said, "I am sorry I have not been able to convince you that we are here to make pictures, not propaganda, not to inject anything but entertainment in our pictures and not to omit anything which adds to the naturalness of the story."

You don't appreciate the purity of your movies, friends.

I don't mean the kind of purity you think I mean. What I mean is, you don't realize how we have to resist the pressure that is put on us to jam propaganda, or even advertising, down your throats.

THERE was a very short time when one or two picture companies thought they could make extra money by sneaking a little advertising into their pictures. They did it cleverly. Now and then, quite naturally, in an outdoor scene they showed a billboard advertising somebody's breakfast fodder—and they got paid for it. You saw it and you didn't even realize that it was paid for on the side.

But it raised the devil with all of us. For instance:

Once we made a romantic picture in which one of the very important scenes was an elopement. The handsome young leading man was *nux vomica* with his sweetheart's family; or maybe that is not just the right French term, but you know what I mean. They didn't like him. He didn't have the class. She was a rich gal and he was a helper in a garage or something like that.

Anyhow, the only way he could get the gal was by borrowing an automobile and driving her away from here with him.

So he borrowed one from the garage. The girl got in it after climbing down from her bedroom, and away they went.

It was a swell ending to a story full of suspense. The movie fans loved it. The women cried over it. The critics didn't like it, so it must have been pretty good.

Well, to give it a good kick at the very last scene, the hero drove the automobile right up to the camera and the final scenes showed him kissing the face off of the girl.

But we made a ghastly mistake, which you never even thought about as you clapped your hands.

We drove the car so close to the camera that you could see it was a Packard or a Buick or a Pierce or a Rolls or whatever it was. I forget. But the shape of the hood showed what make of car it was. It had no bearing on the story, of course.

But a committee of theater owners called on us.

"We want a rebate on the price we paid you for that picture," they squawked, "because it is an advertising picture."

"Advertising picture, my eye!" cried our sales manager, who gives rebates as gladly as you give up your right eye. "What are you driving at?"

"We know you got paid on the side for showing that make of car in the final close-up and we don't propose to run advertising on our screens—unless we get part of it," said the committee's spokesman.

The argument lasted for hours. To this day the theater men think they were gypped. I give you my word of honor we never got paid for advertising the car.

But it taught us a lesson.

AS a result, when we show a grocery scene today, we fill the shelves with phoney cans. We don't show an advertised line of beans or ketchup or coffee. We make up fake names.

Even this brought up a funny situation.

Once we had a drug store scene and our fake bottles were labeled "Snap," this being the supposed name of the drink in the bottles.

It cost us something to make up the labels and rig up the dummy bottles, so we used them quite often in drug store scenes, grocery scenes or other scenes where bottled goods might be displayed.

There wasn't any such drink on the market. One of our men simply coined the name.

Yes, you're so darned smart, you've guessed what happened. You're right. People began to ask for "Snap" in drug stores and grocery stores. They thought their dealer was behind the times when he said he never heard of it. They told him they knew there was such a drink because they had even seen it in the movies.

Do you know I've always thought we overlooked a great bet. I think we should have gone to some soft drink maker and sold him the right to use the name "Snap" and the labels and everything. He would have had a ready-made market and a free advertising campaign.

Instead we threw the "Snap" dummy bottles away, because a man who owned a movie theater complained that we were being paid to advertise "Snap." We couldn't fool him, by gosh. He had seen the name on many of our pictures and he knew we were paid to advertise the darned thing.

WE'VE got to walk a tight rope constructed by all the fanatics of the world put together. We can't make one misstep. We've got to satisfy every nut who has a strangle-hold on the tight rope. Let us show one scene in one picture which raises the hackles on even one fanatical nut hanging onto the rope, and he can jiggle it and throw us to dear old Mama Earth.

It costs money to walk this kind of tight rope. It costs money to re-write and re-photograph every scene which might offend one sensitive soul of those 120,000,000 souls in these here United States, to say nothing of the rest of the world. It costs money to obey the Sherman law. It costs money to keep stars satisfied.

It costs money to make movies!



She Saved my SOLE..for 1¢

Fix the HEEL for 1¢

Do it at Home and Save Money

"What! Spend \$1.00 to \$2.00 to repair those old shoes?" my wife cried. "Didn't you ever hear of So-Lo?"

"and with that she got out a can of So-Lo. She spread on some So-Lo from the can, right over the worn spot... about a penny's worth! So-Lo dried overnight and it's now wearing better than ordinary leather!"

... She saved my sole for 1¢!

Do you wish you had more money? Then save *now* with So-Lo. Get a So-Lo kit today. It's EASY to apply. And it's GUARANTEED. Over 2 million people all over the country use So-Lo regularly.

School shoes? Dress shoes? Work shoes? Why give your money to the repair shop? Buy new clothes with the money you save.

So-Lo also repairs cuts in auto tires, auto tops, hot water bottles—anything of rubber, leather, or cloth. Don't forget. Try a So-Lo kit today!

Tear out this ad and take to Woolworth's or any other 5 & 10¢ store, or at your neighborhood hardware or general store. If your dealer hasn't So-Lo, he can get it for you through his jobber.

So-Lo

World's Lowest Priced Shoe Repair

If You're Giving A Party

... you want to be sure of the success of your refreshments. "Refreshment Menus", a 10c circular, gives you new ideas about menus and appetizing recipes... about games and card parties. Send 10¢ for your copy to Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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SUN and surf are fine for your health. But *not* so fine for your skin!

The blistering rays parch the sensitive tissues. Water washes away the skin's natural oils—leaves your complexion dry, dull and lifeless. Don't let this happen! OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder is your protection. Its marvelous Olive Oil base keeps your skin soft, pliant and fine of texture. OUTDOOR GIRL is light and fluffy, yet it clings for hours.

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Zino-pads**
Put one on—the pain is gone!

The People's Academy

(Continued from page 67)

shame. Besides all that, he is an excellent actor, as all his performances, especially "The Last Flight" and "The Mummy," showed. One of my biggest reasons for liking him so much, however, is the fact that there is never a lot of crude sex stuff in his shows that characterizes so many of the movies of today. More power to you, David!—Miss Jean Randolph, 311 West Main Street, Earlington, Kentucky.

Let's Have a Change: What are the movies coming to? The pictures are getting terrible. Too dramatic. And why not leave sex alone for a while? Clark Gable is good, but he's getting too dramatic. Why not get some good pictures like "Strange Interlude"? Get something different, interesting, unusual, with a lot of contrast between hero and heroine. The younger generation likes smart, peppy, witty actors like Lee Tracy. Dramatic pictures are all right but too much is too much. Let's see something really worth seeing for a change.—L. Hunter, 727 3rd Avenue, N. E., Oilvein, Iowa.

Faithful to Norma: About eight years ago I was "movie crazy" in the true sense of the word. My heart was broken if I didn't get to the movies each week. Now I am almost through high school. I don't attend the movies quite so often. But all this time Norma Shearer has remained as my ideal of the screen. She seems so like the rest of us. Her life doesn't seem all mixed up; so that when she portrays one type we don't have the feeling that it is an unreal person, but one who is living before us. Miss Shearer deserves the fine pictures and I wish her the best future possible. . . . Congratulations on the fine arrangement of your magazine. THE NEW MOVIE is interesting, breezy, and the news is the latest and in compact form. . . . Thank you—Alice Healey, 2849 W. Clementine Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Her List: Look out for these, and why:

Helen Mack: Because she predominates in a Barrymore picture. (See "Sweepings".)

Dick Powell: He's got what musicals demand, and more!

Ruby Keeler: Because, in addition to tapping tootsies, she has a persuasive personality and a great acting ability.

Franchot Tone: Because of his subtlety and because of that smile.

Leslie Howard: Or else he'll slip back to the stage leaving a conspicuous place no one else can fill.

Joan Crawford: Or else faulty publicity will menace the career of a real trouser and one of our finest actresses.

—Adine Travis, 1627 South Carson, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Wham! "King Kong." Stupendous! Unbelievable! The Eighth Wonder of the World! He looked as if he was made of the material used on teddy bears. However, I really felt sorry he had to be killed; he showed so much love for his "bride." Fay Wray and Bruce Cabot were excellent in their roles. They certainly should be starred in the future—Marguerite Furgason, 1110 W. Henderson Street, Cleburne, Texas.



Anita Stewart and Ruth Roland, just before Ruth sailed for Europe. When Anita said she was marrying and retiring from pictures, she meant it. And she looks lovelier and younger every day. She's happily married to wealthy George Converse. . . . While Ruthie was abroad, Hubby Ben Bard kept busy working in pictures and directing plays.

Have You Noticed—Joan Crawford is more like the old Joan in "Today We Live?" . . . Edna Mae Oliver steals every picture she is in? . . . Olive Borden is missed—Mr. Producer, please bring her back! . . . Wheeler and Woolsey are funsters who are funny. . . . Anita Page is no actress, and she should learn to smile more. . . . Sylvia Sidney is a clever actress but should be given vehicles where she can show that smile. . . . George O'Brien is turning out wonderful performances (why not turn a big spot-light on him—give him a break!) Franchot Tone is fascinatingly charming. . . . ? Personal nomination for the most amusing picture of the season—"A Bedtime Story"—Alice Anne Shue, 25 Brewster St., Providence, Rhode Island.

Warner and Helen: I enjoy the movies immensely. Never complain about the trash they have been giving us for some time. Just stayed home. Then along came "Six Hours to Live" with Warner Baxter. They gave him a break again in "Forty-second Street." Now all I'm waiting for is to see him in a picture with Helen Hayes. Come on, Mr. Producer, give us fans a break.—Miss B. Mannen, 160 E. 200th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 57)

month hasn't been a very successful one as far as this type of show is concerned.

A strong cast, including Lionel Atwill, Paul Lukas and Gloria Stuart, struggle along with a rather involved story that would be much more mysterious than it is if the audience could understand it. When the final fade-out comes there are still two or three things that remain mysteries in the eyes of your reviewer.

Gloria Stuart, in the opinion of this reviewer, is hardly as capable in this production as she has been in some others, nor is Mr. Lukas as well cast as he might be. Lionel Atwill, however, is his usual dependably spooky self and the requisite number of shivers will probably run up and down your spine. Onslow Stevens and Muriel Kirkland do well in minor roles.

If you are tired of lighter fare, you will find "The Secret of the Blue Room" worthy of your attention.

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON—

(Paramount)—Gary Cooper and Fay Wray in a smart little picture that you will get quite a kick out of. Gary Cooper has improved greatly of late. When we first saw him in such shows as "The Shopworn Angel," he had a kind of awkward assurance that was appealing as the dickens. For a time this appeal seemed to vanish, but now, beginning with "A Farewell to Arms," Mr. Cooper's screen technique begins to approach the heights that I, personally, once thought he would achieve.

Another talented little person gets a break that she deserves in "One Sunday Afternoon." Fay Wray has been given the toughest roles in Hollywood, and when I say toughest I mean just that. She has fought with gangsters, tigers, "city-slickers" and what have you and reached a grand finale recently when she co-starred with "King Kong" and tangled with an octopus in "Beneath the Seas." In "Ann Carver's Profession" she gave us a rough idea of what she could do with a decent role and I am glad that Paramount gave her the opportunity. There's not much "fan popularity" going to come to our Fay out of co-starring efforts with King Kongs.

Neil Hamilton and Sam Hardy shine in two lesser roles. I am pretty sure that you will consider an evening fairly well spent if you see this neat little show.

THIS DAY AND AGE—(Para-

mount)—Cecil B. DeMille, producer of "The Sign of the Cross" and some of the greatest epics of movie history, sometimes seems to be a little lost when he ventures out of the realms of ancient history and tackles the problems of today. Some time ago Mr. DeMille made "The Godless Girl," doubtless with the idea that he would clean up some of the mysteries concerning youth. As I remember it, nothing much happened.

The 1933 effort in the Youth Crusade comes a little closer.

There is no doubt about Mr. DeMille's power, but a prophet is ever without honor in his own country. So I'm afraid that Mr. DeMille would have done better had he left his preachments to the preachers.

Apart from that, "This Day and Age" is a red-meated drama, smoothly directed, and ably acted by a cast of unknowns in the approved DeMille style. Here, Cecil DeMille has lost nothing. The old master knows how to find bit players who can rise to the heights in the spots he picks for them. Few of them ever become stars, most of them sink back into their old obscurity, but they work for Mr. DeMille.

HEADLINE SHOOTERS—(Radio)

—Don't let the title scare you away if you happen to be one of those discriminating patrons who doesn't like altogether too much action. "Headline Shooters" is a smart little story of the news cameramen, a branch of the journalistic brethren who have been less maligned by the movies than their brothers of the news sheets.

There are no major names in the cast but few pictures of the year have boasted a more competent and promising collection of players. William Gargan heads the list with Frances Dee, Jack La Rue, Ralph Bellamy, Wallace Ford, Franklin Pangborn, Gregory Ratoff, Dorothy Burgess, Purnell Pratt, Henry B. Walthall and Robert Benchley in support.

The story concerns a couple of news hawks and the girl they love, a "sob sister." Gargan and Frances Dee have been drifting along, scooping the world now and then, and living together. Enter Ralph Bellamy as the menace, and after blood-curdling action and suspense, all comes out well.

There are some startling shots of life behind the news cameras and one incident, excellently done, that reminds your reviewer of the Two-Gun Crowley fiasco in New York, where two hundred policemen chased the boy bandit. The story will hold your interest throughout and definitely start Mr. William Gargan on his way to really important things.

THE DEATH WATCH—(Tentative

title)—(Radio)—Edgar Wallace is credited with having written the original story of "The Death Watch" during the few last months when he was in Hollywood. Mr. Wallace wrote some far, far better stories but a competent cast has made a fair picture out of it.

There is rather less action than in the usual Wallace story but Warner Oland, Ginger Rogers, Stuart Erwin, Florence Lake and Dorothy Wilson are surrounded with more mystery than I have viewed in many a day.

A famous crook caches a million dollars in an old house and some years later gives the secret to a sinister doctor when he is about to die. Dorothy Wilson plays the role of a spiritualistic medium who is helping the police. She is installed in the old house and the fun begins. People are murdered right and left, there are secret panels, tanks of poisoned water, death masks and some gaudy Stuart Erwin comedy that manage to sort themselves out in time to end the picture.

If you want to see something that will take your mind off your troubles, catch a load of this and you'll be sitting up nights to figure it out. Dorothy

(Please turn to page 110)

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Every Room with Bath
Daily \$2.00 up
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Located in a delightful section which retains traditional dignity and quiet charm. Here is every provision for comfort. Solarium, roof garden, lounge, library, recreation rooms and entertainment

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Dinner and delightful room—2nd day—2 meals and lodging. Visit to Radio City Music Hall and dinner at Paradise Restaurant.

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Delightful room and bath, with meals—Sightseeing on Royal Blue Lines—Lodge Seats at Radio City—Trip to top of Empire State Bldg.—Dinner at Paradise Restaurant instead of hotel.

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The winners' names will appear in this magazine. The decision of the Judges will be final. In case of tie duplicate prizes will be awarded.

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MISS VIRGINIA SCHMITZ . . . Tower Magazine
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Complete set 10c

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Send 12c for a complete Lady Lillian Manicure Set if your favorite chain or drug store can not supply you.



Name _____
Address _____
NORTHEASTERN LABORATORIES
BOSTON, Mass. Dept. 19

New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 109)

Wilson was given one of the strangest roles a girl was ever handed. She does very well under the circumstances. You can have lots of fun hissing "Dr. Fu Manchu" Oland, and I know you'll love the cistern of poisoned water. It's weird, wild and woolly but . . . not bad fun in the end.

THE DEVIL'S IN LOVE—(Fox)—"The Devil's in Love" and your reviewer is tempted to yodel, "Who cares?" When Mr. Dieterle stops trying to be Ernst Lubitsch he will be a good director. Either that, or the stories that he is given to direct are too obviously carbon copies of the better Lubitsch shows. It seems to me that sex needs to be dressed in satin and silks if it is to be sold in slinky fashion; not that "The Devil's in Love" isn't well enough dressed, but the sparkle that was in, let us say, "The Smiling Lieutenant," just isn't in this one.

Loretta Young, your reviewer's favorite pretty face, is as charming as ever and, I say again, is rapidly becoming an experienced screen actress. Victor Jory, smoother than velvet—which is a little too smooth for me—slinks along as "The Devil in Love" and slinks to very good purpose in the cases of both Miss Young and Vivienne Osborne.

MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS—(Universal)—From the beginning, there was little chance that this could have been more than a good show. So there is plenty of credit coming to all concerned when your reviewer has to admit that, all things considered, it is entertainment.

Mary Brian doesn't seem to belong in this sort of picture, nor does Leo Carrillo. Yet, with all this, it is still interesting. It's just that it could have been a lot better.

FLAMING GOLD—(Radio)—If it weren't for those two or three bad shows that Bill Boyd made with the old Pathe company a year or so ago, he'd be right up with the top-notchers today. "Emergency Call" was as good an action picture as you need to see, and there is a definite spot for this sort of film. "Flaming Gold" is quite a lot better than his last one.

Ralph Ince, who, in the days when RKO was still FBO, had much to do with the company's staying in business, is gradually coming back into his own as an important figure in movies of today. He directed "Flaming Gold" and nothing that Bill Boyd or Mae Clarke has ever done is smoother or faster, nor any more interesting. If it were Clark Gable instead of Bill Boyd, Radio would surely make a special out of it.

"Flaming Gold" is a tight, two-fisted little story of the Tampico oil-fields. It is thrill-packed entertainment from first reel to last. If you're not quite sure what you want to see and you happen to pass a theater showing this, don't think you're taking any chances if you get right out of the old flivver and drop in to enjoy six rousing good reels of down-to-the-ground film fun. It's tough, but it's clean and interesting.



Lew Ayres may be seen a lot with Ginger Rogers, but Lew is still a business man. When, recently, RKO offered Lew a part opposite Ginger, he refused because the salary wasn't large enough. Here he's getting service from Universal's pet monkey.

Thumbnail Reviews of What's Happening

If you've missed any of these, they're worth looking up!

42ND STREET—The first of a new kind of show. Punchy, peppy . . . and good to the last drop.

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933—A wee bit better than "42nd Street" because Warner Brothers know more about musicals on the screen. You'll never forget "The Forgotten Man."

KING KONG—The outstanding novelty of the year. Thrills to the nth degree . . . but a swell show in the bargain. Not as tough as a lot of women think it is.

CAVALCADE—The most important emotional offering of the year. Stark, sheer drama, ably presented by a cast that approaches perfection.

SHE DONE HIM WRONG—She brought a new kind of love to all of us. Three cheers and a tiger for Mae West.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS—Cecil DeMille went modern . . . and performed a miracle. Slow sometimes . . . but still the greatest spectacle of many a year.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM—A perfectly acted film offering Leslie Howard and Ann Harding at their best, and introducing William Gargan, an event in itself.

A BEDTIME STORY—A run of the mill Chevalier . . . good only because there is only one Chevalier.

TOPAZE—Something that ought to make you appreciate John Barrymore. There's only one great actor to a generation . . . and possibly he's Barrymore.

WORKING MAN—George Arliss in a human kind of story that is worth looking at. About the only picture that Warners gave Arliss that allowed him to be understandable.

HELL BELOW—A straight melodrama saved by swell acting and Jimmy Durante and a kangaroo.

THE GREAT JASPER—Radio gives Richard Dix a chance to show that he is a master of fast comedy-drama. One of the funniest sex-shows of the year.

I COVER THE WATER FRONT—A two-fisted "meller" that has something to offer the thrill-hounds. Claudette Colbert and Ben Lyon are excellent. The last show that Ernest Torrence did.

REUNION IN VIENNA—More proof that Barrymore is a master plus a chance to see Diana Wynyard.

RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS—A heavy show that you must see if you have to see every big one.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS—Gary Cooper better than for a long time and Helen Hayes in a role that reaches the heights. Tender and honest, it has a tear or so that you needn't be ashamed of shedding.

COLLEGE HUMOR—A rowdy musical comedy that certainly entertains. You can't possibly give it a good review . . . but it's still a good show.

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE—The above can go double . . . though W. C. Fields is a sight for sore eyes and Gracie Allen is more than just a radio comedienne.

SILVER CORD—Irene Dunne in a role that is worthy of her supreme charm. Those who care for Irene owe it to her not to miss this.

TONIGHT OR NEVER—Crawford and Gary Cooper and very little else.

WARRIOR'S HUSBAND—A bawdy sex-comedy of the days when women wore the pants. Truex and Marjorie Rambeau give Elissa Landi a run for her money and the result is a lot of fun.

DINNER AT EIGHT—A good film but hardly the smash hit that the stage success is supposed to have been. The cast is enough to make it well worth seeing.

NIGHT FLIGHT—Action plus . . . and a cast that places it in a niche that it has seldom held. Five years ago this would have been an "epic."

WHEN LADIES MEET—Light and fluffy but smart entertainment. Ann Harding and Robert Montgomery run second to Alice Brady.

JENNIE GERHARDT—Red-blooded stuff with Sylvia Sydney in a strong, appealing role. It's better than some shows that are supposed to top it.

THE STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE—It was too tough from the start and misses by a trifle. If you can believe it, it may still be one of the best shows of the year.

HOLD YOUR MAN—Gable and Harlow in something hot.

THE LITTLE GIANT—Edward G. Robinson in an hilarious burlesque of his old-time "Little Caesar" style. Rough and tough action in gorgeous comedy settings.

STATE FAIR—Will Rogers and a big blue pig aid Janet Gaynor in this famous story of bucolic misdemeanors.

THE MASQUERADER—The latest Ronald Colman. Slower than his shows should be but worth while because of him.

THE BARBARIAN—"The Sheik" brought up to date, and Ramon Novarro and Myrna Loy.

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OCTOBER



THE

A TOWER MAGAZINE

New Movie

MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1933

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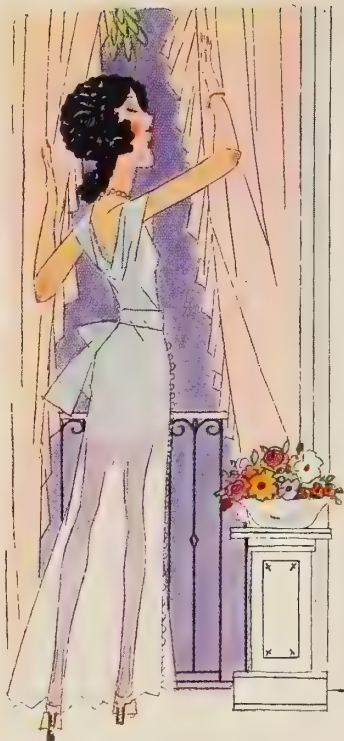
GINGER ROGERS

THE Greater Show Season NUMBER

The
Revealing Story
of a Great Star's
Fight to Fame—

HOLLYWOOD SLAVE

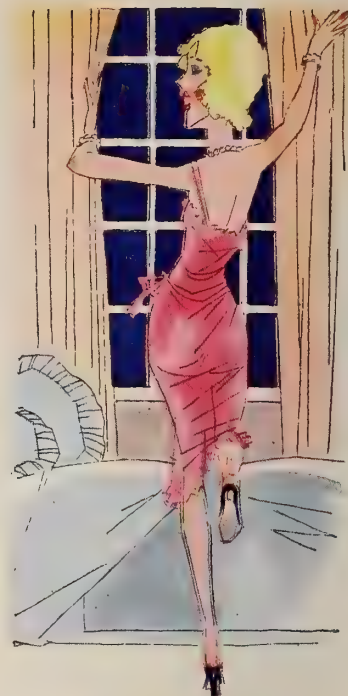
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"How to Save Money on Home Decorations"

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The famous Artist advises the use of Tintex to give gay, new color to your faded Curtains, Drapes, Household Linens, etc.



When you buy Tintex for your home-decorations, get some for your wardrobe, too—for faded "undies", negligees, stockings, dresses, sweaters, etc., etc.

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In no place is bright, cheerful color so important as right in the home. Drab drapes, faded curtains will spoil the charm of any room. A color-robbd dinner cloth will mar an otherwise perfect dinner.

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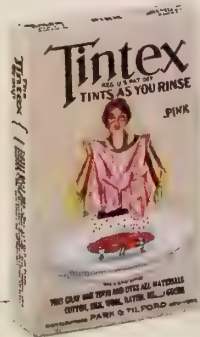
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John Held Jr.

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



**Keeps Her Silver Shining . . .
But her Teeth are Dull...her Gums Tender
and she has "pink tooth brush"!**

THIS young lady certainly isn't going to allow her silver to become tarnished and dull. But wouldn't you think she'd give her teeth as much care—do something about *their tarnished look*?

She cleans her teeth. Of *course* she does! But where she falls down is in failing to realize that *brushing the teeth is not enough*.

Her gums are flabby, touchy, un-

healthy. They tend to bleed. Any dentist would tell her that her gums must be restored to health.

For not only can dinginess of the teeth be traced to "pink tooth brush"—but gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even pyorrhea may follow. Your very soundest teeth may be endangered.

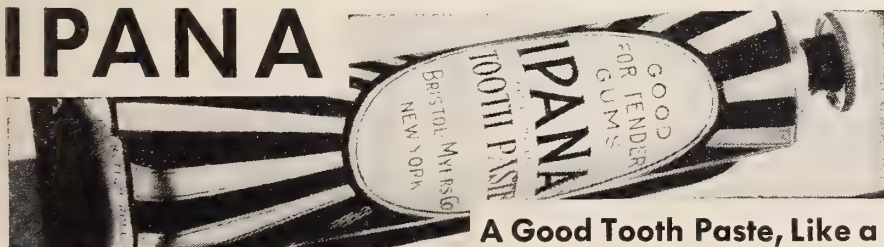
The quickest, surest way to combat "pink tooth brush" is to get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. After cleaning your teeth with it, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and

massage it directly into your gums. Soft modern foods do not stimulate your gums—but the ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, makes up for this lack of exercise.

Ipana and Massage Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

You can depend on this: as your gums become firmer, your teeth will become brighter. Within a month after beginning with Ipana and massage, you are well on the way to being rid of "pink tooth brush."

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THE New Movie MAGAZINE

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher* HUGH WEIR, *Editorial Director*

VOL. VIII, No. 4

OCTOBER 1933

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VERNE PORTER, *Managing Editor*



The emblem of the blue eagle symbolizes a new deal for America. The Recovery Act of Franklin D. Roosevelt is a war-time effort in time of peace. It asks that American industry serve the public welfare under the new code approved by the national government. America is thoroughly in sympathy with the purposes of President Roosevelt. But to make these purposes successful something more than sympathy is necessary. A whole-hearted support and cooperation must be given by every industry and every individual citizen.



Alice Brady's latest photograph

ONE

OF THE BEST ARTICLES ELSIE JANIS HAS EVER WRITTEN.

About her old and very dear friend, Alice Brady, former star of the silent movies, star of the stage, and now one of the most sensational hits of the year in the talkies. You will enjoy every word of Miss Janis' article about the eccentric, yet sound and sensible Miss Brady. Be sure to read it in the November issue of the New Movie Magazine, on sale on October 4th.

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What color nails at the Casino?



MISS KATHARINE MOSS • MISS FLORENCE ROOME • MRS. MARSHALL MACLEOD

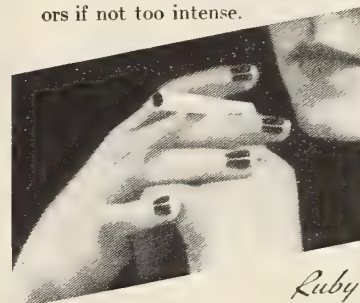
Seen at the Central Park Casino in New York: Miss Katharine Moss, in white crinkled crêpe and Coral nails. Miss Florence Roome, in black ciré satin and deep Ruby nails. Mrs. Marshall MacLeod—exquisite in candy pink satin, soft blue fox and delicate Rose nails.

ALL SHADES!



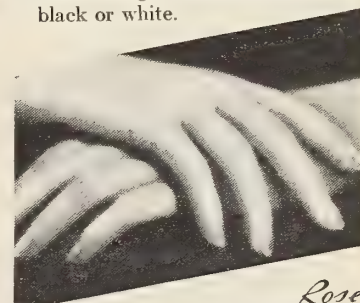
Coral

nails are lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, blue, black, brown frocks. Smart also with deeper colors if not too intense.



Ruby

(new) is such a real red you can wear it with any costume when you want to be particularly gay and dashing. A brilliant accent for black or white.



Rose

is a lovely feminine shade you can wear with any color dress. Subtle and charming with pastel pinks, lavender, blue... Smart with dark green, black and brown.

Natural just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes, but best with bright or difficult colors—red, green, purple, orange.

Cardinal is deep and exotic. It contrasts excitingly with black, white or any of the pastel shades. Good with gray, beige or blue gowns.

Garnet a rich wine red, is smart as can be with frocks in the new tawny shades, cinnamon brown, black, white, beige, pearl gray or burnt orange.

IF you step out for nocturnal reveling in the smarter midnight-to-dawn clubs, just try to find a really smart evening frock without its accent of tinted finger nails.

Practically every cute young thing is wearing them—you see *all shades!*

And if you aren't doing likewise, you just aren't giving yourself the big break you deserve.

No modern girl needs to be told twice that Variety in Finger Nails simply *multiplies* allure. What you can do with it is wicked—delightfully wicked—that's what it is!

Take Cardinal nails with a black-as-midnight gown, and any minute you may find all the young men getting positively serious. And just try to get off the dance floor, in case you have one of those new green frocks made extra-appealing with Coral nails.

In fact, there's an utterly devastating shade of nail polish for any color or shade of gown you're wearing, day or night. The

only point is—for making sure of absolute correctness and quality—you need Cutex.

Women who have tried all other polishes on the market are devoted body and soul to Cutex!

Cutex owes its 7 grand shades to the World's Authority on the Manicure. Each shade so lovely it is calculated to glorify your appearance and improve your morale in one fell swoop.

And it's an honest-to-goodness polish that goes on smoothly and simply. Never streaks or blotches.

Never cracks or peels.

Now, for heaven's sake, don't get caught out at a house party or anywhere this fall—without the complete range of Cutex colors to choose from. You'll find them at your favorite store.

For the complete manicure use Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, Polish Remover, Liquid Polish, Nail White (Pencil or Cream), Cuticle Oil or Cream and the new Hand Cream.

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CUTEX Liquid Polish

Smart . . . Inexpensive

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Three feet from Aunt Matilda *... is a thousand miles from a Smoke*



Don't let an Aunt Matilda . . . or any other "No Smoking" sign . . . fill your life with jumps and jitters. Instead, pop a Life Saver into your mouth when puffing would start people huffing. Life Savers are cool and tangy. They ease the nerves. Appease smoke hunger. Please the taste. More than that . . . when smoking is in order, Life Savers between smokes put a new thrill in the next one . . . keep the taste buds at their best clear up to the last smoke of the day.



Life Savers Mints are made in many delightful flavors . . . Pep-O-mint, Wint-O-green, Cl-O-ve, Lic-O-rice, Cinn-O-mon and Vi-O-let. There's Cryst-O-mint, too . . . and the newest taste thrill of all, Spear-O-mint Life Savers . . . Life Savers Fruit Drops are made in LEMON, ORANGE and LIME flavors.



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EDWIN C. HILL

THE Greater Show Season NUMBER



Edwin C. Hill

GLAD times or sad times, come hell or high water, gold standard or giddy inflation, let the cosmic chips fall where they may, we have got to have our moving pictures.

In less than a flapper's span they have taken their place among the great world necessities: the newspapers, the radio and the motion pictures. And the greatest of these, in

some ways, are the galloping tintypes.

In boom times the movies were our dissipation. In bum times they have been our consolation.

Fifty years from now, some sociological commentator, probably as yet unborn, will look back over the past few years and select, with cool discretion, two heroes of the period.

One will be Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The other will be Mickey Mouse.

The President took the country by the nape of the neck and the seat of the pants and yanked it out of its gloom. But Mickey, the movies incarnate, beat him to it and made a million—yes, ten million—able to grin and bear it.

All joking aside, one wonders how far down hill we would have stumbled in our dumb despair if we had not had the sentiment, the romance, the drama and the humor of the screen, bad as it frequently was, incredibly good as it occasionally has turned out to be.

No one will ever know how many people took their troubles to the neighborhood theater and parked them at the door for an hour or two, returning home with some gain of spirit, some notion, however vague, that the thing to do was to carry on.

Of course, the movie people took it on the chin in these last four thin years, as about everybody else did.

But their punishment was especially severe because, with the bounding optimism of their trade, they were building for the years ahead—putting up new, vast studios, erecting magnificent theaters, tickling the ribs of science to cajole fresh marvels, and all at a cost that would have staggered a corporation backed

by Rockefeller, Mellon, Ford & Company.

But they have been learning in the last few cadaverous years; learning a few things that they had been too prosperous to learn before.

They have been learning that a motion picture cathedral with major generals at the door couldn't put over a punk picture.

They were learning that the story was the thing, as it was in the beginning, is now and always shall be, lordly directors to the contrary notwithstanding.

They were learning that John Citizen and the Missus might be inarticulate, but were a long way from being dumb, and that the gentleman who said that the mass intelligence was that of a child of twelve had long ago gone into the hands of a receiver.

They were learning those things that a depression slams into stubborn minds, and we are just beginning to get a hint of what the fruits of this painfully acquired knowledge are to be for the coming year.

Putting it bluntly, in words as few as possible, the movie makers of Hollywood, chastened by adversity, are betting \$150,000,000 against anything you please, that they will turn out, for the coming season of 1933-34 the best flock of talkies that ever flicked across the screen to the moaning of the Gay Bassoon.

One hundred and fifty million dollars in real money, scraped up God knows how, and dumped by shovelful into the hungry furnaces of production. But dumped this time, don't forget, with such intelligence and intuition of the public taste as was never before known in the history of the industry.

It's the New Deal in motion pictures.

Like the rest of industry, they have got to lift themselves out of the depression by sincere sweat and good works.

The age of bunk is over and done with.

Therefore, as I say, they are shooting the works this season, and the range of entertainment to be opened up this fall by the great producing companies of America should be just about as far ahead of any thing they ever did before as the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition is ahead of the old Chicago World's Fair of forty years ago.



Will Hays, head of the Association of Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America.

PRODUCERS and

Never in the history of the films has the entire industry so enthusiastically accepted the public's challenge.

By
EDWIN C. HILL

WHEN you think of M-G-M you think of a man who has passed along and of a name that lives. The man and the name was Marcus Loew.

Back some ten years ago, Marcus Loew, already a giant in the business of exhibiting motion pictures, looked over the roster of production and merged three concerns into one, the present Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation.

It was his vision—and genius, indeed, his leadership and executive talent which not only raised the new M-G-M very quickly into the first rank but which did so much for the development of the entire motion picture industry.



NICHOLAS
SCHENCK



ROBERT
MONTGOMERY

GRETA
GARBO

HELEN
HAYES

NORMA
SHEARER

RAMON
NOVARRO

MARIE
DRESSLER

It was Marcus Loew who grasped the idea that the public loves glamorous personalities—the Garbos, the Gables, the Shearers, the Crawfords, the Barrymores—and who founded the whole star system which has made M-G-M distinctive in the motion picture firmament.

His work and the traditions he founded have been carried on with extraordinary resolution and skill by Nicholas M. Schenck, the present president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and a gentleman who is immediately acknowledged, even by the somewhat testy executives of Hollywood, as one of the great leaders of the industry.

Under Marcus Lowe's leadership, M-G-M struck out boldly with such smashing productions as "Scaramouche," almost the very first of the "big" pictures. And then came "The Four Horsemen," as a striking and daring production, achieved with amazing fidelity to the genius of Ibanez.

And with the merger of three companies, the old Metro and the Goldwyn Company, the road was clear for even more ambitious effort.

The Goldwyn Company contributed vigorous, virile

talent and a group of finely equipped silent picture studios in Culver City, near Hollywood. And presently a fine showman, who had proved his abilities in the East, was invited to join the new combination. Louis B. Mayer came along and so did the clever boyish-looking Irving Thalberg, and in 1924, the corporate unity of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer came into being, with its vigorous, imaginative production heads, and its almost uncanny faculty for perceiving star material and moulding that material into stars of the first rank.

Movie History Is Made

Many a young man and young woman, passed over by older concerns, or unable in those concerns for some reason to realize upon their own talents, was almost immediately spotted by Mayer or Thalberg as a coming star.

John Gilbert was a shining example, and there are scores of others. From the first M-G-M assumed a creative leadership, combined with practical good judgment, which it has never relinquished.

It really took its corporate cue from the character and career of its founder, Marcus Loew, for Mr. Loew's business success had been founded upon resolute integrity, daring and the courage to venture out upon untried paths. These very qualities became the bedrock of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization, and were reflected year by year in the successive triumphs of the company.

An outstanding example was the filming of an original story by Lawrence Stallings, "The Big Parade." Stallings, who had been a captain of Marines, and who had lost a leg in the Great War, had rung the bell of sensational success, along with his collaborator, Maxwell Anderson, in the play "What Price Glory," but the topic of war in pictures at the time was felt by almost all of the studio chiefs to be a dangerous controversial theme, one better sidestepped.

A New Thrill for Millions

But Mayer didn't think so, nor Thalberg. They sent for Stallings.

They told him what they wanted—a story that would picture not only the thrill of war but its terrible tragedy and the simple human elements underneath the rolling smoke and the roaring of cannon.

And Stallings sat himself down in an office of M-G-M and turned out one of the great classics of the screen, one of the ten best pictures ever made, a simple love

STARS

JOIN IN THE BIG PARADE

story, set against the tremendous background of the mortal strife of nations.

Everybody knows what happened. "The Big Parade" played for two years on Broadway.

It was the talk of New York and later the talk of the country.

And after "The Big Parade" with its charming love story and war thrills, came the Great American classic, General Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur," made in Italy at a cost of more than \$3,000,000 (real dollars, not press agent money), another production of magnificent scope and workmanship which was destined to sweep the country and not only reimburse its daring sponsors but add greatly to the luster of their fame.

Capitalizing Human Emotion

And then—in succession came triumph after triumph—"The Merry Widow," with all the langour and swing and melody of Franz Lehar's beautiful romantic opera; and "La Boheme."

And then the rise of Garbo, the most appealing lady, probably, who ever strolled before a camera; Garbo of the drooping lashes and those matchless, come-hither eyes, and then the various Lon Chaney productions, revealing the late Chaney's strange talent for quaint and grotesque impersonations.

And then the picture made in Africa, "Trader Horn," and "The Big House," the first great prison story, and presently another classic, "Grand Hotel," which displayed the best acting seen in an American motion picture for many years, with Garbo and the two Barry-

One of the most arresting of the new pictures is "Eskimo."

There is another example of the trouble and expense to which M-G-M is willing to go to get what it thinks the public has a hankering for.

It took a year in the silent and frozen Arctic to get the footage for "Eskimo," and fifty tons of supplies and camera equipment had to be transported from Hollywood to latitude 66° in that tough year.

And then there is, of course, the new picture of the one and only Garbo, the glamorous Greta; that lady of such marked personality, who enjoys the singular distinction of being even more popular with women than she is with men; Garbo, who was once a barber's assistant in Sweden, lathering tough Swedish beards at six dollars a week, but with that abundant fire in her soul that won her six thousand a week at the cashier's office of M-G-M. And we take, too, no less charming than ever, no less effective at the box office, the dainty Norma Shearer.

And continuing the roster one finds, of course, the names of the Barrymores, John and Lionel, with sister Ethel at the other end of a telegraph wire whenever M-G-M needs her to put over a smash success like "Rasputin and the Empress," and with Lionel hailed by many people as the best screen actor before the public.

And then, too, are those most agreeable gentlemen and lovely ladies, Ramon Novarro, Robert Montgomery, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Helen Hayes, Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, Jimmy Durante, Lee Tracy, Jackie Cooper, Ed Wynn and Jack Pearl, to mention only stars of the first magnitude; stars—



MARION
DAVIES



JOHN
BARRYMORE



JEAN
HARLOW



CLARK
GABLE



JOAN
CRAWFORD



LIONEL
BARRYMORE

mores and Joan Crawford at their best.

And more recently, in one of the most striking productions ever turned out by the M-G-M lot, "Gabriel Over the White House," actually anticipated, with weirdly prophetic vision, many of the important steps that were later taken by the administration of President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

That picture, by the way, was greatly liked by the President who frequently comments about it.

The elements of time and expense have never halted M-G-M from tackling a production idea which seemed to Mayer or to Thalberg or to their associates to have big possibilities—something fresh, something different.

The New Deal and M-G-M

But all this is past, interesting and significant as it is.

What we are concerned with in this article is the contribution that M-G-M is set to make to the season of 1933-34; the part it is to play in the "New Deal" which the motion picture industry promises to John and Mrs. Citizen and all the little Citizens.

created by M-G-M.

When M-G-M made "Grand Hotel" it amazed not only the motion picture public, but the motion picture industry by assembling in one cast a whole flock of its principal stars.

But with one of the new pictures of this coming season it outdoes even that lavish achievement by casting no less than twelve stars in the great stage success, "Dinner at Eight."

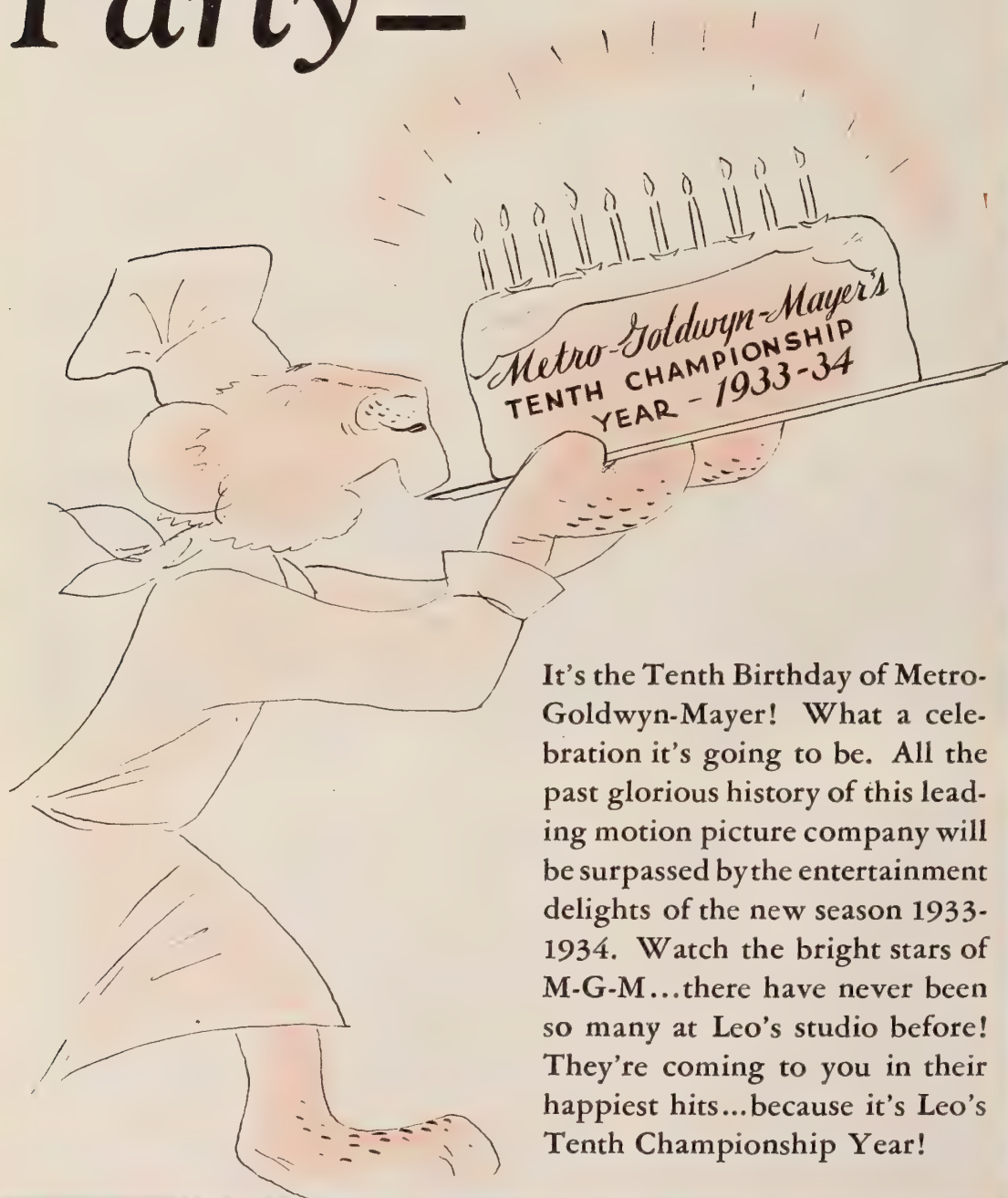
Then, too, "Night Flight," a production heavily counted on to score, presents half a dozen starring names, and the new musicals, "Hollywood Party" and "Show World," will each have from ten to twelve stars.

At least eleven of the 1933-34 productions of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will be "multi-star" pictures; that is, productions whose casts will contain not one, but a number of the most popular stars of the studio.

It is, indeed, the determination of M-G-M to dedicate its tenth year of existence to the most ambitious and pretentious program in all of its record-breaking history. It is, indeed, shooting the works.



YOU ARE INVITED to Leo's Birthday Party—



It's the Tenth Birthday of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! What a celebration it's going to be. All the past glorious history of this leading motion picture company will be surpassed by the entertainment delights of the new season 1933-1934. Watch the bright stars of M-G-M...there have never been so many at Leo's studio before! They're coming to you in their happiest hits...because it's Leo's Tenth Championship Year!



ALL THE HAPPY M-G-M STARS WILL BE THERE!

JOHN BARRYMORE
LIONEL BARRYMORE
WALLACE BEERY
JOAN CRAWFORD
MARION DAVIES
MARIE DRESSLER
JIMMY DURANTE
CLARK GABLE
GRETA GARBO
JEAN HARLOW
HELEN HAYES
ROBERT MONTGOMERY
RAMON NOVARRO
JACK PEARL
NORMA SHEARER
LEE TRACY
ED WYNN
Stan LAUREL-Oliver HARDY

*And these other
M-G-M personalities*

Elizabeth Allan
Tad Alexander
Nils Asther
Alice Brady
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Irene Cattell
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
C. Henry Gordon
Lawrence Grant
Margaret Hamilton
Russell Hardie
Jean Hersholt
Phillips Holmes
Jean Howard
Walter Huston
Otto Kruger
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
Willard Mack
Margaret McConnell
Una Merkel
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Franchot Tone
Lupe Velez
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

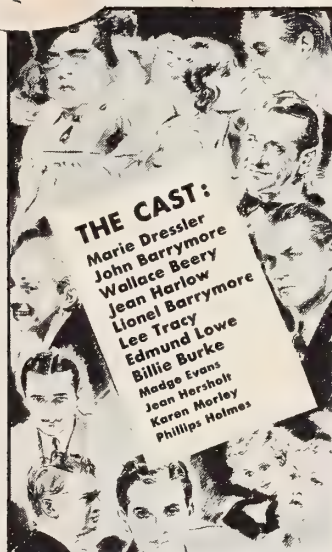


**COMING TO
DELIGHT YOU!**

NIGHT FLIGHT (starring
Helen Hayes, John & Lionel Barrymore,
Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy).

★ ★ ★
JOAN CRAWFORD
in "Dancing Lady" with Franchot Tone.

★ ★ ★
SHOW WORLD (starring
Alice Brady,
Frank Morgan, Jimmy Durante, Jackie
Cooper, Madge Evans, Weber & Fields
and many more).



**DINNER
at 8**

*From the Sam H. Harris stage play by George
S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Produced by
David O. Selznick. Directed by George Cukor.*



**Filmed in Arctic
Wilds—Bigger than
"Trader Horn"**

*From the novel by Peter Freuchen. Directed
by W. S. Van Dyke.*

**METRO
Goldwyn
MAYER**

MOVIES to Crowd



Sally Eilers, Fox star, who will be generously publicized.
(Left) Constance Bennett, scheduled for "Moulin Rouge."



Gary Cooper, Paramount star.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES, always different, always daring, headed by the Carl Laemmles, Senior and Junior, give promise of the extreme and the unusual during the season to come.

Unlike other companies, Universal does not employ the star system to any great extent. This next season will see this company publicizing Gloria Stuart, June Knight, Margaret Sullavan, Lillian Miles (of the radio) and others.

But Universal's offer of new productions is full of promise. In addition to comedies from the famous team of ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville, many highly ambitious productions are planned. Among these are "Counsellor-at-Law," the New York stage success; "The Left Bank," "Blossom Time," the highly successful musical comedy, and the pretentious spectacle, "Only Yesterday," directed by John Stahl, in which Margaret Sullavan makes her first film appearance; Edna Ferber's "Glamour," "Zest," Charles G. Norris' new novel; Vicki Baum's "I Give My Love," "Harold Bell Wright's "Ma Cinderella," and "The Great Ziegfeld," the life story of that master showman, written by Billie Burke, his widow, and William Anthony McGuire, the famous playwright.

These are only a few of the highlights on the Universal program. Later announcements may include productions of even greater magnitude. From "Uncle Carl" Laemmle comes the word, "We are doing our part in making this the greatest show season in the history of motion pictures to cooperate with the tremendous effort of President Roosevelt in the rebuilding of American prosperity."



Helen Twelvetrees, shining in the Paramount constellation.

Every THEATRE

THE R-K-O announcements are interesting—if they live up to publicity promises.

The little lady who made just about the biggest hit with the American picture fans in the past year, Katharine Hepburn, is to have her first real starring chance in "Morning Glory." It's news and mighty pleasant news that Dolores Del Rio, lovely Mexican girl, long ill but now fully recovered and blessed with even more beauty than before, is returning to the screen with Joel McCrea as her partner and foil in blazing romance. The company is building powerfully, also, on Sinclair Lewis' story "Ann Vickers," the picture version of which will star those attractive people, Irene Dunne and Walter Huston.

Pretty much everybody has heard of the gentleman who brings 'em back alive—Frank Buck, of course, the black-haired, black-mustached gentleman who goes out and captures wild beasts for the zoos of the world. Well, Mr. Buck made a special expedition to the Native State of Nepal, in India, the great Northern Province, which contains, among other wonders, Mount Everest, and there and in Malaysia, another of his pet jungle

All the Studios Straining in an Effort to Outclass Anything Ever Attempted in the History of the Industry



Margaret Sullivan, Universal's new star.



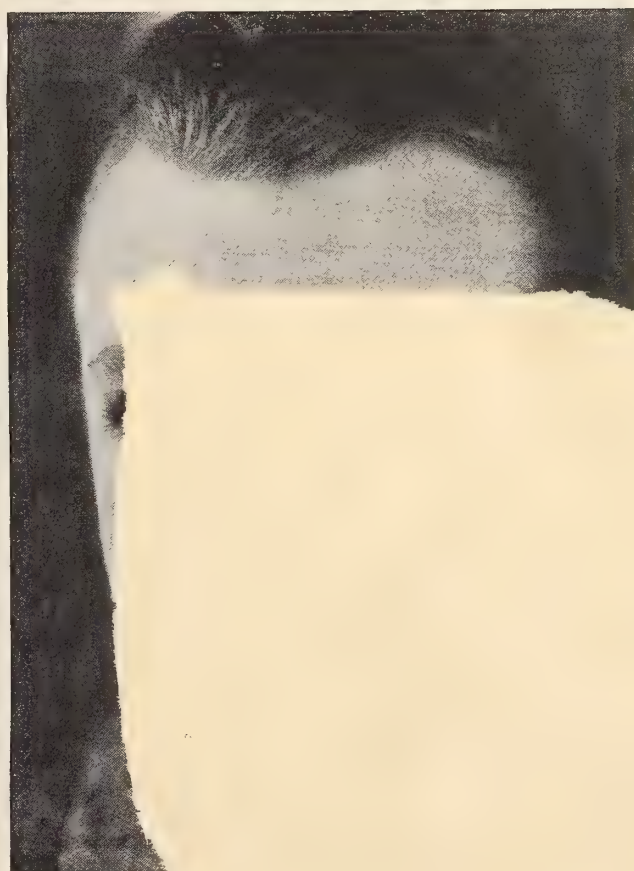
The glamorous Mae West.

Leslie Howard, one of the big male stars of the new season.

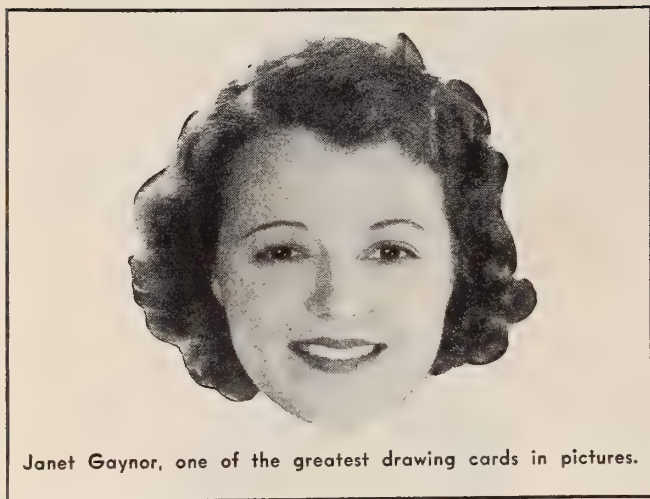


Eddie Cantor in "Roman Scandals."

(Below) Jimmy Cagney, whose latest is "Footlight Parade."



The New Programs filled with novelties and



Janet Gaynor, one of the greatest drawing cards in pictures.

hunting grounds, he made "Wild Cargo" which is announced as more exciting and realistic even than his "Bring 'Em Back Alive."

A quite different idea, a quite different world, indeed will be presented when Lionel Barrymore appears in "One Man's Country" as the country doctor. And then one comes to a story, which should have an appeal to about every human in the sixty million or so that go to motion pictures. That story is the good old and dear old "Little Women," Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women," which has been one of the best sellers of all time. The charming Miss Hepburn will star in this one.

Few newcomers have made such a hit with the ladies as the matinee idol—Francis Lederer. Certainly no one has rung the bell with such a clang since Maurice Chevalier first displayed his engaging smile. And he will be seen in two productions with music. And high on the list of novelties is "Son of Kong." No, it isn't what you might think. It isn't a sequel to that blood-curdler of last year, that picture which sent the cold chills racing up a million spines, "King Kong." It is described as a sensational production but entirely devoid of the horrors which sent ladies into fits.

Back in war days there was a young Texas aeronaut named Luke whose specialty was ballooning and busting enemy balloons, and who was a Prince of Dare-Devs. His story has been made into a picture which should be well up on the list of authentic thrillers.

And it's mighty interesting picture news, one

thinks, to hear that Del Rio, the lovely Dolores, always a favorite of this writer since "What Price Glory" days in the old Fox Western Avenue studio, is to star in the new aerial musical comedy talkie called "Flying Down to Rio," which also rates a bottle of authentic Baccardi when it comes to titles. And with Dolores will appear Joel McCrea, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers and Helen Broderick, while Vincent Youmans provides the music.

WARNER—FIRST NATIONAL

WITH two big musical successes to their credit during the last few months, and some striking dramatic hits, Warner Brothers-First National go into the Greater Show Season with elaborate plans.

"Footlight Parade," with Jimmy Cagney and Joan Blondell, is, of course, a matter of immediate record, with such pretentious films as "I Loved a Woman," with Edward G. Robinson and Kay Francis, "The Bureau of Missing Persons," with Bette Davis and Pat O'Brien, and "Wild Boys of the Road," with Frank Darrow and Dorothy Coonan, following in quick succession.

Ruth Chatterton's "Female," in which her husband, George Brent, will be featured, is planned as a box-office smash, as are "The World Changes," with Paul Muni and Mary Astor, "Ever in My Heart," with Barbara Stanwyck and Otto Kruger, William Powell in "The Kennel Murder Case," Dick Barthelmess and Ann Dvorak in "Shanghai Orchid," and "Sweethearts Forever," with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler.

Among others, Kay Francis will play in "The House on Fifty-sixth Street" and "Broadway and Back," in addition to the others given above. Jimmy Cagney is to do "The Single Man," Edward G. Robinson "Dark Hazard," Leslie Howard "British Agent," and Joan Blondell, Aline MacMahon, Frank McHugh and Guy Kibbee "Havana Widows," and Ann Dvorak and Pat O'Brien, "The Coach."

There's certainly no lack of meaty material here. If these plans live up to even the least expectations, they assure you of a list of pictures and players that will add materially to your winter's enjoyment.

FOX FILMS

REORGANIZED, financially reconstructed and stabilized, Fox Films enters the new season as an active bidder for first honors in showmanship. Under the presidency of Sidney R. Kent, for many years one of the heads of Paramount, Fox has made a
(Please turn to page 16)



ZaSu Pitts.



Cary Grant.

distinctive features from great plays and books



Benita Hume.

George Raft.



Marlene Dietrich.

**CHECK THIS LIST OF THE NEW
FILMS OF THE GREATER SHOW
SEASON—SEE THEM IN YOUR
LOCAL THEATER AND WRITE US
ABOUT THEM**

<i>Dinner at Eight</i>	<i>Duck Soup</i>
<i>Night Flight</i>	<i>I'm No Angel</i>
<i>Hollywood Party</i>	<i>Design for Living</i>
<i>Footlight Parade</i>	<i>David Harum</i>
<i>Only Yesterday</i>	<i>The Tale of Two Cities</i>
<i>Counsellor at Law</i>	<i>Berkeley Square</i>
<i>Glamour</i>	<i>The Lady is Willing</i>
<i>Zest</i>	<i>All Men are Enemies</i>
<i>The Emperor Jones</i>	<i>The Left Bank</i>
<i>Roman Scandals</i>	<i>Blossom Time</i>
<i>The Masquerader</i>	<i>Son of Kong</i>
<i>Flying Down to Rio</i>	<i>British Agent</i>
<i>Little Women</i>	<i>The Great Ziegfeld</i>
<i>Eskimo</i>	<i>The Bowery</i>
<i>The Cat and the Fiddle</i>	<i>The Show World</i>
<i>This Day and Age</i>	<i>Alice in Wonderland</i>



Glenda Farrell.



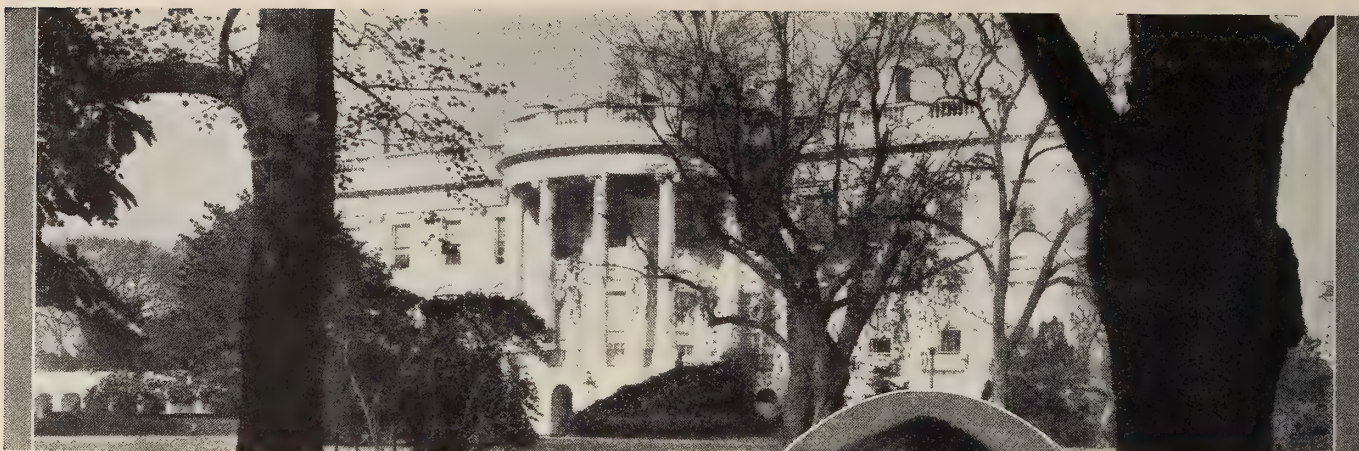
Ginger Rogers.



Claudette Colbert.



Will Rogers.



The White House, now the nerve center of the whole United States—if not the world—where the Roosevelt administration is working day and night to restore stabilization, and to bring back greater and more enduring prosperity that can withstand every storm.

Wide World

SEND FOR YOUR REVIEW AND FORECAST BULLETIN

The New Movie Magazine announces another new departure in motion picture magazine publishing—a fast, current and practical Review and Forecast Bulletin Service for its readers.

These bulletins, mailed individually to readers who write in for them, will give you—

1. A forecast of the forthcoming pictures, their titles, casts, plots, unusual situations, interesting news connected with the productions, and all other data of special interest about individual pictures.
2. Reviews of pictures already released previous to the current issue of *The New Movie Magazine*. These will give not only the opinions of the staff reviewer of this magazine, but will also include whatever information is available upon the box-office or artistic success of the pictures reviewed.
3. Changes of titles, changes of production plans, changes of casts, included in either the Bulletin itself or supplemented by a loose-leaf service.

This is a service designed specially for the constant movie-goer—in other words, the fan—who desires to have, for reference, in handy form, a complete and compact record of film production of the season, past, present and future, something particularly valuable to keep before you to plan and choose your film entertainment.

The cost of the Bulletin will be 10 cents. Address your letters requesting these Bulletins to the Review and Forecast Editor, in care of *The New Movie Magazine*, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Gen. Hugh S. Johnson, head of the National Recovery Administration, cooperating in the greater show season.



Frank Walker, vice-president of Comerford Theatres, Inc., and executive secretary of the National Recovery Council, who is assisting the President in his great task of recovery.

cludes Winfield Sheehan, Jesse Lasky and Sol Wurtzel, is throwing its hat in the ring with a list of outstanding stars and unusual productions to appeal to the public.

The stars who will be featured during the new season will be Clara Bow, Sally Eilers, Janet Gaynor, Lillian

Harvey, Mimi Jordan, Heather Angel, Will Rogers, Warner Baxter, John Boles, Henry Garat, Victor Jory and Spencer Tracy. No one can doubt the excellence of material that should come from this group.

Will Rogers will make that grand old classic, "David Harum." Warner Baxter is already cast in "The Tale of Two Cities." "Berkeley Square," in which Leslie Howard appeared on the New York stage and in which he appears in the films, too, will be one of the outstanding films from the company's roster.

The Clara Bow picture, tentatively titled, "Hoop-la," will be a production of magnitude, "All Men Are Enemies," from the famous novel, is already rated to be what the producers call "a super-special," and the same is true of "The World Moves On." The Fox Movietone Follies, with an all-star cast, is planned to be one of the most magnificent musicals of the year.

This is merely a brief summary of what you may expect from Fox during the few months to come. Before another month is out, you'll be seeing newer and even more exciting (Please turn to page 107)

very rapid and complete recovery.

Encouraged by the great success of "Cavalcade" and "State Fair," two of the outstanding pictures of the year, this group of producers, which in-

Let **CLIVE BROOK** **TREAT YOU . . .**



to his favorite recipe **ENGLISH MEAT PIE**



No tea party dish . . . this English Meat Pie. You want a husky appetite to do it justice. It's compounded from all sorts of ingredients which are popular with the men folks . . . sirloin steak, lamb kidneys, peppery spices and pastry.

This is Clive Brook's idea of a good masculine dish. But Ann Harding thinks she can put in a little competition with her Barbequed Meat. And the Gleasons have a pet Hash recipe they'll back

any day against the very best of them.

Don't stop here, though . . . there are 46 movie stars clamoring to enlighten you about the recipes they like best. And you'll like them, too!

You'll find them all in the book, "Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars," on sale in the Woolworth stores or you can get a copy by sending ten cents, plus three cents postage, to:

TOWER BOOKS • Incorporated.

55 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

YOU may never before have realized it—yet you are in a Beauty Contest every day you live. Each new acquaintance—each well-loved friend—judges your charm, your looks. And a person's entire opinion of you may depend upon the condition of your skin.

Can soap affect your beauty? Indeed it can! And if your skin lacks the soft, clear freshness that invites compliments and praise—do think about changing your beauty soap!

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. For Camay is made to order for the feminine skin. Its lather is so

Clever Girls use this Soap—Camay— to Help them in their Daily Beauty Contests

gentle that even the most delicate skin responds. From the very first cake you use, your complexion becomes lovelier.

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND"
IS ALL TO CAMAY

Wide-awake girls by the thousands are changing their old soap habits. They're going modern—they're

taking up Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women.

You'd expect a soap of Camay's exquisite quality to be high-priced. It isn't—Camay sells at a low 1933 price. Check *that* up—a surprise is in store for you! Get a supply of Camay today, and see how much it can improve your skin!



She has a flair for clothes. Her conversation sparkles. She's the type of girl everyone admires. And her claim to beauty—her ally in life's Beauty Contest—is her radiantly lovely skin.

Camay is pure, creamy-white, mild enough for the delicate skin. Its lather is profuse, yet gentle. Beautifully wrapped in green and yellow, protected in Cellophane. Use Camay on your face and hands, and in your bath!



Copy. 1933, Froster & Gamble Co.

CAMAY the Soap of Beautiful Women . . .

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINES

GALLERY OF STARS



MODERNISTIC ● In "Dance of Desire" we meet the modernized version of Dolores Del Rio, bobbed-haired, athletic, and all that sort of thing. No more the sleek lady of yore. She's been taking tennis and swimming lessons, modern dancing and being generally brought up to date . . .

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Ernest A. Bachrach

The New Movie Magazine, October, 1933



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Ernest A. Bachrach

FANFARE

This William Gargan chap, from the stage, has won your hearts swiftly, virtually with his first film role. You saw him last in "Headline Shooters," dedicated to the daredevil newsreel man. He's next seen in "Aggie Appleby," with Helen Mack.



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Hurrell

Queen Helen (Hayes and MacArthur) discards the dreary raiment of tears and woe at last. In "Another Language" you see her chic and modish, Adrian's latest feast for Fashion's eye. See her, too, in "Night Flight."

A LA MODE


Hollywood

Beginning . . .

**the amazing confessions
of a famous film actress**

The anonymous revelations of a star chained to Fame

Illustrations by EARL BLOSSOM



"His eyes never seemed to leave my face, except now and again when they swept appraisingly down the revealing lines of my sheer black evening gown."

see how I can. But I am so tired living a lie that I've just got to tell the truth to someone—even if it's only to myself.

Did you ever live a lie? I don't mean a little white lie, like saying that you're out when you're in, or that you're feeling fine when really you feel rotten. We all live those lies. I daresay we couldn't get along without them. But the kind of lie I have been living these last two years is not like that at all.

My lie is a big black lie. It has won me fame—yes, world-wide; and money—nearly \$4,000 a week. And I'm only just twenty! But it has separated me from my family and my friends. It has lost me the man I loved. It has made me a woman without a country, a sweetheart without a lover, a wife without a husband. It has broken my heart and seared my soul. And I am tired and sick of it.

If I could get away from my lie once in a while, for a week, for a day, even for an hour, it wouldn't be so bad. But every waking hour I have to pretend—before servants, before strangers, before my fellow actors and actresses, even before my intimate friends. I have to pretend even before the man who makes me pretend.

I wouldn't mind so much, either, if my lie was just a single lie, if it had to do with just one part of my life or of me. But it is one of those universal, all-embracing, enveloping lies. It has to do with the way I talk, the way I dress, the way I stand, the way I walk, the way I make up my face. Why, I can't even use the perfume I like!

And who is this abject creature, this slave? Well, if I were to tell you, if I were to use my own name—I mean, my screen name, my *lie* name—you would know it almost as well as you are supposed to know your prayers. You would not only know my name, you

I DON'T suppose I'll ever show what I am about to write to anyone. The way things are with me here in Hollywood, I don't

would know the name of the soap I use in my bath, of the brand of oil I use for sun-bathing—and whether I sun-bathe all over or just in spots!

You would know the name of my pet Sealyham—the little dear, his name is "Dooley!"—and that he is all white except for two tiny brown spots on his right ear. You would know the make of the car I drive, perhaps even the license numbers on the plate and, for all I can tell, you would know the cigarette I smoke—which it isn't, because I don't smoke any!

You would know, too, that I change the tint on my finger nails and the rouge on my cheeks at least three times a day to match the costume I have on—and what, if anything, I wear under each costume. You would know that in addition to "Dooley," who might be described as my personal dog, I have a *dachshund* to please my German fans, a *pekingese* to please my Chinese fans, a *Scotty* to please my Scottish fans, an Irish setter to please my Irish fans, a French bull—and whatever kind of dog they have in Italy. You would know, also, that I have a marmoset, to please God knows whom, unless it be the Hollywood press agents!

YOU would know that I employ six bodyguards to protect myself and my jewels, that I have bars on the windows of my house and safety locks of infinite intricacy on the doors; that I have—but what's the use? The point is: you would know me. And who wouldn't? Even the heathen Chinese knows me; and the untouchable Hindoo; and the jungle-jumping African buckaroo. For am I not "Europe's Most Glamorous Gift to the Silver Screen," "Descendant of Royalty now Ascendant in the Cinema Heavens," "The Most Exotic, the Most Old World, the Most Utterly Foreign of all Foreign Stars?" Yes! And the joke of it—a grim joke it has turned out to be!—is that I was born in Cadiz, Ohio, not ten miles from Clark Gable's old home.

Of course, Clark had moved away from Cadiz before I was born. If he hadn't, I never would have been able to get away with what I have here in Hollywood, for we have played together in two pictures, and he

SLAVE

would surely have recognized me. I am not so sure that he would, though. My own mother has seen me repeatedly on the screen—I know from my letters which reach me by a roundabout method—without recognizing me. And my veneer, my bluff, my lie, is said to be even more effective off the screen than on.

I was not only born an American, but, up to two years ago, I had led the most typical American life. The only "foreign" cities I'd ever been in, besides Cadiz, were Athens and Gallipolis, and they were both in southern Ohio. We pronounced the latter Gala-police! In fact, I wouldn't have got even that far away from home if I hadn't, like so many good little Ohio girls, gone to a co-ed college; and the one I happened to choose was half way between Athens and Gallipolis.

It was while I was a co-ed at this little college—Gower University, it was called, but it wasn't much more than a glorified high school—that I met the man I love. I was only a freshman, and he was a senior, a grown man of twenty-one; and I don't suppose he would ever have noticed me if we hadn't both liked to sing. There was a glee club at the college, a sort of mixed chorus, that traveled around the nearby towns and gave concerts. Travis Jackson was the leader of this chorus. I was a back-row coloratura. Also, I was a little shrimp of a girl about five feet high. You couldn't even see me from out front. But you could hear me, oh my! Travis said my whole diaphragm must be wired for sound. He was always saying things like that, cute things that made me laugh. I liked him. It wasn't long before I loved him. And I knew from the first that he loved me.

I'll never forget the first night he kissed me. We were sitting on the top row of the bleachers on the far side of the old athletic field, looking at the moon. Well, I've since been kissed by experts. On the screen, I mean. By Neil Hamilton, who claims to have kissed more women than any other man, and who writes so charmingly of his experiences. By John Barrymore, with whom the art takes on a lyric quality. And, of course, by Gable, who leaves you swooning. But never have I experienced such a thrill as I got that night when he swept me into his great strong young arms and told me that he loved me.

"Molly,"—believe it or not, that was my name in those days!—"I'm crazy about you!"

That was all he said. And all I said was:

"Trav, I'm crazy about you."

Sounds silly, doesn't it? Almost as silly as if it were written by a thousand-



"In my dressing room backstage, I was still conscious of those appraising eyes. They seemed to pierce the privacy of the dressing-room door. I resisted with difficulty an impulse to turn the key."

Don't fail to begin this startling story of pathos

dollar-a-week Hollywood dialogue writer—but it was the real thing to us. And on the strength of this primitive plighting of the troth, we tore into each other's arms once more and clung and clung and clung until a rain cloud, which had been threatening all evening to obscure the moon, suddenly burst and sent us scuttling to our respective dormitories.

That night, as I lay on my hard little cot in the tiny room that just squeezed in under the roof, and listened to the rain falling

I wouldn't have believed, I can hardly believe it now, that I would be living in this horrible place *without* Trav!

I won't bore you with the details of our courtship. You've seen the whole thing acted out over and over again in Janet Gaynor's pictures. In fact, we used to say we were so much like Janet and Charlie that it hurt. Except that I wasn't so pretty as Miss Gaynor, and Travis—(with all due respect to the Farrell family pulchritude)—was even better looking than Charlie. He



heavily on the tin patches where the shingles used to be, I little thought that in less than six months' time, I would be lying in a great round yellow bed in a great round yellow bedroom, whose walls and ceilings were nothing but mirrors, and whose windows looked out on the heights and canyons of Beverly Hills.

I dreamt of a home. Yes, a home with Trav. But it was a little cottage like the one where I had been born, "a little gray home in the West," only it wouldn't be gray; it would be all shining white with gay green shutters on the windows—not blinds, shutters!—and pink Dorothy Perkins roses climbing over the door. I was very sure about the roses—and about Trav, and about the little house.

I wouldn't have believed you if you had told me that the house I would live in—even now I don't call it a home—would be a Moorish palace of forty rooms on the crest of Hollywood's highest hill; that my living room would be sixty feet long and forty feet high; that my dining hall would seat fifty people and sometimes did; that my guests, when I condescended to have guests, would wander through court yards where fountains played continuously, and through shaded patios where blue and gold macaws and pure white cockatoos perched solemnly, into sun rooms and breakfast rooms and game rooms and puff rooms.

didn't know it, though. He was just nice.

There wasn't any doubt about our getting married, and getting married right away. Travis would have his diploma or degree or whatever you call it in June. And what was college to me! But what would we get married on? That was the thing we talked about those spring nights as we walked hand in hand across the campus to that heaven of co-educational delight known unromantically to the town folk as Fog's Woods.

YOU see, boys like Travis, graduating from college in the Spring of 1931, were all dressed up but they had no place to go. They couldn't get even the poorly paid jobs that are usually open to first year grads. There weren't any jobs. So Travis and I, after one particularly delirious moonlit evening in Fog's Woods, decided to *make* a job—for him and for me. We would sing our way to matrimony and fame. No, we'd get married first, and let the singing and faming come tumbling after.

It was a crazy idea, of course, and we were a couple of crazy kids. Our folks would never have stood for it. But, fortunately for us, we didn't have to ask them. Trav was twenty-one and I was eighteen. Nobody could stop us, and nobody did. On the afternoon of June 23rd, after all those half-teary, half-cheery festivities that go with a senior's

and tragedy among the great of the movie world.

farewell to his alma mater, Travis Jackson walked out of Gower College a Bachelor of Arts. By midnight of the same day, he was a bachelor no more!

Perhaps it wasn't such a crazy idea, after all, because we *could* sing—especially Trav, who had a fine baritone voice—rather better than most vaudeville performers could, and we'd had a year's practice working up an act. I was something of a comic in my way, no Marie Dressler or ZaSu Pitts, but funny in a blah sort of way, more like Gracie Allen.

"Would I like to!" I exclaimed. "I'd love it."

WE'D been reading about the famous Hollywood restaurant, the gathering place of the stars, for years. What fan reader hasn't? But it had never occurred to either of us that we would ever enter its sacred portals—"in person," so to speak—and when we did so, that first Monday in the film capital, it was one of the big moments of our lives.



"Something within me, told me, although I don't know now how he found out about us, that he would be in the theater to catch our act. When I went over to the left and leaned, a la Helen Morgan, against the proscenium, he went over too, and came down the side aisle to within twenty feet of the stage."

Even my great voice, which was as big as Mae West's, coming out of my pint size figure got a laugh. I could also manage, in more serious moments, that sobby note, that catch in the voice, which is called "torch."

Travis, who was a real showman, had been quick to see and develop these tricks of mine, and between us we could put on a fairly good act. At least, it was good enough, when we got to Chicago and showed it to the agents, to get us enough small town bookings to carry us across country to San Francisco, where we had the good luck to sign up for twenty straight weeks of Pantages time.

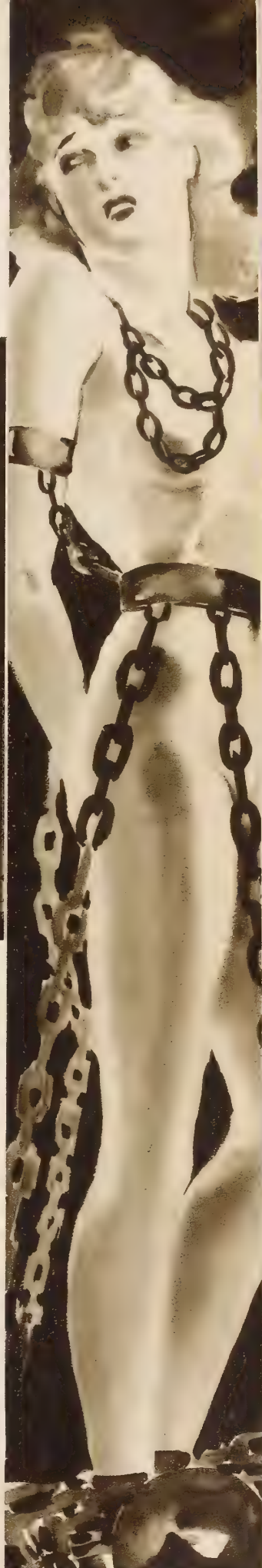
Sixteen weeks later, when we reached the Hollywood Pantages, we had become regular troupers. To be sure, we weren't headliners, but we were sure of second billing; and our spot in the show, next to closing, was pretty good evidence that we knew our stuff. On the stage, I mean. Off stage, we were still just a couple of kids, terribly in love.

"Honey," said Trav—he always called me Honey after we were engaged—"would you like to go to the Brown Derby for luncheon?"

Of course, the little curly-headed, dark-chinned headwaiter, whom I now know as Nick, didn't give us a very good table. He didn't usher us, as he now does me—on my rare appearances in public—to one of the spacious panelled booths which line the walls, and are fought for by movie celebrities much as the parterre boxes at the opera are fought for by social celebrities. No, he put us at a very ordinary little table in the middle of the room—but it was a grand spot from which to view the stars.

We could see them through the glass doors rolling up in the big black limousines and fighting their way through throngs of autograph seekers. Yes, that was Chevalier; we'd have known him anywhere; and we should, after the imitation Trav had given of him as the opening number of our act. He didn't wear a straw hat, Maurice didn't; but the drooping cigarette and the drooping lower lip were there, just as Trav did them. And there was Joan Crawford, all in make-up, just as she had come from the studio, with Doug, Jr., and Bill Haines. What a happy trio! That was long before the trouble, of course, and Joan and Doug seemed almost as happy as Trav and I did. And how she wore her clothes!

Doug's father was sitting with a lot of foreign-looking people in the big corner booth at the right of the entrance. I looked hard for Mary. (Please turn to page 93)





FASCINATING

Jimmy Dunn, who does such a thoroughly good job of captivating not only his heroine in a picture, but his audience as well, will next be seen in Fox's "Jimmy and Sally," with Sally Eilers.

BY MARTHA FORD

(Mrs. Wallace Ford)

General JOAN

After her husband and her small daughter succumb, a wife investigates the wizardry of Miss Crawford

WHEN lightning strikes twice in the same place, curiosity prompts you to look into the matter.

It did—and I did.

First and foremost, I saw a rampaging young lion-cub named Wally Ford tamed into gentle, almost docility . . . and, second, a blond, six-year-old demon named Patricia, changed from devil to cherub, all in a split second.

The lightning was one Joan Crawford; the place, my humble family circle; and the tempestuous two were my husband and daughter, respectively.

More than two years ago, when I first came to Hollywood to join Wally, he was in the midst of making "Possessed," his first picture, with Joan. I noticed how chastened he seemed at the depot, but decided the joyous shock of seeing me again had knocked him all of a heap.

Then . . . he took Patty to lunch with him the following day and she came home as radically changed as her father. The result was one I'd attempted to achieve for years. But all of a sudden, like this, it was more shock than pleasure.

I decided to investigate. My only solid clue was the name "Joan," repeated over and over. So I made up my mind to see the lady and find out the alchemy she used.

The day arrived. I girded my loins for action, shoved open the door of the sound stage, strode over cables, light-plugs and assorted feet, to grasp the hand that had cowed my husband. There she sat, chewing gum with concentrated fury and giggling with Clark Gable over an error in the script.

She jumped up to greet me.

"Hello, there! Wally's told me all about you. Where's Patty? Wally, when can Martha bring the baby over again?"

And something about the direct friendliness from a girl you've heard was inclined to be a bit the "great lady" did exactly to me what it had done to Wally and Pat. It made me shy. I'll never be able to explain it.

Joan went out of her way to build up a feeling of easy camaraderie, but our pre-conceived notions of how picture actresses should greet their co-workers and friends died a hard death. A hundred times a day, Joan would say to Wally: "Don't you Miss Crawford me, Mr. Ford. Call me Joan, Wally." Yet Wally, to this day, is just a little formal with Joan.

Patty succumbed (Please turn to page 80)



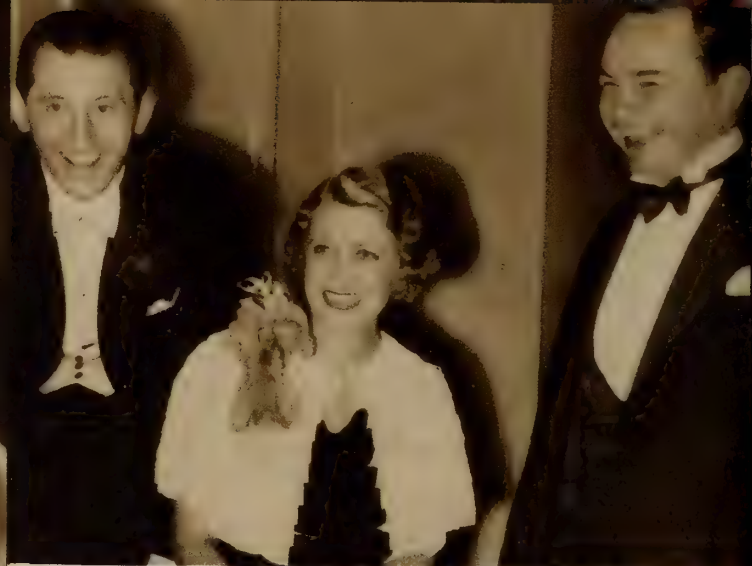
Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine

Joan Crawford, in costume during the making of "Dancing Lady," photographed with Martha Ford, the author of this intimate analysis, who says: "She knows exactly where she wants to go. And with every ounce of intelligence, determination, wit, beauty and strength, she's going there."



Photograph by Wide World

"Ah non, non, monsieur," the Frenchman cried. "Him I do not like to meet. He is brutal - - terribly brutal, and I am sure he is not intelligent. Just brutal. What you call he-man - - two-fisted man."



Abe Lyman, the orchestra leader, Ruth Etting, stage and radio star, and Edward G. Robinson.

E • G •

THE TERRIBLE

SOME time ago, while in Hollywood, a French musician, an acquaintance of mine, asked me to introduce him to some of the more notable picture players. I called off several names. He was delighted to be able to meet all of them, until I hit upon the name of Edward G. Robinson.

"Ah, non, non, monsieur," the Frenchman cried. "Him I do not like to meet. He is brutal—terribly brutal, and I am sure he is not intelligent. Just brutal. What you call he-man—two-fisted man. Non—*merci*."

A few days later, the Frenchman and I spent the whole of a Sunday at San Bernardino. I took him for dinner to a restaurant that boasts of Spanish atmosphere, Spanish cooking and an orchestra of bandannaed guitar players. The Frenchman's eyes roamed over the place, taking in every detail, while I was busy with the menu. It's a job to feed a Frenchman, particularly a Parisian, anywhere in the world, without making him cry out for Paris.

Suddenly my friend pulled my coat and pointed to the other end of the room.

"There," he said, "is an intelligent face, a very sensitive and intelligent face. Surely an artist—maybe a musician—yes, the forehead looks like a musician. Maybe a gypsy musician—his lips are like gypsy lips, and his eyes and his hair are like gypsy eyes and hair. Do you know him?" he asked.

I raised my eyes, and E. G. seeing me, waved his hand.

"Ah, you do know him," the Frenchman cried out. "Monsieur—the pleasure to meet him would be great."

A moment later E. G. left his table and came toward us, hands outstretched, and greeting me in his native tongue—which is also mine.

Picture the dismay of the Frenchman when he learned that the man who had attracted his attention, because of his artistic appearance, was the "unintelligent and brutal man" whom he had refused to meet. My French musician friend was still further impressed when "that brute" talked French and talked intelligently about music.

the real truth - - as told by a close friend - -
 about the screen's most desperate character
 by KONRAD BERCOVICI

MOST people who have seen E. G. in "Little Caesar" and "Hatchet Man" and "Tiger Shark," would not believe their eyes if they were actually to meet E. G. in the flesh, and could listen to his soft and melodious voice or look at his kind, big black eyes when he is talking to friends. If anyone looks less like "Little Caesar" or the "Hatchet Man" or "Tiger Shark" in private life than Edward G. Robinson, I should like to meet him.

E. G. loves roles which are the very opposite of his nature. In "The Kibitzer" he gave his best legitimate stage performance. The rôle is that of a ne'er-do-well middle-aged Jew who mismanages his business and his family affairs, and wastes his opportunities and wears clothes several sizes too big for him, and talks against his own interests while attempting to boast of his great ability as a business man and as a shrewd investor. The kibitzer always means well to others and to himself, but he never does well either to others or himself.

I don't remember ever having seen anybody as natural, as living, on the stage, as that kibitzer when played by Robinson. It was almost beyond belief that the man on the stage had ever behaved otherwise in private life. As a matter of fact, E. G. is no *schlemiel*. He manages his affairs with the astuteness of a well-trained business man and never talks out of turn. He never does anything that would hurt E. G. Robinson, and as for wearing clothes that are too big or too small for him, that is entirely out of the question. E. G. is one of the most careful dressers I know. He never wears a tie that clashes with his shirt or his suit, and always looks well groomed, no matter what the hour of the day or night. He'd rather not eat than not wear the appropriate clothes for the occa-

sion. In England he would be called a dandy. In Vienna a "gigerl." Here he is merely a well-dressed man.

I HAVE an idea that he has portrayed gangsters so successfully on the stage because they are the very opposite of what he is in his personal life. E. G. never snarls, never resorts to force, is never brutal and isn't in the least the commanding gangster type that he so well portrays on the screen. He hates hoodlumism and gangsterism and to my knowledge has never been in sympathy with the higher order of racketeering he represents on the screen. He is a law-abiding citizen with more than the usual respect for conventions and traditions. He doesn't want to appear different from any successful business man, though he does use perfumes.

It is possible that as a youth, in New York, he frequently, and secretly, wished that he were of the brutal kind so as to avenge slights and hurts that his companions occasionally inflicted upon him. One must not forget that he was a boy immigrant at school; and boys have never been too kind to greenhorns.

It is even possible that the life he leads on the screen expresses some of his secret desires, and that he would occasionally like to be in life what he is on the stage and on the screen—careless of his clothes, or brutal in his actions.

But somehow, either because of heredity or by training, he has been moulded into a different person—one who could have made an excellent teacher in a

boy's high school if he had not chosen the theater as a profession. Should anyone put up his fists in E. G.'s face, he would first do his best to talk him out of it.

He has a particular knack for
 (Please turn to page 85)

"If anyone looks less like 'Little Caesar' or the 'Hatchet Man' or 'Tiger Shark' in private life than Edward G. Robinson, I should like to meet him," writes Konrad Bercovici. . . . Below: A scene from "The Little Giant," showing Mary Astor and Mr. Robinson.



WATCH YOUR STEP

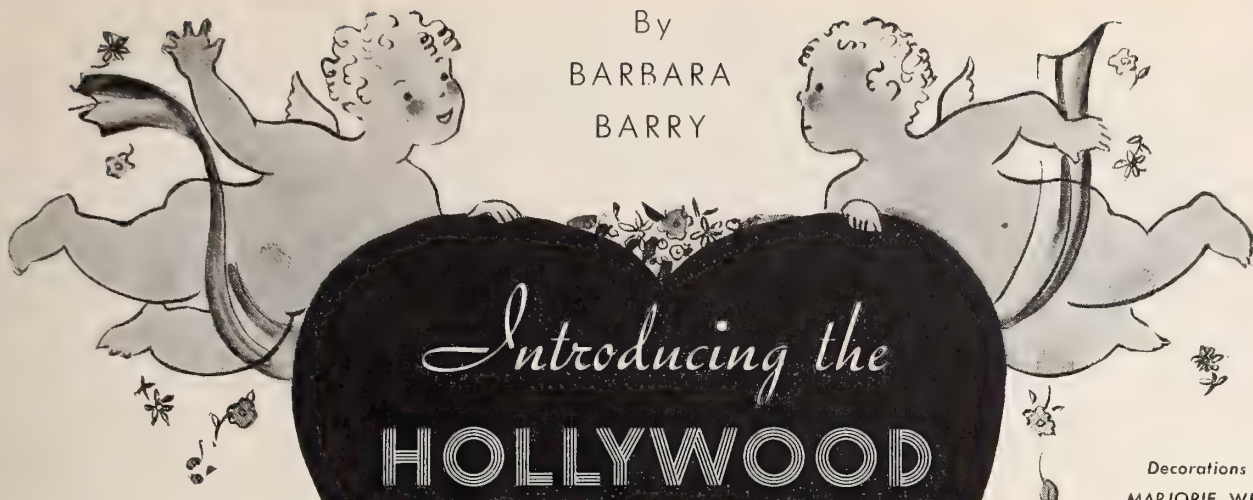


Jean Harlow, the temptress. Her latest film is "Bombshell," with Lee Tracy, Frank Morgan, Pat O'Brien and Nils Asther. She dynamites them all!



George Raft, the menace. His next will be the stage play, "Chrysalis," with Sylvia Sydney, Miriam Hopkins and Fredric March . . . Page the equator!

By
BARBARA
BARRY



Decorations by
MARJORIE WEILER

AFTER weeks of persistent trailing, I had finally caught up with Hollywood's busiest citizen, Daniel ("One Shot") Cupid.

Sitting on the sand at Malibu Beach, the chubby little fellow was staring moodily out across the sparkling water. Panting from the chase, I dropped down beside him.

"Hullo, One Shot," I puffed. "What's the good news?"

"Go 'way!" he muttered crossly. "And stop breathing down my neck. With a hangnail on my bow finger and the best arrow in the lot bent into a corkscrew—thank Ramon Novarro for that!—I'm about as happy as a guy with two broken arms and the seven-years itch! You might as well go 'way," he eyed me disapprovingly. "I came down here for a rest and I positively refuse to talk shop!" He wriggled deeper into the sand.

"All right," I soothed him. "No shop talk. But," admiringly, "I've certainly got to hand it to you, One Shot. You never give up. Novarro has been dodging you for years and still you keep at it. The old never-say-die spirit. Boy, you've got it!"

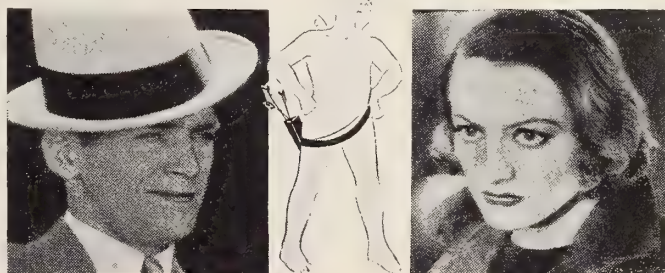
"It beats me," he complained, "how that boy can hold out the way he does. If all the arrows I've used on him were laid, end to end, they'd reach from Times Square

"Aren't they a perfect pair?" Cupe murmured smugly. "Brent is so handsome, and Chatterton's such a swell person. That was neat work, yowsah!"

to the Garden of Eden. Blondes, brunettes, redheads . . . even the Great Garbo. And it always turns out the very same way. No sale." He shook his head sadly.

"O H, well," I said cheerfully. "You can't expect one hundred per cent returns on your output, you know. For the most part, I'd say you were doing remarkably well."

"You would!" he snapped. "And that shows how much you know about my business! Love isn't what it used to be, my fine friend. Years ago, when I so much as nicked 'em with my trusty arrows, they *stayed* nicked. 'Till death do us part' meant just that!"



"Don't take it so hard, pal. We all make mistakes. The question is: will Doug and Joan make up?"

Love was a Big Issue in those days, not a Temporary Experiment. I tell you, it makes my blood boil when I think of the number of my customers who have recovered and are hanging around, inviting me to take another shot at 'em!"

"But, Cupe . . ." I began.

"But, phooey!" he sputtered. "When your grandma was a girl, divorce was the exception. Now, it seems to be the rule! And the *grounds* . . .!" He rolled his eyes skyward. "Two of my most promising customers—Lola Lane and Lew Ayres—tossing one of my most promising creations into the discard, and all because he called her a 'dumb cluck' . . . whatever that is!" He gestured impatiently. "Those kids were really in love . . . still are, for that matter! Same with Marian Nixon and Eddie Hillman. (Please turn to page 78)

With a leap, One Shot grabbed his quiver and bow. Then, "Myrna Loy," he puffed. "And . . . Ramon Novarro . . . Lemme at 'em, you nuisance! . . . Leggo!"



SEX APPEAL

IS A TRICK! — says MIRIAM HOPKINS

At a dinner party at the home of Samuel Goldwyn, Mary Pickford drew Miriam Hopkins into a corner.

"An interviewer asked me what girl in Hollywood I thought had the most sex appeal and I told her I thought you had," Mary said. "I hope you don't mind."

"I don't think there is any such thing as sex appeal," Miriam told me, blushing furiously. "Sex appeal, or what is popularly called sex appeal, is not something you are born with. It isn't a quality that is given to some and not to others. It is a trick, or tricks. It is acting."

"And every girl knows it and practices it—but, of course, some girls know more about the finer points of the game than others."

"For instance, when you return home from a party: 'Do come in for a minute and have a cigarette,' you coo to your escort."

"Make him comfortable. But you don't—if you are a modern girl—rush around and get a cigarette for a gentleman. You say in the Garbo manner: 'Have a cigarette. They're over there,' pointing to the box on the table. And you don't flutter around and light it for him. You let him light yours."

"It makes a man seem so strong to do things for a girl."

BUT—and here is where your work starts—after he has seated himself in the only comfortable chair in the room, you get a pillow and throw it on the floor at his feet. You stretch yourself out on the cushion, making

AS TOLD TO

FRANC DILLON

Hollywood's most famous exponent of feminine allure gives a lesson in enticement

Illustrated by special poses made by Miss Hopkins for The New Movie Magazine. Photographed by Wide World.



"You must never sit down properly, with your knees together and ankles crossed. You must lean back against the cushions, see that your dress is tucked in so your figure is well outlined."



"A piano always makes a good background. Strike a Jean Harlow pose from the waist up, and a Norma Shearer from the waist down."



"Get a pillow and throw it on the floor at his feet. . . . Men always love to feel that they are above a woman, mentally, literally and figuratively."

sure that your best lines are apparent. You look up at him soulfully. Men love to be looked at soulfully. They love to feel they are above a woman, mentally, literally or figuratively.

"You look so tired," you begin. "Are you working too hard? What is your next picture to be?" Or anything to get him to talk about himself. Or: "I read your last story. It was wonderful." Flattery always goes great.

"But if by chance, he doesn't take the comfortable chair and sits on the sofa instead, you are, of course, expected to sit beside him. Right then you must forget a lot you've been taught. You must never sit down properly, with your knees together and ankles

crossed. You must lean back against the cushions, see that your dress is tucked in so the figure is well outlined. Make yourself comfortable and then relax.

IF he asks you something you don't understand, you just lean back, sigh and run your hands through your hair. He'll forget all about economics. Or you can say: "Oh, let's just talk about us." Or you can always look down, giving your long eyelashes an opportunity to register, while you think of an answer.

"If a subject gets too deep, you can always need a fresh cigarette or take a pose in front of the fireplace, look up at a painting and talk about art. Of course,

Below: "If he asks you something you don't understand, you can always look down, giving your long eyelashes an opportunity to register, while you think up an answer."



Right: "Or you can say, 'Oh, let's just talk about us.'"



"Always say good-night very firmly, but be sure you look your most enticing when you say it. Offer your hand to be kissed. It is a sweet friendly gesture, and makes you seem so unobtainable."

"If a subject gets too deep, you can always need a fresh cigarette, or take a pose in front of the fireplace."



you don't know anything about art, but the chances are he doesn't either. And art is so feminine. Especially if you turn your back to him and your gown is a new one from Hattie Carnegie with a little bunch of marguerites sticking out through the jacket in the back.

"Make-up is a very important factor in the business of sex appeal. In a crowded room, where you (Please turn to page 76)

CLOTHES

MIRIAM was so interested in showing New Movie readers these Sex Appeal tricks that she changed her costume for each pose, so you could have a preview at the same time of her brand-new wardrobe from Hattie Carnegie.

Simple but not so sweet as to lack sex appeal is Miriam's white rough crepe gown. The shoulders are covered by a tiny ermine capelet.

Heavy satin fits tightly to the hips where the line is broken by a diagonal peplum. The skirt is very full.

Exaggerated shoulder puffs top the tight sleeve of the matelassé crêpe jacket Miriam wears over a hand-blocked chiffon dance dress.

It's a charming trifle, this little jacket with its puffy, ruffled sleeves and monkey jacket cut.

The ermine capelet is cut at a sharp angle in the front and lined with the dress material.

Fitting closely at the hips, this gown has enough fulness at the hem to allow for Marlene Dietrich poses. The narrow collar ties at the front.

Here's a close-up of the shoulder puff on the matelassé jacket. You can just glimpse the bunch of marguerites at the waist in back.

PARADE of the

The old fairy story always has the same beginning in Hollywood—but it has any number of different endings.

by

RAMON ROMERO



Sue Carol and Alberta Vaughn. Sue married and retired from pictures, but you occasionally hear of Alberta in some obscure productions.

Don Alvarado and Mary Philbin in "The Drums of Love," directed by David W. Griffith. Mary was at one time Universal's most publicized star.



Gertrude Olmsted who was starred in silent pictures but has not been heard of by the general public since.

THE Cinderella story is as old as the hills. It grew whiskers so long ago that somewhere back in the dark middle ages it was already a full-fledged Santa Claus with a braided beard; a Santa Claus who in that day, as in this, awakened vague dreams in dizzy damsels, built them castles of burstable bubbles, lifted them to imaginary heights of fame and fortune, dangled golden promises in their faces, and wrapped rainbows around their necks—but only filled their stockings with disillusion, tears, regrets and a one-way ticket to oblivion.

Cinderellas have colored the passing generations of time since civilization began. Each era has had its Cinderella, each decade its lady of fortune, but never have they been so numerous as now. Hollywood took the Cinderella legend and made a racket of it. Once they came in pairs, through carefully spaced years—but now they come in bunches, like bananas.

History tells of a Joan of Arc who heard voices that lead her to overnight fame and immortality; of an Anne Boleyn, who rose from a lowly place in the palace of King Henry the Eighth to first lady of the kingdom; of a Nell Gwynne, who sold apples in front of theaters in Old London, and later became not only the most famous actress of the fog-bound metropolis, but mistress of the king as well. Then there was Florence Nightingale, who went into the Crimean wars a humble nurse and came away a great heroine of international importance; Josephine Bonaparte, widow of a poor war captain, who became Empress of France and first in the heart of Napoleon; Madame Sans-Gene,

who rose from the low estate of a washer-woman to one of the highest positions in French Royalty.

So much for the Cinderellas of yore. At least their names have come down to us through the ages. Legends have made them glamorous and mysterious and sometimes even great. But what of the endless list of Cinderellas that Hollywood has created? What will their names mean tomorrow? What memories will the name Betty Bronson conjure up? Who will remember Edwina Booth? Or Carmen Barnes? Or Georgia Hale? Cinderellas who came to the movie hall of fame, transformed by the Fairy Godmother, Hollywood, into celluloid celebrities for a few fleeting hours of glory.

NO other city in the history of the world has ever created so many celebrities as Hollywood. Unknown names have been made household words literally overnight, their fame spreading around the globe with the miraculous speed of lightning. Girls barely out of school have had glory thrust upon them that would make a Cleopatra or a Helen of Troy turn green with envy. Shop girls out of five and ten cent stores, caught in the net of fortune, blossom forth down Hollywood Boulevard in Rolls-Royces—while tenement queens reign, while the reigning is good, in Hollywood penthouses, usurpers clattering jealously

CINDERELLAS

about the throne. Faces out of nowhere appear, backed up by high-powered exploitation campaigns, and in a few months are speaking to an audience of millions from thirty thousand motion picture screens in almost every country on the map; their countenances broadcast to vast multitudes in metropolis and village alike, their voices made familiar to great numberless masses whom they will never see in this life or in any other. With the regulated mechanism of clockwork a gigantic Hollywood machine grinds out fame like sausages, without rhyme or reason, repeating a name again and again upon a Hollywood phonograph record until the needle wears down and the name becomes a mumble that is soon indistinguishable.

Nowhere else on this planet does the Cinderella find as appreciative an audience as the Americans. No other country admires the "rags to riches" tradition as America does. Each new Cinderella that makes the grade via the short-cut route to glory and gold, is added proof to the fact that America is still the land of opportunity. The success of one Cinderella is encouragement to all the embryo Cinderellas who sit dreamily waiting for the Fairy Godmother to come along and change the Ford into a Lincoln, the pull-down bed into a luxurious boudoir, the last season's coat into an ermine.

Most of the successful plays in the theatrical history of the United States have been based on the Cinderella theme. Motion picture producers when in doubt about the box-office returns of a year's program always revert to it as a secure protection against their more highbrow product.

Such Cinderella plays as "Peg O' My Heart," Zangwill's "Merely Mary Ann," the eternal "Tess of the

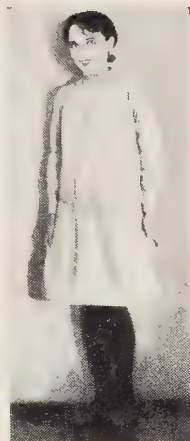


Photo by Preston Duncan

Betty Bronson, who made her debut in "Peter Pan." She was hailed as a star. Since then she has done very little.

'changed forms as time goes on—but one thing about them will always remain unchanged; the heroine will invariably be poor, she will inevitably get rich, either by marrying a millionaire or achieving some spectacular and fantastic overnight success—and in the end she will always wind up in the fade-out in the arms of her Prince Charming, to live happily ever after.

The same formula is expected to work for the Hollywood Cinderella—a sudden rise to popularity, a swelling bank account, a Prince Charming, and a fate that spells happiness forever and anon. But in reality the Cinderella tale is a little different, the finis would never find a place in any good fairy story book. Because in real life, happiness, even for those born with four-leaf clovers in their hands, is a will o' the wisp, an elusive, invisible imp that refuses to be caged like some bird.

Hollywood press agents are experts at writing Cinderella stories. They manufacture mansions, fame, love and everlasting success for their proteges—but alas, only on paper. They write with golden pens, but the ink evaporates. They give generously of adjectives—and in the end the words rebel. They write—and forget. Only in forgetting do they deal in realism.

Look back over the movie magazines of only a few



Photo by Melbourne Spur

Lina Basquette a New York dancer and one of the most beautiful girls who ever went to Hollywood. She married a multi-millionaire who died. Since then she has been dancing in vaudeville and in cafés.



Photo by Melbourne Spur

Georgia Hall, achieved sudden fame as Charlie Chaplin's leading woman. She was a typical Hollywood Cinderella, who came, conquered, and was then suddenly lost in oblivion.



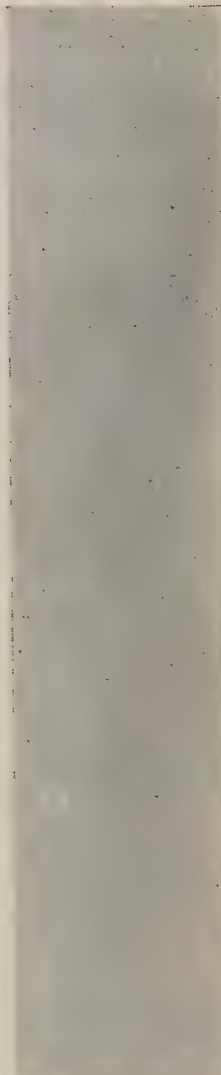
Nina Quartero, featured in "The Red Mark," which James Cruze directed. You occasionally hear of her, but principally in Spanish versions of some of our American productions.

Storm Country," the popular "Little Orphan Annie," "Come Out of the Kitchen," "Daddy Long Legs," the musical "Irene," the tuneful "Sally," and their like, have made millions for their authors and producers. From time to time they are revived, not only on Broadway, but in the stock companies and in the tent shows that are scattered throughout the forty-eight states. Some have been remade several times as pictures, and will no doubt be filmed again in various

years ago. The rotogravure sections are filled with pictures of beautiful, happy, smiling faces. Finds! All of them. Future stars! Not a failure in a carload. Cinderellas! Some won beauty contests. Others were discovered dancing in New York choruses. A few were extra girls suddenly lifted to a place in the cinema sun.

Mary Philbin! Gertrude Olmsted! Allene Ray! Alberta Vaughn! Sue (Please turn to page 89)

• TYPEWRITER ART •



Type-sketch of Claudette Colbert made from the photograph of Miss Colbert at right, by Marguerite Kortlang, 845 First Avenue, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. This was selected as the best of all those submitted. The contributors were asked to make a type portrait of the picture of Miss Colbert that appeared in the July issue of *The New Movie Magazine*. The same picture, much smaller, is reproduced to the right.

The sketch submitted by Adrienne Cadoul, 638 Call Building, San Francisco, California, that appears on the left, was selected as being the second best of those sent in. For full details turn to page 90.



Contributors of type-sketches selected as the best

MOVIE COOK-COOS

Written by TED COOK. Arrangement by TED COOK. Illustrated by TED COOK. (Practically) A TED COOK Production.



Henceforth we will have to develop the hidden powers within us and tell what happened next year.

"The motion picture is here to stay," is the grim announcement made by a lady representing Parent-Teacher organizations.

It would have been a lot better news for Hollywood if she'd said the motion picture audience is here to stay.

STATISTICIAN announces that one out of every ten persons in the country could be seated simultaneously in the nation's movie theaters.

Maybe they could all right. But nobody in Hollywood seems to know how.

And then there's the actor whose favorite sport is autograph-hunter hunting.

But be that as it may, most of the menace of Mr. Raft and Mr. La Rue Seems to be a result of the fact that their facial expressions are so few.

ACCORDING to a well-authenticated report, George Raft drinks milk with every meal.

On the other hand there is absolutely no truth in the rumor that Janet Gaynor cries for absinthe on her toasties.

BUT it is a fact that Arline Judge puts on roller skates when she wheels the baby carriage along the sidewalks of Beverly Hills.

We've seen her with our very eyes—and a mighty pretty picture it was, too. The little mother in shorts—going hell-bent under the restful old trees, the roots of which occasionally lift a slab of the concrete walk, making motherhood on roller skates quite a responsibility.

EDDIE LOWE likes to tell about his visit to Burlingame. His hostess overheard the colored maid answer the phone and say, "Yes, that's this (Please turn to page 88)"



Rich bands of sable give added smartness to the cape worn by Lillian Bond in the RKO-Radio production, "Double Harness." The sketch, above, shows the back closing and two interesting muff ideas.

TREAT FUR AS TRIMMING—IT'S THE HOLLYWOOD WAY



Wynne Gibson wears ermine epaulets and revers on her coat in Paramount's "Her Bodyguard." The muff is trimmed with bands of the material. The sketch above shows three other muffs.



JOAN BENNETT'S TWO-IN-ONE

One suit is the basis for two costumes for Joan Bennett, with a wise choice of accessories. Left, she wears a beige-printed brown velvet swagger coat over her beige crepe suit. A beige purse, gloves of the coat material, brown satin sandals and a knitted hat complete the ensemble.



At right Miss Bennett is shown wearing her suit with a sable scarf, a brown wool fabric hat, brown suede gloves with a puff at the wrist, suede pumps and a brown pin seal purse with gold accents. The sketches show details of the accessories and two alternative hats, a velvet beret and a satin toque.

NEW MOVIE'S HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS





SUITS for FALL

Very English is the flecked tweed suit worn by Kay Francis, Warner Brothers star, in the M-G-M production, "Storm at Daybreak." The broad-shouldered effect is gained by carrying the front fitted section up over the sleeves. With it she wears a swagger felt hat.

Lucile Brown wears a street suit of navy blue and white diagonal striped wool with a hip-length coat emphasizing extremely broad shoulders. Blouse, turban and gloves are of blue crinkly crepe. (Shown left.)

The smart sports suit shown right is worn by Frances Dee in the RKO-Radio production, "Headline Shooters." The jacket is brown flannel and the skirt and scarf shepherd's plaid. Sketches show other accessories for street and sports suits.

NEW MOVIE'S HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS





DOUBLE-DUTY PAJAMAS

A short-sleeved blouse, shown in the sketch, transforms the suntan satin lounging pajamas, shown at right on Lucile Brown, into sleeping pajamas. Walter Plunkett designed them.



ENSEMBLE YOUR LINGERIE

Lucile Brown who appears in RKO-Radio's "Double Harness" wears teddies of peach satin with appliquéd Alençon lace. The sketch shows panties and nightgown to match. Her smart tailored robe of blue quilted satin is lined with plain blue satin.



Radio Rambles

Conducted and announced
by a famous comedian of
the stage and air

Lou Holtz
The New Movie's guest
reporter



Barbara Blair, new radio sensation, promises to be one of the winter's favorites.



MY *frands*, you know perfectly well I had thanksgivings when I signed last May to try to be funny on the radio. But if I should tell you I had misgivings, too, I could be practically arrested for understatement. Yes, my *frands*, misgivings.

With sixteen years as a stage comedian behind me, you might think I'd know how to make people laugh. That's all right, but this radio business is a fish out of another kettle. I should know by now what makes the Broadway audiences laugh, but Broadway isn't the big open spaces across the country.

The stage of the Palace isn't like a small, cold broadcasting studio with a little black box to talk into and no audience to speak of and no way to tell whether or not your gags are going over. Mrs. Holtz's little sonny boy, Lou, is a nervous guy.

"Holtzie," I said to myself, "if you have an audience, you can do all right with them, maybe. But a cold studio and a mike are not indigenous to your soul. So watch your step."

The boys at the Ipsy Pipsy Lodge, of which I am a member, were a big help, too. "Holtzie," they said, "watch your step. On the stage you're fine. But radio is something else. They can't see you, Holtzie."

EVERYWHERE I went I got the same thing. My fine *frands* were certainly a big help to me. Even my pals in the Four Hundred.—Oh, yes, I move in *verreh* exclusive circles. I know everyone who mat-



Mr. Holtz, posing as the author of this department.

The latest picture of Eddie Cantor, making a film, broadcasting, writing and, in his spare time, keeping Hollywood a-bubble.

Photographs by Wide World

ters. I know the Archbishop Shapiro, I know Lady Epstein, I know the Marquis Blumberg. They are all very dear friends of mine. And they all fed me the same routine. I can remember now the dear old Archbishop saying, "Holtzie, should they only be able to be seeing you, you might maybe be a sensassun."

It was all a swell build-up, and to cut the long story short, I felt an awful lot better at ten-thirty that first Friday night than I did at ten.

But here's what I found out, after a few programs. When the reactions were gathered, I found that the same things that used to make them laugh on Broadway makes them laugh everywhere. For example, I'll tell you a little story here that I did at the Palace with great success and that I was afraid to do on the air because I thought it was too wisecracking and not suited for radio. I (*Please turn to page 81*)

SHE Lives for Her ART



Photograph by Wide World

Eleanor and Art. She's nineteen, a swimming champion and potential star of the films. He's twenty-four, a Greek god type, already a star of the radio and an up-and-coming star of the screen.

... and his last name is JARRETT!

**The real story of the romance of
two Brooklyn High School kids
who became famous**

By JERRY WALD
who played Cupid

Erasmus Hall High School,
Brooklyn, N. Y.,
May, 1926.

THREE high school seniors, much impressed with their own importance, are leaving the building. A pig-tailed freshman gazes after them in awe, singling out one of the trio for special worship. She gathers up courage, sets her little chin ajut, and hurries after the boys.

"Excuse me," the youngster murmurs to her particular favorite, "but I live across the street from your house, and I thought it would be nice if we knew each other. My name is Eleanor Holm."

"Okay, Eleanor," answers the lad, never slackening his pace. "I'm Arthur Jarrett." With the usual disregard of youth, he strides off with his companions, who are the captain of the school baseball team . . . and I.

Columbia Broadcasting System,
New York, N. Y.,
May, 1932.

I AM at my nightly task of picking up news. An attractive, evening-gowned goddess is presented to me by a mutual acquaintance. I acknowledge the "This is Eleanor Holm" with a slight bow, and ask, purely to make conversation:

"Well, what do you think of radio? Is there anything around here you'd like particularly to know? Is there someone, perhaps, you'd like to meet?"

"Oh, Jerry, I'm so glad you asked me that," she replies. "I was about to ask you to introduce me to Art Jarrett. I knew him—and you, too—in school, but that's such a long time ago, I doubt if he'll remember. You don't seem to."

I single out Jarrett and do the honors. No hint of their earlier meeting is included in their short, impersonal conversation. Eleanor's escort approaches us, and she goes off on his arm. Jarrett gazes after her, turns to me and says:

"Jerry, for once in your life, you've done a guy a favor." He never saw her again. . . . That is, not in New York!

Home of Dorothy Lee,
Hollywood, California,
May, 1933.

FATE is completing her cycle of "Threes." Eleanor Holm, holder of the National, Olympic and World's back-stroke swimming records, and a member of the film casts of "Central Airport" and "Hard to Handle," is presented for the third time, to Art Jarrett, the coast's new singing sensation, co-star with Richard Dix in "Ace of Aces" and with Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady."

"There's no need of an introduction," Jarrett interrupts, "Miss Holm and I are old friends from New York." . . . The radio plays, the movie stars frolic, and Art and Eleanor stroll off into the garden, arm in arm.
(Please turn to page 96)



THE WORLD Gone

HOLLYWOOD—NEW YORK:

*"I Am No Angel"
"I Cover the Waterfront"
"I Loved You Wednesday"
"I Love That Man"
"I Married an Angel"
And I am a fugitive from the I gang, I am.*

THE porter on the Sante Fe Chief knows a lot about stars. He has made the beds for the best of them. He says the new generation is much nicer than the old. Old-timers weren't always what a colored man considers refined. Miss —, for instance, never would get out of her berth except to have it made and then would teeter blinkingly on the edge of a chair with her bottle, making cracks.

Now the crowd is different. Some of the nicest people you'd ever want to meet come from Hollywood. Some don't even drink at all, hardly.

"The nicest of all. That is . . ." the porter corrects himself, "the nicest lady I ever did see from Hollywood is—is—"

"Polly Moran," I suggest.

"I can't remember the name. . . ."

"Nice ladies' names are hard to remember."

"But her picture's in here," he cried, fumbling THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE frenziedly. "Here 'tis—here she is—a real lady!"

I don't suppose there's any harm in revealing the name—Miss Norma Shearer.

AT the Grand Canyon, gazing on the Eighth Wonder of the World, a woman next to me murmurs out of a clear gap, "Oh, I do hope I see William Powell when I get to California!"

"Movie people are very disappointing when you see them," pipes a sour soprano. "I have a niece in Hollywood and she says they are very disappointing when you see them."

"I suppose so," says the Powell lady. "Still, it's nice to be able to say you've seen them."

"Like Grand Canyons," I contribute, adding that the Canyon to me is just a big Joe E. Brown yawn.

"Really!" flutters the lady.

"Oh, not really," I laughs, "but when he's old and toothless."

GASPS, flutterings, little screeches. . . . "El Brendel!" honks the lady who says it's disappointing to see them. "It's El Brendel!"

"El Brendel! El Brendel!" squeals the little flock bouncing about as a shy young man and a lady wrapped in dead minks' skins leap into a car and scurry away.

I feel sort of sorry for the Grand Canyon lying there getting no attention. "Never mind, pal," I soothe. "You'll still be on the map when El and the rest have gone to join them late minks."

The guide shows us dinosaur tracks in the stone. They remind the lady with the Hollywood niece that she's seen movie stars' tracks in Grauman's forecourt—a lot more impressive.

"And bigger," I adds, showing off.

BACK on the train, I seek the news butch for literature but THE NEW MOVIE is all sold out.

"Here's sum'n you ought to read," he says. "Peggy Hopkins Joyce's 'Trans-Atlantic Wife.'"

"I know the authoress well," I say with casual impressiveness.

HOLLYWOOD

"Well, I don't know her," the butch retorts, a bit churlishly. "But I certainly know she ought to know what she's talkin' about."

So I go to bed with Peggy's "Trans-Atlantic Wife."

Getting away from it all.

CHICAGO:

THE World's Fair doesn't impress. They had advertised Jean Harlow as a feature of the exposition but Jean doesn't expose . . . least, not when I'm here. The chief feature seems to be a lot of automobiles. And who wants to travel a couple of thousand miles to see automobile parts when they came to see Jean? Not even a Hollywood boy.

SO I visit the uncle, Doc Riley, out on swank Gangsters' Row, where you're lulled to sleep at night by dum-dums on the roof. The uncle was physician with Ringling's Circus for twelve years, then fell under the spell of the snake-charmer, married and settled down. It's from him the Boulevardier inherits his love for animals and charmers—the snake!

He recalls Wally Beery when Wally was "bull

A fugitive from the gang, the Boulevardier, disguised as HERB HOWE, tries desperately to get away from it all

man" with the circus. (If you've heard this before, so have I—so just step aside for the others.) A "bull man" is the elephant's nursey. "Bull" is circus for "elephant." There was one elephant named Flora or Gussie or—oh, call her Greta. Anyhow, she suffered from insomnia (due to anemia, no doubt).

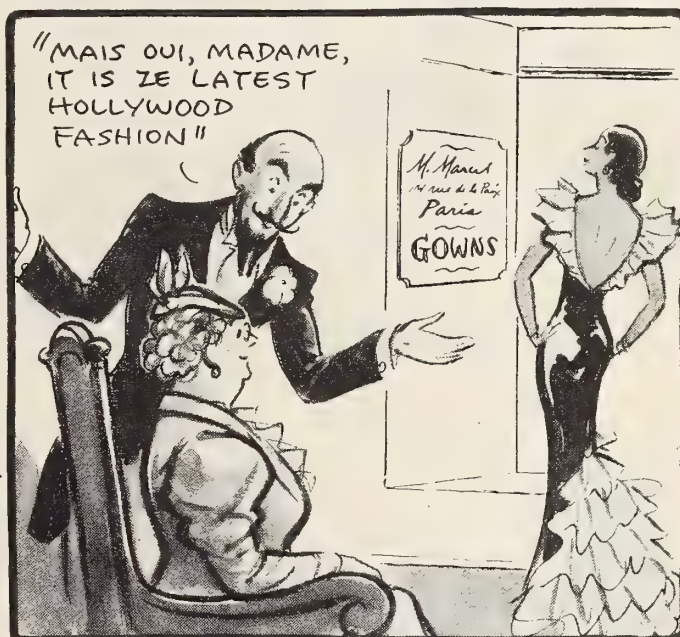
The only way Greta could relax was by having companionship in her car. It was Wally's duty to sleep in a bunk with Greta's trunk across him. But he had to get out before Greta awoke in the morning. She was old-maidish that way. She'd kill any man she caught in her car in the morning. For an entire season, Wally had to snap out at the chirp of dawn, without disturbing Greta. Today Wally is a happy married man, and I can't help but think his circus training has had much to do with it.

ANOTHER of Wally's duties was to quiet elephants in a storm. The beasts are as skittish as spinsters and fly into a panic at sight of a mouse or sound of thunder.

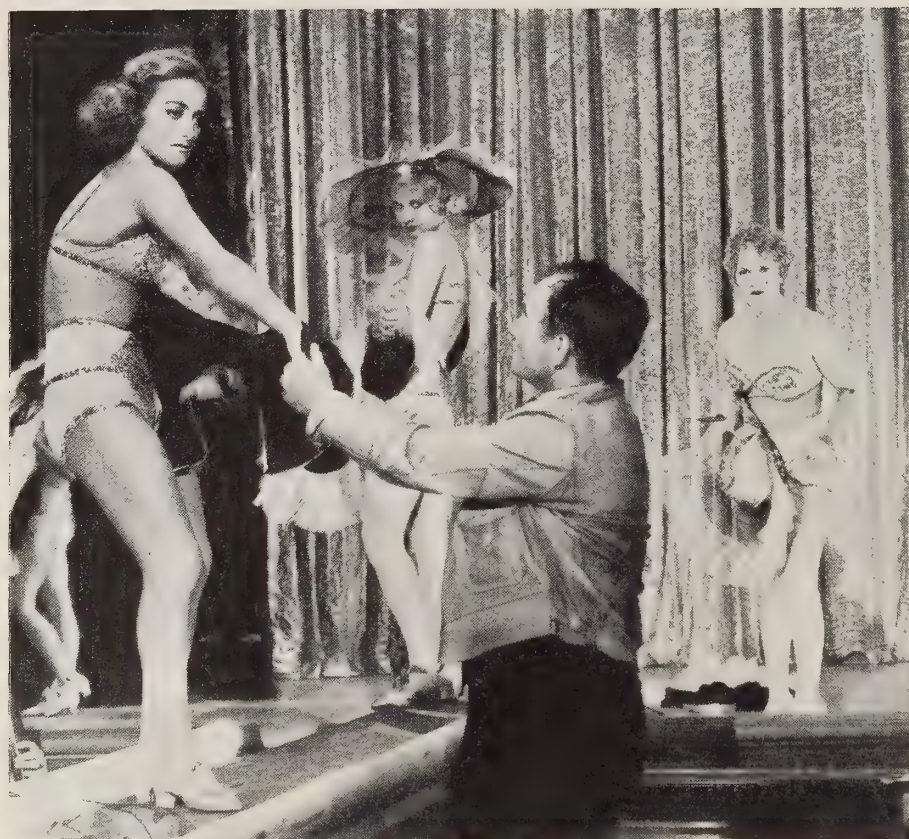
When a storm crashed Wally would lead them into a circle and let them put their trunks against him. This reassured them.

Evidently they felt Wally was capable of talking back to the gods when they thundered. And—funny thing! Wally was the only actor in the Hollywood circus who talked back when the gods slashed salaries. Still the old bull man!

(Please turn to page 83)



NEW PICTURES You



Margaret Sullavan and John Boles, co-featured in "Only Yesterday" which John Stahl directed for Universal. This is Miss Sullavan's first appearance in motion pictures.

Joan Crawford in her new and very modern, picture, "Dancing Lady."

FOR more than a few months, Hollywood, like the rest of the United States, has been waiting for Prosperity. While people haven't much money and aren't spending what they once did, it takes courage to spend an extra hundred thousand dollars that may change a good picture into a special.

However, the big parade seems to be on the verge of getting under way. Several of the big studios have pre-tentious pictures in preparation—and to give them their due, none of the leaders slacked down nearly as much as conditions gave them a right to do.

Many of the great pictures didn't cost a great lot of money. Usually they are composites of three essentials—a good story, inspired acting and directing and an emotional theme that hits a current topical highlight. This explains your "Big Parades." The "Seventh Heavens" and "Cimarrons" come largely under the inspirational heading.

Radio has two films in work that bear this reasoning out. The first, "Little Women," is purely inspirational and depends largely on its excellent cast—also upon the reception of the Katharine Hepburn picture "Morning Glory" . . . For "Little Women" will stand or fall with Hepburn. The second may be either one of two planned John Barrymore pictures; the first "Cyrano"; the second "A Fugitive from Glory." Both of these have emotional themes that can be wholly great or just ordinary.

Now that better times are here there is no reason why the pictures should be ordinary, but the movies did pretty

These are the ones to see this month

LITTLE WOMEN

Because it's one of the greatest human stories ever written . . . with Katharine Hepburn a lovely, lovely "Jo."

DANCING LADY

Because Joan Crawford made her first hit in just such a picture and Franchot Tone is in this one also.

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY

Lionel Barrymore as a country doctor. You'll love him and wonder why someone didn't think of this for him until now.

ANN VICKERS

A daring dramatization of Sinclair Lewis' story that lifts Irene Dunne to the heights of real stardom. Walter Huston is superb.

MY WEAKNESS

A cute little musical with Lilian Harvey and that swellest of "stooges," Sid Silvers—now a "big" comedian.

CHRYSLIS

Miriam Hopkins, George Raft, Sylvia Sydney and Fredric March in a show that will make you think.

well by us when we weren't feeling so good, so we shouldn't be too hard on them in future. We made a couple of mistakes of our own.

Some months ago I mentioned the fact that some of the smaller pictures were providing excellent entertainment. Pictures like "Melody Cruise," "International House," "She Done Him Wrong" were not specials in any sense of the word . . . but there isn't a reason in the world why we should ask for anything more in the line of steady amusement.

And before we get into our real business of the month there is still a little tribute to be made to the new courage that is being found in the continuity department. A great novel cannot always be brought to the screen exactly as it is written. It is a different medium—the same result must be reached—but by a different route. A tribute then to Jane Murfin and RKO who took "Ann Vickers," a great work that was stodgy as a novel—and made of it a motion picture that—well, to get out of it easily, seems to have a soul. You see the Irene Dunne of "Back Street" . . . but this is an Irene Dunne that begins really to matter.

ANN VICKERS—(Radio)—There was a lot of shuffling around before Irene Dunne finally became "Ann Vickers" and it just so happens that your reviewer knows that Irene wasn't so very eager to do the job. She should thank her lucky stars that she let the studio persuade her, for this is far and away the most important job that Miss Dunne has ever done . . . and this includes "Cimarron."

should see—and Why

The story isn't unlike "Back Street" in general theme but its background is much mightier. Ann Vickers is a composite of many of us, both men and women, and Irene Dunne is going to bring a lump into the throats of people who haven't thought it possible to cry over a motion picture.

She has never had a supporting cast such as the one she receives in "Ann Vickers." From the moment when she gives in to the impassioned pleadings of Bruce Cabot—her first man—to the time that she stills the wonderings and unrest of Walter Huston—her last . . . there is no moment when Miss Dunne is not at her ease.

There should be no need for me to tell the story; if there is, let it be sufficient for me to say that it is the sometimes terrible story of the life of a woman who was in doubt, who could not take things at their face value and who paid for her experiments in shame and pain. Edna May Oliver offers a grand foil for Irene Dunne as she did once before in "Cimarron." Between them they take the sting out of the sordid chapters of Mr. Lewis' novel and lead your reviewer to believe that possibly they know more about women than does Sinclair Lewis.

Be that as it may, don't miss the picture.

LITTLE WOMEN—(Radio)—Either you like the story "Little Women" or you don't. Your reviewer must confess that Louisa Alcott's famous old story had escaped his notice until now and possibly he has grown beyond the stage where "Little Women" (in print) interest him greatly. He hasn't gone beyond the stage, however, when he can appreciate the freshness of a summer's morning or a cool breeze coming from a mountain lake. That, to you who do not know Miss Alcott, is your cue.

But let the story go. Katharine Hepburn is "Jo" . . . a tomboy who is much the woman—and it is the new Katharine Hepburn who reached stardom with her shining art in "Morning Glory." That is enough for anyone and if it isn't, then Radio has surrounded Miss Hepburn with a cast of young players that are truly exceptional. Joan Bennett plays "Amy," Frances Dee is "Meg" and little Jean Parker is wistfully lovely as the sweet little "Beth." Don't let me scare anyone into thinking that this is children's fare—grown-ups can appreciate a summer morning.

To these four Radio have added Paul Lukas, Douglas Montgomery and Edna May Oliver. It is an excellent cast, one that seems to understand the old New England charm that must live in the original story—a story I think that I am going to read.

I think that you will remember "Little Women" and thank Merian C.

Cooper and the rest of the Radio studio for giving it to you.

DANCING LADY—(M-G-M)—Some years ago M-G-M made a show that they released under the title of "Our Dancing Daughters." Joan Crawford was the star and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., shared the love interest. There was one scene under that gnarled old cypress tree that you see in pictures every now and then that I will never forget.

Lots of things have happened since then but maybe this new M-G-M picture is going to be another beginning. The story, while it isn't very similar, is of the same general type as "Our Dancing Daughters." Joan Crawford is the story but instead of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., we have Franchot Tone.

M-G-M have given Joan a "distinguished" supporting cast . . . that is,

if being well-known is being "distinguished." Jean Malin, about whom you must have heard, plays one important bit and Ted Healy, one of the roughest of vaudeville rough-necks, has another. Ted is the man who has more stooges than the rest of the vaudeville business put together.

Another old vaudeville headliner who re-appears in this show is Winnie Lightner who bowled us over for quite a time until First National forgot to give her a new story and we got tired of the old one.

Robert Z. Leonard (some day I'm going to find out what the Z stands for) has directed a smooth, fast-moving show that allows Joan to look her sexiest, dress well and vamp Franchot to a fare-thee-well.

I don't think there's a doubt in the world that you'll like it. I can certainly recommend it.



James Cagney and Frank McHugh in "Footlight Parade," Warner's new musical.

May Robson, Dorothy Jordan, Joel McCrea, and Lionel Barrymore in RKO's "The Doctor."



**THE NATIONAL DIGEST
OF THE
BEST TALKING PICTURES**

FOOTLIGHT PARADE—(Warners)
—Warner Brothers seem to have decided to be the Ziegfeld of the motion picture business and if such is really their idea, then they have a running start. Right from the beginning they have been lucky—or smart—with musical pictures but this year they have outdone themselves with "42nd Street" and "Gold Diggers of 1933" right in a row.

This would have satisfied most people but Warners went right on pitching for the third strike—and put it right over with the help of James Cagney who was a "hooper" once and did it once more in this show for dear old Warners—that is to say—even if he doesn't hoof—it's still what is known as a musical.

Who'd expect to see "The Mayor of Hell" and "The Public Enemy" in a musical . . . and like him?

Warners gave him the works. But this time it was all to his advantage. Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, Claire Dodd, Dick Powell, Hugh Herbert, Guy

Kibbee and a host of others make up the cast and James never had so many beautiful "gals" to kick around in his whole movie career.

The same team that produced "Gold Diggers of 1933" worked on this one with the exception that the music is by Walter Donaldson and Gus Kahn, two of the most illustrious in Tin-Pan Alley. The songs aren't quite so "hot" as "42nd Street"—there'll be only one "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" for quite some time—but it's a cinch that you'll be whistling them just the same.

Warners put story into their musicals and this is the best yarn of their three for this year. If only to see James work in his new surroundings—this is worth taking in.



Ricardo Cortez and Elizabeth Young, the New York society girl from the stage, this being her first performance in pictures, in "Big Executive." Others in the cast, are Sharon Lynn, Richard Bennett, Barton MacLane, and Dorothy Peterson.



William von Brincken, Eugene Pallette and Spencer Tracy in "Shanghai Madness."

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY—(Radio)—
While "One Man's Journey" is far from being as pretentious as some of Lionel Barrymore's recent pictures, your reviewer has a hunch that it may be remembered after "Rasputin" and his others are forgotten. There, there were others; here, there is just Lionel Barrymore in the role of a small man who has greatness within him.

As the settled, contented country doctor, Barrymore gives you no inkling that within his soul is a longing to do great things that the whole world will acclaim. It is only when his son is about to embark upon a career that may bring him fame, but at the cost of broken hearts to others, that Lionel tears the mask from his soul and shows the lost hopes and dreams that have paved the ways of happiness for others.

It is a pleasure to see Barrymore in a role of this sort. The elder Barrymore has always been inclined to play his characters a little too vigorously to suit the taste of this on-looker but there is nothing to cavil at here. He shows, plainly and with consummate skill, things that are happening to each one of us and the gasps of surprise

that are wrung for you, almost involuntarily, are tribute indeed to his fine skill.

Joel McCrea is restrained and admirable as his son and Frances Dee, rapidly becoming one of the shining younger stars, is charming as his sweetheart. Dorothy Jordan has the other main role and shows some of the force and skill she displayed in "Bondage."

While this isn't a great show it may do much to soothe some of the rather vain hopes and wishes that we all harbor . . . it is certainly one of the few shows that can safely be labeled "family."

MY WEAKNESS — (Fox) — She came; we saw; she conquered! Which, ladies and gentlemen, means that in the opinion of this scribe, Lilian Harvey has come to America to stay.



A scene from "Moonlight and Pretzels," the musical which is the first picture Universal has produced in the East in many years.



Photo by Robert W. Cohen

Joan Bennett, Jean Parker, Katharine Hepburn and Frances Dee in "Little Women," from the old-time Louisa M. Alcott novel.

Paul Robeson, the famous colored concert singer, in a scene from Eugene O'Neill's famous stage play, "The Emperor Jones." Dudley Murphy directed for United Artists.



Frank Morgan, Jackie Cooper and Alice Brady in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer epic of the stage, "Show World."



In "Congress Dances" she did everything that a star should be asked to do. "My Lips Betray" was okay . . . or so it seemed to me . . . but "My Weakness" is going to put her right on top.

Much of the credit is due to a gentleman by the name of Buddy De Sylva, who has written some swell songs with grand business, and to a friend of his who was a stooge to Phil Baker until he decided to become a better comedian than his boss. I'm talking about Sid Silvers, the hit comedian of last years' Broadway hit, "Take a Chance."

Sid's dead-pan comedy is ideally suited to Miss Harvey's type of screen work. She is charming as she can possibly be and Sid is dumber than you'd think could be possible and together with Boots Mallory it all mixes up into a swell, fast-moving show. Harry Langdon, once one of my favorite comedians, gets a pretty good break and Lew Ayres does exceptionally well with the other end of the romance. I'd like to see someone taller than Lew work with Miss Harvey in her next show.

Put Lilian Harvey and Sid Silvers on your list of "stars whose pictures I don't want to miss."

ACE OF ACES—(Radio) — Radio found a very different type of aviation story for Richard Dix in "Ace of Aces" and for those who like their entertainment of the red-meat variety, this is about the best bet of the month.

(Please turn to page 102)

Mickey Mouse's

By
MICKEY MOUSE

As told to Hal Horne



"Put four or five of those Marx Brothers' titles together and you've got a full meal."

ROUND and round go the wheels in Hollywood, and round by round goes the excitement at the Movie-land ring-side. Now that writers and stars are airing their differences in prizefight arenas, promoters are seriously thinking of charging the pugilists admission for watching the spectators put on their own bouts in the auditoriums.

News is breaking aplenty and every day brings new "extras" about the stars. They're not calling 'em bit players any more—they're calling them two-bit players now that the wage scale's gone up and reached a new high note in optimism.

WARNER BROTHERS announce "The World Changes" with Paul Muni.

An actor must be great when he has that effect on the universe.

HEADLINES scream "'WHITE WOMAN' IN PRODUCTION AT PARAMOUNT!"

I wonder why Jimmy Durante laughed when I called it to his attention.

"FEMALE" with Ruth Chatterton and George Brent is proceeding marvelously at First National.

Well, the female must go through!

WILLIAM POWELL and Mary Astor are working on "The Kennel Murder Case!"

Mystery going to the dogs!

RKO tells me they're making a Spanish version of "India Speaks."

Imagine India speaking in Spanish! Should go great with Chili sauce.

The same company announces Constance Bennett's next picture will be "Without Glory."

They can't fool me. Constance couldn't make a picture without glory!

PARAMOUNT is going right ahead with "Too Much Harmony."

Let's add a line—Sweet Adeline.

WILL ROGERS' daughter is using the name of Mary Howard instead of Mary Rogers. Says she doesn't want to trade on her father's reputation.

The Rogerses always did have a Will of their own!

"THE BOWERY," Darryl Zanuck's first for 20th Century, is proving the sensation that everybody expected it to be. When "The Bowery" was originally announced several stunt men offered to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge to help exploit the picture. Not a bad idea, committing

suicide for a company. Gets you to the attention of your employers quickly.

That's only a start, of course. From then on your future depends on yourself.

M-G-M is very enthusiastic over Marion Davies' next picture. They're borrowing Bing Crosby to play one of the leading roles.

Should go big! Everybody knows Prosperity is just around the crooner!

PARAMOUNT is offering Cecil B. DeMille's production "For Frightened People." No gags—we've been scared out of our wits ourselves! They've also bought Hugh Wiley's story, "Pink Chemise."

"Don't get confused. Has nothing to do with the underworld!"

BYE, bye, Blackbird! Universal's going to do "Bluebeard" with Boris Karloff. Speaking of Universal, "Moonlight and Pretzels" is doing nicely.

Shows what a twist to a title will do!



"You can be had!"

Movie-Go-Round



"Life is just a bowl of chariots!"

SAW something on a theater marquee the other day. The exhibitor didn't have enough room for the whole title so he abbreviated "Ann Carver's Profession" to "A. Carver's Profession," adding "Cutting Up," the name of the comedy on the same bill.

WITH "Duck Soup" all warmed up and ready to serve, Paramount announces the next Marx Brothers film to be titled, "Cracked Ice." Put four or five of these Marx Brothers' titles together and you've got a full meal. Incidentally, if exhibitors persist in showing double features you can expect theaters to advertise "Charlie Chan's Greatest Case," with "Cracked Ice."

Complete service.

FIRST NATIONAL hands an orchid to Richard Barthelmess and Ann Dvorak. It's a "Shanghai Orchid," their next picture.



"Arliss' new spectacle."

**The world's most popular actor
as The New Movie Magazine's
correspondent on the Holly-
wood front.**

WE'VE seen "The Cohens and the Kellys in Africa" and "The Cohens and the Kellys in Hollywood." Now Universal announces "The Cohens and the Kellys in Trouble."

As nice a place as any.

NEWs comes from M-G-M that Richard Boleslavsky will direct "Hall of Justice." His "Storm at Daybreak," and "Rasputin and the Empress" certainly showed that he understands life, proving that life is just a Boleslavskys!

SO Lubitsch is doing "Design for Living" for Paramount! That reminds me of one of the Hollywood costumers who was doing such a big business for a while that people started saying he had designs on everybody!

Speaking of Paramount, watch out for "Tillie and Gus!" What's it about? Your Gus is as good as ours!

SO you see, everything's moving along nicely in Movieland. While most of the younger stars are making a name for themselves on the screen, some of the veterans are keeping their names alive by giving impersonations of themselves on the stage.

With everything improving all along the line, the companies have stopped going into the hands of the receivers.

Now the receivers are going into the hands of the public.

ONE of the theaters along Broadway displayed a big NRA sign and immediately the house phone was flooded with inquiries from people who wanted to know who was playing in it.

One of the male stars of yesterday was asked to play the role of an actor for a major company, but he turned it down saying he didn't want to do character parts.

This is the fellow who quit drinking because every time he took a pick-me-up it knocked him down.

THE big idea out here is to do everything bigger and better. Just to show you that they mean business, one of the younger executives, when told by his boss that he'd have to put his best foot forward, immediately went his chief one better and put *both* his feet forward.

He still has the floor!

I'll Show You the Town

● HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS ●

YOU should have seen the movie stars gathering around Major Ernst Udet! Just "coals to Newcastle" is a celebrity in Hollywood, but you wouldn't have thought so to see Gloria Stuart and Benita Hume and Adolphe Menjou and Harold Lloyd and Joe E. Brown and the rest of them hanging on the famous aviator's words, over at Carl Laemmle's beautiful estate in Benedict Canyon Road, Beverly Hills.

Harold Lloyd, of course, knows all the aviators, and entertains them at his home, but he is naturally especially interested in the aces, and Udet, who plays the lead in Universal's "S.O.S. Iceberg," is his special friend.

We shouldn't be a bit surprised to see Harold going in for aviation, but, so far, his wife has been able to keep him out of it. She's nervous about this flying business.

Mildred (I've known Harold's wife ever since she was a little girl, so I just have to call her by her first name) was looking very pretty in a black tear-drop satin gown, cut along sports lines.

The affair was a sort of breakfast and lunch combination, and was served cafeteria style. Cartoons of Oswald, the Lucky Rabbit, and Pooch the Pup, framed on palm trees, were amusing little touches.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., assisted by his aunt, Mrs. Maurice Fleckles, and Gloria Stuart, received the guests.

Benita Hume, to whom Maurice Chevalier has been paying attention, (page Jack Dunfee, Benita's fiance!) was supposed to arrive with the fascinating Frenchman. But it turned out that Maurice had to work, so Adolphe Menjou was pinch-hitter for her escort.

Miss Hume was lovely in a fascinating combination skirt and blouse, the blouse rose colored, trimmed with round medallions, the skirt white.

Gloria Stuart looked radiantly pretty in a yellow knitted sports dress and big panama hat.

Lupe Velez telephoned regrets for herself and Johnny Weissmuller. Johnny had a professional swimming date at the beach, and felt, explained the effervescent little Mexican *muchacha*, that he couldn't possibly be lucky in his swimming match unless she were along!

"Johnny 'e's afraid he'll drown unless his Lupe is along!" she bubbled.

Ken Maynard and Buck Jones were present, so the West was well represented. Both wore plain business suits, but were as tanned as you'd expect wild westerners to be.

Joe E. Brown arrived with Mrs. Brown in their new town car, with a chauffeur. But Joe had insisted on riding with the chauffeur in order to learn the left-hand drive. Mrs. Brown declared she was going to address him as Jeems, my man, if he left her all alone in state in the back of the car, that way, again!

"Dear me, dear me!" confided Carl Laemmle, Jr., as he espied Chester Morris clad in white flannels and white shoes. "Looks as if you'll have to begin describing the men's costumes if this sort of thing keeps up!"

Paul Lukas, an aviation enthusiast, came early so he could have a few minutes' private chat with Udet and with Carlos Borcoque, Argentine flyer, director and writer.

Doris McMahon, titian haired Broadway musical comedy artist and Hollywood screen player, attracted nearly all the men. She came alone, and as Mrs. Chester Morris observed, that showed how smart she was! She didn't have to feel bound to remember she was with an escort, and that he might be jealous.

Mary Brian wore a string of wooden sports beads tight around her neck.



"Here's how," hails Gloria Stuart at the party given by Carl Laemmle, Jr., on his beautiful estate in Beverly Hills.

GRACE KINGSLEY, The New Movie Magazine's society reporter, invites you to some of Hollywood's swanky movie parties

All photographs made exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Wide World



A new romance, it is whispered, is that between Mabel Marden, under contract to Universal, and Hugh Enfield, athletic young Universal player. Certainly he was most devoted. And youthful romance also was represented by that Pyramus-and-Thisbe combination, Tom Brown and Anita Louise.

"When are you going to admit you are engaged?" I asked Anita, but she only blushed. So we asked Tom.

"Well, I think that should be left for Anita to say," explained Tom.

And as Anita merely blushed some more (yes, there are a few blushes and blushers left in Hollywood!), and we found no ring on her engagement finger, we had to let it go at that.

WE were delighted to say hello to Russell Simpson and his wife, whom we hadn't seen in a long time. I believe Russell has been doing some vaudeville work.

Billie Burke was there with William Anthony McGuire, the playwright, who is collaborating with her on the writing of "The Great Ziegfeld," a story of the life of Billie's late husband. Patricia Ziegfeld, who looks like her dad, came with them.

Jean Harlow, who has been seen around with Cliff Henderson of late, stopped for but a moment, with Cliff, and then had to go on. But Major Udet was quite clearly charmed with Jean, and invited her, in the name of his country, to visit Berlin.

"I'd love to show you the town," he said.

Jean and Henderson have been friends ever since he directed the big air races in Los Angeles, last July, and a funny little incident had occurred at that time.

Ernst Udet, the German ace, was the honor guest at Junior Laemmle's party, attended by more than two hundred. Left to right, standing: Edward Everett Horton, Russell Simpson, Neil Hamilton, Ernst L. Frank, Chester Morris, Mabel Marden, Russ Colombo, Harold Lloyd, Joe E. Brown, Charles Murray, Hugh Enfield, Carl Laemmle, Jr., and John Farrow. Seated, from left to right: Anita Page, Mary Brian, June Knight, Madge Bellamy, Benita Hume, Mary Carlisle, Dorothy Burgess, Gloria Stuart and Maureen O'Sullivan, and above, in the small picture, are Benita Hume and Adolphe Menjou.

Their car broke down, as they were coming from an early lunch at friends in Glendale, and they borrowed a plane at the Glendale airport and flew to the races!

Such gallantry, Jean had evidently decided, should not go unrewarded. But though there have been some romantic whisperings about the two, I know it will be a long time before Jean forgets her husband, Paul Bern, beloved by so many persons he had befriended.

Amelia Earhart made quite a stir when she came in with Senator Bingham and General and Mrs. Hitchcock. By the way, Miss Earhart doesn't care to enter any air races. She says it is foolish and foolhardy to race and stunt a plane. And this from a woman so wise in the ways of aviation that she flew across an ocean.

I learned some interesting things about this aviatrix, by the way. She said that when she was flying the ocean and her plane caught fire, she radioed her husband, with whom she kept in constant touch.

"He had so much faith in me and knew so well that I shouldn't be disturbed in that crisis, that he didn't answer me," she said. "He knew it would only interrupt the hectic business of putting out that blaze."

John Boles and his wife arrived early and stayed only a short time, having other engagements. John is deeply interested in aviation, much to the distress of his wife, who wants him to stick to his bicycle. He managed a few moments of talk with Major Udet.

Madge Bellamy, absent from the screen a long time, but recently in a serial with Buck Jones, came with her producer, Henry McRae, and her director, Ray Taylor. Madge has lost (*Please turn to page 99*)

Hollywood Day by Day



by
NEMO

HELLO Hollywood! Hello everybody!

Since I last wrote you, things have been happening in Hollywood. Like beauty contest winners, domestic debacles seem to arrive in bunches and by the time you read this I can't guarantee there will be any married couples left out here.

Although it was not unexpected, the announcement that Pickfair was actually for sale fell like a bombshell in our midst. For Pickfair was Hollywood's bulwark of respectability. Half of Hollywood busied itself with murmured "I told you so's," while the other half rushed out to Pickfair, happy in the belief

The identity of Nemo, the mysterious author of "Hollywood Day by Day," still has Hollywood and its stars agog. Movieland's latest by-word is, "Sh-h-h! Nemo!" So Jimmy Durante volunteered to give *his* impression of what Nemo must be like. "A sheep in wolf's clothing," said he, not knowing, however, anything about wolves, having lived in New York all his life. Once, at the Bronx zoo, he saw a polar bear and ever since *hqs* thought it was a wolf. Thus this disguise. Lupe Velez has just caught him in the act of writing Johnny Weissmuller's memoirs.

that at last they would crash those aristocratic gates as prospective purchasers. They would see Mary's much-publicized white drawing room and Doug's bedroom. Future generations would be able to say: "Oh, yes, my grandmother was a guest at Pickfair."

But, alas! When they reached the entrance they could go no farther, for the big iron gates were locked and a guard informed them that the admission ticket was a bank book that showed a balance sufficient to buy the estate. In other words, in order to look at Pickfair the sight-seer had to prove himself an honest shopper. Otherwise, as wise little Mary knew when she took these precautions, Pickfair would have been just another Hollywood side-show.

FOLLOWING the news that Mary and Doug would make their separation legal there was a quick succession of similar announcements from Richard Dix and his wife; Carole Lombard and William Powell; Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers; Sue Carol and Nick Stuart; the Jack Holts, Zita Johann and her husband, John Haussman, the Menjous and others.

It seems that a short time ago Carole Lombard, just newly married, told me confidently: "Our marriage will last. We're such opposite temperaments. I like things gay — lots of fun and laughing — while Bill is the mental type. We are a perfect balance for each other. I keep his head in the air and he keeps my feet on the ground."

Which all sounded just dandy at the time, but apparently someone got off balance.

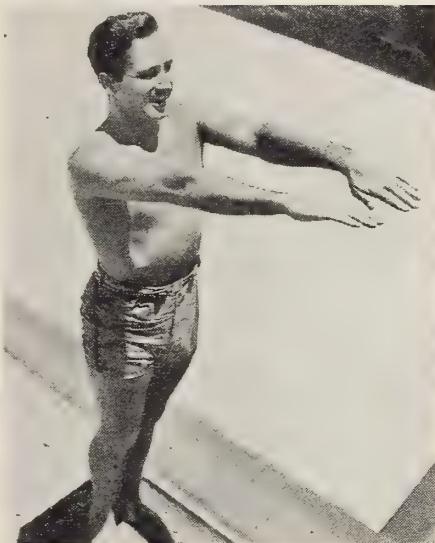
RICHARD DIX has everybody, including your Hollywood sight-seer, slightly puzzled. A few days after announcing the separation and plans for an immediate divorce, Richard issued a statement to the effect that as soon as the divorce was obtained he would immediately begin wooing his ex-wife all over again.

Sue Carol and Nick Stuart seem determined to go ahead with their divorce plans, but are seen daily taking their year-old baby for automobile rides. At night, however, Sue is seen at the various dancing spots with Ken Murray while Nick consoles himself escorting Bobbe Arnst. And what a consolation!



Wide World

Lawrence Tibbett, Metropolitan Opera star, and his five sons. l. to r., Larry and Richard (twins), 13; Peter, 5; Lawrence Tibbett; Marston, 7; and Sonny, 10.



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine

David Manners, like Ann Harding, has taken up the desert life. He's bought himself a rancho near Victorville, where he spends all of his time when not picture-making. Here he is making ready for a back dive into the rancho pool.



Photographed by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Marcia Ralston, latest M-G-M starlet, being groomed for your approval.

I SUPPOSE I shouldn't mention this because calling attention to happy marriages seems to have such a bad effect on them, but two kids who seem to be getting more out of life than most married couples are Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton. We met them hurrying down the Boulevard the other morning.

"We're in a hurry," they shouted. "We have to get home and irrigate the walnuts." And then Ann added over her shoulder: "It's lots of fun. Did you ever irrigate a walnut orchard?"

SOME of our best bachelors are quite cagey and go into this marriage business with their eyes wide open. George O'Brien, for instance, on the very day he married Marguerite Churchill, wired his directorial-traveling companion, John Ford, as follows:

"Just married Marguerite but my contract calls for annual trip to Shanghai with you."

(Please turn to page 56)



Morgan Dennis, the artist, and his two Scotties, Jock and Jill, the two live and kicking principals he is starring in a series of movie shorts which he is producing.

*Hollywood
day by day*

Hollywood day by day

(Continued from page 55)

And here is Joel McCrea, who, his friends would have you believe, will marry Frances Dee any minute, having ladders built on the outside of his ranch house.

A GREAT many people think Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard are married. They argue that Charlie is keeping it a secret because Hollywood is so tender toward romances and so hard on marriages, and that he believes he has more chance for happiness if no one knows he is married. Perhaps so, but if I were married to that little queen I wouldn't be able to keep it a secret, I would be *that* proud.

Charlie is looking more fit than I have ever seen him in an acquaintance of many years. His hair is almost white, but he has put on a little weight and is sunbrowned a deep tan from weeks spent on his boat, the *Edna P. II*. Paulette is brown, too, and her hair is again dark, almost mahogany.

They attended the opening of Carmel Myers' play at the Pasadena Community Playhouse and applauded enthusiastically. They remained in their seats during intermission, for, of course, Chaplin would have been mobbed if he had dared to go out



Photographed for The New Movie Magazine by Robert W. Coburn

June Brewster is winning her spurs as an actress, her last picture being "Headline Shooters," but she still retains the title of the girl with the prettiest legs in Hollywood. But with the way these beauty contest winners are pouring in on every train, June may have to retire behind skirts on short notice.



Photographed especially for The New Movie Magazine by Bert Lonoworth

Leslie Howard, photographed just before he went abroad to make the film, "The Lady Is Willing," for Columbia. His last picture before leaving was his own stage play, "Berkeley Square," one of the most ambitious of all his film efforts.

Dreams come true again. Here you see Robert Young and his bride, at the honeymoon home they'd dreamed of back in their school days when they first fell in love.

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Clarence Sinclair Bull

for a smoke. Some brave souls ventured down to his front row seats and asked for autographs. He had to refuse that, too, to save himself from an avalanche of autograph seekers, but he did it with a smile. He still insists he will have his two pictures finished before Christmas.

DOROTHY JORDAN - COOPER gave a house party as soon as her marriage to Merian Cooper, production head of RKO, became known.

"Why didn't you tell me, Dorothy," I asked. "Don't you think you should have broken the news to me more gently?"

"Oh, Merian doesn't like fuss," she replied airily, which only goes to show where the rest of us fellows stand with Dorothy.

OF course the high spot in my life for this month—and you'll never know how much restraint I exercised to keep it from you until now—was when strolling down Olivera Street the other night I found myself walking directly behind Greta Garbo.

She was wearing a black polo coat and a black slouch hat, and, honestly, I could have reached right out and touched her, but I didn't. I merely followed her. I was not alone in that pursuit, however, for everyone in the street was doing the very same thing.



No, not a scene in a picture. Merely Marie getting her boots off, between scenes. The assistant—and assisted—is Jack Pennick. It's the old army game.

She marched along like the Pied Piper of Hamelin with a motley crowd of Mexicans, tourists *and me*, following at her heels.

When she stopped to look at any objects in the little shops, we all stopped, too. In one little place she bought a big fat Mexican glass bottle. (Did you by any chance notice me, Greta? I'm six feet tall and wore a grey suit. Once you looked straight into my eyes, or I thought you did. Perhaps you were thinking that my tall forehead where the hair is a bit thin—Well, skip it. Maybe you were

wondering if the shop-keeper was overcharging you for the bottle.)

Eventually she (and yours truly) came to the puppet show and, seeing herself advertised as a part of the show, she purchased tickets and went in. That puppet show hasn't done such a business since the last Mexican holiday. Of course, we all tried to go in, too, but the tiny the-

ater holds only about two hundred people.

I was there, though, sitting right behind the great Garbo and I never did hear what became of all the people I injured in getting that seat.

She complained bitterly over the puppet that was supposed to resemble her. She didn't like the pom pom on its hat. "I think they have a nerve to sing that song," she said, when the puppet sang. When she left, the proprietor asked her to autograph the book and she said, "I never give autographs."

By this time, the glamorous Garbo was a bit irritated and suddenly turned to her companion, the ever-present Mrs. Berthold Viertel, and said: "I think I go home." I always

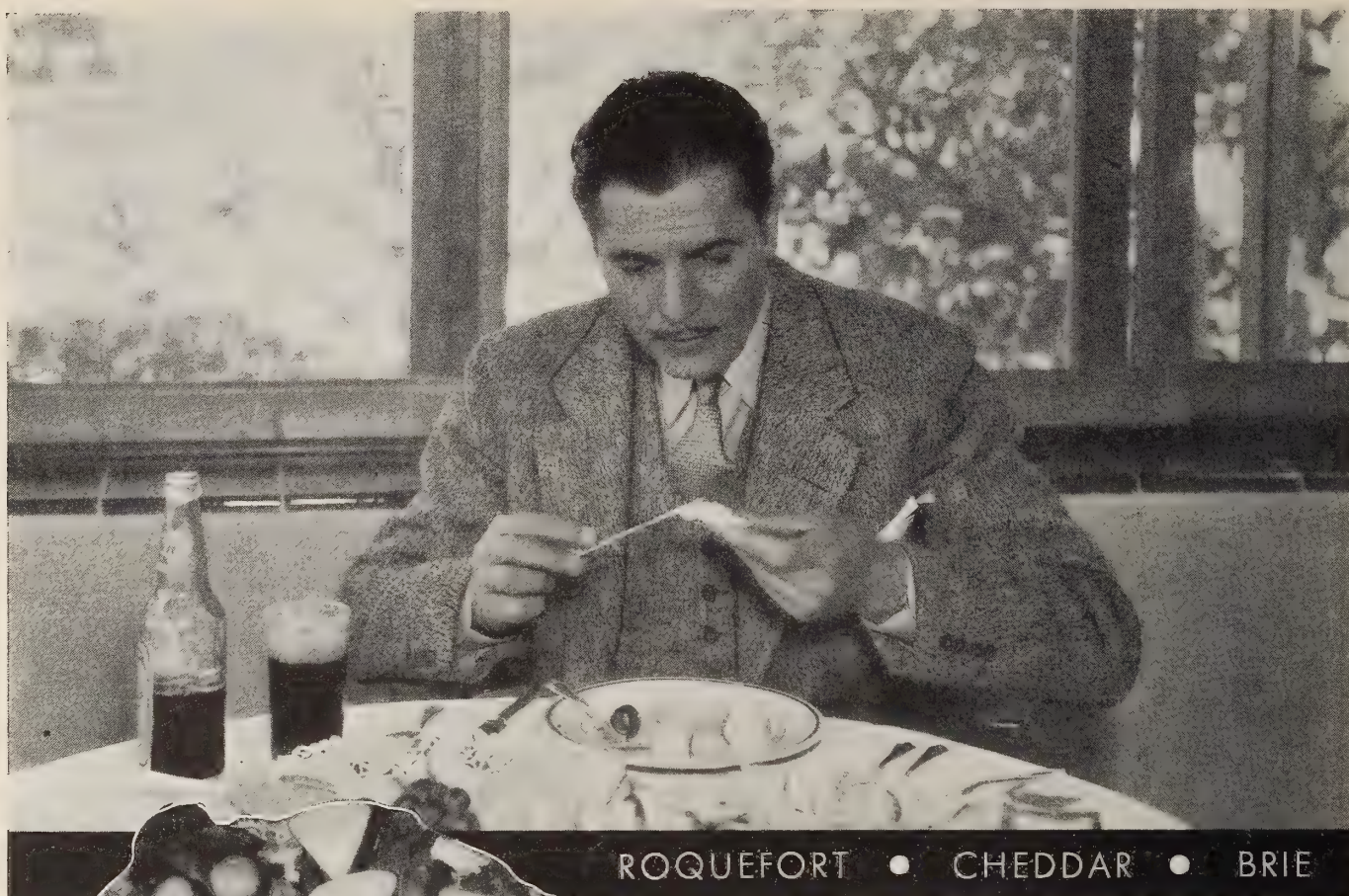
(Please turn to page 62)

*Hollywood
day by day*

Maureen O'Sullivan, who's in "Tarzan and His Mate," with Johnny Weissmuller, taking a tan bath. The sun is the best make-up man in Hollywood for jungle ladies.

Photographed especially for *The New Movie Magazine* by Clarence Sinclair Bull





CHEESE

is the basis of Warner Baxter's
favorite lunch

WHAT could be sweeter, neater and more wholesome," asked Mr. Warner Baxter, "than a lunch like this? Crackers, cheese and a bottle of beer. I've often wondered," he added, "why busy housewives who have to do all their own cooking go to so much trouble to get up fussy, complicated meals when most people—men at least—are just as well satisfied with a simple meal that takes almost no time to prepare.

"Take cheese, for instance," Mr. Baxter went on, remembering no doubt that the quickest way to get rid of a food reporter is to produce some really helpful suggestions about cooking or meal planning. "Some people cook it and mix it up with a lot of other foods and make curious concoctions out of it that they call English bunnies or Welsh rabbits or soufflés or fondues or dreams or surprises. All very well if you like to do that sort of thing, but I've an idea that the flavor of the cheese is best when you eat it uncooked with bread, crisp crackers, with fruit or in a simple salad."

Mr. Baxter admitted that he'd never had time to go into this cheese business very thoroughly. Of the hundred or so different types of cheese—

"Five hundred to be exact," we told him.

"There you are—five hundred different cheese flavors. Of all those I suppose I know and appreciate

the flavor of only a dozen or so, yet I've an idea that the best plan is to serve cheese so as to bring out its own individual flavor. If you have to use a lot of things to hide the flavor it's a sign the cheese is inferior or you just aren't educated to appreciate it. Roquefort, Liederkranz or Camembert are best with something like this." He held up a crisp thin water cracker. "And old-fashioned American or Cheddar cheese goes well with an old-fashioned soda cracker. And by the way, did you ever try Gruyere cheese with a caraway seed cracker. It's a perfect blend of flavors, the same thing that you get when you have rye bread with ordinary Swiss cheese. There usually are caraway seeds in rye bread, I hope.

"As a final course at dinner there's nothing better than a plate of assorted cheese. Put one of those large Edam cheeses that look like red cannon balls in the center or use a cheese that looks like a pineapple, with the top sliced off of course. Put a variety of other cheese around it and on the edges arrange your crackers, toasted bread, pumpernickel."

Then there is Ruth Roland, who has recently become an expert on the subject of finely flavored cheese. There was a time when her charming nose would have registered real scorn at the mere mention of Camembert, Brie or Limburger. She was the girl who didn't like cheese and one of the really tragic moments of

her life was the time she took what she innocently supposed was a crisp, tender stalk of celery and discovered after one small bite that it was filled with Roquefort. After that Ruth's friends simply didn't serve cheese when Ruth was to be present. Even after it got to be the sophisticated thing to chatter knowingly about cheese flavors, we didn't mention it—just as we'd avoid bringing up the subject of earthquakes to a friend who had recently been through one.

That's what made it so amazing to find Ruth Roland proudly displaying a new and perfectly accoutered cheese plate at luncheon the other day. Camembert, Limburger, or at least Liederkranz—and Ruth's nose didn't even quiver. She had actually arranged the cheese plate herself. Ruth is really mad about her home, you know. Takes care of things personally and it's one of those homes that shows thought and good taste, as well as content and happiness. It's one of the most livable spots in the world, hidden away behind trees and shrubbery on a hillside overlooking Hollywood. Luncheon was served that day indoors in the perfectly furnished Spanish dining room, with its lovely chairs and table hand carved by the famous Rodriquez.

The fact is, we discovered as luncheon progressed, Ruth's husband is a real cheese fan. "He even eats Gruyere for breakfast," she proudly announced. She paused to nibble one of her own favorite cheese appetizers—a potato chip lightly spread with Neufchatel. "With cheese it is the same as with olives—don't you think? It's a taste. The more you have the better you like it."

Miss Roland's interest in cheese was that of a connoisseur right from the start. She knew how to "talk cheese" even before she cared to eat it. She could tell when Schweitzer cheese had enough holes to make it really Swiss and why Gruyere, in spite of its Swiss origin, managed to maintain its prestige with no holes at all. She could tell you just what sort of crackers to serve with Liederkranz and what would go best with Roquefort or Gorgonzola, and she could tell at a glance, if not by the taste, the difference between Edam and Gouda.

"It's been a really thrilling adventure," Miss Roland told us. "And because my taste for interesting cheeses is rather recent I think I enjoy their distinctive flavor more than people who have become accustomed to eat cheese from childhood. I'm especially interested in the delicious flavors that can be produced by simple combinations of cheese and other foods. Most people don't realize how well cheese may be combined with fruits but it doesn't take long to convince them. An after-dinner tray of cheese and fresh or preserved fruit is sure to please your guests."

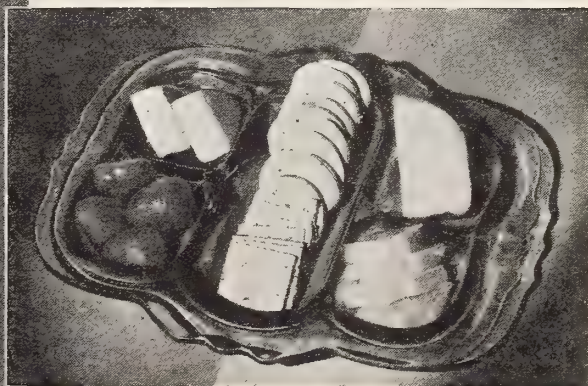
"Just try this—preserved figs, drained and stuffed with a mixture of cream cheese beaten up with a little cream and a dash of salt and cayenne, or fresh figs stuffed with Liederkranz or Roquefort. Or serve your Roquefort with slices of juicy red apples. Kumquats, preserved in lime syrup, should be stuffed with Cheddar cheese and pineapple should be combined with cream or Neufchatel cheese. Candied fruits and crystallized ginger are good with Neufchatel and other cream cheeses."

AND • LIEDERKRANZ • CRACKERS • BREAD • AND • BEER



Ruth Roland could "talk cheese" before she cared to eat it—now she's one of the leading cheese fans in Hollywood. Her husband, Ben Bard, eats Gruyere for breakfast.

For information about this month's food circulars please turn to page 96



Miss Roland's favorite dessert plate contains crisp, unsweetened crackers, preserved figs, fresh or canned pineapple and two kinds of cheese.

The PEOPLE'S

The Box Office Critics write their candid opinions

Quiet at Last: My thanks to Skippy, Sooky and Sidney for restoring peace to a bandit-infested household. For months my six-year-old twin boys have been hard-riding, hard-fisted two-gun men, suddenly appearing from behind doors or stairways as masked bandits, armed to the teeth, commanding the passer-by to "stick 'em up!" In



Ann Dvorak, after a long vacation. Her next picture will be "Shanghai Orchid," opposite Richard Barthelmess.

vain I suggested quiet, peaceful games—the Westerns had taken too deep root in childhood imagination. . . . Then "Skippy" and "Sooky" came to town, and over-night ideals changed. My boys again became normal, fun-loving six-year-olds. Taking turns as Skippy and Sooky they have acted and reacted nearly every scene in both pictures. At times it is hard to find a Sidney, but usually with "Aw, he isn't so bad!" the neighbor-boy is persuaded. . . . Speaking for mothers who want normal, wholesome play for their

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1933 in the films.

Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards.

These letters may be addressed to either The People's Academy or to the Dollar-Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You are the judge and the jury. Write us what you think.

The medals will be given for the following:

- 1—Best all-around feature picture
- 2—Best performance (actress)
- 3—Best performance (actor)
- 4—Best musical picture
- 5—Best human interest picture
- 6—Best mystery picture
- 7—Best romance
- 8—Best comedy
- 9—Best short reel picture
- 10—Best news reel picture
- 11—Best direction
- 12—Best story

little boys I am thankful for these pictures, and may we have more of them! —Mrs. R. V. Jones, 337 Walnut St., Twin Falls, Idaho.

Her Opinion of Jean: You asked us to write in our opinion of Jean Parker. She's the greatest find for the past two or three years. As Maria in "Rasputin," Eloise in "The Secret of Madame Blanche" and the ingenue lead in "Divorce in the Family," she was wonderful. Now that musicals are back, I'd like to see her in a few dancing and singing roles. Her aunt says that she's an accomplished dancer and singer. . . . But, in short, give her some nice big roles.—Miss Madelyne Demico, 234 North 8th Avenue, Pocatello, Idaho.

Clark is Regular: Clark Gable is the best fellow I ever met. I asked him for his autograph and he wrote a whole page in my book—the best one out of 25 stars' autographs I have.—Courtney Bond, 953 Monterey St., San Luis Obispo, California.

John and Bebe: I wish the studio that owns "The Merry Widow" would hurry and start producing it. With musicals coming back, the present couldn't be a more auspicious time for reviving it. And to add to the long list of teams mentioned for the leads, I would like to suggest John Boles and Bebe Daniels. They were a smash hit in "Rio Rita," and I feel sure they could repeat their success in "The

Lee Tracy, one of the M-G-M stars, takes a week-end holiday from the studio after finishing "Turn Back the Clock," and goes on a deep-sea fishing and yachting trip.

Merry Widow." In a recent issue of a screen magazine someone suggested a serial with an all-star cast of popular favorites. Seems to me that it's an idea that bears noticing. Why not boost it?—Miss Shirley Alpert, 74 Broad St., New Britain, Conn.

Smile, Adrienne: O. K., Adrienne Ames, we'll admit it! Your lower lips and tragic, soulful eyes do resemble Crawford's. So what? Wasn't she advised to be herself and smile? That's something which I've never seen you do on the screen, by the way. So if you're really wise and ambitious for a screen career, drop the tragic pose, and do a little honest acting.—Mrs. L. Baker, 410 Hickory St., Buffalo, New York.

We Want Variety: The motion picture producers never cease asking the public what it really wants. Simply, it's variety. Surely, fans that can worship Norma Shearer as Moonyeen in "Smilin' Through" and as Nina Leeds in "Strange Interlude," do not want to be limited to any one type of picture! Each time a cycle of pictures starts, the powers-that-be in Hollywood wonder why motion picture attendance drops. We may admire Janet Gaynor, and at the same time bow to Garbo's artistry; Richard Arlen's portrayal of clean American youth need not prevent us from enjoying Maurice Chevalier's slightly naughty Parisian. It is simply variation in type that the movies need today, and the sooner the producers realize this, just so soon will we have better and more entertaining pictures. Incidentally (though properly this has no relation to the rest of this note) I want to send my best "Bravo!" to Cary Grant, who has captured this young lady's heart by his poise, his vibrant voice, and his grand acting!—Miss Sylvia Pomeranz, 477 Jerome St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Too Much Ballyhoo? Don't you think the movie boys are overdoing their



Academy

ballyhoo of late? Seems to me that a good picture doesn't need a lot of ads of pretty girls in unconventional poses. When a picture is ballyhooed like "King Kong" was, it looks as if the boys had a lemon on their hands. On "the other side of the creek," we have "Cynara," as good a picture as you'd care to see, with hardly any ballyhoo. The really good pictures get to be known among the fans, as do the "lemons," so the producers should wise themselves to the fact that if they have a good show, with a new twist to it, it'll go over big minus any nauseating blah-blah.—Warner Bovard, Jr., Griswold Road, Rye, N. Y.

She Must Like Charlie: Of all the darlings, Charlie Ruggles is the most divine. Why, that man acts, and how! Why, even the Barrymores and George Arliss pale into mere insignificance compared to Mr. Ruggles. (I get so sick of hearing ignorant people rave about them). Where, I ask, is the charm, the technique, the finesse, the restraint, the delicacy that is to be found in the acting of peerless Charlie? Like Brutus, one can say of him, "There is a man!"—Violet Ray, Martha Apartments, Danbury, Conn.

Joan and Cary: Joan Crawford and Cary Grant—there's a couple worth teaming up. Give us fans a break, give us a picture with these two splendid stars. And I'll bet you'll be coming back for more.—Miss Mildred Mullins, 3002 Washington Avenue, Newport News, Virginia.

A Part for Glenda: After watching Glenda Farrell use her Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford tactics in "Girl Missing," I realized what an impressive heroine she would be in a play that made the audience not only laugh *with* her but *at* her. In a dynamic, breezy role as a sort of female Cagney who lives by her wits, she could do wonders toward



Wide World

Warren William with one of his sail-boat models at his home.

Judith Allen, Paramount actress and leading woman in Cecil DeMille's "This Day and Age," all equipped to prevent arrest with a head-light, tail-light and license plate. All she has to do is make boulevard stops.

banishing the blues. She has enough personality, vivacity, natural charm, and force of character to swing a story with pep and purposeful plot. Why don't the producers give her such a part?—Wilma Kring, 506 W. Main, Clinton, Illinois.

STARS are made, not only by Mr. and Mrs. Public, but by directors, cameramen, make-up experts, etc. Let's give these people a big hand, and when I say big I mean big. . . . Who taught Nancy Carroll to look up, roll her eyes and flash that smile of hers across the Silver Screen, that makes her adorable? The director. . . . Who photographed Cary Grant so well in a close-up of Mae West's, "She Done Him Wrong"? The cameraman, of course. . . . Who can change the personality of an actor or actress by just a twist of the wrist? The make-up expert. . . . Why not let Mr. and Mrs. Public in on that secret, so we may become better acquainted with the directors and cameramen, etc., as well as the stars? Why not donate a section of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE for the photographs of these? (Aren't they stars in their own line?)—Miss Dea Meyer, 1225 North 48th St., East St. Louis, Ill.

Here's a Bet: Gr-r-r! And a gnashing of teeth. All of which goes to show that I'm mad. Yes, I said mad, not angry. Angry might be the proper word in the English books, but mad

(Please turn to page 105)

Fan Letter Favorites of the Month:

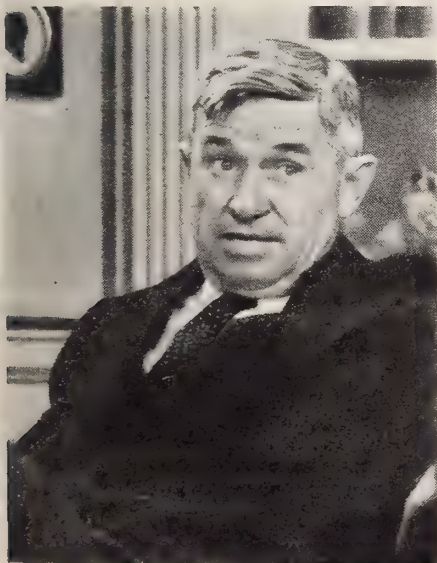
May Robson
Fay Wray
Charles Ruggles
Glenda Farrell
Jean Parker
Alison Skipworth

Best Pictures:

Mama Loves Papa
Hold Your Man
Dinner at Eight
Private Detective 62

Hints:

Less Ballyhoo
Variety
More animal pictures
New Betty Boops



Will Rogers snapped from the side lines during a scene from his new picture, "Dr. Bull."

(Continued from page 57)

believed that "I tank I go home" stuff was a fable concocted by the publicity department, but I heard it with my own ears. Anyway, without further ado, she took her fat bottle and went home.

THERE is one person who does not "yes" Garbo and that is Adrian, who designs her clothes and clothes for the other M-G-M stars as well. When he redecorated her dressing room recently he decided it should be gray. Garbo decided it should be red. Completed now, it is gray with red corduroy drapes.

Someone found that an old painting in the property department was an original, so that was presented to Garbo and now hangs on the wall in her dressing-room.

A fence separates her suite from those of the other stars and you reach her rooms by a private stair-

Hollywood
day by day

way. That is, you would reach her suite if you could make the stairway, but it hasn't been done yet.

SO many stars decided they needed a change of scenery in their homes that it has been a grand month for the interior decorators.

Ruth Chatterton and George Brent returned from their European vacation to face a bill of \$37,000 for additions and refurnishings to their

home in Beverly Hills. One big item on the bill was for a swimming pool.

Ruth's bedroom is off-white with rose upholstered chairs, a cream satin chaise longue with pink and green cushions and a cream satin coverlet on the bed. A seven-panel screen puzzled me until it was explained that there are so many windows in her room she couldn't get out of a draft in the night. The decorator solved the problem by a hand-painted screen. Her bathroom ceiling is white brocade satin.

George's bedroom is white, too, but very masculine, with furniture upholstered in white leather. His bathroom is cream color.

On Ruth's dressing table are two candlesticks. Behind one is a framed picture of her first husband, Ralph Forbes, and behind the other, in an identical frame, is a picture of George.



Here's Joan Crawford congratulating Anita Thompson, of Dallas, Texas, winner in a beauty contest. She won first prize among the one hundred chorus girls selected. Her first appearance is in Joan's "Dancing Lady." In the center is Robert Z. Leonard, the famous director.

Gary Cooper drops over from the set where he's working to call on Edmund Lowe and Wynne Gibson—calmly munching, if you notice, his sun glasses.



IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES TO FLY THE MAIL AT NIGHT

● ABOVE—A. M. WILKINS, air-mail pilot for Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc., has flown the night air mail over 150,000 miles. It takes healthy nerves to hang up a record like that!

● RIGHT—AT THE END of his night run A. M. Wilkins joins a fellow pilot, W. Niedernhofer, at Newark Airport, the Eastern Terminal of TWA, for a chat and a smoke. "Camels never ruffle or jangle my nerves," Wilkins says.



● EVER NOTICE HOW airplane passengers smoke at each stop? Camels never get on your nerves, no matter how much you smoke, and there's more real enjoyment in their costlier tobaccos.

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. They are milder, richer in flavor. They never tire your taste or get on your nerves.

A
MATCHLESS
BLEND



STEADY SMOKERS TURN TO CAMELS

A. M. WILKINS, air-mail ace, says: "It's a steady grind, all right, living up to our tradition that *the mail must go through!* That's why I smoke Camels. And I smoke plenty! Camels never ruffle or jangle my nerves, and I like their mild, rich flavor."

* * *

Steady smokers turn to Camels because the costlier tobaccos in Camels never get on the nerves ...never tire the taste. *Your* taste and *your* nerves will confirm this. Start smoking Camels today!

Copyright, 1933,
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

Introducing
MRS. FRED T.
STAFFORD



who showed us where she shops

SOME time ago we asked the readers of Tower Magazines to send us maps of the districts where they shop. Mrs. Fred T. Stafford of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, pictured above with her daughter Joan, sent in one of the good maps, and since many of you have asked about the map makers we are going to present them to you from time to time.

Those shopping maps poured in from all over the country, showing the exact drug, grocery, department and variety stores you patronize . . . information that is exceedingly helpful in supplementing some shopping studies we have made. But even more important than the actual maps was the way we got acquainted with you through your friendly accompanying letters. And now, with a good clear picture of your families and what you

prefer in the magazines, we hope to give you even greater pleasure and service.

Mrs. Stafford's shopping map was of unusual interest because it was in Wilkes-Barre that Tower Magazines were founded by "a woman for shopping women." Catherine McNelis, publisher of Tower Magazines, was an advertising writer in a Wilkes-Barre department store a few years ago. Believing many women would welcome a new type of magazine, she founded Tower Magazines with good, clean fiction and helpful, pithy articles . . . all written in a livelier, faster-moving style to meet the demands of the modern woman.

Another Tower Magazines' reader in this series of shopping map introductions will appear in an early issue of Mystery, Home, Illustrated Love and New Movie Magazines.

This (at right) is one of the first pictures I have ever seen—as a matter of fact, the first I've ever seen—of Gloria Stuart and her sculptor-husband, Gordon Newell. And a nice looking couple, too, my hearties. And just grand folks.

Photographed especially for The New Movie Magazine by Wide World



Below: Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Stone, aboard the yacht on which the actor spends virtually all of his spare time. This picture was taken off Catalina Island.



Photographed for The New Movie Magazine by Wide World

When told of rumors that she would soon divorce George, Ruth said angrily, "It's ridiculous! Of course not. And what do you mean by printing in your old magazine that George can't make love convincingly? He certainly can!"

And there she had me, because in the review of "Mary Stevens, M.D." in *THE NEW MOVIE*, our reviewer did infer that George was a bit inadequate in his love-making. The funniest part of the whole business is that George wasn't even in the picture. The hero, of whom our reviewer made so light was Lyle Talbot, and judging by the way he has been taking girls away from me lately, I think Lyle's ability along those lines was underestimated.

You'll pardon me for calling your attention to the fact that George was not in the picture, had nothing to do with it, and probably would have been swell in it, if he had had anything to do with it. This little note is in fairness to him, a fine fellow and a fine actor. It is bad enough to be roasted for something you did do, but it ought to get a chap's dander up to the boiling point to be roasted for something you didn't do. George has what I consider a perfect alibi.

FRANCHOT TONE is definitely head man in Joan Crawford's public life now, all her other suitors having been left by the roadside. For ever so long Franchot put on a definite campaign to get his mother to leave New York and come to Holly-



At left: Jean Muir, who looks like Lillian Gish, but doesn't like to be told so, who dislikes to be called "ethereal," and who makes her first appearance as a Warner contract player with Paul Muni in his new picture, "The World Changes."

Photographed for The New Movie Magazine by Elmer Fryer

mother and the photographs did the trick. She took the very next train out.

Joan has been doing a little renovating in her own house. She didn't like her front hallway, which was square, so she had six mirror panels put in to form the wall of the room opposite the front door. It makes the room look very large. She also moved her grand piano in the hall and so now, I suppose, the hall is the music room.

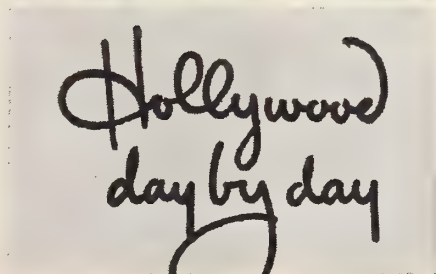
SPEAKING of music, Joan can always be located at the studio by the sound of music. If there is nothing better around, she plays her portable victrola. She has a standing order for every Bing Crosby record as soon as it is made.

When Joan likes anything or anybody she lets everybody know it. So Bob Leonard, her director, thought he was doing her a personal favor when he engaged Arthur Jarrett to sing in "Dancing Lady," Joan's new picture. "Here's your friend," he announced, pointing at Jarrett. "I don't know him," Joan replied, and then had to explain to Bob that although she had enjoyed his singing at the Cocoanut Grove, she had never met him.

(Please turn to page 70)

wood. Joan, too, urged Mrs. Tone to come out for a visit.

Anyway, Franchot took a house in Brentwood near Joan's, and furnished one room for his mother—all white and powder blue. When it was finished he had photographs made of it and sent them to his





Chorus scene from "Footlight Parade," featuring Joan Blondell, James Cagney, and Ruby Keeler.

Elmer Fryer

THE MONTH'S BIGGEST HIT

LEARN TO CROON (fox trot)

played by Jimmy Grier and his orchestra,
with Bing Crosby
(Brunswick)

SWEET SUE (fox trot)

played by Louis Armstrong
(Victor)

THANK HEAVEN FOR YOU (fox trot)

played by Anson Weeks and his orchestra
(Brunswick)

LEARN to Croon." Here's one of the big hits from the Paramount picture, "College Humor," and it's done for us by that young gentleman who did so much to make the picture a success, Bing Crosby. With the able assistance of Jimmy Grier and his orchestra, Bing has given us a record here that everyone will enjoy. Naturally, if you have seen the picture, you won't want to miss this record.

The other side is from the same picture, and by the same artists, but a little more subdued. "Moonstruck" is the title, and Bing does a swell job. (This is Brunswick Record No. 6594).

LOUIS ARMSTRONG, of the leather lungs and iron lip, is next heard from, and as usual he has no trouble in making himself audible. It's an old-timer that Louis plays for us this time, "Sweet Sue," and he features a chorus that he terms the "Vipers' Language," sung by Bud Johnson, with an even more viperish obligato by Louis himself. If you like Louis you'll go for this one.

The other side is by Satchelmouth too, but this time he stays a little more closely with the music. "Mississippi Basin" is the title, and Louis hits a note at the end of this one that will really make you blink your eyes. As near as I can figure, it's G above high C. (This is Victor Record No. 24321-B).

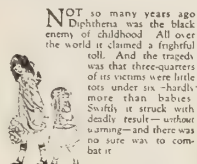
"THANK Heaven for You" is the title of the next one, and it is taken from the picture, "International House." Anson Weeks and his orchestra are responsible for this record, and I don't believe that you'll be disappointed in their rendition. The vocal chorus is sung by Art Wilson. It makes a fairly good dance record.

On the other side we hear a number from the same film called, "My Bluebird's Singing the Blues." This is also played by Anson Weeks, and (Please turn to page 79)

By
JOHN
EDGAR
WEIR

Prevent diphtheria from invading your home

No More Diphtheria



NOT so many years ago diphtheria was the black enemy of childhood. All over the world it claimed a frightful toll. And the tragedy was that three-quarters of its victims were little tots under six—hardly more than babies. Swiftly it struck with deadly result—unfair warning—and there was no sure way to combat it.

Then came Anntoxin. Children who received this treatment at once enjoyed a better chance in their struggle for life. And the Diphtheria death rate was lowered. But Anntoxin is effective only after Diphtheria develops. It checks the progress of the disease—but it does not give lasting protection. Now comes a great triumph of medical science—the Prevention of Diphtheria!



Today, eminent specialists state positively and definitely that through modern preventive treatment—

Diphtheria can be Stamped Out!

Some children are able to resist the germs of Diphtheria. Others are not. The wonderful discovery of Dr. Schick of Vienna, is now being used to show which children need protection—which

are susceptible and which are not. The Schick Test consists in giving the child a tiny injection in the skin of the arm. If, after a few days, a red spot appears where the injection was made, the child is susceptible. If no spot appears, the child is immune.



November is Danger-Time

Diphtheria is especially prevalent in November. The disease is caused by a germ that lodges in the throat and later forms a membrane. Death is frequently caused by strangulation and the agony of the struggling child begins description. And if the child recovers, the disease leaves the heart and kidneys weaker.

Diphtheria is extremely contagious. Have your child's throat examined at the first suspicion of a cold or a fever. Seek medical advice on having your child Schick-Tested and made immune by the Toxin-Anntoxin Treatment to the attack of Diphtheria.

Children who shop by the Schick Test that they are liable to Diphtheria can be given at once the Toxin-Anntoxin Preventive Treatment. This treatment con-

sists of three injections of Toxin-Anntoxin, one each week, for three weeks.

The Schick Test does not make the child immune—but authorities agree that the Toxin-Anntoxin Treatment does. Experience shows that both rest and treatment are painless and harmless.

The Schick Message is that if mothers and fathers and all others who love children will help, this dread disease that has blotted out thousands and thousands of lives can be wiped out. Children need not have Diphtheria. It can be prevented.

If you love them—Make them safe

Experienced Health Boards urge that you take your children at once to a physician and have them protected from this deadly scourge by means of the Toxin-Anntoxin Treatment. The people who are introducing the Schick Test into the public schools need your heartiest co-operation. If your child brings home a request for your approval for the Test or the Toxin-Anntoxin treatment, do not hesitate to give permission.

Would you willingly permit a man to drive an automobile into a crowd of little children? Why then permit Diphtheria—unchecked—to mow them down?

Thirty years ago, 115 out of every 100,000 persons died of Diphtheria each year. In recent years, the number has been 15 per 100,000. But, even at this low figure, there are more than 15,000 deaths from Diphtheria annually in the United States.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is making every effort to teach mothers that this disease is entirely preventable and urges them, as well as others

in charge of children, to take no chances with Diphtheria.

Since the Schick Test has been perfected, the Company has recommended the very general use of it in the public schools and also has encouraged making all children immune from Diphtheria by the use of Toxin-Anntoxin.

As a result of the educational campaign among its policyholders, there has been a very marked decline in the death rate

from Diphtheria among children insured in the Company. Between 1911 and 1923, the rate declined 34.1 per cent. It is still lower so far in 1923.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail a leaflet entitled "Diphtheria and Its Prevention" to any one interested.

HALEY FISKE, President

Published by
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

THE message reproduced here, "No More Diphtheria," published in November 1923, contained facts unknown to a large majority of the people.

Many newspapers verified the statements and then, in the interest of local public welfare, reprinted the article in full in their news or editorial columns, or both. At the same time they urged local Boards of Health to see that every school child was protected from diphtheria. In 1923, the diphtheria death toll was about 13,500 in this country.

The facts about prevention of diphtheria were retold in 1926 when the death list was about 8,750; again in 1929 when it had dropped to about 8,000; and still again in 1931 when the mortality was about 6,000.

It is encouraging to report that last year about 8,000 fewer children died of the disease than in 1923. But the sad fact remains that in 1932,



Your doctor will tell you that the toxin-antitoxin inoculation against diphtheria is extremely simple and is neither painful nor dangerous. It leaves no scar and it gives sure protection from a disease against which, not many years ago, the science of medicine had found no defense.

If all the boys and girls in the country, more than six months of age, are inoculated now—and if in the future all babies are inoculated as soon as they are six months old—the death-rate from diphtheria will fall close to zero, and the promise made ten years ago "No More Diphtheria" will be fulfilled.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free, its booklet "Diphtheria and Your Child." Address Booklet Dept. 1033-B.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT
ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.
© 1933 M. L. I. CO.



June Vasek, Fox Film player, uses a soft crayon pencil to accent her eyebrows and lengthen her eyes.



Apply mascara to the upper lashes first, says Una Merkel, M-G-M player, then touch the tips of the lower lashes.



To give a more distinct curve to the lashes June Vasek uses an eyelash curler. This is used after the mascara is applied.

BEAUTIFUL EYES THE HOLLYWOOD WAY

**Movie actresses know
the importance of eye
care and eye make-up**

by
**ANN
BOYD**

DO you want to have languorous eyes like Greta Garbo? Or wistful eyes like those of ZaSu Pitts? Would you have eyes as appealing as Janet Gaynor's; as tragic as Sylvia Sydney's; as gay and dancing as Mimi Jordan's; as mischievous as Una Merkel's; or as deep and direct as June Vasek's?

Take your choice, only first remember that your eyes can't help but express your own personality and will express nothing but symptoms if they are dull, lusterless and strained.

Beautiful eyes can bring beauty to a face otherwise plain. Eyes that are dull and strained with pallid lashes make an otherwise beautiful face undistinguished.

Hollywood actresses know this. They know that eyes are important not only for beauty but for expression of personality. Their eyes are subjected to the fearful strain of powerful lights and yet they keep them clear and bright and unstrained.

That is because they know the value of rest for the eyes, of complete eye relaxation, and practice it.

After a long day on the set June Vasek bathes her eyes in warm water, then uses an eye wash and follows up with a dash of cold water. If she has more time she lies down with cool wet pads of cotton over her eyes and relaxes completely. "We all know out here how important it is to keep our eyes rested and fresh looking. Maybe that's why Hollywood's (*Please turn to page 77*)



● I couldn't go through a winter without HINDS to heal Junior's chapped knees



● Hanging out wet clothes on cold mornings always meant chapped hands until—

How nice it makes my **ROUGH, CHAPPED HANDS** feel!

"I'm a busy woman just as you are. I've a house, a husband, a 5-year-old boy. I'm cook, laundress, family chauffeur. My hands must be in and out of the dishpan, the washtub. They used to get terribly chapped and rough—until one happy day I discovered HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM.

"I'd been using some of those quick-drying lotions! But none of them ever brought me the relief HINDS does. HINDS seems to go deep down under the skin and draw out all the soreness. I can almost *feel* the chapping and roughness healing—almost see my hands getting smoother and whiter right before my very eyes.

"Of course I use HINDS regularly

now. I only wish someone had told me about it long ago!"

Quick relief—sure protection

HINDS isn't a thick, gummy, quick-drying lotion that simply "shellacs" the surface of the skin with a temporary smooth coating. It is a delicate, fragrant *cream in liquid form* that penetrates deep into the tender, inflamed tissues, bringing instant relief.

After exposure, after hands have been in water, and *always* at

night, rub on a little HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM. It protects against chapping and roughness—keeps hands comfortably smooth and soft. Quickly heals children's chapped hands and knees. Get HINDS today.

NEW! Hinds Cleansing Cream. Made by the makers of HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM. Light and delicate, the type used by costliest Beauty Salons. Liquefies at skin temperature; floats out dirt; won't clog or stretch pores.

HINDS Products on sale at all F. W. Woolworth Co. stores, and at all drug and department stores.





HATS

FOR A STAR AND YOU

BY FRANCES COWLES

Photographs by Tower Studios

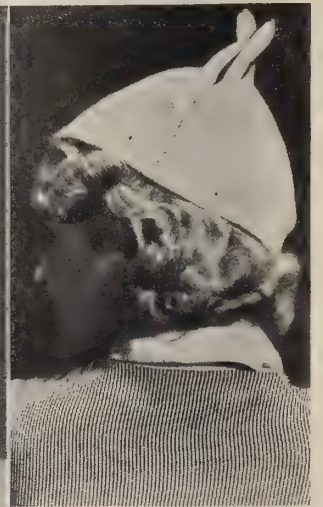
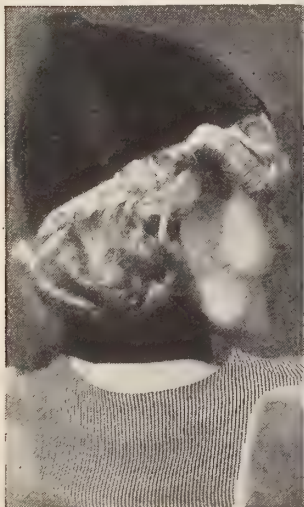


Mimi Jordan chose this blue and gray tweed beret and scarf set for autumn sports. Circular Oc252 gives diagram pattern for the hat—Oc253 for the scarf.

You can easily make these new scarfs and hats with the aid of our New Method Circulars

Hats and scarfs designed by Helen Schad

(Below) Oc254 gives directions and pattern for Mimi Jordan's black velvet toque—Oc255 shows how to make the scarf.



A new silk or wool set. Oc256 for the hat, Oc257 for the scarf.

Please turn to page 87 for directions for obtaining hat and scarf circulars

Let the spool-end be your guide



It is so easy to see what you expect to see. That is why first glances are so deceptive. You expect to see J. & P. Coats or Clark's O. N. T. on the end of a spool of thread you buy. But—don't trust your first glance. Look twice—and be sure! If that second look shows you the name Clark's or Coats on the spool-end—you know you're getting the thread you have always found dependable, as generations of women have before you. Don't risk a mistake. It pays to use good thread.

J. & P. COATS • CLARK'S O.N.T.



For more than a century—as today

THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD



Hollywood day by day

(Continued from page 63)

JEAN HARLOW'S house has been "nearly finished" for so long that it begins to look hopeless.

"I think the only way to furnish a house successfully is to take a long time," Jean explained. "We try out every piece of furniture before we decide to keep it permanently. I don't see how people can furnish a whole house in a week or two weeks, or even two months."

Jean's house isn't one of those Hollywood mansions that you read about. It's just a nice house. When I couldn't understand the reason for two basements, Jean's stepfather, Marino Bello, explained that it was to economize on heat. There are about six rooms downstairs. Upstairs Jean, her mother and Mr. Bello each have a bedroom and bath and there is an upstairs sitting room.

Jean is feeling badly because a



Photographed especially for The New Movie Magazine

O-o-o-h-h, piggy! Gimme some. . . . Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter, all unconscious of the cameraman, snapped between scenes of "Paddy the Next Best Thing."

newspaper said that she wouldn't have Gable in another picture with her. It seems that she and Clark and Mrs. Gable are very good friends and Jean hopes he will be in more

pictures with her. She really feels so strongly about it she threatened to sue unless the statement was retracted.

THERE has to be a first time for everything, they say, and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, for the first time in his life has lost something he loved. Meaning, of course, his wife.

His grandmother, Mrs. Daniel Sully, has presented him with her home here and has moved herself to a hotel. When Doug returned to Hollywood he had a home of his own, newly redecorated by William Haines.

White predominates throughout the house except in Doug's bedroom, which is red, at his own request. Even the beams in the ceiling are painted a vivid red.

"I have no passion in my life now," he said, "so I'll have some in my bedroom."

AND little Jackie Cooper has had his room decorated, too. It represented a ship's cabin, with all of Jackie's model ships and marine trimmings in it. But Jackie objected to the color—orchid—and rightly, too. His new stepfather sided with him in the argument and between them they got it repainted.

AT the Travis Banton fashion show, which had Claudette Colbert, Adrienne Ames, Carole Lombard, Helen Vinson and Lilyan Tashman as models, the attention of a rapt audience was diverted from the

(Please turn to page 72)



Photographed by Wide World

Above: When Jean Hersholt goes home to Denmark, he steps right out among them and does things. Here he is, during his recent visit to his native land, and accompanied by Ruth Bryan Owen, American Ambassador to Denmark, throwing balls at dishes at the local Coney Island.

Left: Buddy Rogers, who forsook the films for his orchestra, giving the Four Abbotteers—Rose Kirsner, Flo Wilson, Gen Irwin and Dolly Bell—a bit of movie instruction. The girls, singing in a Chicago hotel, were transported to Hollywood to appear in Eddie Canter's "Roman Scandals."

The Magic of Lovely Light Hair



Can be yours . . . with Marchand's

THERE is something magical in lovely light hair. It fascinates men. Long ago the golden-haired beauty of the Lorelei enchanted the sailors of the Rhine. Today the blonde draws men to her side—with irresistible power it seems!

How magical—yet how real is the lure of light hair! Make it yours!

Be one of the girls who enjoys good times, marries well and stays young looking. **MARCHAND'S WILL HELP!**

If your blond hair has darkened, restore youthful color. Marchand's makes the change skillfully and evenly—like nature at work again, giving back your birthright of light, pretty hair. If hair has always been dark and drab—let Marchand's modern

magic beautify it. Marchand's will impart a shade you'll like, one just suited to your beauty. Many shades of blond, chestnut or auburn are possible.

Some people may wonder at your new-found loveliness—but the secret will be yours! No need to go to hairdressers. Easy to do yourself. Complete directions on bottle for successful results.

Make Dark Hair on Arms and Legs Invisible!

with Marchand's. The quick, inexpensive way to make limbs look attractive.

IMPORTANT—For the right results, get the genuine. Be careful of substitutes or imitations. See that the label spells—

MARCHAND'S

GOLDEN HAIR WASH

IF YOUR DRUGGIST CAN'T SUPPLY YOU—GET BY MAIL

For a regular-size bottle. fill in coupon, mail with 45c (coins, money order or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York City

Name

Address

City State



Hollywood day by day

Left: This doesn't look like a picture where tragedy lurks, does it? To the casual observer it is nothing but Sammy Lee, dance director, selecting girls for a chorus in "Dancing Lady." But when he marches down the line, taps a girl on the shoulder, and utters the one word, "Out," that's real tragedy. It means she's lost just one more chance, or that she's lost the wage that stands between her and starvation. "I hate myself every time I say 'Out,'" says the director.

(Continued from page 70)

stunning models by the entrance of Lionel Barrymore. He was wearing an old pair of golf pants and a tweed coat and had almost to be pushed into the room. He had promised his wife he would stop there and pick her up after his game of golf, but when Travis saw him he insisted upon taking him in to see the show.

Mrs. Barrymore has been redecorating recently, too, and has white rugs on the drawing room floor. The hangings and couches are pale blue satin. Now, can you imagine Lionel Barrymore in a pale blue-and-white drawing-room? Perhaps that's why he spends so much time in his den at the studio, where he does his etchings.

AT a dinner party at Charlie Chaplin's house recently, John Barrymore told a good story on himself. It seems, according to John, that after all arrangements had been made for the three Barrymores to appear in "Rasputin," Louis B. Mayer began to worry. Whereupon he was reassured by Mr. Barrymore in this manner:

"Now don't you worry, Mr. Mayer. You just let Lionel do the acting and Ethel and me behave and you'll have a good picture."

THERE has been some competition on the Will Rogers set to determine just who was the head man, Rogers or John Ford, the director.

The crisis came when Rogers wanted to get away from the studio to attend an athletic event and Ford said he must stay and work. The second day Mr. Ford excused Rogers at noon and away he rushed like an excited school boy. The next morning when he appeared on the set he looked around for the chair with his name on the back.



The three pictures above were snapped at a party of the Ralph Morgans. Above is Kay Francis, in the center are Jack Gilbert, Virginia Bruce, his wife, and Kenneth MacKenna, Kay's husband; and at the bottom are Alan Dinehart, one of our latest bridegrooms, and Claudia Morgan. The camera was manipulated by Ralph Morgan.

"There's your chair," said a property boy, pointing to a chair with "Tom Mix" painted boldly on the back.

"What's this?" asked Rogers. "This isn't my chair."

"Well, I don't know," replied Ford. "There was some cowboy working in this picture. It might have been Tom Mix."

Then, because he can take it as well as hand it out, Rogers chuckled.

Taking a page from her father's book perhaps, Rogers' daughter, Mary, has refused to grant any interviews. She got a job in the new Lilian Harvey picture, "My Weakness," under the name of Mary Howard, but was soon found out. She is as pretty as a picture, "but I haven't anything to say, yet," she declared. "I wanted to make good on my own, so I used the name of Howard."

And since she has been discovered she still insists on the name Howard.

ANOTHER newcomer, Bill Cagney, seems to be making out all right at the RKO studio, where he has a contract. He was out posing for publicity pictures the other day and went through the press agents' routine of toying with bears, elephants and every other kind of animal available. Finally they put a little bird on his finger. Bill, by this time, was feeling quite bored when suddenly the bird piped up:

"What are you doing Monday night?"

They hadn't told Bill that it was a tiny parrot.

"I didn't know Bill had a girl," Jimmy Cagney told me. "I never know anything about him. He will be sitting around and suddenly he gets up, says good-bye and off he goes. I read in the papers the next day that he was out with Lola Lane or some other girl."

(Please turn to page 75)



"The RECIPES of the MONTH"

Start a Library . . . of Favorite Recipes . and Add to it Each Month

☐ WARM WEATHER MENUS—10c

You'll want them for these last hot spells in August and September. Menus for breakfast, lunch, dinner . . . first course recipes . . . salads . . . cold meat dishes . . . desserts . . . children's summer diet . . . party refreshments.

☐ MENUS FOR TWO—10c

Well-balanced menus and appetizing recipes that simplify cooking for a small family . . . food budget for two . . . how to order . . . what utensils you need.

☐ FOODS THAT MEN PREFER—10c

Breakfast breads . . . meat and meat substitutes . . . vegetables . . . pies and pastries . . . puddings and simple desserts . . . cakes . . . confections . . . menus.

☐ FAVORITE COMPANY DINNER MENUS—10c

Menus, simple and elaborate, but the kind you'd always be proud to serve . . . first course dishes . . . meat recipes . . . vegetables . . . salads . . . cakes and pies . . . popular frozen desserts.

☐ MEAT AT ANY PRICE—10c

Recipes for all kinds of meat . . . ways of cooking cheaper cuts . . . list of low cost cuts . . . ways of using left-over meats . . . making the most of a little meat . . . using canned meats.

Start this library of favorite recipes and we'll wager that you'll never get a meal without using it . . . because they cover all different types of cooking, give excellent menus, exciting recipes and food news.

Each food circular (10c complete) is the same size so you can fit them all in one big binder. Then each month the Home Service Bureau will announce a new food circular in this magazine . . . be sure to add it to your recipe library.

☐ FRUIT RECIPES—10c

Fruits for breakfast in ways you'd never suspect . . . fruit dishes children like . . . fruit with meat . . . fruit salads . . . shortcakes and muffins . . . fruit pies . . . beverages . . . food value of fruits.

☐ ALL-PURPOSE MENUS FOR THREE WEEKS—10c

Not a menu to plan for three weeks! They're all worked out *for* you. Rules for reducing and gaining . . . feeding children . . . non-acid and special diets . . . recipes.

☐ HOW TO CHOOSE THE RIGHT DESSERT—10c

Delicious layer cakes . . . small cakes and cookies . . . favorite pies . . . ten gelatine desserts . . . inexpensive puddings . . . ice-box cakes . . . ways to use ice cream . . . ten favorite desserts . . . 100-calory portions in desserts.

☐ REFRESHMENT MENUS—10c

Menus and recipes for one and two-course party refreshments . . . beverages . . . party sandwiches . . . canapes . . . home-made pastries . . . party plans.

**Use The Coupon Below
To Start Your Recipe
Library**

Rita Calhoun,
TOWER MAGAZINES, INC.
55 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me the food circulars I have checked above. I am enclosing 10c for each one I want.

Name

Address

City State

Here's a Laxative that you really *enjoy!*

THERE used to be an old-fashioned idea that a medicine had to be bitter to be effective.

But people learned better. That's why millions of men, women and children take Ex-Lax.

Make this Test!

Next time you need a laxative, go out and get yourself a box of Ex-Lax. Take a tablet or two before retiring. You won't make faces when you take it—you'll actually *enjoy* its rich chocolate taste. And, next morning, when you see the mild, gentle way it works, you'll resolve never to take bitter, messy purgatives again!

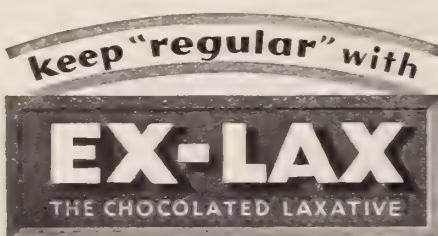
Ex-Lax is enjoyed by the entire family. It is equally effective for young and old.

No wonder Ex-Lax has outlived many other laxatives—that it has become the all-family laxative in millions of homes.

*When Nature forgets—
remember Ex-Lax!*

All druggists sell Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c boxes. But be sure to ask for the *genuine*—spelled E-X-L-A-X.

For a free sample, write to Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. B103, Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.



The MAKE-UP BOX

LET your thoughts soar upward if you're in search of beauty. Hair is gaining in importance and going up with the style trends. It's worn with smooth straight sections here and curly ones there—and it must look lovely and be healthy. Of course you want yours to shine with the rest, so you'll be interested in a new two-fold tonic that is a great help in removing scalp disorders such as dandruff. It cleans



A two-fold tonic for your hair.

the pores and scalp thoroughly when applied before the shampoo and, used at other times, serves as dressing to keep the hair in place. Applied before a permanent wave it assures a deeper and more lasting curl.

AND for your face a new powder—a dull finish powder—to take away the shine and yet not give you that powdered look. We like it especially because it is blended to suit both dry and oily skins and since most of us have complexions that include both types, that's quite the right idea. Frequent dabbing with a powder puff is being frowned on not as a social error but because powder should be patted on a clean face. The new powder will assure you a soft dull finish even to that oily panel which includes the nose. Try it. And try also the attractive new rouge compact, amazingly inexpensive that has just arrived. Two shades are offered, cherry red and carnation and the compact is large enough to last a long time and fit a slim purse.

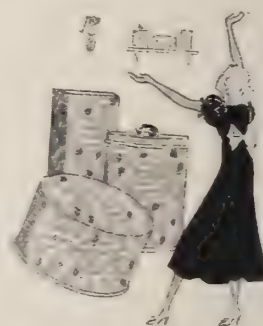


Dull finish powder.

CHARM is an elusive quality that all of us seek and some of us find. Most of us, though, need a little expert help in making the most of ourselves—and a charm school is the answer. Keeping our ear to the ground as we do for beauty developments we found just the sort of school—and you don't have to go to classes. It's a finishing school by correspondence under the guidance of a woman who knows how to be charming herself—a course that will give you poise, finish, grace; help you to make the most of your loveliness. It's just the thing for a busy woman whether she works at home or in the office.

AS refreshing to the eye as their contents are to the body, these new ensembled bath items are well and favorably known to you in their old packaging. Now with soft blue containers sprinkled with a cool floral spray design of white and green the trio makes an attractive group in any bathroom. There is the talc with a new metal container and leak-proof shaker top device as well as a new price; bath powder with a metal water-proof base to the box and a large pastel puff; and toilet water in a fluted crystal bottle packed in cases to match the powder and talc. All three come in a wide selection of odors. In addition this concern has created two new specialized skin preparations—a rich eye cream to prevent fine lines and crepey texture and an acne lotion to dry up skin blemishes with its antiseptic healing properties and act as a safe smooth concealing base for make-up at the same time. Turquoise caps distinguish both the acne lotion bottle and the eye cream jar.

SOUTH SEA ISLAND maidens prance gaily around the cover of our newest lipstick. And South Sea Island colors are now the rage for our lips. This entirely new lipstick has just the right consistency and they tell me it won't melt even at 120 degrees. The lipstick is the result of two years' experimentation and is tuned to today's tastes. The shades are



A new bath ensemble.

all quite light ranged to harmonize with skin tones, a light coral shade for blondes and Titians; an exotic new transparent shade; a medium red in a true blood shade for brunettes; and a transparent or changeable shade that contains no pigment and stains to the shade it should be. None of these shades turns blue. They are, too, sufficiently indelible to warrant another new product—lipstick remover.

For further details and prices of these articles as well as other new beauty information write to the Beauty Editor, Make-up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped envelope for your October Make-up Box.



Realistic shades in lipstick.

Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 72)

When Jimmy was in New York recently he was invited one evening to an after-theater party. He didn't know it was a formal party, so wore a business suit, but when he arrived he found everyone else wearing evening clothes. That didn't bother Jimmy, however. He enjoyed the conversation until suddenly a high-brow actor, in a very English accent, stopped in the middle of the conversation, turned to Jimmy and asked:

"Get what I mean, kid?"

Jimmy's mother and sister are spending the Summer with him and may remain permanently. His sister, Jean, is still determined to become a doctor, but she has plenty of time to change her mind. She is just fourteen years old.

YOU can't stop this second generation. Alice Moore, sixteen-year-old daughter of Alice Joyce and Tom Moore, made her picture debut in a Fanchon Royer production recently. "She is a beautiful girl," Jose Crespo told me. "Among all the other girls, she stands out." From which I, understanding Jose's Spanish-English, gather that he thinks Alice is on the up and up.

OUT at Universal Studio there is as much noise these days in the old lodge as there was when it was occupied by Paul Whiteman and his band. But it is a different kind of music. The lodge now serves as a schoolroom for twenty-six girls and boys who were chosen from 4,000 applicants from California high schools.

Dave Werner and B. E. Brown, casting director at the studio, got the idea when they saw several high school plays directed by Harold Turney.

"If he can teach those kids to act so naturally, why don't we have him train a bunch of them for us?" they asked.

Junior Laemmle thought it a good idea, so now, after auditions and eliminations, the lucky twenty-six form the Junior Stock Company. (Please turn to page 109)

COME TO MY PARTY

Do you say that and then wonder what in the world you will serve? You won't need to wonder or worry if you have a copy of our loose-leaf food circulars, **FAVORITE COMPANY DINNERS**. Both menus and recipes are included. Send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

When you see a wash as white as this...



*look in the washtub and
you'll probably see this ...*



IT isn't just "happen-stance" that snow-white washes and Fels-Naptha go hand-in-hand.

There's a very good reason for it. Fels-Naptha loosens dirt so thoroughly that it gets your clothes cleaner.

Fels-Naptha, you see, brings you two brisk cleaners instead of one! Good golden soap and plenty of naptha, working together to give you extra help—a better job than either cleaner alone could give you.

When a team like this gets busy, even stubborn grime hurries out—every bit of it lets go! No worries about "left-over dirt." Your things are clean, clear through. Fresh and white, with the airy sweetness that's the sign of a perfect wash.

Fels-Naptha saves hard rubbing. It's kind to hands, for there's soothing glycerine in every bar.

Right now, change to Fels-Naptha. Get a few bars at your grocer's. Use it in tub or machine. In hot, lukewarm or cool water. For soaking or boiling clothes. When you see what bright snowy clothes it gives, you'll want it in your washtub every washday.

© 1933, FELS & CO.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. T. M. 10-33
Some women, I understand, find it a bit easier to chip Fels-Naptha into tub or machine by using one of your handy chippers instead of just an ordinary kitchen knife. I'd like to try the chipper, so I enclose 3¢ in stamps to help cover postage. Send the sample bar, too.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
(Please print name and address completely)

HAVE YOU BEEN ASLEEP

about lingerie
soaps?



Something happened not long ago in the soap world. Did you sleep through it? Or have you been awake—one of the early ones to find out about the new, improved kind of soap for fine fabrics, IVORY SNOW?

IVORY SNOW is entirely different from old-fashioned hard, flat flakes. It is not flaked at all, but BLOWN. Its tiny, suds-rich round bits dissolve the way snow melts—quick as a wink, completely, and in LUKEWARM WATER!

No wonder Ivory Snow is kinder to silks and wools... saves colors... and is ideal for all the new quilted, crinkly and satiny weaves! There are four good reasons...

1. No danger of too-hot suds—because you don't need hot water at all to dissolve Ivory Snow.

2. No danger of soap spots—because Ivory Snow has no flat pieces to cling flat to fabrics and fail to rinse out. It dissolves completely.

3. No excuse for rubbing—(which is ruination to wools, rayons and satins!)—because Ivory Snow's rich suds gently coax out dirt and leave no soap spots to be rubbed out.

4. No harshness—because Ivory Snow is PURE. It is made from pure Ivory Soap, which doctors approve even for wee babies' tender skins.

You couldn't be kinder to your hands than to use Ivory Snow for dishes, too. Extravagant?—NO! A BIG package costs only 15¢.



Enough Ivory Snow in this big 15¢ package to wash your silk stockings and underwear SAFELY every day for more than a month!

99 1/100 % PURE

Sex Appeal Is a Trick

(Continued from page 33)

want to be spectacular, you can wear a heavy make-up, the exaggerated Crawford lip and the arched eyebrows.

"But be sure to remove all traces of make-up before you get home. If you haven't had an opportunity before, excuse yourself the minute you get inside the house. You can say: "Excuse me; I want to see if the maid left any messages on my desk," and rush into your dressing-room. There is nothing more disgusting than to leave make-up all over a man's coat, so quickly remove every trace of it.

"A man loves to be able to say: 'You are so natural looking. I like a girl who doesn't wear a lot of make-up.'

"And always leave your wrap on, or some little jacket that is very becoming. The more you cover yourself up, the more curiosity you arouse in the pursuing male.

"A PIANO always makes a good background. It's so nice and substantial to lean against... Pin your hair back behind your ears. If you have that kind of ears, it's always good to expose them. And a heavy satin dress, very tight fitting, modest looking, all concealing but really all-revealing, can be very useful. Strike a Jean Harlow pose from the waist up and a Norma Shearer from the waist down. A vase of flowers behind you always helps, especially if the flowers are the color that do you the most good. And be sure that the flowers in your house are the color that is most becoming to you. A profusion of flowers is so feminine.

"If you happen to be near a large chair, drop into it and fall into a Dietrich pose. No man can think about disarmament when you have one leg over the arm of a chair.

"Always say good-night very firmly, but be sure you look your most enticing when you say it. Offer your hand to be kissed. It is a sweet friendly gesture, and makes you seem so unobtainable. Especially if you are wearing a new pink gown with a bright red velvet jacket (another Hattie Carnegie model) lined with pink.

"AND don't ever tell anyone that I said all this, because," and here Miriam blushed again, "it's just amazing how many of these things you actually do do."

The November Issues

of • HOME

• NEW MOVIE

• Illustrated LOVE

• MYSTERY

will be on sale October 4th. Get your copy early... the supply won't last all month.

Beautiful Eyes

(Continued from page 66)

getting the reputation of being a nine o'clock town," said June. "Eyes just aren't the same unless you've had plenty of sleep."

Eye make-up is especially important for actresses on the set—make-up to give the eyes their proper setting and color values to the camera. Street make-up, too, has taken many hints from camera make-up.

Here's a tip from Miss Vlassek: To complement your eyes try drawing a fine line from the outer corner of the eye.

Unless you are an extremely dark brunette it is better to use some other shade than black for your mascara. The dark brown shade is becoming to most eyes. Light blondes should use light brown mascara and girls with blue eyes can use blue mascara with flattering effect.

Touch only the tips of the lower lashes or the effect will be hardening. Brush the upper lashes thoroughly and then use a clean brush to wipe off the excess. Brush up always to curl the lashes but if yours are uncompromisingly straight, why not try an eyelash curler?

Movie actresses have become adept at applying their own false eyelashes, either the type that comes on a strip or the single lashes that are each glued separately to a natural lash.

Lashes that are ragged and short should be brushed with one of the eyelash growers on the market which tends to stimulate the growth of the lashes and keep them from stiffening.

Eye shadow is one make-up item that no star wants to be without, although they warn against packing it on too thick. Use blue shadow if your eyes are that color; brown for brown eyes; green or blue for green eyes and green or gray for hazel eyes. Gray eyes will take any shade.

Here's an eye massage routine such as Hollywood stars use to keep the skin around their eyes soft and prevent wrinkles from forming.

I. Use a heavy cream, a massage cream or a special eye cream—there is one that looks like a sweet confection of figs and is lovely—and spread the cream around the eyes in a wide oval.

II. Start massaging with the middle finger of each hand placed against the nose at the inside corner of the eyes. Massage in an oval over the eyelids and around the outside corners, under the eyes and back to the nose. Repeat using two fingers of each hand.

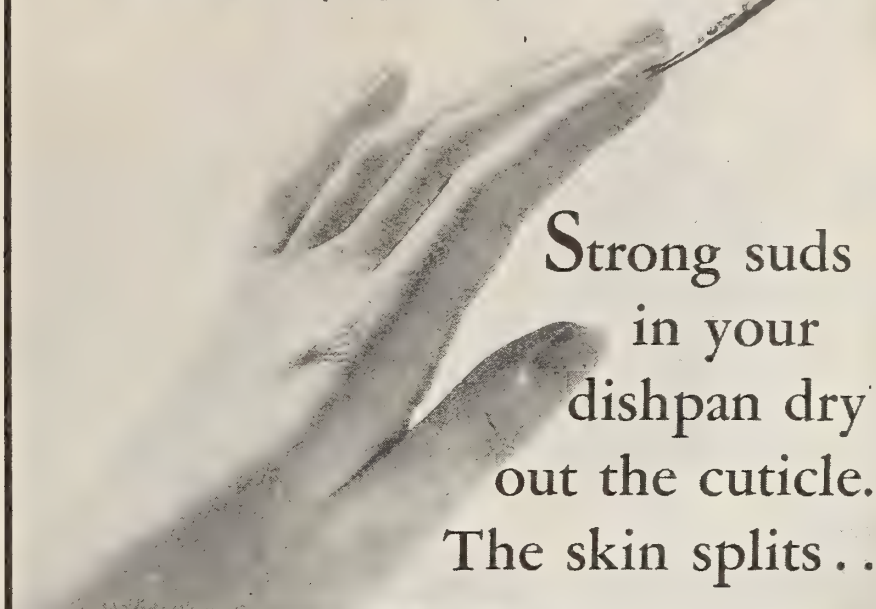
III. Massage in the same path, only move the fingers in tiny circles as you proceed.

IV. Using the three middle fingers of each hand start at the center of the forehead over the nose and follow the eyebrow line in a sweeping movement.

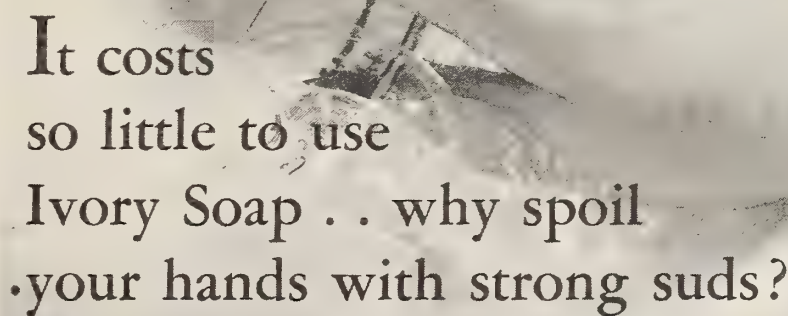
Massage should be done with the cushion balls of the fingers. Finish by patting with eye lotion and applying an eyewash.

This month's Make-up Box has some special eye hints for you and a list of eye exercises in addition to news notes of new products and beauty finds. Write to Ann Boyd, care of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope for your copy of the October Make-up Box.

"Why do I always have a
HANGNAIL?"



**Strong suds
in your
dishpan dry
out the cuticle.
The skin splits..**



**It costs
so little to use
Ivory Soap . . why spoil
your hands with strong suds?**

Ivory's pure foam is kind even to a baby's sensitive skin—and it will make dishwashing (and every soap-and-water task) a beauty bath for your hands . . 99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % Pure.

IVORY SOAP
prevents "Housework Hands"



New Natural Make-Up gave her lips more Allure!

LOOK at her lips. Lovely, aren't they? But they used to be conspicuous with paint. Yet once she adopted this new kind of lipstick, her lips became her most charming feature. For Tangee Lipstick gives your lips natural-looking color... without a trace of paint! And it keeps your lips satin-smooth and kissable!

Lips Colorful.. Without Paint

Ordinary lipsticks coat the lips with paint. But Tangee cannot give your lips a painted look. It isn't paint.

Tangee actually changes to the color hidden in your own lips. In the stick, it looks orange. But on your lips, it's *your* shade of rose! You'll have to try Tangee to see that this is true.

Use Tangee and see your lips youthful with fresh, natural color! Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks... at all toilet goods counters.



The New Tangee Powder Brings Soft Underglow

Try the new Tangee Face Powder, which produces a soft underglow that makes your skin look younger, fresher, more natural! Because Tangee Powder now contains the same magic color principle as Tangee Lipstick... therefore blends with your natural skin tones!

New!
SMALL SIZE 39¢
TANGEE LIPSTICK
Also in Theatrical—a deeper shade for professional use

TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ SPECIAL 10c OFFER! TG10

The George W. Luft Co., Inc. (Enclose 10¢)
417 Fifth Ave., New York (stamps or coin)
Rush Miracle Make-up Set containing miniaturized
Tangee Lipstick, Rouge and Powder.

Check ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Introducing the Hollywood Cupid

(Continued from page 31)

And Ann Harding..." scowling extravagantly he furtively dashed a tear from his off eye. "I tell you, the way I feel right now, I'd swap my share in this Cupid business for one schooner of 3.2, and move in with Peter the Hermit! At least, you can depend on the birds and bees."

"For what?" I wanted to know. "Next to Peggy Joyce, a lady bee has more husbands than any two of your customers. And, speaking of birds..."

"**S**PEAKING of Peggy Joyce," Cupe interrupted, "I washed my hands of that gal after her fifth divorce. Swore I'd never point another arrow in her direction, so help me! Peggy's a nice girl and I tried to do right by her. Millionaires I nicked for her. Even drew blood—and blue blood, I'll have you know—on a count, or duke, whatever he was. They all look alike to me. But, after that last crack-up, I said, *Finis*. That's what I said."

"Whadda ya mean—'finis'?" I snorted. "With Peg and Jack Oakie all of a dither..."

"Can I help it," he shrugged, "if they got in the way when I was aiming at Lyle Talbot and Wynne Gibson? Believe me, I was as surprised as..."

"Skip it," I advised laconically. "You've got more alibis than Al Capone. How about Talbot and Gibson? Was it on the up and up? Or do I lose a box of cigars?"

"I'm afraid you lose, I hope," he sighed. "Some more of that 'platonic' stuff. They both happened to have a sense of humor, and that's bad. For my business, anyhow."

"Right," I agreed. "Besides, Lyle's prospects are too good, and the boy's too smart to ruin a swell career by fooling around with the TNT you dish out. Look what you did to George Brent. He had everything it takes to get the gals making jittery jots on lavender notepaper. But—before he could get to first base, somebody turned you loose on 'The Rich Are Always With Us' set, and... Youse is indeed a viper, One Shot!"

"**A**REN'T they a perfect pair?" Cupe murmured smugly. "Brent is so handsome, and Chatterton's such a swell person. That was a nice piece of work, yowsah..."

"Nice?" I echoed. "With George and Ralph Forbes comparing notes on Ruth's two honeymoons? I ask you..."

"Wait a minute..." One Shot growled irritably. "All I do is nick 'em... See? If they want to tear their respective breakfast nooks apart, can I help it? Love is my business. Leave the transom-peeking to your chatter writers."

"With pleasure!" I agreed. "In fact, I've left it to them ever since the time I blistered my schnozzle, sticking it into the Lombard-Powell affair."

"Let that be a lesson to you. And, stop reminding me of the mistakes of my youth, will you?" he protested.

"Well, and then Mary Pickford tried to tell me she would never leave Doug. You can't blame me for checking up on it, can you? After all, that's my busi-

ness and I have to take care of it."

"Yeh..." he shook his head sadly. "It takes all kinds to make a world."

"And for that," I glowered, "I'm going to rub your nose in the Crawford-Fairbanks bust-up! Your masterpiece, huh? Your 'tribute to Eros', eh? I wasn't going to mention it, you unmitigated braggart, but you walked right into it—"

"Will you go home?" he squirmed. "Something told me to go to the mountains when I started out to get away from it all, this morning! Is there no place where a guy can suffer in peace?" His chin quivered pathetically.

I FELT like a wife-beater. "Aw, I say..." I tried to smooth it over. "Don't take it so hard, pal. We all make mistakes. The question is, will Doug and Joan make it up? I mean, it looked so regular, at first."

He shook his head mournfully. "They were different personalities, at first. When they met, Joan was a rowdy play girl, and Doug, an unsophisticated dreamer. Now, he's become a rowdy play boy and Joan has outgrown him. I don't know." He gestured helplessly.

In deference to his utter misery, I tactfully changed the subject. "Well, the Gables are hanging together, anyhow. That's something."

"A clever woman—that Mrs. Gable," he nodded. "Wise enough to keep eyes and mouth shut in order to assure the permanence of her marriage. Clark will have to make the break, if any, and I think he's a bit too wise, himself, to tempt the gods. Such a business!" he kicked the sand angrily. "If they marry with an eye to furthering their careers," he gave the word a nasty inflection, "it invariably flops, from natural causes. If, on the other hand, they're really in love and marry in spite of the career... it usually flops, anyhow. Phooey! I'd rather drive a truck! Crazy humans... placing money and fame above the greatest thing in the world. I tell you, I'm fed up!" He shook his bow finger savagely in my face. "I quit! Let 'em get along without me, and see how they like it!" He stopped short.

FAR down the beach, two indistinct figures strolled. They were holding hands and walked suspiciously close together.

With a leap, One Shot grabbed his quiver and bow. His eyes were bright with suppressed excitement as he started down the sandy stretch.

"Wait a minute!" I panted, trying to keep up with him. "What's it all about? Who?... Why?..."

"Keep back!" he hissed. "This is serious business! If you gallop in and spoil things, I'll get you."

Determinedly I clutched his arm. "Shoot, if you must!" I quoted dramatically. "But, not a step do you go until I know the answer. Come clean!"

He hesitated but a fraction of a second. Then, "Myrna Loy..." he puffed. "And... Ramon Novarro. Lemme at 'em, you nuisance! Leggo..."

I did.

Music in the Movies

(Continued from page 64)

possibly you'll like this one better than the first number. Again we hear Art Wilson doing the vocal work. (This is Brunswick Record No. 6575.)

HERE is one by a band that is one of my favorites, Ray Noble and his orchestra, in my estimation, England's best. "Lying in the Hay" is the tune they play, and these boys really put everything they've got into a number. For unique and enjoyable arrangements, this band is hard to beat. You'll like the vocal refrain, too.

The other side is by the same orchestra. It's called "Wanderer." This is every bit as good as the first, and goes far to make a thoroughly enjoyable and danceable record. (This is Victor record No. 24297-B.)

"SOPHISTICATED LADY," Duke Ellington's big hit is next, with Earl Harlan and his orchestra. It wouldn't take much work to turn Earl Harlan and his orchestra into one of the best known colored bands today. See if you know who they are. This is a swell dance record.

The other side is "Smoke Ring," also played by Earl Harlan and his orchestra, but strange as it seems, it is another Earl Harlan. It's a good record anyhow. (This is Melotone record No. M-12739).

FOR those of you who enjoy the singing of Baby Rose Marie, and no doubt there are plenty who do, here's your chance. It's a tune from the picture "International House" which we have already reviewed. "My Bluebird's Singing the Blues" is the title, and as I said, if you like Baby Rose Marie, you'll like this record.

The other side is also by the same small artist, singing "Come Out-Come Out-Where Ever You Are." (This is Brunswick Record No. 6570).

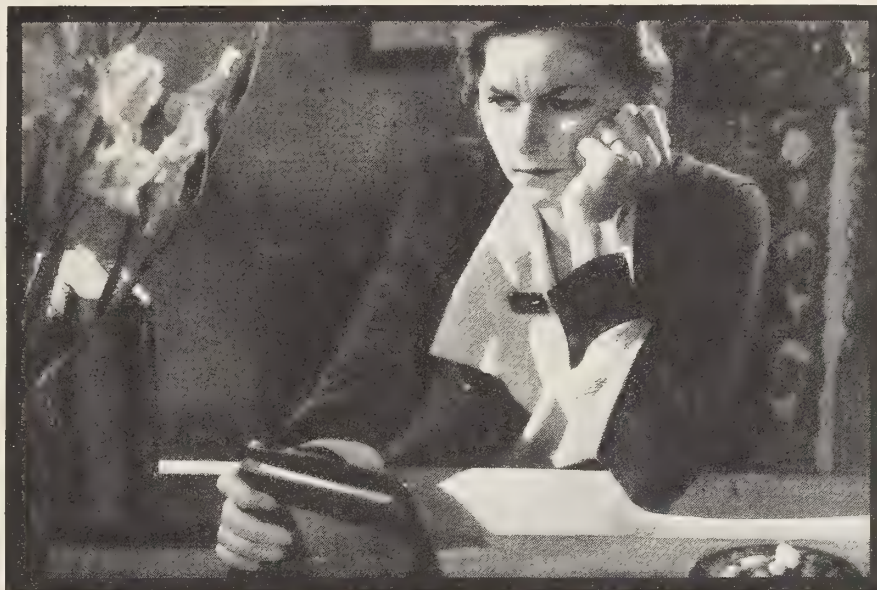
HERE is a peach of a vocal by that star of the "Cotton Club Parade," Ethel Waters. Naturally enough she's singing the song that was written for her in the revue, called "Stormy Weather." If you really want to hear this number sung the way it was intended to be sung, don't miss this record.

The other side is also by Miss Waters and this time she sings "Love Is the Thing," another Harlem Torch. You'll like this. (This is Brunswick record No. 6564).

KEEP UP-TO-DATE

on the latest beauty innovations. Keep posted on the new products and the latest and most approved methods. Our October Make-up Box has all sorts of beauty news for you. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Ann Boyd, care of the New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Stop being *Frightened* by the Calendar!



MANY married women live to learn that their greatest "worries" have been those that never happened. Time and again fear alone leads them to believe that some minor feminine ailment is the start of a major physical crisis.

But why continue to live in constant dread? Why allow youth and health to fade, through timid ignorance or neglect of proper marriage hygiene? . . . Practice intimate feminine antisepsis as recommended by leading physicians throughout the world for over 40 years. Use "Lysol" regularly and intelligently for intimate personal cleanliness.

"Lysol" is *safe*. For, unlike many other antiseptics, "Lysol" contains no free alkali to burn tender membranes and desensitize live tissues. Mild, gentle, "Lysol" is used even in childbirth operations, when tissues are most sensitive.

"Lysol" is *effective*. It destroys germ-life even when in active contact with organic matter. For, unlike these dependable compounds, "Lysol" maintains its potency while they lose 95% of their active strength under such conditions.

Start using "Lysol" now. Your druggist has it. Your doctor recommends it. For further information on this subject, so vital to you, we suggest the new "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene," containing advice by famous women physicians. Send the coupon today.

Let "Lysol" Guard the Family's Health

Use it in your home as protection against colds, tonsillitis, sore throat, gripe, and to disinfect after these ailments. Use it for protection and disinfection in case of children's diseases—mumps, measles, etc. Excellent for athlete's foot. Helps to heal cuts, burns, etc. Protects mother and child in operations attending childbirth. Directions on bottle.

Lysol
Disinfectant



"Lysol" is economical . . . a treatment costs less than one cent. "Lysol" is safe . . . it contains no free caustic alkali. "Lysol" is effective . . . it destroys hidden germ-life. "Lysol" has enjoyed the full confidence of the medical profession for over 40 years.

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Dept. LO-10
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant
Please send me *free*, postpaid, copy of "Marriage Hygiene." (Check other booklets if desired.)

- ☐ Preparation for Motherhood
☐ Keeping a Healthy Home

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1933

Longles

MANICURE LIQUID POLISH

Its glamour lasts a whole week!...



Like the highest priced polish—in lustre and long wear!



You get weeks of smart manicures out of one bottle...



ONLY
10¢

5 smart shades

At your favorite 10¢ Store

General Joan

(Continued from page 27)

completely. And, while she's not the devil-child she used to be in the pre-Crawford era, she's completely clubby and natural with her adored one. They exchange gifts, call each other on the phone and are as devoted as Damon and Pythias!

JOAN'S a very human girl. She does human things in a human way. She occasionally goes a little distant if she's preoccupied or worried—just as you or I greet members of our family with a vague "Hello" if our minds are troubled. It's a sort of protective coloring we take on so we won't be disturbed by things outside ourselves until we've solved our problem.

To casual acquaintances, Joan's a hard girl to understand. She doesn't fully understand herself. She's so constantly changing, learning, reinforcing and improving, that even she can't quite keep track of the new Joan as the old fades out of sight.

Every year or so she gives herself a spiritual peeling and comes forth drastically different. In the process she makes a few minor mistakes... witness last season's *Letty Lynton-Sadie Thompson* lips... but on the whole, she definitely progresses.

No woman star on the screen today can look back on what she has made of herself with the pride that Joan can.

SHE has the ability of execution of a military strategist, and like any good general, she plots her courses, reviews her assets and sets forth into battle with supreme confidence that her fight is a good fight.

She has rare courage. But the "slings and arrows" bury themselves deeper in her heart than in the hearts of most ambitious women, because Joan's a hypersensitive creature. She can't shrug off disappointments with philosophic calm; she's far too intense about her work to take set-backs like a stoic. She's had to fight through plenty of hurts, intentional or otherwise, through opposition, careless misunderstanding and adverse comment, to gain her solid foothold on this shifting battlefield.

Joan's an extremist. She burns up her old enthusiasms almost before she's found new ones to take their places. The only changeless, all-powerful force behind her is her determination to succeed. To that, she will sacrifice sleep, food, relaxation, pleasure, even peace of mind and body.

No one who really knows her, however, can feel she sacrificed her marriage on that high altar. She gave her years with young Doug a concentrated attention and full-hearted ardor that should have saved it from the rocks. Human agency can't always be blamed, though, for the way the cards fall. Fate has a cunning way of stacking

them against us before the game ever begins. Yet Joan's marriage enriched her, gave her fresh contacts and ideas she might never have otherwise had.

IN spite of the fine, sharp edges of her character, Joan has hidden soft places that give her much trouble. She can't say "no" to a hard-luck story, nor can she help going out of her way to find trouble to alleviate. She needs an armed guard to save her from herself. It isn't necessary to specify incidents. Stories have been written about them before. Besides, Joan loathes having "copy" made of her open-handedness.

All her little idiosyncrasies—the carrying of a fresh gardenia at all times, the ultra-long, ultra-carmine fingernails, the sudden changes from gay good humor to sombre melancholy, are immaturities not compatible with very direct, unaffected General Joan. They are little self-conscious gestures that don't really belong. Forget them, Joan!

DEEP within her is a sub-strata of asceticism, totally unsuspected by the casual, because nature has accentuated and outlined her appearance to a startling degree. She has all the lush flamboyance of figure and face we've accredited to temptresses down through the ages, without being in the least lush or flamboyant.

When she was a great deal younger, she *did* have a reputation for the spectacular, earned no doubt, by her love for action, color, change... her passionate joy in dancing.

She grabbed then, eagerly and with both hands. Now she reaches out, picks up, examines and either retains or discards, with the wisdom of a connoisseur. She has learned an admirable sense of values and has allowed her more mental and spiritual side gradually to absorb that very young and very worldly Joan.

She has a certain sweet frankness, a warm and aggressive loyalty, an impulsive generosity. Basically idealistic and sentimental, she is modern enough to keep these qualities in subjection in her business contacts. She knows exactly where she wants to go.

And with every ounce of intelligence, determination, wit, beauty and strength, she's going there.

If, perhaps, her inherent talent is not quite so great as the technique she has perfected, she nevertheless gives splendid, vital performances, full of light and shade and life.

She is a very real person, indeed. I like and admire Joan Crawford. She's taken a lot on the chin the past year or so and came up smiling. So here's a toast, ladies and gentlemen—"To Joan! Health, wealth, success... and as much happiness as one traveler can wish another in this troubled world!"

ONE WAY TO BEAUTY

A beautiful figure is a necessity for beauty as any movie star will tell you. You can have one, too, if you take the proper exercise. Send for our special exercise sheets. Write to Ann Boyd, care of The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Radio Rambles

(Continued from page 42)

finally tried it as an experiment and to my surprise it was equally as successful on the air. In other words, in comedy, radio technique and stage technique are identical. Here's the story. But remember, it was done in dialect.

I WENT down to the lower East Side a few weeks ago to get something to eat. I am mad about salami. Well, I really should not say that. I really am crazy about bicarbonate of soda, so I had the salami and the baloney first and then I had the bicarbonate later, so I sat down in a little restaurant. A little Hebrew walked in and sat down alongside of me. I'm sure I don't know what a Hebrew was doing in that neighborhood. The waiter walked over and said, "Howdy-do, howdy-do, howdy-do, your order please if you will be so kindly."

The customer said: "If you will excuse me, I am not in the mood for food, so please do not bother me. I am in the mood to read in the restaurant."

The waiter said: "This is not a rest room. This is not a library. Anybody's coming in here is itting."

The customer said: "I beg your poddon, but are you a college man?"

The waiter said: "Yes, how did you tell?"

The customer said: "You have the intonation from the campus, the alumnus in your attitude, and the faculty for being a waiter."

The waiter said: "Not only am I a college boy. I am a fraternity boy."

The customer said: "A fraternity boy. Well, shut my mouf."

The waiter: "Yes, indeedy, I am an Eta Beta Pie."

The customer: "An Eta Beta Pie? I'm a Moo Cow Moo. Give me the Eta Beta Pie handshake."

The waiter: "Enough of this shilly shallying. What do you like, herring or liver?"

The customer: "I like liver."

The waiter: "Do you like noodle soup or bortsch?"

The customer: "I like bortsch."

The waiter: "Do you like mitt or fees?"

The customer: "Meat or fish? Well, it's according to season."

The waiter: "Do you like apple pie or apple strudel?"

The customer: "You said it."

The waiter: "Do you like coffee, tea, sank, or postum?"

The customer: "Milk."

THE waiter brought the food the customer ate it, and went back to reading. The waiter figured out the check, laid it down on the table, and the customer knocked it off. The waiter picked up the check, laid it on the table again, and the customer knocked it off. The waiter picked up the check very perturbed, walked over to the customer and said: "There's a difference between you and me for eighty-five cents."

The customer: "That's the way it's going to be. I refuse to pay it."

The waiter: "Why?"

The customer: "I didn't order anything. You asked me what I liked and I told you."

The waiter: "Oh, a smot guy. A

(Please turn to page 82)

"TRUTH" — A DANGEROUS GAME

COME ON EVERYBODY
WE'RE GOING TO PLAY
"TRUTH OR
CONSEQUENCES"

THE ONE WHO'S "IT" ASKS
YOU A QUESTION. IF YOU
DON'T WANT TO ANSWER
TRUTHFULLY, YOU PAY A
FORFEIT — BUT NO FAIR
FIBBING!

SOUNDS DANGEROUS.
HOW DO YOU PLAY IT?

I'LL BE "IT" FIRST AND I'M
GOING TO ASK YOU WHY YOU
HAVEN'T DANCED WITH ME
ALL EVENING

WHY... WHY I HAVE. YOU
JUST DON'T REMEMBER

LATER — she overhears

DID I HOLD MY
BREATH WHEN
SHE ASKED BEN
THAT!

MEN REALLY WOULD
LIKE HER IF SHE WEREN'T
SO CARELESS ABOUT
"B.O."

GOT OUT OF IT RATHER
NEATLY, DIDN'T HE?

I WAS JOKING —
NEVER DREAMT
BEN HAD A REASON.
AND "B.O." OF ALL
THINGS! I'LL CHANGE
TO LIFEBOUY AT ONCE

"B.O." GONE —
Ben fights for dances now!

RUN ALONG, BEN,
THIS IS MY DANCE

NOTHING DOING,
IT'S MINE

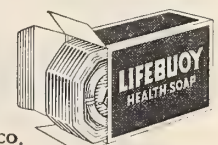
Freshens complexions, too

LIFEBOUY has improved countless complexions—it will do the same for yours! Its gentle, penetrating lather deep-cleanses pores of clogged impurities. Leaves your skin so fresh and clean—it's bound to please the most critical eye!

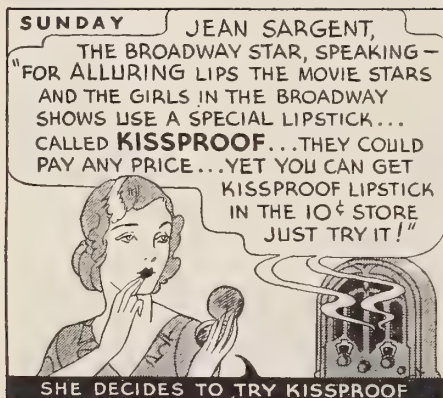
To women in love

They, especially, can't afford to risk "B.O." (body odor). Bathe often with Lifebuoy. Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy lather deodorizes—stops "B.O."

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.



PEGGY GETS REALLY KISSED



Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

Have the same "lip appeal" that the movie stars and Broadway actresses have. Use the same lipstick! It is the new **KISS-PROOF** Indelible Lipstick—*Special Theatrical Color*! This lipstick is so wonderful, it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing rooms of the Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! Price is no object here—but the experts have found that inexpensive **KISSPROOF** gives *matchless allure* to the actresses. It will do the same for you.

Use it tonight! You will be thrilled! You can get it in all shades, including the new *Special Theatrical Color*, at any toilet goods counter and at the 10¢ stores.

Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK

Radio Rambles

(Continued from page 81)

wisecracker. Just a second if you will be so kindly."

He walked over and called. "Oh, Mr. Lapidus. Oh, boss!"

The boss walked over, a big guy: "What sims to be the difyouculity?"

The waiter: "The man ate up the food and gave a refuzzle."

The boss said: "How come you-all (he was from the South)—how come you-all is giving a refuzzle?"

The customer: "I didn't order anything. The man brought in the food and laid it on the table, and I ate it up. It would have spoiled anyhow."

The boss: "Quincy, that man has got right. He has got right on a technicality. You do not have to pay. Two-gun Lapidus has spoken, but I wonder if you will do me a favor. Across the strit is a man named Schwartz. He has a restaurant like mine. I hate him worse than poison. Here is a dollar. Go over and do to Schwartz the same."

The customer: "I can't. He gave me two dollars to do it to you."

WELL, you could have knocked me over with Kate Smith when I found out that the story went over on the air as well as anything I ever whispered to the fleeting kilocycles. "Shet ma mouf, Holtzie," I said to myself. "You just can't always tell." So I went around to the Ipsy Pipsy Lodge and said, "So what?"

I guess the answer is this: Humor is universal. It has its own language, and it understands certain language, whether you watch it being peddled or just listen. What you have to do first of all is to create a certain picture that's going to put your point over. And, after all, maybe it doesn't matter so much if you create that picture yourself or let Mr. Radio Listener do it himself. Maybe with your material he can create a funnier picture for himself than you can.

Incidentally, some people have asked me if anyone ever resents the Hebrew dialect. I haven't found that to be the case, and mainly, I think, because my Hebrew characters are purely fantastic and I switch often from one to another type of dialect—English, Russian, Swiss, French, Chinese, and what-have-you—and they are all fantastic characters. I've been told that's the reason why no one resents them—because they are too absurd to resent.

Don't think, my *frands*, that I don't have misgivings any more. You-all just don't know the half of it if you think so. I still get just as many jitters as I did before my first broadcast, but now, at least, I have that consolation of knowing that in radio you just can't always tell. And my guess may be just as good as the Archbishop Shapiro's.

LOU HOLZ.

HERE'S a story which proves that Paul Whiteman gives as well as he takes. It concerns one of our very favorite radio performers, Ramona—the singing pianist. She was appearing with Don Bestor's orchestra in Kansas City when Whiteman first heard her, and right away he offered her a contract, but only on one condition.

"Before you join us," said Paul, "you've got to get rid of some of those pounds."

He gave her a copy of his now famous diet and a few weeks later Ramona, after a trip to the scales, bought a ticket to Chicago. She had made the weight.

OUR agents report authoritatively that Ruth Etting's one great ambition is to retire soon from radio and Broadway and buy herself a little farm back in Montana where she was born. If Ruth is serious about this it means that radio will be robbed of one of its finest performers.

PROBABLY the largest collection of dolls now in the possession of any radio performer belongs to Baby Rose Marie. Among those who have contributed to the singer's collection are: Irene Rich, Greta Garbo, Constance Bennett, Mary Pickford, Tom Mix, Cecil B. DeMille, Will Rogers, Norma Shearer, Mitzi Green, Graham McNamee, Jessica Dragonette, Ruth Etting, Arlene Jackson, Jane Cowl and hundreds of other noted stars.

PERHAPS you've noticed it, perhaps you haven't, but we might as well tell you now. We have one definite phobia, and that's the type of radio announcer that talks down in unctuous syllables to his audience. There is no way of getting even with a guy like that. He's too far away to throw a loud speaker at.

We were pleased the other day when we found that none other than Mr. Irvin S. Cobb had a similar, though somewhat more restrained, reaction. In the reception room at Columbia Broadcasting System recently he defined a radio announcer as "a studio grandee with a drawing-room manner and a gold-plated set of oratorical tonsils. Even when he's gargling a sore throat a radio announcer sounds eloquent."

Now we feel better again.

THE college boys are "donning the moleskin," as the sports writers say, preparatory to another season of modified murder on the gridiron, and again the air waves are welcoming General Foods All-American Football Show which made such a hit last year. Howard Jones, Andy Kerr, Yale's new coach, Reggie Root, and Lieutenant Davidson, the youngest coach the Army ever had, are a few of the big-time football experts scheduled to give us the hot dope and low-down on who's who and what's what on the field of play this Fall.

PRETTY soon now the networks will have to have a naval treaty of their own. A half dozen or more of our best radio performers are already suffering from a yacht complex. Amos felt like a chicken who raised ducks when Mr. Charles J. (Andy) Correll chartered that 86-foot Diesel cruiser, "Brigadier." Jimmy Melton and Guy Lombardo have also been cluttering up the harbors with fast motor yachts. Meanwhile, Conductor Bill Daly and Jimmy Wallington and Phillips (Seth Parker) Lord have been braving white caps in sailing craft. Phillips Lord owns the largest schooner we ever saw, and plans to go around the world in it. It has at least three or four or five or six masts—maybe more.

The World Gone Hollywood

(Continued from page 45)

And Wally started his artistic career as a female impersonator. Really, there is no limit to the man's nerve.

New York:

GREAT to be away from it all—away from the incessant talk of pictures, pictures, pictures. New York with its wonderful theaters, music, art exhibitions! I bathe, I dress, I scan the attractions, then board a taxi for Lee Tracy's latest.

Good old gabby, Duse-hands Tracy. He vibrates intelligence. I like his off-stage lingo, too. He packs more into an interview than any of them. A brain—and actor, too. Makes me think of what Louis B. Mayer said to me about Irving Thalberg: "I can't explain Irving. He's marvelous. He's like a cow with two tails. He's . . . he's a genius!"

THE East is hotter than West (How yuh, Mae?) but I must get new clothes. Cords and sweat shirts ain't gen-munly in N'Yawk. I go to my favorite Fifth Avenue tailor—because he's conservative—not movieish.

"Here's a camel's hair coat we're featuring," says my salesman. "It's a model originating with some one or other in Hollywood. You probably have seen it on Doug, Jr., and other smart young men."

"Smart young men, hell!" I scream. "It's dear old Marlene Dietrich's!"

REPORTERS call to ask if I'm quitting the West. Absurd! Mae an' me's on the best of terms—sends me diamonds every day and I show them the pawn tickets to prove it. What's three thousand miles in this age of fast movin' planes and guls?

I AM upset by a letter from Evelyn C., of Baltimore, one of my favorite correspondents, who has stood by me through thick and thin.

"Dear Herb," Eve writes. "I have been able to sympathize with your Lupe Velez trance. I have been able to forgive the James Cagney one. But Mae West—Lord! Where's your aesthetic sense?"

Lord, Eve, I dunno! I packed it somewhere but can't lay hands on it right now. *Alors!* Genet of the *New Yorker* comes to my rescue. Writing from Paris after my Parisian pals had seen "She Done Him Wrong," Genet said:

"Miss West has elicited praise from Paris that would give her a liberal education if she traced it down. By *boulevardiers*, she has been compared to Rejane in 'Zaza'; by *litterateurs*, she has been discovered as the perfect illustration, if a little late, of the early works of De Maupassant; by musicians, to be 'the voice of Madame Angot', who was a mouthful of a mouthpiece for the upstart Directoire; and by playwrights, to have 'the dialoguing genius' of the Commedia dell'Arte . . ."

Voilà! Eve, where's your aesthetic sense?

RIGHT here, I want to nail the vile rumor that part of Mae was pads in "She Done Him Wrong." The Para-

(Please turn to page 84)

IF *Mona Lisa* COULD HAVE USED THESE 4 MAYBELLINE EYE BEAUTY AIDS . . .



Maybelline EYELASH DARKENER
the largest selling mascara in the world because it is absolutely harmless, actually non-smearing, tear-proof, instantly effective. Transforms lashes into natural appearing long, dark, luxuriant fringe, and keeps them soft and silky. Black or Brown.

Maybelline EYEBROW PENCIL
smoothly and cleanly lines the brows, forming graceful, expressive eyebrows. Of pure and highest quality composition. Black or Brown.

Maybelline EYE SHADOW
for delicately shading the eyelids to intensify the color and depth of the eyes. Pure and harmless, smooth and creamy, it may be had in Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Green and Violet.

Maybelline EYELASH GROWER
contains highly beneficial oils that nourish and stimulate the natural growth of the lashes. Applied nightly before retiring. Pure and harmless. It is an excellent stimulant for dry, brittle lashes.

WELL, we leave it to you—the pictures tell the story! Compare Da Vinci's portrait of her as she was, with our version of how she might have looked if she could have used the exquisite Maybelline eye beauty aids . . . See if you do not agree with us that, lovely lady though she was, her charm would have been increased a thousand-fold with proper eye make-up. You too, can give yourself this advantage.

These famous, high quality Maybelline eye beauty aids may now be had in 10c sizes in all leading 10c stores.

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

THE ST. CHARLES

An Entire Block on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City

"A Smart Hotel in America's Smartest Resort"

When planning your vacation, this famous hotel offers you the maximum in hotel comfort and service.

Longest Sun Deck overlooking Boardwalk and Sea. French and German Cuisine. Bathing from the Hotel. American and European Plans. Ocean view Lounge. Dancing and Entertainment. Garage.

RATES GREATLY REDUCED

The Adventurous Brownie will amuse your children

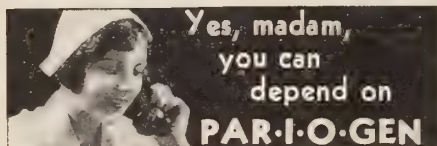
"Adventure of a Brownie," that fantastic creature with his kindness and his tricks, is traditionally dear to childhood heart. Three long, satisfying stories . . . a never-ending source of amusement to boys and girls . . . in this attractive illustrated book for only 10 cents.

Equally popular are Hans Andersen's fairy tales. Three of these are collected together in one colorful, illustrated book. "The Ugly Duckling," which is the title of the book, "The Little Match Girl" and "The Tinder Box." Ten cents for three stories

Note to Parents

Children love to receive mail, and we'll address these books right to your child. Send his or her name (and 10 cents for each book you want) to

TOWER BOOKS, Incorporated
55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.



Immediate and positive germ protection. Odorless, stainless, greaseless. Requires no water or other accessories. Dissolves in natural secretions. Convenient tablet form. Daintily packaged for travel or home use. For health and peace of mind ask your druggist for PAR-I-O-GEN or send \$1 for a tube of twelve tablets mailed in plain wrapper.

FEMININE HYGIENE

American Drug and Chemical Co., 420 S. 6th St., Minneapolis, Minn. TM-10-39

I enclose \$1 for one dozen PAR-I-O-GEN tablets with instructions, in plain wrapper.

Name.....
Address.....

The World Gone Hollywood

(Continued from page 83)

mount publicity department seemed to feel it ought to apologize for a full-blown peony in a garden of anemic hollyhocks.

There's such a thing as carrying faking too far and a lot of us wanted to believe that what we saw was Mae—all Mae. Well, it was, brothers. Mae proved it to me. I mean to say, in her dressing-room—with the door open—she demonstrated how a gul can push up portions here, squeeze in there and shove out other strategic spots so as to achieve the classic curves of Venus. There's nothing fraudulent about Mae. She's the real di Milo.

I AM reminded of Nita Naldi's retort to critics of her sumptuousity.

"Listen," cried Nita. "I'm a woman as God intended her to be. I can go out to the Metropolitan Museum and look any of those classic dames straight in the eye without blushing."

The same goes for Mae. The classic dames would blush before Mae.

MUSICAL shows on every Broadway screen. Producers decided a few years ago that we didn't like music and quit producing them. Actually, we were sick of dissonance: clattery choruses, old silent stars coming forth to split high c's like cords of wood after six lessons with a Mexican ex-general, strong silent heroes mugging madly to synchronize lips with those of the real singers off screen.

So, having learned their lesson as Hollywood producers are so quick to do, we now have musical shows with bigger and noisier choruses. Hoofers clatter, ladies who can't sing, sing, and the old silent stars shamelessly bawl with brand new voices. So-o-o-o, we'll probably be getting tired of music again.

BE MINE TONIGHT" should be a hint to Hollywood impresarios. A modest, inexpensive little foreign production, it was sneaked into theaters in shame-faced manner (probably because there were no chorus guls) and it ran for weeks and weeks and weeks. It may not have earned a million dollars, still for what it did do, in its modest, violet way, I think Puccini may deserve some credit—and Jan Kiepura, who sang in his own glorious tenor voice.

And, woofing the whole production, was a golden thread that Hollywood rarely knows. I refer to the thing called charm.

But I came to get away from it all!

I am going to go out on Long Island.

That's where J. P. Morgan lives. I imagine he'd like to get away from it all, too—especially from his admiring fan, Will Rogers, who wants to "save" him.

I can't wait to take a dip in the ocean. But the dive is halted by a guard telling me I must wear a "top." And I thought I was compromising with the effete East by wearing trunks! Oh, well, they'll catch up to Hollywood next year, maybe, just as this year they are showing Marlene's last year's coat.

OFF for a tear in the high-powered cah. "Oh, lookit!" *je criez*, passing a fine stand of corn at Setauket. "There's a farm that is a farm—pumpkins, peas, petunias and police dogs."

A bronzed man with a hoe (America's hope) looks up and says, "Hello!" Friendly, these down East farmers.

"Hello!" I call. "Well, if it isn't old Charlie Ruggles, I swan!"

"Sure," says he. "Come here to get away from it all, you know."

"Know?" I says. "No!"

IT may sound like a lot of succotash,"

Charlie says, "but this is the McCoy. I mean I go for vegetables, flowers, animals in a big way. Couldn't wait to get back here for a holiday. The West coast is O. K., but you can have it. And I was born in California."

A swell native son of a sun, huh?

Charlie, you know, started as a drunk in "Gentlemen of the Press" and casting directors wouldn't believe he could play sober. Eventually he convinced them and is now one of our foremost comedians. Gets laughs without hiccups.

"I'm really a hick," he says, "not a hic."

IT certainly is great to get away from it all, isn't it, Sharlie?"

"It certainly is," he agrees. "Did you ever see roses like those?"

"Yuh, Golden Emblems. I've got them on my place in California."

"Yuh, I brought them on from there," Charlie says. "Next year, I think I'll have a swimming pool."

"An' a bar," I cry. "An' a patio, an' a barbecue pit, an' polo ponies and Lupe Velez!"

"Why, you've killed him, Mr. Ruggles," said a far-off voice after what must have been quite an interval.

Anyway, I got away from it all for a while.

LET'S GO AMERICAN

Are you interested in unusual and authentic recipes for real American food, whether it's from California, New Orleans or Boston? Then you'll want to have a copy of our loose-leaf circulars—American Cookery. Send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of The New Movie Magazine, 55 Avenue, New York, N. Y., for your copy.

The Terrible Man

(Continued from page 29)

languages, E. G. has. He speaks half a dozen of them fluently. And though he does not speak even one of them well, he has caught the native accents of every one of them.

If you did not pay attention to his grammar while listening to his Italian, you could easily believe that you have before you a genuine "wop" from Mulberry Street.

And it would indeed take a Frenchman to discern that E. G.'s French is not all that it is cracked up to be.

His German and Spanish are about on a par with his French and Italian.

He speaks Yiddish delightfully well, and though he left his native country, Roumania, when he was but twelve years old, he has retained the inflection, the intonation and the flavor of the Roumanian language so well that he speaks it as fluently as if he had never left the flats of the Danube River.

His facility with languages and his almost insane love of music have often aroused my suspicions about his ancestry. His facial characteristics have also made me doubt the purity of his lineage. The quality of his black hair, the set of his eyes, and the color and the thickness and shape of his lips, as well as the pigmentation of his skin, make him look like a Hindoo—a Hindoo of the Tchay, whence the gypsies originated. His voice, soft and thick and oily, is even more gypsy-like than his appearance. He and Charlie Chaplin, though so unlike at first glance, have more than one trait in common. And Chaplin is a half-gypsy by birth.

WHEN you meet E. G. outside the theater, outside the moving picture set, he is eager to make you forget the profession to which he belongs. If you speak to him of the stage, he is likely to lead the conversation away from it to music. He talks to you about this and that and the other celebrated performance of Wagnerian opera, or of Toscanini's conducting of Beethoven's symphonies.

If you attempt to talk of the screen, he will, likely as not, digress to literature, of which he has a good smattering. He has read diligently, and has a splendid memory. No opinion uttered in his presence is forgotten; and he knows how to incorporate it into his next discussion. He even knows how to repeat another man's opinion so that you would never suspect it was not his own.

He is a consummate actor when he discusses arts other than the stage. Once, when he invited me to his home in New York to discuss a story, he talked music and literature so passionately that well after midnight we had not yet said a word about the story. I left the discussion of that very unimportant matter for another meeting. We never talked about the matter again. He left the following day for Hollywood.

His apartment in New York is, I imagine, unintentionally divided into two sections. The major part of it belongs to Mrs. Robinson who, as Gladys Lloyd, has not yet been forgotten for her work on the stage. E. G.'s rooms reflect his personality. If it weren't for the innumerable bits of vivid color on

(Please turn to page 86)



Olive oil keeps youth in your skin

—and it's olive oil that makes Palmolive green

WHAT charm, what allure lies in a lovely skin, young, fresh, radiant! Such a skin is, indeed, the first thrilling step to romance—the kind of romance every woman seeks!

And a youthful skin comes with the daily use of Palmolive Soap—blended of olive and palm oils—the surest protection lovely skin can find.

Palmolive lather penetrates the pores, freeing them of accumulations easily . . . leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh.

Get three cakes today. Begin the beauty treatment recommended by 20,000 beauty experts. Prove to yourself that Palmolive Soap, blended of olive and palm oils, will keep your skin soft, smooth, youthfully healthy.



Try this Beauty Treatment

Each morning and evening work a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water into the skin of face, throat and shoulders. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. Watch the effect upon your skin of this gentle daily care.

The vial at the left shows the exact amount of olive oil we put into each cake.

Takes Out Color Like Magic

Easy to Change Dresses to Latest Fall Shades

RIT chemists have patented an amazing color remover which takes out all the color—even black—and never harms the fabric.



You can easily take out all the old color... even black... with White RIT. It never harms the fabric. Also removes those stubborn spots and stains!

Just drop White RIT (the original color remover) in boiling water—put in a dress or scarf or anything you like—stir with a little stick—and watch all color disappear like magic. Even the darkest fabrics come out white.

Also removes spots and stains from white goods



Now rinse your dress in a bright shade of New INSTANT RIT. Not a soap any more... but a new powder wafer that dyes in the rinse!



Look how RIT dyes every thread, even the seams through and through. And a special patented ingredient prevents streaking... gives you beautiful, even color.

White RIT also takes out stubborn spots and stains from white goods—harmlessly. Wonderful, too, for removing mildew and yellowness caused by washing. Try White RIT next washday and you will never be without it again.

Use White RIT to take old, faded color out of dresses, hosiery, underthings, curtains, draperies, table runners or any article unevenly faded, sun-streaked or spotted.

After the color has been removed it is easy to put in any fashionable new color you like with Instant RIT. See the RIT color chart with its 33 smart shades for fall at your dealer's.

White RIT is on sale everywhere.

WHITE

RIT

Removes All Colors

— HARMLESSLY —



So Quick..
So Safe!..

THIS WAY TO END PIMPLES.. BLACKHEADS!

You'll hardly believe your skin *could* be so much softer and smoother—so free from pimples and blackheads. Yet in just five days after you start to treat your skin with cool, fragrant, activated Golden Peacock Bleach Creme, your skin will seem five years younger! Not only blemishes, but freckles, dusky tan and ugly, ageing muddiness are gone. Start this treatment tonight; if in five days you are not delighted, your money back! Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme today!

The Terrible Man

(Continued from page 85)

the walls and the chairs, they would look like the study of some college professor.

E. G. is rarely seen without a thick cigar in his mouth. That cigar, whether lighted or not, helps him to emphasize many a point in a discussion. He has a trick of moving it from one side of his mouth to the other, or tipping it down sidewise and upward, until the cigar itself seems to gesture humanly and eloquently. If everything is going well, E. G.'s cigar points upward. If he is dejected, his cigar goes down. That cigar goes into action when he is angry.

BUT those are his manners outside his home. In his study, in slippers, leaning back in a chair, he smokes that cigar placidly, following the rings of smoke with his eyes, and speaks in low tones, as if ashamed to raise his voice in the presence of the names of the books on his shelves. He has the humility of greatness before the giants of other days.

When he returned to New York from Hollywood after his first great success—in "Little Caesar"—he said to me one day:

"Great God, that is the screen for you. I have played for twenty years on the stage. No one knew me. But this morning I took a taxi. The driver had one look at me and said, 'I know who you are, Mr. Robinson.' And then he engaged me in a conversation. Not very safe to travel with a taxi driver who wants to talk to you. You know I will be a father soon. Have to take care of myself. I got out of the taxi and walked on foot the rest of the way."

The joke about E. G.'s becoming a father is stale now. He actually did become a father a few months ago. But it is three years since he has been boasting of it to everyone. Every time he left Hollywood to come to New York for a vacation, he told the studio manager that he was about to become a father and that he had to be on the scene for the important event.

The birth of that baby has cost the studio hundreds of thousands of dollars in time. The night Gladys Lloyd became a mother, E. G. and I spent some time together. He behaved in a most ridiculous fashion. He did not know whether to laugh or cry, and he was so jumpy he talked incoherently.

AFTER he had completed his third gangster picture, in which he had deliberately made up to look like a caricature of myself, he told me again about being recognized on the street by taxi drivers and children.

"Can't go out at all. 'There he goes... there...' they point at me as at a freak. The children of the janitor of my house are afraid of me."

One night we both happened to be at Carnegie Hall, listening to a celebrated young violinist. During the intermission, I was talking in the lobby to Mrs. Menuhin, the mother of young Yehudi Menuhin, the boy violinist. The Menuhins and I are old friends. The two charming Menuhin daughters, Yalta and Ebsiba, were telling me of their experiences in Italy, when E. G. came up to our little group, and pulling at my coat said, "Please, Konrad, introduce me."

I did. And then E. G., folding his hands as in prayer, said to Mrs. Menuhin: "Ah, I have heard your son play. I would give years of my life to meet him. He is the most wonderful child that ever lived," and he continued praising extravagantly the talent of Yehudi. "Ah, to be the mother of such a son! I would like to meet his father," he continued.

"What did you say his name was?" Mrs. Menuhin asked me in a half whisper.

"Robinson," I said. "Edward G. Robinson."

"What do you do, Mr. Robinson? Are you a musician?" Mrs. Menuhin asked, turning to E. G.

"Oh, no," I interfered. "It is Edward G. Robinson—pictures," I said.

"Oh, so you are a painter," Mrs. Menuhin said. "I'd like to see some of your work."

I interfered again. This time, while E. G. was becoming more and more fidgety at not being recognized, I said: "This is Edward G. Robinson, the celebrated actor of the talkies."

E. G. was signalling to me not to say anything more, but Mrs. Menuhin shrugged her shoulders and so did her two daughters, who had never heard of him either.

E. G. returned to his box to listen to the rest of the concert. I am sure that he mused about fame. I am quite certain that he will never again tell me how it is impossible for him to walk down the street without being recognized.

HE is forty years old, short, heavy-set and full of exuberance. He was born in Roumania, went to school here, and has a master's degree from Columbia University.

While in college he thought for a time of making the pulpit his profession. When he abandoned that idea, he wanted to become a lawyer. Either profession would have given him an opportunity to exert his histrionic talent. Some day some one ought to write a play to give him an opportunity to deliver a speech to a jury. Somebody ought to write a story to give him an opportunity to deliver a sermon powerful enough to revolutionize completely his audience, if not the whole country.

Those who have seen him walk the decks of ships in the "Tiger Shark" should have guessed from his professional manner of walking ships that E. G. had served in the Navy. He enlisted during the World War. Being on the decks of ships, however, wasn't exciting enough for E. G. He applied for an assignment to the Intelligence Service.

Had he obtained the assignment, his knowledge of languages would have given him the great opportunity to serve his country. His histrionic abilities would have stood him in good stead. He would have acted out the great spy in real life; perhaps acted him out too well! How he would have loved to talk about his spying days. He might even have written about them.

In his heart of hearts, E. G. believes himself to be a writer. He was co-author of the play "The Kibitzer." He never reads a story without using his own pencil, and superimposing upon the script his own ideas, making changes here, there and everywhere,

The Terrible Man

just to show the author that he too is a writer.

He would like to be a musician, but he has never learned to play an instrument. He amuses himself cutting up rolls of player piano music and pasting them to suit his own taste, mixing up Wagner and Beethoven and Gershwin and Mozart and Bach in a Robinsonian potpourri.

During the rehearsals of a play or screen script, he works himself up to a pitch where he actually believes he is the character he is studying. His method is not analytical. He just throws himself into the part. He allows it to absorb him completely.

At such times he uses bits of the dialogue of the play or screen script in private conversation, and works his shoulders and facial muscles, unaware that he is imitating the character he is rehearsing.

Even the manner in which he wears his clothes is affected by the part he is going to play. He goes about expounding theories that are in absolute contradiction with his being.

One of the directors who worked with him said to me recently:

"E. G. is the easiest man to direct. He just doesn't take orders. He gives them to himself at the top of his voice. He forgets all about the script and stage direction as soon as he appears on the scene, and goes about being himself—the himself he imagines himself to be. He holds the stage—he holds all of the stage.

"If you would let him, he would not only direct the picture, but would also turn the crank of the camera and direct the lighting and build the sets and control the microphone. When the picture is ready and he sees himself on the screen, he never blames anybody for misdirection or faults in the lighting or for the acting of others. He takes all the blame for himself—and quite naturally, though he never says so, all the credit."

To obtain circulars described on page 68 write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or fifteen cents for all six. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.



Try it! Clothes come 4 or 5 shades whiter

TAKE it easy next washday. Read a book while your clothes are soaking in Rinso suds. The dirt will float out by itself. You won't have to scrub. Just soak and then rinse for the whitest, brightest wash ever!

Clothes washed the Rinso way last 2 or 3 times longer. You'll save lots of money. The makers of 40 famous washers—the home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers—recommend Rinso. It's safe for the finest linens and colored things.

Economical, too. A box of Rinso lasts and lasts. It gives twice as much suds, cup for cup, as puffed-up soaps, even in hardest water. Get Rinso at your grocer's today.

*It's safe for your finest
cottons and linens
—white or colors*



The biggest-selling package soap in America



JUNE BREWSTER, LOVELY R. K. O. SCREEN STAR

Make your Eyes ENTICING

EASY • THRILLING • NEW

● Dark, heavy lashes curtain your eyes with glamour and mystery. You can have such lashes . . . if you follow the beauty secret of movie stars! Use Winx, the NEW type mascara that makes lashes look caressingly soft . . . and enchantingly long.

Winx is easy to apply—not too thick; pleasant to use—never smarts. Best of all, it *can't* smear, smudge or fleck off . . . as ordinary mascaras so often do. Even tears won't affect Winx.

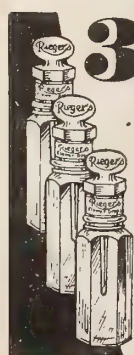
Men—even those who dislike "made up" girls—are charmed by the *natural* beauty of Winx. It never looks coarse or "beady".

Use it and see for yourself . . . today. Two forms—**Liquid Winx**, waterproof . . . **Cake Winx**, in a smart compact.

And . . . to make your eyes doubly seductive, use **Winx Eye Shadow**. It is smooth, not greasy, and comes in five subtle shades.

winx Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.



3 EXQUISITE PERFUMES FREE

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sells regularly for \$12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers.

A single drop lasts a week!

THREE ODORS: (1) Romanza (2) Lily of the Valley (3) Esprit de France To quickly introduce these new perfumes I'll send you free with my compliments a trial bottle of each. Send 30c silver or stamps to pay for postage and handling of all three. Only one set to each new customer.

PAUL RIEGER

153 First St. San Francisco, Calif.

Ted Cook's Cook-Cooos

(Continued from page 37)

heah number. Yes, that's the name of the party. It sho is." Then she hung up. The phone rang again. The same conversation was repeated. After the third time the hostess investigated. "Who is calling and what do they want?" she asked. "Ah dunno who 'tis," replied the maid. "They jus' ask who live heah. Then they say it is long distance from Washington. And I tell 'em it sho is." (Or did I tell you this one before? Or was it Herb Howe?)

Add Hollywood insults—
"How I envy you for being able to live a really private life."
"You're lucky, dearie. Think how much longer you last if you're just a featured player."

ANOTHER thing that has often puzzled us is why it has never occurred to the industry that dashes and asterisks could be used in movie titles and advertising copy.

For instance—
Clarke Gable & Jean Har'low
in

"Today We——!"
would look very interesting on a marquee.

And what would make you more eager to dash up to the box-office than a newspaper blurb which suggested—

"She was a girl who would rather ***** than *****." Confronted by the age-old problem of ***** she chose the path of ***** which led straight to *****. What would you do in a situation of this kind?"

AND now let us rise and join in Asinging the Song of the Month sent to us by that old master, Dal Dev-ening—

The fair Miss Dietrich seems to be Just panting for publicity.
But if she'd boldly take a chance
And go without those baggy pants
'Twould beat her present stunt all hollow.
For even bigger crowds would follow.

TROUBLED movie stars, and even some of the wide-eyed tycoons of Hollywood, never make a mis-step without first consulting a mystic. Los Angeles and surrounding beach towns are infested with swamis, noosco-ologists, trance doctors and old-fashioned palmists who tell all. It is not uncommon to note actors in a huddle, proclaiming things that have come to pass as predicted by some all-seeing trance doctor. The trust and faith of actors, who like to hear about themselves, is as colossal as their self-respect.

A Los Angeles newspaper recently carried a breathless eight-page streamer over its film chatter page to announce:

CHIKUITA, PSYCHIC WONDER.
IN HOLLYWOOD PREDICTIONS

Chiquita, it was explained, is a newly arrived mental marvel, eighteen years of age.

Chiquita, in the public print, warned Richard Arlen against bad investments, predicted that Mr. and Mrs. Dick

Powell would "take a trip across a long stretch of water" and declared that Chevalier, in six months, will "be torn between two countries." She advised Gary Cooper to take a rest and made bold to say that Joan Crawford is in "for a very happy marriage soon" and that "providence will always guide Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., on the right path." Garbo was solemnly warned "to be careful of accidents or such within the next few months."

Hot stuff, if you ask us—but still and yet these future items are embarrassing to us chatter writers who are busy enough trying to catch up to now. We have a large enough task in our field of research—trying to find the little bit of good in the bad little gals and the little bit of bad in the good little gals. Henceforth we will have to develop the hidden powers within us and tell what happened next year. For example, after an agonizing spell of concentration, and half a dozen shudders, we here and now predict:

Fourteen movie actresses will try to imitate Mae West without seeming to imitate Mae West.

Sixteen prominent producers will spend half their time wondering how to stir up the customers and the other half wondering how to calm down the bankers.

A national display of theater lights will proclaim—

I Can't Go Home
With
An All-Star Cast

And numerous metropolitan cathedrals will startle the public with light bulbs revealing—

Joan Crawford
and
Clark Gable

Cooled by Refrigeration

A successful author of Cagney scenarios, if examined, will be adjudged punch nutty.

All producers will not know what to do until someone else does it and makes money.

Statistics will show that everybody in Hollywood is related to everybody else by marriage.



Interviewer: "And are you interested in anything besides your acting, Mr. Montmorency?"

Parade of the Cinderellas

(Continued from page 35)

Carol! Merna Kennedy! Dorothy Gulliver! Audrey Ferris! Edwina Booth! Nina Quartaro! Molly O'Day! Olive Borden! Lina Basquette! Nancy Drexel!

Three years ago these names were being shouted to the housetops. Magazines and newspapers were proclaiming them. Maybe you wrote them fan mail and asked for their autographs. Maybe you even envied them, in a kindly way. And now where are they? Where are the voices that sang their praises—where are the echoes that resounded down the long, winding hall of fame? Gone. All gone. Like the end of a dream. Like the faded aroma of a glorious perfume that has failed to leave even a faint scent of its fragrance.

NOTHING is so cheap in Hollywood as beauty. In Movieland's bargain basement it is marked down so low that it no longer has any established value. Yet, flooded as the town is with it, the producers still sponsor great national beauty contests, promising the winners a career, a salary of fifty dollars a week and options, and a blare of publicity. If they were honest they would promise a broken heart too, for that is what most beauty contest winners usually get as their reward. Sometimes I think half of the population of the movie capital is made up of beauty contest winners. Poor, little lost Cinderellas glorifying the home town paper from Peoria to Podunk; bewilderedly playing the roles of "Miss Oshkosh" or "Miss Kalamazoo," or any other city or town you wish to pick from the national census.

At least half of Hollywood's Cinderellas have detoured to fame via this road. Lois Wilson, Mary Philbin, Clara Bow, Eleanor Boardman, Virginia Brown Faire, Corliss Palmer, Fay Lamphier, Gertrude Olmsted, Thelma Todd, Josephine Dunne, Lupita Toyar, Dorothy Gulliver, Ethlyn Claire, Mary Astor, and more recently Kathleen Burke, Lona Andre, Gail Patrick and Verna Hillie; these being but a few of the more successful names who had their fares paid to Hollywood by beauty contest sponsors.

Universal and Paramount have always catered to winners of these contests, usually gambling a long-term contract on their services. Universal took a chance with Mary Philbin, Lois Wilson, Dorothy Gulliver, Ethlyn Claire, Fay Wray, Virginia Brown Faire and Gertrude Olmsted. Paramount gambled on the futures of Clara Bow, Mary Astor, Thelma Todd, Josephine Dunne, Fay Lamphier, Kathleen Burke, Lona Andre, Gail Patrick and Verna Hillie.

Lois Wilson, Mary Philbin, Dorothy Gulliver and Gertrude Olmsted were all winners of newspaper contests in Chicago. Brought out to Universal City they got their first training in acting in two-reel westerners. Lois and Mary both began to climb after a short time; Lois becoming a prominent leading lady, switching over to Paramount, where she was a fixture for years, and more recently returning to Universal, at a salary that has increased in the interval at least a thousand per cent. Mary Philbin became the most prominent star on the lot. For eight years she remained under their banner, but

(Please turn to page 90)



AFTER THIRTY DAYS
Ruth's teeth were unchanged
SHE USED TOOTH PASTE "E"



BUT BEULAH'S
TEETH WERE DAZZLING!
SHE USED PEBECO

Ruth and Beulah Green, age 27, living at 15 West 81st Street, New York

Twin Test reveals Pebeco superior to other Leading Tooth Pastes!

"We'd like to measure Pebeco's efficiency scientifically against 5 other leading tooth pastes," we said. "How about testing them on twins?"

"No testing ground could be fairer," declared Dr. David B. Freundlich, the leading New York dental authority we chose to make the test.

So Dr. Freundlich made the test on twins. One twin of each pair used Pebeco twice daily for thirty days. The other used one of the five other leading brands.

On the five main points of mouth hygiene—Whiteness, Lustre, Film, Gums, and Acid Mouth—Pebeco proved itself more than twice as effective as the other well-known tooth pastes tested. Why?

Because Pebeco uses Potassium Chlorate as a base. This element, more than any other, stimulates the flow of alkaline saliva which checks acid mouth. Whitens the teeth, removes stains and mucin plaques. Polishes, gives a brilliant lustre without the slightest scratch. Heals and hardens the gums to firm, vigorous health... You test Pebeco on your own teeth and gums! You'll FEEL it working for their good. **BUY A TUBE OF PEBECO TODAY!**

On These Five Vital Points Pebeco Wins!

- 1. WHITENESS**... Pebeco whitened the teeth in 98% of the cases—the five other tooth pastes in only 56%.
- 2. LUSTRE**... Pebeco improved the lustre in 94% of the cases—the five other tooth pastes in only 40%. Pebeco, in no case, made the slightest scratch upon the teeth.
- 3. FILM**... Pebeco removed mucin plaques in 88% of the cases—the five other tooth pastes in only 32%.
- 4. GUMS**... Pebeco checked inflammation and bleeding, toned and hardened the gums of 97% of the users, other tooth pastes of only 57%.
- 5. ACID MOUTH**... Pebeco alone actually assisted in stimulating the natural flow of alkaline saliva which combats the acids that start decay. Other tooth pastes brought only slight or temporary improvement in acid mouth conditions.

Why and How I Tested Twins

I chose groups of twins because their mouth conditions are apt to be identical. One twin in each pair used Pebeco twice daily for 30 days. The other used Tooth Paste A, B, C, D, or E—one of the five other leading brands. At the end of 30 days I submitted my report, and the statements in this advertisement are in accordance with the facts. For professional information about these tests, write me at 101 Central Park West, New York City.



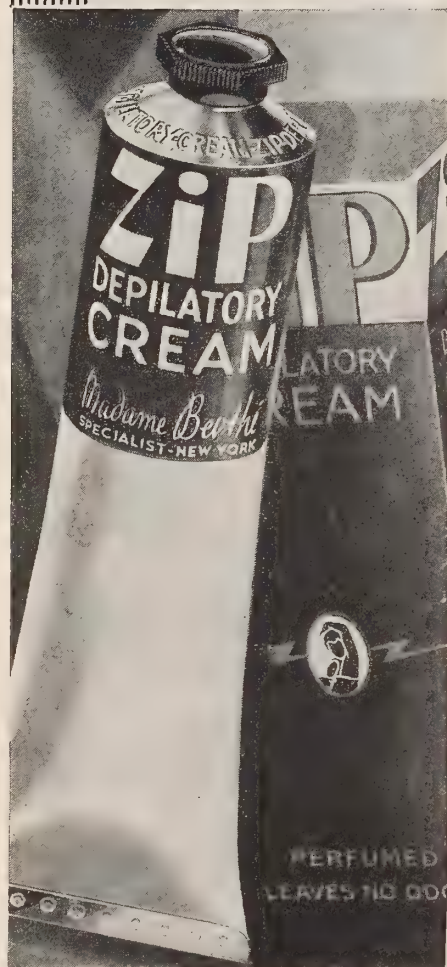
(Signed) David B. Freundlich, D.D.S.

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Parade of the Cinderellas

(Continued from page 89)

with the advent of talkies her option was allowed to lapse, and she gracefully retired into private life, content to let the new Cinderellas have their day. Mary was one of the few lucky ones. She achieved fame, money, luxury, independence. But even her story lacks the perfection of the fairy tale, for Prince Charming passed her by.

Miss Gulliver was brought to Hollywood and made George Lewis' leading lady in the popular "Collegiate" series. Later she was featured in five reels, and failed to click. From Universal she went into several quickies. But her star seems to have waned. Her name is no longer found in cast sheets. Thus it goes—the way of all flash.

Gertrude Olmsted graduated from the horse-operas to more important pastures in several important Universal releases. When her contract expired she signed with Metro-Goldwyn. Then she married Robert Leonard, the director, and gave up the screen for domesticity. She rides about Hollywood in a swanky limousine with a liveried chauffeur—a real Cinderella. But there are a thousand to her one that haven't even carfare. It would be cruel to mention names.

Ethlyn Claire is married to a well-known Hollywood make-up man, and only God knows what has become of Virginia Brown Faire, who won a movie magazine contest, and played the lead in Kipling's lovely story, "Without Benefit of Clergy."

Clara Bow, Corliss Palmer, Allene Ray and Mary Astor were other magazine contest prize winners. Clara's spectacular success as the IT girl is a matter of motion picture history. Under B. P. Schulberg's management she rapidly became one of the most popular movie stars in the world. Her trust fund will keep her in luxury the rest of her life. In a whirlwind career she has realized all the dreams of the fictional Cinderella; fame, love, and wild, torrential snatches of happiness. With reckless abandon she managed to gather all the sweets of a quickly passing harvest, and though she paid with heartaches for some of her gay escapades, the public somehow remained loyal. Scandal mongers made a target of Clara for years, but in doing so they also made her a Hollywood martyr. She died on the cross to the music of turbulent headlines that blazed her sorrow across two continents, and the public with its sense of drama, sympathized and eulogized. Other Cinderellas have died on crosses too—but they were in the wilderness of oblivion where no one could see them. Now happily married to Rex Bell, the redhead of the Cinderellas plans to make only one or two more pictures before retiring permanently to her Nevada ranch to raise chickens instead of caine, to cook meals and get fat to her heart's content. She, of all the Hollywood Cinderellas, is the perfect Hans Anderson heroine.

MARY ASTOR too has had a successfully, carefully managed career. But Corliss Palmer and Allene Ray did not fare so well along the Hollywood milky way as their more fortunate sisters. Corliss Palmer, probably the most beautiful girl in America at one time, came to fame from behind a cigar counter in Macon, Georgia.

With the exception of a few unimportant parts that she played in Poverty Row productions, she made little headway in the films, and is chiefly remembered now in connection with the sordid headlines that flung her name across the front pages of yellow journals when she was named correspondent in a sensational divorce suit filed by the wife of the publisher who sponsored the beauty contest of which she was the winner. More beautiful than most girls who are great stars in the films, it helped her little to carve a permanent place for herself. Synthetic success came too swiftly, hired prophets predicted too generously; the fruit of the gods poured in too freely. She might have become a great movie star if...

Ah, that cursed word IF—
Allene Ray, a fragile blonde from

T HIS MONTH

we announce the winners of the Claudette Colbert contest, details of which appeared in the July issue of The New Movie Magazine. Tremendous interest has been manifested in these contests. The first was for type-portraits of Greta Garbo—the next of June Knight, and the present of Miss Colbert. The winner of the \$25 first prize for the best type-sketch of Miss Colbert is Marguerite Kortlang, 845 First Avenue, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The winner of the \$10 second prize for the sketch selected as being the next best of Miss Colbert is Adrienne Cadoul, 638 McCall Bldg., San Francisco, California.

The following contestants will receive \$1 each, as awards of merit for their excellent type-sketches of Miss Colbert:

Jean Shaughnessy, 526 Lincoln Ave., Troy, Ohio
Virginia Guay, 16 Walker Road, Swampscott, Mass.
Mildred A. Bradley, Box 62, Sheldonville, Mass.
Norman M. Kelly, 29 North Clinton St., Walla Walla, Wash.
M. F. McGrew, 72 McMunn Ave., Crafton, Pa.
Robert L. Smith, Nesor Apts., No. 5, 1036 South West 3rd St., Miami, Fla.
Charles W. Leonard, 766 Piedmont Ave., Atlanta, Georgia
Bert De Bawn, 105 Starr St., San Antonio, Texas
C. F. Nieter, 941 Esther St., South Bend, Indiana
R. C. Scott, 2944 Wayne, Kansas City, Missouri

Parade of the Cinderellas

Texas, was contracted by Pathe, who attempted to make her Pearl White's successor—the serial queen of America. For three years she made chapter plays, acting harassed heroines dodging all sorts of scheming villains. Movie audiences accepted her with rather bored askance as a substitute for the more vital, virile, active blonde who had thrilled them in "The Perils of Pauline." Suddenly her contract expired and she disappeared from the Hollywood scene with the same speed that brought her into the limelight; a wealthy but disillusioned woman who wanted to be a great actress but was only permitted to be a Hollywood acrobat.

The list of Hollywood Cinderellas who failed to find the happy ending reads like a casualty report. Fay Lamphier, Josephine Dunne, Betty Bronson, Audrey Ferris, Edwina Booth, Ruth Taylor, Georgia Hale, Merna Kennedy, Virginia Cherrill, Eva Von Berne, Nancy Drexel, Edith Allen, Sue Carol, Alberta Vaughn, Gwili Andre, Mimi Palermi, Hope Drown, Nina Quartero, Jeanette Loff, Carmen Barnes, Virginia Bradford, Jean Arthur, Vera Reynolds, and it goes on and on like endless space.

DO you think you could count the blasted dreams wrapped up in those names? Do you suppose the heartaches of those girls can ever be consoled by mere domesticity, and love in a cottage, with flowers growing round the door and children's voices cooing "Mother"? I wonder. What is so terrible as an unrealized dream, what more hopeless than a desire tossed still-born into the abyss of decayed hopes? Was it Macbeth that lamented?—

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player that struts and frets upon the stage and then is heard no more.

Do you recall the name Fay Lamphier? Only a few moons ago it seems it was touted as belonging to one of the most beautiful girls in America—the winner of the national beauty contest at Atlantic City. As Miss America this girl was practically starred by Paramount in her first picture, "American Venus," and now ironically enough she is a typist on that same lot, glad to earn her twenty-five dollars a week.

And can you remember when Betty Bronson was chosen from hundreds of girls to play "Peter Pan"? Sir James Barrie himself approved the selection, preferring the unknown little Bronson to such great names as Mary Pickford, Bessie Love, Marilyn Miller. Betty skyrocketed to fame even more brilliantly than Maude Adams had in the same role. The wiseacres were predicting that she was the logical successor to the undisputed throne of Pickford. But Betty was doomed to be "Peter Pan" for the rest of her short career. The public just wouldn't accept her as a real human being, for she had asked them to believe in fairies just a little too realistically, and an illusion captured so easily was not to be wasted in matters concerned with sex and sin and sophistication. When Betty left Paramount they had her cavorting
(Please turn to page 92)

"IT WOULD BE A SWELL IDEA, JANE, FOR YOU TO LEARN SOMETHING ABOUT COOKING SO YOU WON'T BE SO EXTRAVAGANT"



DICK actually cross! Goodness knows she was sorry about that expensive steak being so tough it had to be thrown away. She had tried so hard, too . . . but how was she to know her oven should be piping hot?

When she stopped to think about it, she was appalled at the amount of food thrown away because it wasn't fit to eat. That *did* cost money!

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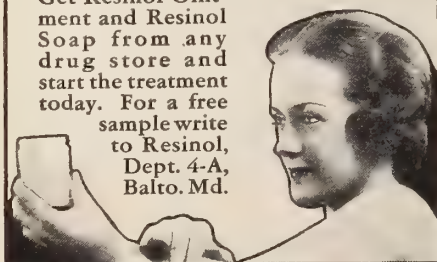
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Parade of the Cinderellas

(Continued from page 91)

around in Zane Grey horseshows. Now she is married, lives in a small town in North Carolina, and probably goes to see the new Cinderellas of the screen with a tinge of pity in her heart. Meanwhile, Mary Pickford, who worked her way up, inch by inch, from the bottom of the heap, continues to be one of America's favorites.

Edwina Booth was another one-picture star. The same goes for Ruth Taylor. Miss Booth, taken from the extra ranks, was given the role of the white goddess of the jungle in "Trader Horn." For two years she worked in the blistering sun of the African veldt, subject to fevers, attacks by wild animals, infections by poisonous insects. But before her was ever the vision of Hollywood fame; a return in triumph, and a grand opening at Grauman's Chinese Theater. She returned under the care of a doctor, her health impaired for the rest of her life. The studio did not exercise their option on her services—and now she lies in feverish delirium, still dreaming of the happy ending that should rightfully come to all Cinderellas.

Ruth Taylor was the Mack Sennett bathing beauty who in one grand leap became a Paramount star when chosen to play Lorelei Lee in Anita Loos's saga of a dumbbell, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." But evidently they didn't, for Ruth's career was short and snappy.

CINDERELLAS in the theater are as rare as green moons. Broadway in its heyday produced few spectacular successes. Producers would never think of entrusting a leading role to an inexperienced newcomer. But contrast the situation with Hollywood and you realize immediately that only in Hollywood can an inexperienced girl rise to fame in a few short months. Sally O'Neil, Racquel Torres, Anita Page, Lila Lee, Mary Brian, Loretta Young, Marian Marsh, Dolores Del Rio and Lupe Velez are only a few who played leading roles in their very first pictures.

Carmen Barnes stands out in Hollywood history as the only greatly publicized motion picture star who never made an initial appearance. Brought to the coast by Jesse Lasky to star in Paramount pictures, she was photographed in every-which way, gave out interviews, rode about in a limousine, acquired all the mannerisms of a Hollywood celebrity—and left at the end of the year with the meekness of a lamb, to start all over again in an obscure stock company. It is doubtful if she will ever come back.

Hollywood's two favorite Godfathers have been Cecil B. DeMille and Charlie Chaplin. They have probably fostered more newcomers to fame than any other two men in the industry. DeMille created stars of Gloria Swanson, Vera Reynolds, Wanda Hawley, Leatrice Joy, Lina Basquette, Lillian Rich, Jetta Goudal. In his new Paramount picture, "This Day and Age," he introduces another newcomer, playing the lead in her first movie role—Judith Allen, who may become a Paramount star. Or will she fade like Ruth Taylor, Carmen Barnes, Betty Bronson, and the others?

Chaplin took Georgia Hale, Merna Kennedy and Virginia Cherril from the drabness of obscurity and made them leading ladies in his pictures. Each in turn basked in the limelight

of a great reflected glory, riding to the ball of fame with a fickle guy called Success, but all the while they must have known that the fine carriages were going to turn back into pumpkins at any unsuspecting moment.

When the screen went Talkie, and good, trained voices became essential, it was believed that never again would Hollywood glorify the unknown. Producers invaded Broadway with the ruthlessness of hungry wolves, and brought back talent in trainloads; Ann Harding, Kay Francis, Ruth Chatterton, Ina Claire, Sidney Fox, Bette Davis, Helen Twelvetrees, Helen Chandler, Claudette Colbert and flocks of others. Then John Ford took John McCormack, the singer, to Ireland to shoot scenes for "Song o' My Heart," and discovered the first talkie Cinderella—Maureen O'Sullivan. The little Dublin beauty was then brought to Hollywood, put under contract, and has been climbing steadily ever since.

In rapid succession came the overnight successes of Ann Dvorak, Karen Morley, Gwili Andre, Jean Harlow, Ruth Hall, Rochelle Hudson, Arline Judge, Peggy Shannon, Evalyn Knapp, Sally Eilers—and Dorothy Jordan. The star of some of these Cinderellas has already set, their light growing ever dimmer.

Little Jean Parker is Hollywood's latest Cinderella. Discovered by Metro-Goldwyn, she has the distinction of being the only girl in films who won a contract simply on an appearance in a newsreel. Studio officials were so impressed by her fresh charm that they took her out of a Pasadena school and made her an actress. Today she is the most promising ingenue on the screen with a future before her that will rival Gaynor's.

Dorothy Coonan and Ruby Keeler are the new Cinderellas of the Warner lot. Miss Keeler's rise has been sensational. The Coonan girl has been a dancer in Warner's musical pictures. Taken out of the chorus, she was recently given the leading role in "Wild Boys of the Road," and will be groomed for stardom.

PARAMOUNT'S contribution to the new crop of Cinderellas includes Judith Allen, Elizabeth Young, a New York society girl, and Grace Bradley, taken out of a Broadway cabaret and brought to Hollywood for grooming.

Dorothy Wilson is the Cinderella of the Radio Pictures studio. Discovered in the stenographic department, she was given the lead in her very first role.

At Fox, Boots Mallory and Heather Angel are reaping the benefits of the magic wand that touched them, making them over night, motion picture stars.

And so the little Hollywood Cinderellas come and go—beautiful puppets touched by a kind fate, allowed to dance at the ball for a few quickly passing hours, while the clock ever threatens to strike the tragic hour of twelve, when the silks and satins must turn back to rags, the fine horses back to mice, the grand carriages back to pumpkins, the fantasy back to realism. In the fairy tale the Cinderella girl went back to her drab fireside and the Prince Charming came and rescued her. But in Hollywood the Prince Charming sometimes never comes.

Hollywood Slave

(Continued from page 25)

I'd have given my eye-teeth, whatever they may be, for a glimpse of her. But I was to learn later that Mary seldom appears in public places.

"Who's that little bit of a girl over there with all those men?" asked Trav. "Can it be that new one, Sylvia Sidney?"

"You mean that tiny thing all in gray, with the violets, and those big horn-rimmed spectacles?"

"Yes, that's the one."

"I believe it is. Gee, Trav, she's littler than I am!"

"But not so pretty."

Of course, that wasn't true and I told him so, whereupon there ensued a very satisfactory mock lover's quarrel, which, I was suddenly aware, very much interested a huge mountain of a man with an unruly head of thick yellow hair and eyes that simply made you look at him even though you did not find the prospect pleasing. He was sitting alone, this mountainous man, in a booth so close to our table that he could hear every word we said—and, obviously, he was making it his business to do so. Incidentally, his great compelling eyes never left my face.

"Who's your friend?" Trav said at last.

"I don't know what you mean," I said—but I did.

"The old guy with the pants expansion! You've made a hit, honey. Too bad he isn't Gary Cooper."

"We ought to take that guy along with our act," continued Travis in his least charming manner. "If we played a theater that was shy a back drop, we could use those pants of his, and the audience would never know the difference."

"Travis Jackson, I believe you're jealous."

"Why should I be jealous of an old guy like that?"

"You shouldn't be." I looked lovingly at his tall, slim young figure, and I knew that I spoke the truth. "Just the same, that guy, as you call him, is not old, and I'm sure he is someone important."

"Can't be very important." Travis called rather testily for his check. "I never saw him in pictures."

The luncheon ended rather unsatisfactorily, and it was a stiff masculine arm to which I clung as we rounded the corner into Hollywood Boulevard.

I did know—something within me told me, although I don't know now how he found out about us—that he would be in the theater to catch our act. And sure enough, there he was.

By this time, I was sure that he was a great man. And I did not need to wait long to have my confidence confirmed. There was a knock at the door. It was the call boy with a note—and to the note was signed the world-famous name of Hollywood's most eccentric and most successful director. Here is what it said:

"Miss,
"I have been watching your performance. You will have tea with me. I shall be waiting."

"Fritz Stresseman."

I did not show the note to Travis. He had, as a matter of fact, quickly repented his rudeness at the Brown Derby, and had been very nice about it before we went on for our turn. But

(Please turn to page 94)

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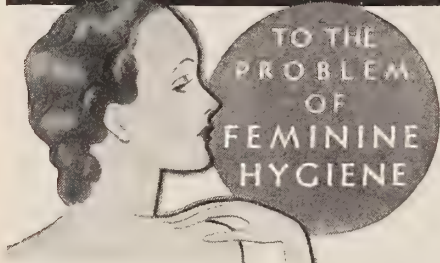
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Hollywood Slave

(Continued from page 93)

I knew he would resent the calm assumption on Mr. Stresseman's part that I would do as he commanded. I didn't resent it—but, then, I wasn't Travis. So I just told him that the man who had been observing us at the Derby was in the audience and that he was somebody important; in fact, that he was the great Fritz Stresseman.

"Fritz Stresseman?"

Travis stopped short in the middle of his necktie operations.

"Yes," I whispered, trying to avoid I-told-you-soing.

"Gee! That's different. Of course he gave my little girl the once-over. He knows talent when he sees it, that guy!"

"Mr. Stresseman sent around word that he would like to have me have tea with him. Shall we go, Trav?"

"No, honey," he said, smiling down into my upturned eyes, "we won't go, but *you* will. It may be your chance. Men like Stresseman don't waste time on false alarms. This is your fire. You go to it."

"But Trav," I insisted, "I'm sure Mr. Stresseman would be glad to have you come along. He probably doesn't know we are married."

"No, and don't you tell him!"

"But Travis, that doesn't seem nice. I love—"

"It isn't a question of being nice, or of loving either, honey. This is Hollywood—and Hollywood doesn't like baby stars that are married."

"But I'm not a baby star."

"You're my baby star!" he cried in a voice which was meant to convey ecstasy but which somehow managed to suggest tragedy—and once more he swept me into his strong young arms. "There, you look wonderful! You'll knock his eye out!"

BEFORE I knew it I was in the street—and there, by the curb was the mountainous man with the yellow hair, lolling back in the deep back seat of an open landaulet. He did not rise as I appeared, just smiled, and moved his hand almost imperceptibly, as if in the way of invitation, toward the vacant seat beside him. A uniformed chauffeur held the door open for me, as I stepped carefully into the car. I was awfully afraid I would trip and fall in a heap. I felt kind of heapy.

My companion said nothing as the big black car turned right, off the Boulevard, up Vine Street toward those terraced hills. At the crest, he broke the silence, but without any pretense of looking my way.

"You will never sing again."

That was all he said. Somehow, it didn't make sense. I wanted to tell him that I liked to sing, that I intended to sing; but somehow my lips refused to form the words. Instead, I found myself venturing rather weakly:

"But my contract—"

"You have no contract. I have bought it."

Now I *was* alarmed. My thoughts rushed back to Travis, to our little act, to our hopes, our ambitions, to the possibility of thirty-two weeks on the Orpheum time, of New York, of success on Broadway—Travis and I.

"Don't worry about your partner," continued Stresseman, as if he were reading my mind, "he will be taken care of. You will play out the week

with him here. He will open in Fresno next week as a single, same salary as you both get now. I've arranged all that."

"But Mr. Stresseman, Mr. Jackson is—"

"I'm not interested in Mr. Jackson. I'm interested in you."

I knew that I should have completed that sentence if it was the last thing I said on earth. Just as surely as Saint Peter denied his heavenly Master, I was, by my cowardly silence, denying my earthly lord and master. I hated myself. But in the presence of this strange, hypnotic creature, my tongue was tied.

When it seemed that we were about to hurl ourselves head foremost into the towering rock, the car swerved suddenly to the right and began to climb in great sweeping arcs, which revealed at every turn new vistas of wooded canyons and gleaming white rambling stucco-walled houses clinging, with story piled on story, to the precipitous hillsides. At one such structure, a little more rambling and a little less gleaming than the rest, the big car came to a stop. Without moving, the huge man beside me managed to indicate that I was to get out.

"I am not fashionable," he said. "I do not live in Beverly Hills."

It was the first personal thing, the first human thing, that he had said.

"I like that," I ventured.

"You mustn't like it," he replied sharply, as if he regretted stepping even for a moment out of character. "You will be fashionable. You will live in Beverly Hills. I will arrange all that."

He said no more. Silence fell like a curtain on a scene which I was never supposed to have glimpsed. Then he led me heavily up the steep steps into the house.

I NEVER did get any tea—or any dinner. Instead, I got three hectic hours with this gargantuan madman in a great shadowy studio room, through whose trellised windows filtered the red-gold afterglow of a sun that set in glory behind the hills that fringed the Hollywood Bowl. Not once in all this time did the mountainous man with the yellow hair stop pacing back and forth in front of me. Not once did he stop talking, not so much to me as *about* me.

"You are not a singer," he had begun. "You are not an actress. You are a mirror. I don't suppose you know what I mean, do you?"

I didn't. But my throat was so dry and my muscles so tense that I couldn't tell him so. I couldn't give him any answer at all. But he evidently didn't expect one, for he continued:

"Your gift is the gift of reflection. You are like a mirror that is placed in the light for all to see. In you, people see themselves as they want to be—their secret desires, their loves, their hates—primitive feelings that rage through their souls as storm clouds sweep a summer sky."

He paused a moment and in his abrupt, peremptory way came over to me where I was standing by the window, and snatched my little beret from off my head.

"Stay there," he ordered, as he walked down to the other end of the

Hollywood Slave

long, high-ceilinged, shadowy room. "Storm cloud! That is your hair. Marvelous! Blue-black, violet, yet shining with a glow that betrays the presence of the hidden sun!"

As he stood there, muttering to himself these lurid, extravagant phrases, I could barely see him in the falling shadows. But his hypnotic, fascinating eyes shone out like the eyes of a cat as they fastened themselves on me, compelling me to stand as I was bidden.

He seemed to sense my fear and my desire for flight.

"Sit down, child. You're tired. Here, on this couch."

Again, I obeyed, this time with relief. "You are very beautiful, my child. You are frightened, yes? Don't be. There is no cause for fear. I will not harm you. Fear contracts the muscles of the body and paralyzes the mind. Relax and rest yourself. There, that is better. Now, we will talk."

"I want to encourage that mirror-like talent of yours. But I want to add something to it. It needs strength. People are still timorous, shy, afraid to look too closely at their reflections. I shall give you the strength to compel them to do so. Women will look at you and see themselves beautiful and loved; men will recover their ideals and weave again the dreams of their youth."

The man's intensity was certainly frightening.

"I shall not make love to you. That is not what I want of you. I want to create. And you are the living clay which I am going to mold. Love! Romance! Bah! They spoil everything. You are to be a reproduction of my mind. I do not want your body for myself. It doesn't interest me at all."

"I don't want your brains, either," this strange creature continued. "I can supply all that. I want your beauty, not for myself but for the world. You shall become a beautiful ideal for all to look at. Nobody shall own you. You are not to encourage lust and greed among men—jealousy and envy among women. You are to be a mirror of Beauty and Truth!"

"I FORGOT," he said, for him almost apologetically. "I will pay you five hundred dollars a week while you are learning. A thousand dollars a week while you are working on your first picture. If you make good, I will pay you twenty-five hundred dollars a week. Perhaps more. What is money to Fritz Stressemann?"

Suddenly, I found myself again in the waiting motor car, with my huge friend—I called him that now to myself—standing on the steps of his hill-side home. Suddenly, his great body filled the doorway of the car, his huge yellow head leaning over me.

"You will come to me Saturday night," he said, "at midnight. We will begin."

The door closed. He was gone!

Don't fail to read all of the startling developments in this unusual story, some of the strangest parts of which appear in the next installment, in the November NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Be sure to get your copy on the day the magazine goes on sale—October 4th.

The Smartest Women Use FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS



— yet they cost
ONLY 10¢

Everywhere you will find Faoen in distinguished company. At a fashionable Ball, for example, you will see lovely, gorgeously gowned ladies using Faoen Lip Stick, Rouges and Face Powder. They have learned that Faoen Beauty Aids—in convenient 10¢ sizes—have been scientifically proven equal to \$1 to \$3 brands in quality. And they are proud to herald the return to common sense in cosmetic values. It's smart to use Faoen!

FAOEN PERFUMES, Nos. 3, 12 and 19, are captivating odours that have the long-lasting quality of expensive imported perfumes.

● CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM
FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

===== 10¢ each at =====
F. W. Woolworth Co Stores

PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids



LOOK OUT FOR AUTUMN'S *Beauty* BANDITS!

SHARP COLD... biting winds... steam heat! They rob your skin of its natural oils. Leave your complexion dry, rough and old-looking. **OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder** will put a stop to this. Its marvelous Olive Oil base combats skin dryness. Keeps the texture fresh, soft and gloriously smooth.

OUTDOOR GIRL is light and fluffy, yet it clings for hours. Spreads evenly. Does not clog the pores. In 7 smart shades to blend with any complexion. At leading drug, department and chain stores—50c, 25c, 10c. Mail the coupon for generous try-out packages.

OUTDOOR GIRL OLIVE OIL FACE POWDER

CRYSTAL CORPORATION, DEPT. 8/J
WILLIS AVE., NEW YORK CITY

I enclose 10c to cover postage and handling. Please send me your **OUTDOOR GIRL "Week-end Beauty Kit"** containing liberal trial packages of Olive Oil Face Powder—Lightex Face Powder—Olive Oil Cream—Liquefying Cleansing Cream and Lip-and-Cheek Rouge.

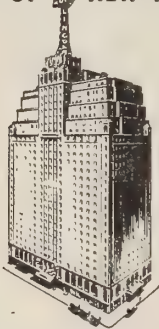
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\$2.50 Single \$3.50 Double

JOHN T. WEST, General Manager

HOTEL LINCOLN
44th to 45th Street—8th Avenue
NEW YORK

She Lives for Her Art

(Continued from page 43)

Garden City Hotel,
Garden City, L. I.,
July, 1933.

night they really met, in Dorothy Lee's garden.

ELEANOR HOLM, who, since the age of three has been rated an aquatic star, is preparing for the National Swimming Championship meet at Jones Beach. I arrive after a telephone appointment.

"H'ya, Cupid," Eleanor calls from the porch of the hotel as I get out of my car. "Come on up, and we'll have breakfast." There's no formality about Eleanor. Ever since she can remember, most of her time has been spent indulging in athletics out in the open, but what she lacks in drawing-room decorum, she makes up in sincerity. The greeting, mind you, came after I hadn't seen her in, perhaps, more than a year.

Breakfast vanishes into ten o'clock, ten o'clock gives way to noon. Mid-day cedes its place to luncheon at one, and at two, I leave, accompanied by the real "inside and only official story" of the Eleanor Holm-Art Jarrett romance. Here it is:

THE Erasmus meeting of 1926 had been obliterated by that age-old eradicator, Time, when I, substituting for Eros, did my stuff that night at the Columbia Broadcasting studio. Eleanor's fame was already insured; Jarrett, after four years at Fordham College, had spent a year in Chicago where he first attracted attention with his singing. New York had beckoned to him, and there he was. The Columbia studio meeting planted the seed of the romance.

The "Reunion in California" at the home of Dorothy Lee, plus the ensuing weeks, nurtured the affair. It has blossomed now, and you can expect the announcement of the marriage between Eleanor and Art any day. You can certainly take Eleanor's word for that!

Jarrett must have had a special dispensation from ol' kid Morpheus. Regardless of what time he gets through at the studio, five o'clock every morning finds him at the long distance phone, talking to Eleanor. The early hour is necessitated by the three-hour difference in time between California and New York, and the daylight-saving edict. He simply has to talk to Elly, as he calls her, every morning in order to start that particular day off right.

Their phone conversations have to do mainly with Art's inquiring into Elly's health, swimming, and her feeling toward him. He continually asks if she is seeing anybody else, and her answer is, "Nobody except Helen Meany," her room-mate and another water-wizard. Elly asks him how his pictures are going, how his health is, and if he still loves her. His answer to the last query invariably is that, even if he had the inclination to see other girls, which he says he hasn't, he is so busy shooting pictures and singing until late at night, and then remembering to get up at five o'clock in the morning, that he hasn't got the time!

Once every week, five orchids are delivered to Eleanor... a gift of flowers to preserve the memory of the

ELEANOR objects strenuously (well, perhaps not so strenuously) to Jarrett's daily calls, and periodically insists that Art stop increasing the income of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. However, on the two occasions when Jarrett obeyed and didn't call, Eleanor herself sat down at the phone and paged "Long Distance." Three thousand miles separate them, but Eleanor insists that "distance lends enchantment," with no concession whatsoever to the "out of sight, out of mind" adage.

That night at Dorothy Lee's will be remembered by both as long as they live... and love. A mellow moon bathed in radiance the garden in which they strolled. Their conversation was impersonal. Romance was casting its web, but neither knew it. Their separation from the crowd at the party was merely the desire of two kids from the same town wanting to talk over

CHEESE

FOR EVERY OCCASION

Cheese will give a flourish to one meal or form the basis of another. It can be used for every course from soup to dessert. This month's circulars give you information on all sorts of cheeses as well as recipes for all sorts of cheese dishes. Here are the subjects:

- Oc 1. Cheese You Should Know**
- Oc 2. Cheese Appetizers and Soups**
- Oc 3. Cheese Main Dishes**
- Oc 4. Cheese Dishes for Lunch and Supper**
- Oc 5. Cheese Sandwiches**
- Oc 6. Cheese Salads**
- Oc 7. Cheese Desserts**
- Oc 8. Foreign Cheese Dishes**

If you would like copies of these circulars, send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York. Remember they are printed on loose leaves, so that you can keep them in a loose-leaf binder.

She Lives for Her Art

old times. The minutes melted into an hour, and then—oh, irreverent male thus to shatter a perfect picture—Art snapped his fingers, and declared:

"Gee, Eleanor, I almost forgot. I'm due at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel for Gus Arnheim's opening. Come along, will you?"

Eleanor went. The Arnheim orchestra was in fine form, and the magic melodies emanating from each instrument blended into a love song for Art and Eleanor. One song they played over and over again, and Art whispered the lyrics in her ear as they danced.

Lover, when I'm near you
And I hear you speak my name
Softly in my ear, breathes a
flame . . .

After Art had taken her home that night, he didn't say to her, "May I see you again?" . . . or . . . "What are you doing tomorrow night?" or any of the other acknowledged queries of enamored swains. He merely said, "I'll be over tomorrow." Eleanor, in turn, made no recourse to woman's perennial, "Well, I've a date for tomorrow," or "Call me up first." All she said, was, "That'll be swell." Kid Cupid had acquired a couple of converts.

SHORTLY afterward Art went to work at the Coconut Grove, gathering place of Moviedom's elite. His vocal endeavors there were met with sensational acclaim, and night after night, he'd be forced to stay on the floor, singing ostensibly to the assemblage in general, but actually directing his love songs to a girl who sat at a ringside table, surrounded by gallants.

Eleanor insists that she has never been worse company in her life than those nights when she visited the Coconut Grove.

No matter what compliments her escorts paid her, her ears heard only Art's love lyrics. The Grove was packed nightly, yet to each of them, only one other person was present. Worshipful eyes of women eagerly absorbed every movement of Jarrett's on the floor; drank in every vocal nuance. He knew only that Eleanor, his Eleanor, was there. "Holm, Sweet Holm," was his new theme song.

After Art had concluded his highly successful engagement at the Coconut Grove, he and Elly went there as guests one evening. A newspaperman friend was seated at an adjoining table, bemoaning the lack of news. Eleanor turned to Art and said to him joshingly:

"For Pete's sake, Art, propose to me so he can get some news!" The joking remark resulted in all the alleged quotations which you may have read. The foregoing happens to be the only truthful account of how Eleanor Holm supposedly "proposed to Jarrett!"

The next evening, Eleanor left the Coast for New York, and while she is speeding East, let me tell you something about her. She is nineteen years old, and a typical American girl. Her early life, until she was of high school

(Please turn to page 98)

No One Believed My Window Shades Cost Only 10c Each . .



. . They Looked So Smart After Months of Wear!

GUESTS always admired my window shades—that looked as beautiful as the day I bought them.

"I wish I could afford to replace my old, cracked shades," some friend would say, "but I just can't now. Why, you must have paid \$10 for those twenty new shades!"

Imagine their surprise when I explained that my shades cost only 10c each. They were not new either. My shades appeared especially attractive because they were faced in the latest chintz patterns . . . patterns that I found from experience I just couldn't get even in the most expensive shades. And my shades stayed pretty because they were Clopay Shades that wore as well as they looked. When I revealed, too, how easy it was to put up Clopay Shades without tacks or tools my friends were convinced I was a shrewd buyer for my family.

NEW KIND OF WINDOW SHADES

Clopay Shades are made of an unusually tough yet flexible fibre material that won't crack, pinhole, fray or curl. Because of their patented creped texture, Clopay

Shades hang evenly, roll smoothly and stand rough usage even better than ordinary cloth shades. Yet they cost only 10 cents.

You'll realize what a bargain value this is when you see the lovely plain colors available, such as dark green, white, ecru—and the modern two-tone chintz effects you can't get in old-fashioned shades. Clopay shades are 36"x6 ft.—easily cut to fit smaller windows. In a jiffy you can attach them to your old rollers—patented gum tape



See How Easy To Replace Old Shades

Just rip off old shade from roller. Moisten gummed tape edge at top of Clopay Shade—attach to old roller—and hang shade. Now you have a new fresh shade in only 2 minutes! No tacks or tools. Clopay saves time—labor—money.

edge at top of shade is the secret. See this amazing new kind of shade today. Millions already in use. Learn what a thrill it is to brighten up every room with new Clopays at all your windows. Send 3c stamp for color samples. Just address Clopay Corporation, 1213 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

At All 5c and 10c Stores and Many Department Stores

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

STA-RITE

Screen Star

BOB PINS

Now you can get genuine Sta-Rite DeLuxe (half-round) Bob Pins—the kind beauty experts recommend—together with a lovely photo-miniature of your favorite star for your movie album or dressing table.

Select Your Favorite

Twelve popular stars to choose from. You'll want to collect the whole series.

Claudette Colbert
Neil Hamilton Jack Holt
Genevieve Tobin
Ralph Forbes Wynne Gibson
Constance Cummings
Edmund Lowe Ginger Rogers
Dorothy Mackaill
Ralph Bellamy Tom Brown

At Leading Stores and Beauty Shops

NOTE: Similar cards with "midget" size bob pins, featuring members of Hal Roach's "Our Gang" are available for little misses.

STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO.
Shelbyville, Ill.
In Canada, 49 Wellington St., Toronto

STA-RITE

For soft, lovely, natural waves
use Sta-Rite Wave Set

Callous-ease



New Medicated
MOLESKIN
Cushions, Absorbs
Painful Growths

Quick, lasting relief now, for sore, calloused, tender feet. Velvet-soft moleskin, treated with KINOX adhesive medication ends pain of Callouses and corns soon as applied. Hard growths are gently absorbed. Antiseptic, cannot harm healthy tissue. Liberal 10c size sold in many WOOLWORTH STORES; or we will send 25c drug-store size or big wide family-size \$1 spool postpaid. Money cheerfully returned if not delighted with quick, permanent relief.

KINOX CO., Inc., Dept. W, Rutland, Vermont

Save 1/2 ON HOSIERY BILLS

Smart, thrifty women save mending by slipping these concealed footlets under or over their sheerest hose. Peds are a modern necessity in business, at home and for all sports. Peds give exceptional foot comfort. Buy Peds today at your favorite chain store or send 20c with correct stocking size to—RICHARD PAUL, Inc., Cooper Bldg., Dept. T, Los Angeles, California.



She Lives for Her Art

(Continued from page 97)

age, was spent in Long Beach, and she learned to swim just about the time most kiddies are able to walk. Her father is dead, and at all times other than the swimming season, she lives with her mother, three sisters and a brother.

She combines a magnetic personality and undeniable charm with a nature-molded figure that really had me envying this Jarrett person. Every other word she speaks is about Art. At least five times during the interview, she pleaded, "Please Jerry, say something nice about Art. He's such a swell guy." Maybe I ought to trade in my typewriter and get a set of vocal lessons.

WHEN Eleanor arrived here from the Coast, the very first thing she did was to phone Jarrett's parents (he's an only child), explain to them who she was, and tell them that she hoped they'd like her. They did. Art's dad, incidentally, is a rather well-known radio writer, and has contributed several outstanding stories to the films, in addition. His latest effort is "Moonlight and Pretzels," due for early release. Both Mr. and Mrs. Starrett were vaudeville favorites of fifteen years ago, appearing in a one-act play of their own composition.

But lest we digress, Art and Eleanor have had one quarrel, and are still having it, as I write this. Art wants a big wedding, Eleanor a small one. They've compromised and will have a big affair. Art says if the nuptials are celebrated in style, all of his friends will get a good look at the bride and then stay away from him so that he and Eleanor can enjoy some privacy!

The wedding date has not as yet been

decided, but a ring to bind the engagement will be forthcoming shortly. Eleanor designed it herself, and sent a sketch to Jarrett on the coast, where he is having it made up. As soon as Art concludes his picture work, he will come East and that week, Eleanor says, the wedding will be held.

Eleanor's room at the Garden City Hotel, which she shared with Helen Meany, had only one picture of Art in it, but the room was littered with press clippings. The photograph was pasted on her mirror, and several times, while we spoke, her eyes seemed magnetically attracted and remained figuratively glued to it.

IF ever there was an ideally mated couple, Jarrett-Holm is it. Art is twenty-four and is acknowledged the best-looking star on the radio. In my opinion, he takes second honors to no one on the Pacific coast, either. He stands over six feet, has the face and physique of an ancient Greek god, and possesses one of the cleanest reputations in all show business.

Eleanor, I have already partially described. Add to the picture presented in the early part of the article, a trimly molded figure tanned to a point closely resembling chocolate brown, an uncontrolled *joie de vivre* resulting in a natural vivacity that is transmitted to anyone with whom she speaks, and perfect, snow-white teeth flashing against her tan. Include in the vision a magazine cover face in the center of which is a perfect nose that crinkles deliciously when she laughs . . . and you have Eleanor Holm.

It's easy for the singing star to "Keep the Holm fires burning" for Eleanor lives for her Art . . . and his last name is Jarrett!



Bull Montana, missing from the screen while staging a wrestling tour of the world, is back again. Here he's shown on the set giving an expert twist to Warner Baxter's necktie. When Bull was introduced to Elissa Landi, having heard that she was wealthy, he said, "Please to meetcha. I was reech man once, too."

I'll Show You the Town

(Continued from page 53)

none of her sparkle and delightful southern beauty.

Dorothy Burgess and Mary Carlisle came together, as did June Knight and her producer, Sam Jacobson. June said she had fainted, because of the heat, the day before.

June Clyde, in a white sports outfit trimmed with red and blue lapels, arrived with her husband, Thornton V. Freeland, and Anita Page, clad in a white flannel skirt and sweater, and looking charming, came along from her beach house at Playa del Rey, escorted by her father, A. W. Pomares.

A twinkle in his eye and as charming as ever, Edward Everett Horton came alone, followed soon after by Charlie Murray, who was bubbling over with new jokes, and by Arthur Goebel, who once, you remember, flew around the world.

Johnny Farrow and Maureen O'Sullivan were also among the guests.

Neil Hamilton showed friends the fine military bearing he has developed by bicycling back and forth from his Beverly Hills home to the studios. He has hung up a record of two hundred miles of bicycling, to Palm Springs and back again.

Other guests included Mr. and Mrs. John Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Dupont, Mr. and Mrs. Rob Wagner and Sally O'Neil.

WE do love the Spanish architecture in California, of course, but once in a blue moon it is fun to come across a New England farm house. And such a home is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Sol Lesser, down at Santa Monica, near the Uplifters' Club.

Our invitations read "from noon on," and so we were delighted to have an opportunity to see by daylight the outside of the Lessers' charming home. The fence enclosing the old-fashioned garden is broken by a real stile—perhaps to keep some of the Uplifters' polo ponies from wandering in!

We insisted on harking back to the country and proving we could climb over a stile, though others in the party entered through the gate, of which you have all heard—a cart wheel mounted to swing back and forth. We couldn't resist swinging on this fascinating old relic, dear to the hearts of Bud and Marjorie, the Lesser children.

Inside the house one promptly forgets the eucalyptus and pepper trees outside, since its atmosphere is as truly New England as Concord or Lexington.

All the furniture, too, was collected in Yankeeland. And such pewter!

Many guests were arriving by the time we had "rested our wraps" in an upper room. Specially there was Buster Crabbe and his pretty wife, the former Adah Held, Beverly Hills society girl, who still looks like a high school miss.

There was swimming in the club pool, nearby, and Buster probably realized that he was in for it to show us just how he won the Olympic swimming championship. And, agreeable boy that he is, he was glad to oblige.

Having played the lion-man, he had to stand for a lot of kidding such as
(Please turn to page 100)

HEIGHT 5 FT. 4 IN.
WEIGHT 120 LBS.

CLEAR
SKIN

BUST
35 IN.

WAIST
26 IN.

HIPS
36 IN.

THIGH
21 IN.

CALF 14 IN.

ANKLE 8 1/2 IN.

Posed by
professional
model

THIN WOMEN listen to this!

Amazing easy way adds new pounds double quick!

Thousands gaining 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks with sensational new double tonic. Richest imported beer yeast now concentrated 7 times and combined with energizing iron

THOUSANDS who were once scrawny, sickly, weak, praise this new way to gain weight and health.

For years doctors prescribed yeast to put flesh on skinny, rundown men and women. But now, thanks to this new scientific discovery, you can get even better results—put on firmer, healthier flesh than with ordinary yeast—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds—but other benefits, too. Muddy, blemished skin changes to a fresh, glowing, radiantly clear complexion. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep, vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

2 greatest body-builders in 1

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add new energy and pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, complexion clear—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. So successful has it been that it is absolutely guaranteed. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 4210, Atlanta, Ga.

15 lbs. in 4 weeks

"I was skinny, weak, nervous, tired, couldn't sleep, had an awful complexion. But after taking Ironized Yeast I gained 15 lbs. in 4 weeks, look fine."
Mrs. Ethel Airhart, Edinburg, Va.

28 lbs. gained

"I was so rundown I had to give up work. My druggist advised Ironized Yeast and I quickly gained 28 lbs., work hard and never tire, feel and look great."
J. F. Bork, Buffalo, N. Y.

8 lbs., lovely skin

"I had lost weight and my complexion was terrible, but Ironized Yeast soon gave me 8 lbs. and a lovely skin."
Ida Lence, Houston, Tex.

10 lbs. in 1 month

"For several years I had no pep or ambition. Was very nervous, tired, worn out, skinny. I've taken Ironized Yeast for one month now and gained 10 lbs., new strength, wonderful complexion."
Wilma Tesar, Houston, Tex.

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Safe Relief in One Minute!



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BUNIONS
SORE
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TOES
SORE INSTEP**

**Quickly Loosens and
Removes Corns**

Here is the quickest, safest relief for these foot troubles—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! These thin, soothing, healing pads instantly end pain on any part of the feet or toes; stop shoe friction and pressure by protecting the sore spot and prevent blisters. When used with the separate Medicated Disks (double value now at no extra cost), they quickly remove corns and callouses. Sold everywhere—cost but a trifle.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

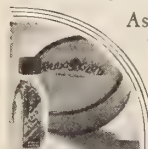
*When Closed Eyes
Judge Beauty*



RADIO GIRL

Lends an Invisible Charm

The unseen beauty, the alluring fragrance of RADIO GIRL Perfume can be yours. It is made for you, modern American girls!... Imported essential oils, compounded in this country, bring this genuine French *odeur* within reach of the thrifty. RADIO GIRL Face Powder has the same enchanting fragrance. Try the smart new shade—Dermatone—that blends with every type complexion... it's so flattering. (Flesh or Brunette if you prefer.)



Ask for RADIO GIRL at the store where you purchased this magazine. RADIO GIRL Perfume and RADIO GIRL Face Powder are obtainable wherever toilet goods are sold.

Use this COUPON for FREE SAMPLES

THE BELCO CO., Saint Paul, Minnesota T10
Please send me FREE samples of RADIO GIRL Perfume and of RADIO GIRL Face Powder.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

[Print Name and Address Plainly]

I'll Show You the Town

(Continued from page 99)

"Where is your lion skin?" and "When do you and Johnny Weissmuller race?" and more of that.

But Buster is mostly interested in a trip back home to Honolulu, so he can show off his bride.

Other guests were arriving, among them Mr. and Mrs. Tom Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hill, Jacqueline Wells and Gloria Stuart.

Jacqueline Wells wore a tan sports outfit, short jacket, with pleated flannel skirt, very smart.

There was finally a general exodus to the club swimming pool.

"Remember those life-saving lessons you promised," our host demanded of Buster. Buster complied, doing some amazing stunts with Mr. Lesser himself as the victim—a good-natured one too. But when Buster asked if anyone cared to try a stranglehold so that he could break his grip by a knockout, volunteers were not forthcoming.

With appetites ravenous after the swim, we did full justice to the barbecued luncheon served on a refectory table under the patio trees.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hill raved over Crabbe's work in "King of the Jungle," but Buster modestly changed the subject by turning to Mrs. Tom Moore with the remark, "Your Tom could wear a mean leopard skin if he would!"

After luncheon we played games—"Twenty-One" and the ever popular jig-saws. But Buster wouldn't try the jig-saws. Said he knew his would turn out to be Johnny Weissmuller.

Before we knew it the shadows were long. Tom Moore said he heard Will Rogers calling the cows at his ranch across the road, and regretfully we realized that it was time to go home.

MAE WEST at close range is a most fascinating and entertaining and lively lady, especially when she's at a party.

We found that out at Alan Mowbray's, where Miss West was obligingly singing for the guests when we entered.

No, of course she doesn't dress in those old-fashioned clothes in everyday life. But that walk is all her own!

She looked very chic and alluring in a blue sports suit with a small blue hat to match.

We were all down in the whoopee room, which, by the way, Alan himself had furnished completely with his own fair hands—tiny bar, little tables, rustic chairs, flooring, all had been built by him during his spare hours from work.

And the whoopee room was crowded with guests. It is downstairs, in one of those deceiving on-the-side-of-the-hill houses in Hollywood, which look like one-storied affairs from the front, but which usually have three stories in the back.

The occasion was in celebration of the birthday of the Mowbrays' little daughter. But our host and hostess admitted that was just an excuse for a party.

"But she's asleep now, anyway," said Mrs. Mowbray. "However, we want everybody to meet her when she wakes up."

As a matter of fact little Miss Mowbray didn't seem to care much for her party when she did arrive! She

was quite lofty and rather detached. "You can't fool these children," remarked Mae West.

Guests were arriving by the scores by this time, and we said hello to George Raft, who later danced for us, Tyler Brooke and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook, Grace LaRue and Hale Hamilton, Walter Catlett, Edwin Earle, Francis MacDonald, William Collier, Sr., Sam Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Crauford Kent, Lillian Bond, Jose Crespo, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Brian, Kay Hammond and Henry Wetherby, Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason, Billy Bakewell, Sam Ash, Stuart Holmes, Antonio Moreno, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thomson, Hal Jerome, Mr. and Mrs. Monte Blue, Jack Norworth, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Nugent, and just scores of others.

Never was so much talent housed under one roof! Hal Jerome was kept busy at the piano, and George Raft and Tyler Brooke danced, Sam Ash sang, and then there was general vocalizing of the old songs.

Off the whoopee room is a barbecue hut, and here we saw the large ham being cooked. First, the chef saturated the ham with champagne, then covered it with a thick batter, then roasted it in the barbecue oven, and when removed the batter was as hard as rock, but the ham slipped juicily out. I've never tasted anything so good!

Of course there were delicious sandwiches, goose livers, pretzels, and all sorts of cheese—a grand banquet, and lots of fun eating it while drinking beer with your foot on the bar rail.



This is the first picture you've seen in many a day of Rod LaRoque. He's back on the screen again, though he had to go all the way to Greenland to get the chance. It is Universal's "S. O. S. Iceberg." The whole fan world will welcome Rod back.

I'll Show You the Town

THE bride and groom were married before the guests arrived, out in the garden, and so we didn't see the ceremony.

I mean Alan Dinehart and his wife, Moselle Brittone, the little girl, you know, who began work at Columbia studios as an assistant in the casting office, got a small part, then went back to her drudgery, got another part, and successively other roles until she finally won a contract at Fox.

She was looking very pretty in her Eleanor blue wedding dress and hat when we arrived.

Alan told us that he might have to work next day, but he was afraid to tell Moselle for fear she would push him into the fish bowl!

But we scooped the bride on where the wedding journey would be!

"I don't know," said Moselle when we asked her, but Alan told us that they were going up to Lake Louise and Banff, in Canada, as soon as they could get away.

Warren William and Muriel Kirkland had been best man and bridesmaid, and both remained to aid in receiving the guests.

Moselle was disappointed, she said, because her mother had been unable to fly from Oklahoma, where her home is, as she had expected, to attend the wedding. But Mrs. Brittone, her daughter explained, had suffered an auto accident a few weeks ago and was still feeling the effects.

"Is that all we say?" Moselle had asked when the ceremony was over.

"Of course," said Alan.

"No, you forgot something," persisted Moselle.

"Why, that's all, little wife," said Alan.

"Ah,—that's it! I just wanted to hear you call me wife!" exclaimed the bride.

STUDIO parties given by artists are becoming more and more popular in Hollywood.

Dario Rappaport, portrait painter, and his wife, gave a tea at his studio.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown were there, Joe between pictures and uneasy, his wife said.

"One day Joe says he is going to Chicago, and the next he is going to Honolulu," explained Mrs. Brown. "He will end by staying at home. I know him."

She told us how Edward G. Robinson and his wife, Gladys, had said to them, before the baby was expected, "We're going to spend all our spare time traveling."

"And now," put in Gladys Robinson, with a smile, "we have taken a house, and nobody can pry Eddie loose when he can be at home."

Mrs. Robinson—who was Gladys Lloyd on the New York stage, you know—looked beautiful in an Eleanor blue dress, afternoon, of pebble crepe, with hat to match, and her hair done in rows of curls completely covering her head below the hat.

Guests included, besides the above, Reginald Pasch, German actor; Vincent Lawrence. Mrs. Paul Lukas, Lena Malena and Wilmer Anderson, her husband, Douglas-Walton. Marion Lessing, Albert Conti and others.

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What is the proper length of glass curtains and draperies?

Should heavy pieces of furniture ever be placed at right angles to a wall?

What is a spinet desk?

What color is made by mixing red and yellow?

What are secondary colors?

If a room has no fireplace, how can a center of interest be created?

In what style rooms may wall paper be used?

What is the difference between a Wilton and an Axminster rug?

What is the difference between brocade and brocatelle?

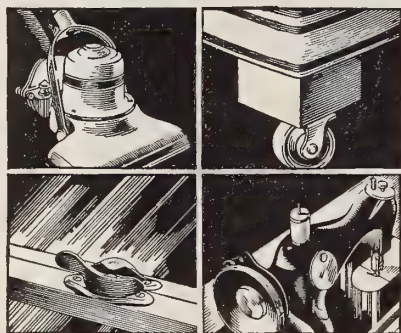
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New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 49)

Richard Dix and Ralph Bellamy are a couple of war birds who in the beginning have a lot in common. Then, with active service, Rich becomes the "killer," up day and night, fine or cloudy, just so long as there is a chance at battle and another trophy for his eager guns. Bellamy is the opposite; he too is an ace, but to him war is a duty not a bloody game and if he kills, he kills because there is no other way.

Elizabeth Allan loves them both and sees the terrible unhappiness ahead of Dix when normal times return again. Almost she hopes that he will die in one of his flaming combats in the clouds. But he doesn't. All around him die; kids with songs on their lips and only partial understanding in their hearts, come and go and in their going add fuel to the hate in his heart.

Then comes peace and Dix is left with only his undying hate and the girl who will not leave him to his memories and regrets, for with the calm of the New Day came a realization that those men he killed were doing their duty as he did his own.

It is a powerful story relieved in spots by rare glimpses of simple humor . . . but it is strong meat for strong stomachs with thrills as few pictures show these days. Elizabeth Allan is a real "comer."

I LOVED A WOMAN—(First National)—After doing what they could for the defunct silver business in "Silver Dollar," First National must have decided to let Mr. Robinson take a crack at the meat-packing business and touch on the Insulls in passing.

The result is more fun than "Silver Dollar" even if the picture is a mite less important, important in that it has no "national" story to tell.

Robinson plays his usual role, that of a man who forced himself to the top. There he has everything but recognition and to achieve that, he marries Kay Francis who is far more loyal to him than most of her sisters would have been. The story seems based, with a few necessary and logical changes, on the history of the Insull family, and in the hands of such capable artists as Edward G. Robinson, Kay Francis, Genevieve Tobin, and J. Farrell MacDonald it could hardly help but be effective drama.

There is much that is humorous and much that is pathetic in the story of this strong little man's climb to the top of the Chicago heap. Opposition he can brush aside, knavery is little less than second nature—though he likes to go straight as it's easy to be crooked and he doesn't like things to come too easily—that is, except his women—and in this weak spot in his armor lies the humor that is always a high-spot in a Robinson picture.

ONLY YESTERDAY—(Universal)—A year or so ago Universal purchased Mr. Charles Norris' novel "Seed" and under the guidance of John Stahl, proceeded to make a good motion picture out of a story that, according to other studios, didn't have a motion picture possibility.

It is more than likely that Mr. Stahl has had the idea of making "Only Yesterday" in his mind ever since then for a glance at the screen credits brings

out the fact that this American "Cavalcade" is from the pen of its director, this same John Stahl. So, he deserves to be congratulated doubly, for "Only Yesterday" is decidedly well worth while.

Universal assembled an excellent cast—lacking big names—for it is hard for anyone but the three or four big ones to rush in what is known in Hollywood as "star value"—but brimming over in understanding and dramatic ability.

About the best known names in the cast are John Boles, Margaret Sullivan, Benita Hume, Edna May Oliver, Onslow Stevens, Franklin Pangborn, Betty Blythe and Walter Catlett. There are some twenty others who receive screen credit and who deserve it.

While it is not fair to say that "Only Yesterday" is a copy of anything . . . it so happens that the words "American Cavalcade" tell this story better than others could, and as such, it is well worth your seeing. At times it is inclined to be slow and somewhat stodgy—but then, so is history on occasion, and so far as it goes, "Only Yesterday" is faithful to its story above all else. It is a show that the whole family may benefit by seeing.

CHRYSALIS—(Paramount)—A couple of years ago "The Ladder" opened on Broadway and there was nothing that seemed able to get it off. "The Ladder" had a powerful story that was ill-told on the stage but the story was powerful all the same.

"Chrysalis" reminds me somewhat of "The Ladder," in that it was a much better play than the latter but once more it boasted an idea that could not rise above the verbiage of the play and the mouthings of its actors.

Paramount saw merit in the idea and



Wide World

His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, facing cameras and microphones at the Gaumont British Studios at Shepherd's Bush, for the film, "The Prince of Wales," which will be shown at the New Victoria Cinema in aid of the League of Mercy.

New Pictures You Should See

placed it in the hands of some of their most capable actors and it is a pleasure to see this butterfly emerge from the chrysalis that the stage play certainly was.

Miriam Hopkins and Fredric March have the leading roles and are so infinitely superior to the stage players that I beg of you to forget the past history of the play. George Raft and Sylvia Sidney bring additional glamour to roles that are made to stand out under this treatment.

"Chrysalis" is not a happy show. It is a trifle dogmatic at times but if there is a soft spot in your heart for a good job, well done, and for actors who know how to do it, then I bring "Chrysalis" to your very immediate attention.

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD—(Warners)—Dan Ahearn, who wrote "Wild Boys of the Road," had a great idea when a friend of his talked to your reviewer in a hotel room on lower Broadway. Then, it was a tough, two-fisted tale of the waifs of the world who have to beg borrow and "give" to make a life even possible. It was a story that begged description, a chapter in American history that should have been written, for President Roosevelt's "NIRA" would have been closer to all of us had we listened to this friend of Dan Ahearn's.

As it is, something is missing. Possibly none of the Warner Brothers executives thought that it was necessary to live in a freight car to find out how that kind of people thought and acted. It's hard to be a gentleman when gentlemen and ladies share a freight car.

That's what's been happening, my friends, if this friend of Dan Ahearn's is to be believed . . . but it isn't what you'll see in "Wild Boys of the Road" for this is Hollywood. True, it is a Hollywood that realizes that it has a story to tell but it is still Hollywood . . . and before you could get the story that this mutual friend told me . . . Bill Wellman, its director, would need to pack up and ride the rods. Hollywood doesn't go for that and neither do you or I.

So let's forget what your reviewer heard in a bedroom in the lower thirties and remember "Wild Boys of the Road" for what it is. Possibly you can find time to remember that only a wee part of the story is told. If the thought occurs to you—remember that Franklin D. is trying to do something about it . . . and go out and do likewise. I would if I could and will if I can.

There is no one in the cast that you will remember at first glance . . . but there isn't anyone you would know that could be a member of "Wild Boys of the Road." Don't let that matter . . . don't let the quality of the show matter . . . take a trip to the movies and see what more kids than Warner Brothers, Bill Wellman or a lot of other people imagine, are doing every day.

It's tough to be still in your teens and have to bum a place to sleep and food to eat . . . and it's a whole lot tougher when you're a girl. This isn't a movie you'll remember forever . . . but if I've made you believe what I've written, I'm through with you if you (Please turn to page 104)

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AMERICAN
RED CROSS

New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 103)

don't remember it. I dare to hope a little that you care.

BLIND ADVENTURE—(Radio)— Radio went to England for this crook story and possibly it's the distance that stopped your reviewer . . . either that, or the fog. The picture starts and ends in a fog. In fact a fog is most of the story and so it's only fitting that your reviewer should be somewhat in the same predicament.

Robert Armstrong is a young American in London during a bad fog. Helen Mack is a young English girl he meets during the same fog and Roland Young is a crook in the same spot. Maybe I shouldn't do this, for the show is a good enough little program picture, but the darn fog is so thick that you can't see whether the characters are in the same spot or whether they've moved since the last scene. If a London "Bobby" can't find his way in the fog an American reviewer ought to be pardoned.

The story is new and Roland Young does an admirable crook. One of the best exhibitions this talented player has ever done . . . and all in all . . . it is a pretty good movie.

BIG EXECUTIVE—(Paramount): Paramount secured Erle C. Kenton from Columbia to make a fast moving action-show in which Mr. Kenton specializes. "Big Executive" is the result and Mr. Kenton did all that was expected of him but the show omits to move in any particular direction.

It is only a program picture in the "finest" sense of the word and such as it is, is probably better than most of its kind. It's just the motion picture version of the old saying "The poor are always with us."

Laurence Stallings wrote the story but not when he was feeling the way he was when he wrote "The Big Parade." Richard Bennett and Elizabeth Young share the main acting responsibility with Ricardo Cortez, who, in his turn, does the best he can.

LADIES MUST LOVE—(Universal): Universal has a neat little comedy-drama in "Ladies Must Love" and they could have had a much neater one had there been more comedy-drama in it. There were one or two moments when your reviewer was tempted to murmur "why?"

There are a couple of good songs and some competent acting by George E. Stone and Neil Hamilton.

The cast includes June Knight, Mary Carlisle, Lucille Gleason, Dorothy Burgess and Sally O'Neill.

"Ladies Must Love" is a snug little show that has enough laughs in it to put it on the okay list.

BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS— (Warners)—Warners had a pretty swell idea in "Bureau of Missing Persons," but after seeing the picture I wonder what O. Henry could have done with the same idea.

They are still trying to make a sexy star out of Bette Davis when your reviewer is still pretty certain that she would be a whole lot better off if they let her be the sweet little girl that she probably is. They've got Ruth Chatterton.

The title tells the story, which is an



Clarence Sinclair Bull

John Beal, New York stage juvenile who repeats the role of Jerry he created in the theater for the M-G-M screen version of "Another Language" in which Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery are co-starred.

old one in a setting that is a trifle unusual. By far the best parts of the film are the human interest bits that come into the script every now and then. Tad Alexander, who gave the Barrymores plenty of trouble in "Rasputin," again proves that he is the best kid actor on the screen.

Pat O'Brien, Glenda Farrell, Lewis Stone, Noel Francis, Allen Jenkins and Hugh Herbert all do very well, and all in all this is just about what the newspaper critics call "a smart little bolt of celluloid." You can take it for granted, this means "pretty good."

OTHERS YOU SHOULD SEE, TOO:

FOOTLIGHT PARADE

James Cagney in a musical—but don't let it scare you. It's an all-star cast and how . . . not quite a "Gold-Diggers," but plenty swell.

ACE OF ACES

Richard Dix in a smashing yarn of an ace who grew to love killing . . . Elizabeth Allan makes a tough tale human.

I LOVED A WOMAN

Edward G. Robinson in a saga of the meat-packing business. It may make you think of the *In-sults*. Better than "Silver Dollar."

ONLY YESTERDAY

A somewhat serious show, but one that you should really see. Inspired acting under the direction of the man who made "Back Street."

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It really isn't so strange that one woman can make a delicious meal out of practically the same foods that taste so ordinary when prepared by another woman. One has the knack because she knows the special little touches that make food exciting. The other doesn't.

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People's Academy

(Continued from page 61)

seems to be the word I want to use to express my feelings. I just read a critic's review of "King Kong" in which he writes, "The cast is not important."

I'll admit that "King Kong" surely was the star actor, and a good one, but if the acting that was done by Bruce Cabot, Fay Wray and Robert Armstrong wasn't important and good acting, I'll eat what it took to make King Kong, the minute the studios turn the materials over to me.—Jack Hetrick, 305-2nd Ave., Altoona, Pennsylvania.

An Answer: In the June NEW MOVIE, Mrs. A. H. Johnson has written a letter, criticizing Hollywood's policy of importing foreign players, which I believe invites comment from one holding a different view.

Real art knows no nationality. The acting of great artists has a universal appeal and their talents should be considered the property of the whole world, rather than of the country which happened to be the place of their birth. It is only to be expected, since America is the center of the world of moving picture production, that exceptional players from everywhere will eventually reach Hollywood that their talents may be judged by that most critical audience, the American public.

With traditional generosity, we have always enthusiastically welcomed artists from other lands, even from the very earliest days of the Republic, indicating our taste for the charm, glamour, prestige and colorful personality usually possessed by the performer from abroad.

But since the principal objection mentioned by Mrs. Johnson seems to be the salaries paid to our guest stars, it is only right to point out that the amount of money paid the star in any production is rather little compared with the total expended. The major portion of the cost is distributed to American writers, American mechanics and studio attaches, American actors and American salesmen, all of whom are delighted to know that a genuine, money-making star heads the production.

It should be understood, too, that the seemingly large salary received by an imported player is not all velvet. There are managers, agents and legal advisors to be paid; a large amount of money has to be used to live in the accepted Hollywood manner; which at the same time gives employment to American servants, tradesmen and artisans; charitable donations and advertising fees take a good deal more. At the end, the amount left for hoarding or spending abroad is no more than American movie stars are in the habit of spending in Europe themselves.

Pictures starring foreign celebrities have entree into countries where otherwise American-made pictures would not be welcome, thus adding to our national prestige and thereby causing many dollars to pour into the treasuries of the American film companies.

Surprising as it may seem, a great many people do prefer Garbo, Chevalier and Miss Dietrich to Mary Pickford, Norma Shearer and Victor McLaglen, all of whom, although Mrs. Johnson does not seem to be aware of it, are natives of foreign lands.

That the American moving picture
(Please turn to page 106)

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People's Academy

(Continued from page 105)

producers are not overlooking the players of our own country is shown by the fact that they always have a considerable number of young men and women under development at the various studios. When an American actor or actress of ability is discovered, the Hollywood bugles are loudly sounded and the new star is raised to the skies by a campaign of exploitation.

Mrs. Johnson can therefore be reassured that when she goes in to see any American-made movie, no matter who the star is, she is patriotically following the advice to "Buy American."—Robert B. Byrnes, 2431 Buck St., New York City.

Thoughts: Come on, give us some more pictures like "The Vagabond King."

Please don't! Lawrence Tibbett's face is too small for the rest of him. Peggy Shannon's mouth is almost too large for her face, but, nevertheless, she is pretty—when she isn't posing. She is good. But she needs to study and work a lot—as Joan Crawford does.

ZaSu Pitts was born for the screen. Tell her not to get too Gish-ish, however. (In looks.)

Mary Brian should wear a longer bob, slightly curled, and play real wealthy, little girl (about twenty-two year) roles. She did once.

Strike Maurice Chevalier out for me. Sylvia Sidney is resting so much she will soon be too fat to please the public.

Where and what is Lily Damita doing? She has plenty of chic without striving for it. She is not beautiful; she is not plain; she is the possessor of charm. Please let us see more of her pictures.

Sally Eilers would do well to vary herself somewhat. Why is she always so self-possessed? Acting to the contrary would enhance her value.

We want more pictures of jolly men like Wallace Beery and Clark Gable in "Hell Divers."

The Bennetts seem to have some sort of paralysis. What's the matter?

Gloria Swanson could be a wonderful actress if she would play poverty-stricken rôles, where common sense and brains are the basis of the attractions. Also, she should stop thinking she is pretty, attractive or something. She doesn't face facts.

Nancy Carroll is the prettiest, most perfect female on the screen. She should be with a company that didn't give her cheap settings.

Katharine Hepburn seems to be different. I have not yet seen her play. Tell her not to play for herself alone; we in the audience like 'em natural and not bigoted.

Norma Shearer typifies the average American beauty. The average American beauty excels in brains. Thank you. I liked her best in "The Secretary."

Marlene's wardrobe is not so interesting. She is beautiful.

Greta Garbo is—I am (stumped for a word). Bring her back!

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., would be a better actor if he had had to work real hard for a living at some time in his life.

Joan Crawford is passing through a

change in her life. She should be very careful. Above all, she should maintain as much of her optimism and bright outlook on life as possible. If she will do the right thing, even though it's hard, and the kind thing because it is the right thing, she will keep her looks longer. Why? Because such conduct keeps us right with ourselves and makes for better digestion and sleep.

Tell Ann Harding to fix her hair different—or differently. Just as naturally please, but different.—Billie Paille, 411 Georgia Savings Bank Bldg., Atlanta, Georgia.

Handsome Clark: Who is the best and handsomest actor in the movies? What man has the most charming personality? To whom do the nicest smile and dimples belong? There is only one answer to these questions and that is Clark Gable. Here's wishing him luck!... Have any of you noticed an actress who could be mistaken any day for beautiful Kay Francis? If you've ever seen her you must have noticed the resemblance! The girl I mean is Phyllis Barry. Both girls were in Ronnie Colman's picture, "Cynara," and I had the hardest time telling them apart!—Cleo Sellers, 1239 Second Avenue, N. W., Moose Jaw, Sask., Canada.

Redeems Herself: Mary Pickford was never one of my favorites. Right now I'm taking off the proverbial hat to her. Reason? "Secrets." She has redeemed herself quite a bit in my eyes. She makes it quite evident that there is a definite need, on the screen for a personality such as she displays in "Secrets." She shouldn't be allowed to retire yet.—Rose Dena Frank, 1305 North 7th Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

(Please turn to page 108)



In "Curtain at Eight," the actors put on a play in which Marion Shilling plays a South Sea Island girl. Isn't this picture of her reminiscent of Billie Dove?

Movies to Crowd Every Theater

(Continued from page 16)

announcements. For Fox, too, has joined the parade to bring you back to the motion picture theater in greater numbers than ever before.

UNITED ARTISTS

UNITED ARTISTS, too, is stepping out. Usually with a small and very select list of pictures from its star group, this organization, now with Twentieth Century allied, announces a much greater list than ever before.

"The Masquerader," the Ronald Colman picture finished some time ago, in which Elissa Landi was featured, will be one of the most ambitious, not to mention "Roman Scandals," the Eddie Cantor musical. George Raft, Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper appear in "The Bowery," Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez in "Joe Palooka," Paul Robeson in "The Emperor Jones," Anna Sten in "Nana," Constance Bennett in "Moulin Rouge," Constance Cummings, Russ Columbo and Stuart Erwin in "Broadway Through a Keyhole," Ann Harding and Clive Brook in "Gallant Lady," Charles Laughton in "The Private Life of Henry VIII," and George Bancroft in "Blood Money."

COLUMBIA

COLUMBIA, a company that has come forward rapidly, is making one of its big productions in London, "The Lady is Willing," starring Leslie Howard. This production is under the supervision of Gilbert Miller, the noted stage producer, who has been engaged to assist in some of Columbia's more pretentious productions. Lewis Milestone and Frank Borzage will make pictures for Columbia during the new season.

PARAMOUNT

PARAMOUNT, again in its stride after financial worries, steps out to the fore again in production. The Cecil B. DeMille picture of American youth, "This Day and Age," is naturally one of the leaders for early Fall. The Four Marx Brothers have finished "Duck Soup." "Too Much Harmony" is the new Bing Crosby-Jack Oakie opus, and "I'm No Angel," Mae West's latest offering to a waiting public. "Design for Living," the stage success, is set for Fredric March, Gary Cooper, Miriam Hopkins and Edward Everett Horton, and "Torch Singer" for Claudette Colbert and David Manners. "Cradle Song" is Dorothea Wieck's first American offering, and "Alice in Wonderland" will have Jack Oakie, Charles Ruggles, Charles Laughton, Mary Boland, Alison Skipworth.

Adolph Zukor's organization, after some halting of footsteps, enters into the new season with a dash and a *cr* that shows its complete rejuvenation. This famous old company, like a rock of Gibraltar in the industry, stands firm and solid. It gives everyone in the movies, and everyone interested in them, some real pleasure to know that it has survived blows that long since would have wrecked any less stable enterprise.

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People's Academy

(Continued from page 106)

Changing Husbands: I always thought Joan Crawford a wonderful girl, but since her separation from Doug my illusions are shattered. Why must the movie stars change husbands so often? For publicity, I suppose, but at what a price!

I think anyone with a little common sense can get along, but at the least excuse the stars rush to the divorce court.

Why aren't there more like Norma Shearer? She's my ideal, and if Irving gives her the best, she deserves it. You will note she is a Canadian girl. —Mrs. Frank Young, Burdett, Alberta, Canada.

Hail to the queen of brunettes, Kay Francis. People may walk a mile for a camel but I'd walk miles to see my favorite actress, Kay Francis. I'm waiting for more of her pictures. —Miss Nina Thurman, 935 Dayton Street, Chillicothe, Ohio.

For Ten Years: Haven't we had enough talk about Clark Gable? Let's have more about Lewis Stone. His acting and manner are far superior to Clark Gable's or even Fredric March's. He has been my favorite actor for nearly ten years. —Margot Coe, Sanders Road, Norwood, Mass.

Robert Montgomery, Lew Ayers and Clark Gable may all be good looking, but as an actor Spencer Tracy takes my eye. I am sure many people will agree with me that actions speak louder than looks. I think he is an ideal actor. I have seen many pictures in which Spencer acted and all were a success. If ever an actor was headed for stardom, it is Spencer Tracy.

I am trusting that he will star in many more pictures. —Miss Ogretta Schaffe, Millersville, Ill.

Gilt-Edge Security: "Schnozzle" Durante—not only his nose—but all of him is worth his weight in gold! Went to see how he'd handle the beer situation—and anyone that gave the laughs to the audience he did (and during the Bank Holiday, too!) I repeat, it's worth gold! He's the funniest, gilt-edge security for a laugh I've ever seen in the movies! —Ruth Bracker Stone, 400 West 160th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Picture Stealer: Una Merkel! Who could be sweeter, and can she act!! She doesn't need the lead in a picture for she steals every one she plays in. —Margaret Nancini, 3234 E. Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

He Must Be Good: Leslie Howard's charm, poise, modesty, finesse, sincerity, ability, suavity and honesty easily make him king of intelligent acting. I'm for him. —Anna Alke, 4107 Lowell Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Cheers for Jean: A dozen cheers for the spunkiest girl in pictures, Jean Harlow. A more charming person cannot be found. She is one of the few stars who is natural, unaffected, not possessing the smallest grain of conceit. Jean is an amazing person. —Connie M. Joffre, 3559 E. 149th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

What Will Al Say? What is little



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Ruth Channing, new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer "find," who recently signed a long-term contract with the studio, and whose next picture is "Show World."

Ruby Keeler going to star in next? Isn't she just too grand? Let us see her pronto. She stole every scene in "42nd Street," as well as many hearts. I was spell-bound with her acting and charm. Don't refer to her as Al Jolson's wife; it should be Al Jolson as Ruby Keeler's husband. She just has to be the "greatest" of the year. —John Roberts, 503 South Elm St., Pittsburg, Kansas.

Her Discovery: Funny how you go shopping with an exact costume in mind, and see a dress or hat or shoes that make you change every item on your list to fit, because you want dress or hat or shoes for your own.

I went to see "The Kid from Spain," because it was rated so well, and because I always expect an Eddie Cantor picture to be good. But I wasn't prepared for the pleasure of Robert Young's absolutely natural beauty and acting, because I didn't know there was a Robert Young. And he doesn't act in "The Kid from Spain." He just is! —Lula Ledbetter Brigham, Hickory Point, Tennessee.

Madge's Voice: Madge Evans! Sweet and winsome looking. A good actress, too. But shades of Cleopatra, do I adore her lovely, musical voice! A little sad and wistful it is, but divinely sweet and caressing. Soothes my jangling nerves like a sweet, haunting refrain! —Eunice Todd, Seeds, Alabama.

Little Sunbeam: It seems that all the sweetness in the world is combined in one little sunbeam, who lightens the world with her smile. If you haven't guessed who she is by now, it's Janet Gaynor, the best actress in Movieland! —Miss Hilda Spencer, 4 Harvey Street, Taunton, Massachusetts.

Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 75)

They get no salary for three months, but they go to school every day and have the experience of being around the studio and doing what available extra work there is.

They are not all without picture experience. Kenneth Howell, you may remember as the baby flyer in "The Eagle and the Hawk." Houseley Ormond is Onslow Stevens' brother. Doris Blue is a niece of Irene Hunt. Remember Irene as the girl reporter in a series of D. W. Griffith releases years ago?

The pupils were required to buy uniforms, the girls' costumes consisting of gray slacks and blue cotton blouses. The boys wear gray trousers and dark blue coats. They had to furnish these costumes themselves, so, being a curious soul, I asked what would happen if they couldn't afford to buy them. The girls' slacks were tailored and cost \$7.50 a pair.

"Well," spoke up one little girl, "I guess we just couldn't be actresses then."

Mr. Turney is like a god to them. He not only teaches them to act but also gives them rules of conduct, one of which forbids any romancing between the girls and boys in the stock company.

"So what do you do? Do you romance with one another or not?" I asked.

"Oh, sure," replied one blithe little miss. "We're getting on fine."

PROVING that extras do get breaks now and then, Barbara Baroness, who for several months now has been Hollywood's pet extra girl, has



Mlle. Jacqueline Francell and her fifteen-year-old rag dog, Monique, from Paris, here to play opposite Maurice Chevalier in the French version of "The Way to Love."

been climbing out of the ranks lately by leaps and bounds. In "Hold Your Man" she had a featured role and received \$750 a week. When good fortune like that comes to one, the other million extras take new heart—which explains why the Hollywood extras number thousands and thousands.

"**I**N my country a woman doesn't talk until she has something to say," declared Anna Sten, and Sam Goldwyn, who has been paying her a thousand dollars a week for a year while she learned to speak English, says that is the only reason he is not allowing her to be interviewed by anyone before she makes a picture.

"As soon as she has made one picture she may talk to the press as much as the reporters want her to," promised Mr. Goldwyn, "But I don't want her upset or confused before she makes her first picture."

However, Anna did talk a little. Recently she rented a beach house which she said she found in such a deplorable condition she had to put on an apron and go to work with a scrubbing brush. "I understand the house was occupied by a couple of young men," Anna said. "I don't suppose they were any dirtier than any other young men," she added apologetically, "but in my country we like everything spic and span."

And who do you think the former tenants were but Franchot Tone and his chum, Tommy Thompson. But I don't think the boys are entirely to blame, for, in addition to their own dogs, they had to care for Tallulah Bankhead's two dogs while she was in New York. Anyway, Franchot has plenty of accomplishments without trying to be a neat housekeeper.

SPEAKING of dogs always brings Alice Brady to mind, for in all Hollywood where there are as many pet dogs as there are actors' agents, no dogs have as devoted a mistress as Alice. She takes them everywhere with her and they all—four of them—sleep on the foot of her bed.

When Alice first came to Hollywood she was assigned a different dressing-room every time she visited the studio. Five different dressing-rooms in all.

"I wish someone would decide which dressing-room they really want me to use," Alice said. "I don't mind moving my clothes and make-up every time I come to the studio, but my dogs don't like it."

Alice was wanted at the studio the other day but no one could reach her. Each caller was informed that Miss Brady was sleeping.

(Please turn to page 110)

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Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 109)

"She sleeps twenty hours at a time," explained a friend; so now I can understand why it is that Alice never wants to go home from a party. I suppose she sleeps for twenty hours and then doesn't have to bother about going to bed for a few days.

How anyone could sleep at all with four dogs on the bed is more than I can understand. But Alice is smart. If you saw "When Ladies Meet" you know what I mean. It takes a right smart actress to play a dumb character—and wasn't Alice grand?

OF course, when you mention grand actresses you naturally think of Ann Harding. That's practically all you can do about Ann recently—think, that is—because she has rented a shack on the edge of the desert and almost never comes into town except on business.

However, she did come in every day to coach her friend, Carmel Myers, for her role in a play produced locally. And was there on the opening night to cheer her protégée on.

After the performance she rushed backstage to congratulate Carmel. The room was full of photographers just ready to take Carmel's picture, when Ann cried: "Put your orchids on, Carmel, for the picture." Carmel picked up a gorgeous corsage of orchids and, pinning them on Ann's shoulder, said: "Orchids to you, my dear."

It was a very pretty little scene with no one to hear except your correspondent.

"She would make a wonderful stage director," Carmel raved about Ann. "She is so logical and has everything at her fingertips. Oh, don't get me started on Ann Harding. She's just swell!"

Ann is sun-tanned until her blond hair looks white against her face. She keeps two horses at her desert hide-away and told me she had been getting inspiration from the sun and riding in the desert.

"I think I'm going to be inspired to write an article for The New Movie Magazine pretty soon," she promised.

KING VIDOR leased a big house next door to Miriam Hopkins and the two have been seen together recently. When Ernst Lubitsch handed Miriam her script for "Design for Living," which he directed, she found inside a note reading something like this:

"Dear King: If there is anything in here you don't like, just let me know and I'll change it. Ernst."

But the rumor is that Miriam is cooling off a little bit and the chances are that she was just showing

King a little of that southern technique. Miriam's real love is her little adopted son, Michael, who is just about the cunningest baby around here.

EVEN actors go a bit ga-ga over babies. When Mrs. Edward G. Robinson arrived home with the new heir, Eddie met them at the train with two new automobiles. One was his own and the other a present for his wife and the baby. He couldn't wait until they got home to show it to them. And last week when I saw him he was so upset because he had a cold and couldn't go near the baby for days.

I wasn't peeking through a key-hole, but I was out of sight when Rex Bell came into an office at the Monogram Studio and telephoned his wife, Clara Bow. I listened shamelessly while he told her he had got-



Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Wide World

Wera Engels, German star imported to Hollywood, has her own novelty of attire—a feature which seems to go with most of the foreign stars. Here she is in striped sweater and slacks.

ten a cactus spine in his eye and wanted to tell her, before she heard about it from other sources, that it wasn't serious.

"When I come home I'll be wearing glasses," he told her, and apparently Clara didn't like that idea at all, because Rex said, "I don't like the idea either, my sweet, but the doctor says I'll have to wear them only a few days."

IF we may speak of anything as sordid as money, it may interest you to know that Constance Bennett's contract with Twentieth Century will net her \$60,000 a picture and calls for her to make four pictures a year. She can do as she pleases the rest of the time, which accounts for her agreement with R-K-O to make more pictures for that company in her spare time.

Even though artists are not supposed to be good business men, Walter Catlett manages to do pretty well for himself. When Director John Stahl asked him to play a small part in "Only Yesterday," Walter said:

"Okay! I'll play any part, no matter how small it is, but my salary is \$250 a day."

"I might build the part up," Stahl stalled. "Suppose we pay you \$1,000 a week?"

But Walter was stubborn. "No," he said, "my salary is \$250 a day." And so it was agreed. Walter worked for eight days and collected \$2,000.

In the same picture Edna May Oliver was paid \$5,000 for speaking five lines.

AND wandering around the Universal Studio I ran across Madge Bellamy, who is returning to pictures via a western thriller in twelve episodes. Buck Jones is the hero in the serial, which is entitled, "Gordon of Ghost City."

"I've never ridden a horse," Madge told me, "but I'll be an expert by the time I ride through twelve reels with Buck Jones."

When a newspaper man wrote that Pat O'Malley, former star, was playing a bit in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," that all he had to do in the picture was hold a horse's head, Pat's friends were upset. But Pat said:

"I don't mind. At least he put me at the right end of the horse."

A succession of troublesome incidents has followed Pat's career in recent years, and now it seems that the last of his savings have been lost in the M'Divani oil wells.

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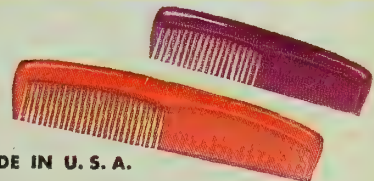
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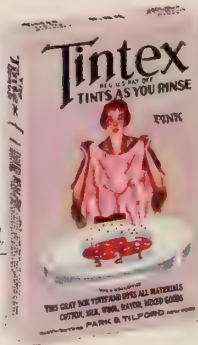
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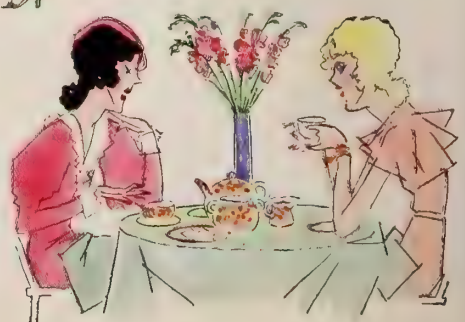
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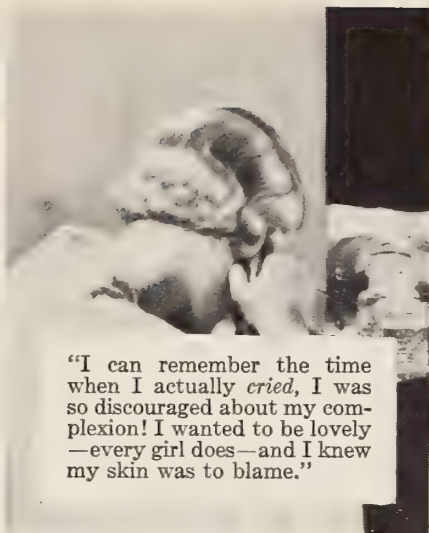
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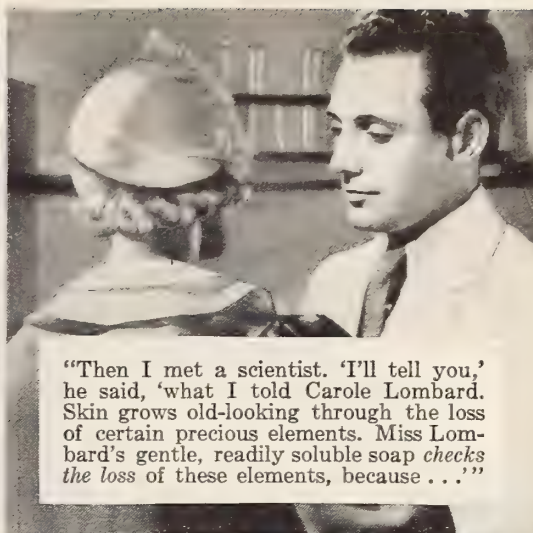
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"Then I met a scientist. 'I'll tell you,' he said, 'what I told Carole Lombard. Skin grows old-looking through the loss of certain precious elements. Miss Lombard's gentle, readily soluble soap checks the loss of these elements, because . . .'"



SCIENTIST

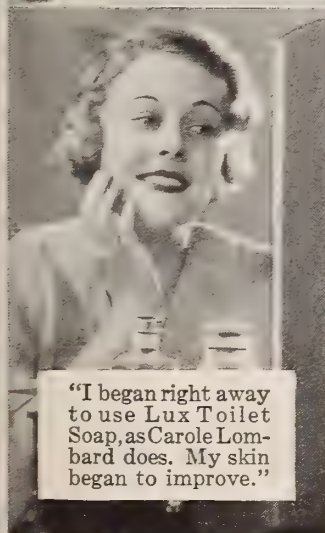
"LUX TOILET SOAP, MISS LOMBARD, ACTUALLY CONTAINS PRECIOUS ELEMENTS NATURE PUTS IN SKIN ITSELF TO KEEP IT LOVELY—YOUNG-LOOKING."

NO WONDER I'VE FOUND IT KEEPS MY SKIN SO SOFT AND YOUTHFUL

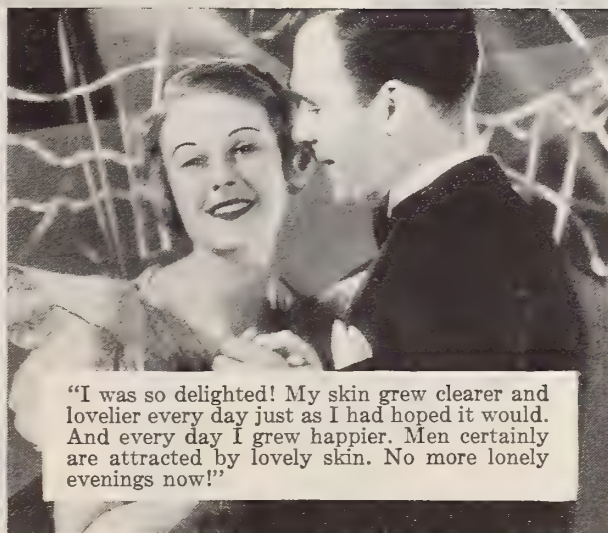


CAROLE LOMBARD

lovely Paramount star



"I began right away to use Lux Toilet Soap, as Carole Lombard does. My skin began to improve."



"I was so delighted! My skin grew clearer and lovelier every day just as I had hoped it would. And every day I grew happier. Men certainly are attracted by lovely skin. No more lonely evenings now!"



For every type of skin—dry, oily, "in-between." 9 out of 10 screen stars use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap. Try it today!



NOW IS THE TIME FOR EVERYONE TO STAND BEHIND THE PRESIDENT

"WE DO OUR PART"

HOLLYWOOD DAY BY DAY

By NEMO

SOME persons might think the most important item to record is the fact that John Gilbert and Greta Garbo are once more happily united—in the films, of course. But having just come from the Gilberts where I visited a bald-headed young miss named Susan Ann Gilbert, the glamour of the Garbo-Gilbert reunion had faded in importance. Of course, this baby concerns Jack Gilbert to some extent, but not a great deal. He is only her father.

Such a sight for an innocent bachelor met my eyes when I entered the suite occupied by Virginia Bruce Gilbert! It was a bower of flowers, and what flowers! Bowls of orchids stood about and tall vases—too many to count—filled with chrysanthemums, dahlias and every other kind of flower, occupied every table and all available floor space.

Being a mere man, I can't describe Virginia's costume very well, but her nightie was peach color. I'm sure of that because I asked her. It had big puffs on the shoulders for sleeves and a lot of lace in the front.

A mound of lace pillows behind her made a beautiful background for her blonde loveliness, I must say. Her hair was in two braids, one over each shoulder. She sent for the baby



so I could see for myself that it is "the most beautiful baby in the world," and with Virginia looking at me, I'd agree to anything.

"Her eyes are just like Jack's," she insisted when I mentioned that the baby looked like her. And just then Susan Ann opened her eyes, took one look at me and said: "Bad man! Go away! I want my dinner." So you can judge for yourself how smart she is.

The baby was named with the

WHO IS NEMO?

Hollywood is still asking, "WHO IS NEMO?" The stars are just as curious about the real identity of the author of this department, as you, his readers, have proved to be This month Ed Wynn gives his Impressions of what he believes Nemo to be like. What's YOUR impression?

whole family present. "Come on, now, Jack, honey," coaxed Virginia. "Think of a name for her."

And according to Virginia, Jack thought a minute, threw out both hands and said "Susan Ann," just like that. And Virginia thought it was wonderful for Jack to have thought of such a name for his child.

(Please turn to page 8)



June Vasek, all dressed up. You usually see the little starlet in bathing suit and shorts. But now that she's being really dramatic, they're putting her in long dresses. For she's growing up, professionally.

Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery, two fan-tan fans, playing between scenes. And watched by Director E. H. Griffith.

You may *think* you see them...



—but there are so many things in life that, at a glance, look so exactly alike. So remember that a spool of thread is not J. & P. Coats or Clark's O. N. T. thread unless you see the name on the spool-end. Don't assume you are getting Clark's or Coats best six cord until your eye has proved that you are. The spool-end tells. Examine it before you buy. An easy way to be sure you are getting the thread you have always depended on. It pays to use good thread.

J. & P. COATS • CLARK'S O. N. T.

For more than a Century—as Today

THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD



Fred Astaire, the famous stage dancer, and Joan Crawford (both are in "Dancing Lady") in a special pose for The New Movie camera-man. No, it's not a romance, because Fred has recently married a New York society girl, and Joan has been going places a great deal of late with him and his wife.



Florence Desmond, recently signed by the Fox studios, and, according to the studio report, virtually surefire material for stardom. They may be wrong—but they usually aren't.

Photo by Otto Dyar



Hollywood day by day

(Continued from page 6)

WHEN I saw Jack at the studio he was wearing a grin that extended from ear to ear.

"Am I glad to be back with Miss Garbo?" he exclaimed. "It's colossal!"

When I mentioned Virginia and the baby he beamed.

"Isn't she beautiful?" Isn't everything wonderful?" he raved.

JACK'S good luck in being put into the Garbo picture was Laurence Olivier's bad luck, for he had been rushed over here from England to play the part. The studio had cabled him to be here in two weeks and he had cabled back:

"Can't the foolish little woman wait?"

But he took the next boat.

"Being Miss Garbo's leading man has never done an actor any good," he told me, and he wasn't terribly excited about coming to America inasmuch as he is a great favorite on the stage in his own country. But he came, and after two days' shooting on the picture, it was announced that the demand of the fans for the Garbo-Gilbert combination was too strong to be ignored. Olivier was paid off and excused and Jack thinks playing opposite Garbo will do him a lot of good.

I'VE said right along that what Hollywood needs is a little good old-fashioned temperament like, for instance, the good clean hate that existed between Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri in the old days.

Remember their famous fight over the cats at the Lasky Studio? Just a lot of innocent fun!

And I'm happy to relate that the trend during the past month seems to point toward improvement in that direction.

Nancy Carroll, who can be depended upon to upset a whole studio, did just that to Columbia in an argument with a seamstress in the wardrobe department.

Three days later the studio was closed on account of the strike and Nancy took herself to Honolulu. The strike over, Victor Schertzinger, her director, cabled her in vain to return to work.

"I'm having too good a time,"

she cabled back so the picture had to be started all over again with Helen Twelvetrees in Nancy's role.

And the most excitement that Helen can stir up is to have her small son visit her on the set each afternoon. There he plays with Victor Jory's small daughter, Jean, who thinks the actors are playing house!

(Please turn to page 10)

Again she weaves her Magic Spell!

KATHARINE HEPBURN
in
"LITTLE WOMEN"

by LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

The radiant star of "Morning Glory" marches still deeper into your heart as the best-loved heroine ever born in a book...See her...*living*...the immortal "Jo"...in this glorious romance of four girls in love...The story the world has hugged to its breast for three generations!



with
JOAN BENNETT
PAUL LUKAS
EDNA MAY OLIVER
JEAN PARKER
FRANCES DEE
DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY
HENRY STEPHENSON
DIRECTED BY
GEORGE CUKOR



MERIAN C. COOPER
Executive Producer

Twenty million have read
the book... Fifty million
will love the picture!

Hollywood day by day

(Continued from page 8)

AT the Twentieth Century Picture Studio they were under the impression that mild-mannered, always-gracious Peggy Joyce thought she was still the Countess Morner.

She demanded a certain kind of French girdle that cost \$65. And what's more, she got it. And then she demanded a new one for each day. So, although, of course, everyone is sorry that Peggy contracted a sore throat and had to be excused from the picture, Darryl Zanuck, production manager, figures he is saving \$65 a day on girdles.



Photo by Wide World

Tom Brown isn't in Universal's Junior Stock Company, recruited from nearby schools, so he doesn't have to obey the rules, one of which is not to give telephone numbers. Left to right: Frances Goodrich, Mary Bracken, Mary Lee Magarian, Tom, Verna Clair and Doris Blue.

Jean Harlow, hard-working Jean always intent upon keeping herself fit, taking her daily plunge in her Bel-Air swimming pool. Jean's smash hit in "Dinner at Eight" was not unexpected. It will not surprise some of the prophets if Jean about tops the box-office list for the next year.

Dixie Frances, new Fox starlet, blues singer and dancer.



Photo by Otto Lipp

According to Peggy's friends, the role she was to play in the picture was a caricature of herself, and she wanted it changed.

Lilyan Tashman, who replaced Peggy in the picture, repaired to the hospital with a throat ailment after two days' work, so Blossom Seeley, who replaced Lilyan, couldn't be blamed for taking precautionary measures and having her throat insured before she started to work in the picture.

WHILE this could scarcely come under the heading of temperament, Maureen O'Sullivan did exhibit a little righteous temper when asked to make scenes in a glass shower bath in "Stage Mother."

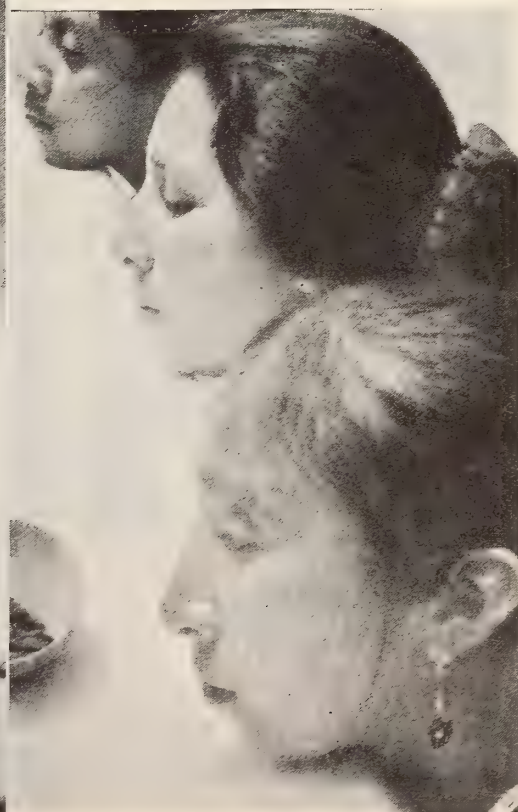
Maureen is a bit Victorian compared to the average Hollywood girl. She never thinks of walking across the studio lot in shorts or a bathing suit or even a low-cut evening gown, without putting on a bathrobe.

(Please turn to page 12)

THUNDER OVER MEXICO



Sergei Eisenstein's great historical epic, "Thunder Over Mexico," after one of the most troubled careers of any latter-day film, arrives on the public screen at last. Sponsored by Upton Sinclair, the author, financed by private means, the famous Russian director, heartbroken by Hollywood, became enamored of the Mexican locale and photographed literally hundreds of thousands of feet of film there. Now, after some three years of work, it has been released. . . . The photographs on this page are of typical scenes that, artistically, seldom have been equalled.



(Continued from page 10)

"My body is my own," she told me, "and I'm not going to cheapen it by showing it to the world."

MAE WEST is another modest violet. Now stop laughing; I mean it. She will wear any kind of tights or alluring, come-and-get-me costume in a picture or on the stage, but the minute she steps off the set she is muffled up to her neck in a robe.

Maybe it's the Mae West influence toward curves and hips; maybe it was the European raspberries directed at her trousers that caused Marlene Dietrich to throw her masculine attire out the window. She arrived in Hollywood from Europe with I don't know how many trunks full of Parisian gowns, every one of them ultra-feminine. And she is now floating with popular fancy on the tide of beer, bustles, billows or what do you do on odd Mondays?

LUPE VELEZ, however, is sticking to her slacks, which is as it should be, they are that becoming to her. Lupe is driving a tiny new car these days, a present from Johnny Weissmuller, and wearing a twenty-carat diamond ring, which is *not* a present from Johnny, but he doesn't seem to mind her wearing it.

Of course anything may happen, but their friends expect Lupe and Johnny will be married as soon as Johnny's divorce from Bobbe Arnst becomes final.

"We are so happy together," Johnny told me. "I swim all day and Lupe does her work, and at five o'clock I go to her house for



Kathleen Burke, Paramount's "Panther Woman," has made good. She's now being cast in a variety of roles, though usually as the siren.

Wotta odor! Am I mortified! . . . Jimmy Durante visiting the "Beauty for Sale" set at M-G-M, was well sprayed with perfume by Una Merkel, Florine McKinney and Madge Evans.

Hollywood day by day

dinner. Some days I watch the clock for hours thinking it never will be five o'clock. Lupe is a swell cook and she has everything to eat that she thinks is good for me. She goes right out in the kitchen and sees that it is prepared just right."

Lupe has a complete sound recording machine installed in her house for Johnny's benefit, and every night



Jimmy Cagney, eh? No, brother Bill. He's being featured by RKO, and with the approval of Jimmy. He was a New York advertising man until he went to Hollywood to visit Jimmy and someone told him he ought to be an actor.

after dinner she makes him read aloud and rehearse his roles before the microphone. Then they play the records back and he does it over and over to improve his voice.

IT'S an odd thing that often those big, strong men have high-pitched voices. Max Baer, who is so broad-shouldered that you have to look twice to take in all of him, speaks in a soft voice something like Jack Dempsey's.

Max told me that until he was nineteen years old he was afraid to fight.

"Honestly, I was scared to death," he said. "But one time when I was about nineteen I went to a dance. Someone started a fight. I got mixed up in it in self-defense and knocked a fellow out. I realized then I had a strong right arm."

SPEAKING of strong men, I've discovered that they all have their frail moments. Neil Hamilton confessed to me the other day that the most terrifying moment of his life occurred recently. It was one of those mornings when the humidity was high and Neil's spirits were low. He wandered over to a lunch wagon next to the animals' cages to get a cup of coffee. The man who had charge of the snakes was passing with a big boa constrictor in his arms, said snake being one of the actors in "Tarzan."

"Do you want to carry this fellow down to the set for me?" he jokingly asked Neil, and Neil jokingly replied: "Oh, yes. That's all I need this morning. Just wrap him around my neck and my day will be perfect."

The next thing he knew the snake was coiling itself around his neck, his body, around him everywhere.





Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen and Bing Crosby out a-sailing on the ocean blue. Wouldn't you like to be along?



Dorothy Lee, RKO comedienne, snapped while she was demonstrating artistic carpentry during the building of a friend's new house.

Charles Farrell, one of Hollywood's ace polo players, is planning on taking a movie team to South America to combat the Latin horsemen.

*Hollywood
day by day*



"I never saw so much snake in my life, and I was scared," Neil confessed. "But I wouldn't let on, so I carried it to the set, let everyone see me and then got rid of it. And I shook for an hour afterward." Neil made everyone laugh when he was discovered leaning against the ape's cage, whispering to the animal. "I'm telling him that when we have that wrestling match, I'm supposed to win," he explained.

ANOTHER one of my favorite strong men, Douglas Fairbanks, remains on in Europe preferring, as someone aptly expressed it, Mayfair to Pickfair.

When I visited the Orient recently I found his picture—framed and autographed—in every hotel from one end of China to the other.

In Peiping some of the fellows in the Consulate were telling me how eager Fairbanks was to visit the Great Wall until he saw the elaborate preparations they were making for the trip. He questioned them and learning of the hardships he would have to endure on the trip, the big out-of-doors man decided he didn't want to see the Great Wall. After taking the trip myself, I decided Fairbanks isn't so dumb.

AS in every other community, Hollywood hostesses are always on the lookout for eligible, single men for their parties.

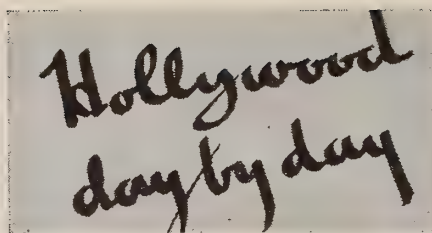
(Please turn to page 14)

(Continued from page 13)

That's how I get around so much, if you must know. (And Greta, please note that I'm single and eligible.) Another eligible, who is one of the most susceptible men to husband-seeking girls is William Wellman. Having been divorced from three wives, he is now casting interested glances toward Dorothy Coonan, one of the younger actresses at First National.

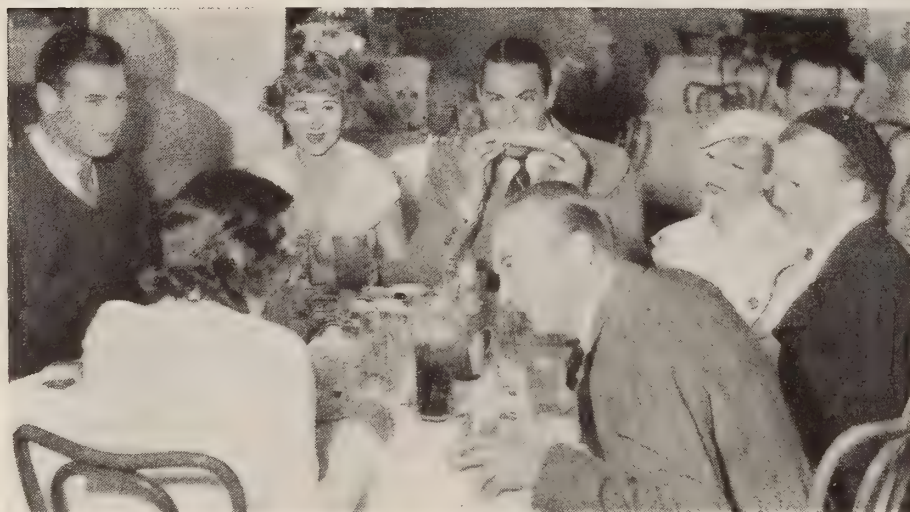
AND then there is William S. Van Dyke, director of "Trader Horn," who is now making "Es-kimo." He and his wife have been divorced for many years and they have a joint bank account.

"We never argue over money," Van said. "I know she'll not take advantage of me. She never has."



EDDIE SUTHERLAND, who is young in years but old in experience, doesn't stay single long enough to be considered an eligible, being now in the midst of divorce proceedings from his third wife.

"I'm not going to marry again," he told me seriously, recently. "I'm going to take a vacation to Europe every year instead. It's a whole lot cheaper."



Not dinner at eight, but dinner for seven, at the Hotel Pendleton in Pendleton, Oregon, where a Paramount troupe of forty persons filmed "Golden Harvest," the romance of the wheat fields. You see Richard Arlen, Genevieve Tobin, Chester Morris, and his wife, Julie Haydon, Roscoe Ates and Mrs. Arlen.



Recently he finished directing "Too Much Harmony," in which many chorus girls appeared. All through the picture he teased the girls and they decided to get even with him by hanging up on him at the end of the picture and removing some of his clothes. Everything went as scheduled, but the girls discovered, when they removed his shirt that some meanie had tipped him off. Across the back of his undershirt, in black letters, was printed, "Yours, Eddie."

ON Samuel Goldwyn's birthday, Mrs. Goldwyn gave a surprise party for him. Twenty-five of us were huddled in the dining room when Mrs. Goldwyn led Sam, blindfolded, into the room. Just then the butler called her to the phone.



Heather Angel, snapped on the set studying her script, during the filming of "Charlie Chan's Greatest Case." Believe it or not, the microphone expects you to be letter perfect when the motors begin to whirl.

The Meighans abroad, Tom, Mrs. Meighan (at left) and Mrs. Gene Sarazen, taking in the golf championship tournament at St. Andrews, Scotland.

Photo by Wide World

"Now you wait here," she admonished Sam. "I'll be right back—and don't you peek."

Feeling a little pressure on his stomach and thinking he was alone in the room, he opened his mouth and let out a series of long, loud, business-like burps. And was his face red when his assembled guests shouted "Surprise!"

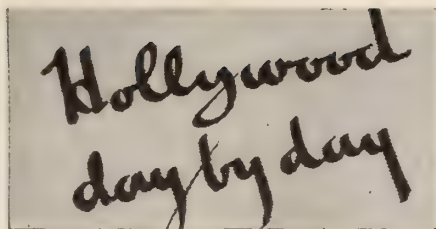
I HOPE, after my bum steer of last month, that you have not been cruising up and down the California coast looking for Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard on the *Edna P. II.*, because the name of their boat is the *Panacea*. They rechristened it.

One reason those two people are so enthusiastic over yachting is because they first met on board a friend's yacht. Chaplin sat on one side of the deck, surrounded by beautiful girls, while Paulette stood on the opposite side of the boat and looked the situation over.



Marie herself. Did you see her in "Dinner at Eight"? Wasn't she swell? And in "The Late Christopher Bean"? Everyone's praying for her health. But strong or well, she keeps right on working.

Jack Pearl, known to you radio listeners as Baron Munchausen, showing Max Baer, challenger of Cornera, what to do when the time comes. Jack's in the new M-G-M picture not yet officially titled, and Max is playing opposite Lupe Velez in "The Prizefighter and the Lady."



Chaplin, according to his own version, looked at Paulette and thought:

"Could it be possible that a beautiful girl like that could have any brains?"

But, aware of his weakness for girls, he tried to put her out of his mind. Meanwhile, Paulette had said to herself:

"He's my man and I'm going over and get him."

And she did.

"I had wanted to meet him for such a long time and he was much nicer than I had thought he could be," she says now.

"I found her almost too good to be true," Chaplin enthused. "Imagine, such beauty as she has, and brains, too! I never believed in love at first sight before but I do now. She's a wonderful girl. My whole world has changed."

PAULETTE has changed, too. Not only has her blonde hair returned to its normal shade, a deep copper color, but her friends notice other changes. She wears no make-up at all. Her days are filled with work—dramatic lessons and rehearsals in preparation for the Chaplin picture—and when she has nothing else to do she goes up to a yarn shop on the Boulevard and knits gay sweaters for Charlie.

And what would you think if Paulette's closest friend said to you:



Photo by Wide World

Benita Hume and Adolphe Menjou, both in costume, going to luncheon together at the studio during the filming of Monta Bell's "The Worst Woman in Paris."

"Certainly I know whether they are married or not, but I've given my word to Paulette that I won't tell?"

The chances are no girl ever knitted sweaters for Charlie before.

WHILE on the subject of love (and isn't it a fascinating subject?) I wouldn't ignore Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, who continue to work and play together in a most sensible manner. They apparently like to do the same things at the same time, but there is no holding of hands or billing and coo-
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(Continued from page 15)
ing in public, such as Joan and Doug, Junior, used to indulge in.

I sat behind them at a concert a few evenings ago and happened to have a table near them at the Coconut Grove a few evenings later.

At the Grove, where the synthetic moon shines at a cost of fifteen dollars a night, they were with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Astaire, and Joan danced as often with Fred as she did with Franchot.

Joan looked stunning in black satin, but it looked to me as if she had her dress on backward. It came up to her chin in front and was cut to her waist in the back.

Around her neck was a wreath of gardenias, Joan's favorite flower, and her long, tight sleeves ended in what my grandmother used to call "mitts." Her black satin hat, nearly a yard wide, served as a screen between her and the other dancers.



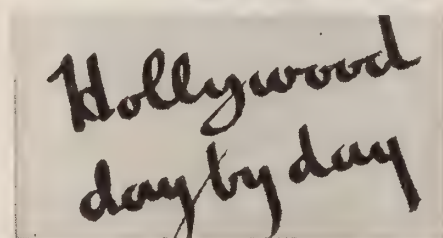
Photo by Wide World

Laurence Olivier, the English actor, and his wife. Mr. Olivier was summoned to Hollywood from England to play opposite Greta Garbo. But, after his arrival, John Gilbert was cast in his place. "Thank you for a pleasant trip," grinned the ever-genial Britisher.

Mae West in "I'm No Angel." It may surprise you to know that off-stage and off-screen, Mae's one of the most modest of persons. No running about in bathing suits and shorts like many of the Hollywood actresses. And quiet, too.



(Above) When Ramon Novarro arrived home from abroad, he first telephoned Myrna Loy, then he sent a note to Garbo that the "European concert singer" desired to see her. She sent back an immediate invitation. (Right) Lovely Jeanette MacDonald, who still denies she's married. . . . She and Ramon are making the film version of "The Cat and the Fiddle."



JOAN'S current picture, "Dancing Lady," dragged on so long that the actors in it had practically a season's engagement. It is finished now, with Clark Gable in the leading role. That is, Clark marries Joan at the end, but Franchot's part is equally as important.

Clark's illness caused most of the delays, but Franchot held the picture up for three days while he took a rather intensive course of sun baths.

He had discovered, when he and Joan donned bathing suits for swimming scenes, that Joan was three shades darker than he was, and he refused to be photographed "looking like a lily beside her."

EVERYONE was glad to have Jeanette MacDonald and Bob Ritchie back in town. Bob is a pal of mine, and I telephoned him the minute he got in. The first thing he said was:

"The answer is still 'no,'" which, interpreted, means that he is still an unwilling bachelor.

Everyone knows that he is deeply in love with Jeanette and ready and anxious to marry her any minute. Jeanette, too, admits that she loves only Bob and intends to marry him—but what we all want to know is when she intends to marry him.

JEANETTE brought back two dogs, "Captain," her big sheep

dog, and a new Skye terrier which she has named "Stormy Weather." While she was in England "Captain" had to remain in quarantine, so she bought "Stormy Weather" to keep her company.

With all her other duties she found time to visit "Captain" once a week all the four months she was in England, which is certainly devotion itself.

She went to work the minute she arrived in Hollywood, with Ramon Novarro in "The Cat and the Fiddle."

NOVARRO, too, had just arrived, after a triumphant tour of Europe. The first thing he did after he got here was to rush to a telephone and call up Myrna Loy, so that romance, or friendship or whatever you want to call it, is still progressing. But when he arrived at the studio he asked first for Garbo.

Informed that she was working, he sent a note to her which read something like this:

"Ramon Novarro, the European opera singer, craves an audience with Miss Garbo."

Miss Garbo sent her maid right out to find him, for Ramon is one person who is always a welcome guest at the Garbo mansion.

GARBO'S new portable dressing-room looks like a shack when compared to the elaborate ones used by Joan Crawford and Marie Dressler. The Garbo portable is merely four walls, which can be taken apart and put together in any location, and it's furnishings consist of a dressing-table and couch.

Stopping by the wardrobe department the other day I found everyone in a quandry. Miss Garbo ob-

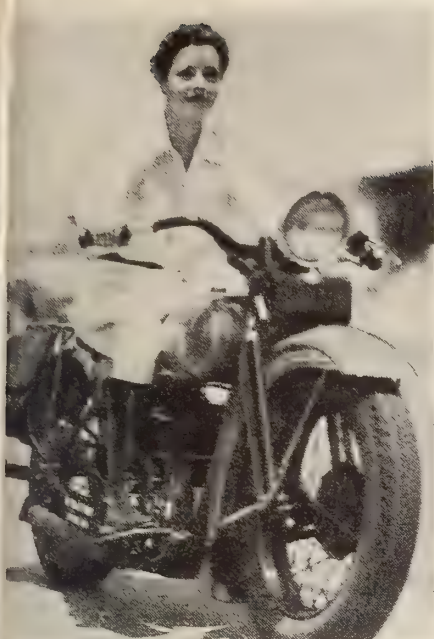


Photo by Charles E. Bulloch

Gigi Parrish, sister-in-law of Ann Parrish, the author, signed as one of the Goldwyn Girls in Eddie Cantor's "Roman Scandals." The press story is that she rode all of way from her home in Wilmington, Del., to Hollywood on her motorcycle. A good story, anyway.

jected to the sword they had furnished for her use in the picture.

"It's an exact copy of the swords used in Sweden at that time," they told her. "It's just like the ones we have for the soldiers."

"It's all right for the soldiers," Garbo said, "but it's not masculine enough for me."

And when I left, the whole wardrobe department was trying to figure out what to do to make a sword masculine.

SNOOPING around the "Too Much Harmony" crowd the other day I discovered Bing Crosby having a little ear trouble. Before each scene a man applied something behind each of Bing's ears and then tied a handkerchief around his head.

"Ah," said Jack Oakie, "the Spirit of '76. I mean the spirit of '76."

It seems that Bing's ears stick out a bit and he's sensitive about it.

"If I pin my ears back I get the girl every time," he explained. "If I don't bother about my ears, I never get the girl. So bring on the spirit gum."

I LEARNED that Bing is just as popular with the little girls as he is with the big ones. Little Patty Ann Ford, six-year-old daughter of Wallace Ford, lives next door to the Bing Crosbys and her mother says she is thinking of sending Pat's clothes over to the Crosbys, Pat spends so much time there.

If Bing isn't home, Pat sits in front of his house for hours waiting for him, amusing herself meanwhile by playing with the revolvers

Hollywood day by day

carried by the bodyguard which Bing has employed for his precious new heir.

AND speaking of bodyguards, where once a person's social status depended upon the size of his swimming pool, his importance is now measured by the number of bodyguards employed. And, with Hollywood a happy hunting ground for racketeers, it's a sensible idea.

Harold Lloyd at one time achieved

top spot when he armed all his fourteen gardeners, while Marlene Dietrich employed twelve guards, who worked in eight-hour shifts of four guards each.

LUNCHING with Douglas Montgomery, he told me he would soon be lonely again for Lois Moran, who had been spending her vacation here. She was leaving that night by plane for New York.

Half an hour after I left Doug he telephoned me frantically to ask me if I had told anyone that Lois was to leave that night. He explained that Lois' mother lives in constant terror lest her daughter be kidnaped. Whenever Lois travels she goes under an assumed name, and she never tells anyone the exact day she is to leave any place.

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Photo by Otto Dyar



Harvey Stephens (at left) and Irene Bentley, New York society girl (at right), are test twins. Stephens, New York stage actor, was making a test for Fox. Miss Bentley accompanied him, and, holding his script for him, was included in the test by the cameraman. When the producers saw the film, they not only signed Stephens, but Miss Bentley, too. Her first appearance is with Lilian Harvey in "My Weakness."

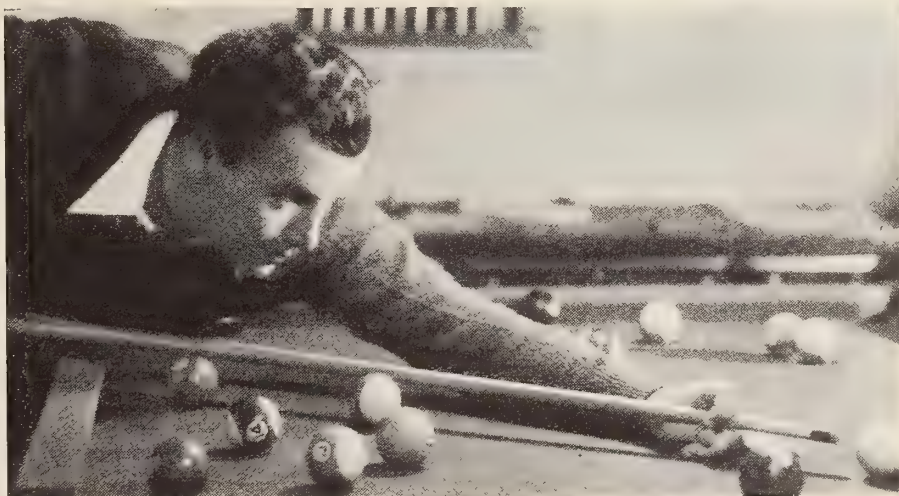


Photo by Otto Dyar

Preston Foster is a Hollywood billiard champion. (But, sometimes, of course, he plays pool.) He's installed a billiard table in his home because, having beaten them all, he can't get opponents at the Hollywood Athletic Club.

First time!



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- 1—It plays modern records through tone-sensitive tubes... like radio
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THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY OF STARS

Lupe Velez may have met her match at last. After completing "Hollywood Party," with Jimmy Durante and an all-star cast, she's being co-featured with—whom do you suppose? None other than Maxie Baer, heavyweight championship runner-up, in "The Prizefighter and the Lady." We'll still bet on Lupe.

MATCHED



Photographed for The New Movie Magazine by Clarence Sinclair Bull

FIND

Florine McKinney, newest screen find, featured by M-G-M. Her first picture is "Beauty for Sale," with Alice Brady, Una Merkel, Madge Evans and Phillips Holmes. Elaborate plans are being made to publicize her as a discovery par excellence. What do you say?

By HESTER ROBISON

THE wise men say that to understand the woman, you must know the child. Only by knowing her parents and her childhood, will you understand the beautiful Sally Eilers of today. If you do not know the wondrous beauty of Sally's early life, then you will be unable, as I was at first, to understand the broken heart that is hers or really to know why, when she smiles, it is as if strained muscles are being forced to an unaccustomed part.

THIRTY years ago the wedding of stalwart Peter Eilers and his beautiful bride, Paula, took place. Paula had forsaken a promising career as a singer to become a wife. Their love was of the stuff that poets write about; their greatest hope was to have children, many of them.

For seven years Mrs. Eilers (whose husband named her "Doll," because of her doll-like beauty) prayed for a child.

Then the miracle happened. "Doll" was to have a baby. Unless you have hoped and prayed for the fulfillment of the greatest desire of life, you cannot understand what this meant to Peter and Paula Eilers. They felt, more than many other parents, that the

Peter and Paula Eilers, and their daughter, Sally . . . "brought up with so much love and tenderness, surrounded by so much beauty, that life might be perfect."

child was a sacred trust, a gift from the heavens. And the tears in their eyes were of gratitude as well as happiness.

Holding her husband's hand, Mrs. Eilers said, "We will never speak a harsh word to our baby."

"Nor raise a threatening hand, nor frighten her in any way," said her husband, humble in the face of the blessing about to come to them. "Our baby will be brought up with so much love and tenderness, surrounded by so much beauty, that life will be perfect."

PETER EILERS was a gruff sort of young man, and the change wrought in him by the answer to his prayers was tremendous. Over night he became a complete sentimentalist. He, who had never written a line of poetry in his life, placed this little verse in a box of candy he brought to his wife:

A mother soon my Doll will be,

Oh, Nature, do your duty—

If it's a boy, to look like me,

If it's a girl, her mother's beauty.

Into an atmosphere charged with this overwhelming love, the baby was born. Few children are fortunate enough to come at the height of their parents' love, as Sally Eilers did, and I think that her character was greatly influenced by this.

She is a girl who is miserable without love. She must have affection, the splendid affection such as her parents gave her. I believe that Sally was born with a capacity for receiving the benefits of love that few of us possess. She can become as starved for it as we lesser beings become starved for food.

AFTER she was born, her parents, even in the midst of their joy, repeated their vow: "Nothing harsh, nothing unkind, nothing cruel, shall ever touch the



LITTLE GIRL, DON'T CRY

The story of Sally Eilers, whose adoring parents couldn't protect her against life's greatest hurt

life of our baby girl." And though two years later a little boy was born, the vow was not altered. It remained then and is today one of the guiding aims in the lives of Peter and Paula Eilers. It is a smothering, terrific sort of loving protection that is almost unreal in its force. Sally is all unconscious of its influence on her life; she is too close to it. But I, a friendly outsider, see it and understand it.

It was when she was three years old, her father told me with a strange look on (Please turn to page 74)

HOLLYWOOD SLAVE



The startling revelations of a famous star

I DON'T know how I got onto the stage that night in time for the performance, and I don't know how I went through it when I did get there. Confused visions of red-gold sunsets and yellow halos and storm-swept skies and mirrors and landaulets and uniformed chauffeurs and houses in Beverly Hills and Pilgrimage Crosses and twenty-five-hundred-dollar pay checks swam before my eyes.

Trav was made up and standing in the wings, ready to go on with his imitations, when I rushed through the stage door and up the spiral stairway to my dressing-room. I just had a chance to wave to him as I passed. I was glad of that. I wasn't ready yet to tell him everything that had happened, that might happen to me, and to him, and to the act.

By a miracle of fast work—regular fireman stuff—I made the wings in time to walk on for the patter. While I sang my comedy song, Trav had to change to evening clothes; and then, while he did his opera selections, the only really good thing in the act, I was busy changing for the torch number. So, you see, there was no chance for explanations while the act was on. Afterward—well, I dreaded afterward.

I DIDN'T have to dread it long. As I was slipping again into the yellow dress, Trav came in. He was much excited. I feared that he was angry with me, that he would demand to know where I had been all those three hours, why I hadn't come back to dinner, what it was all about. But he didn't do any of these things. He didn't seem to remember that I had been away, that anything unusual had happened to me. He just looked down at me with the saddest look in his eyes I ever saw. "Honey," he said, "I've got bad news for you."

"Bad news?" I said faintly. Could it be that Fritz Stresseman had changed his mind—that it was all a dream?

"We're closing."

"Oh, is that it?"

I tried not to show relief, but I suppose I



"The next day, my dressing-room was one mass of yellow roses. . . . There were roses, too, in the black slippers I wore with the torch gown, and in the gold ones I wore in the patter number. I looked everywhere for a card, a note . . ."

must have, for Trav came right back with:

"You don't understand, honey. The act's closing—closing Saturday night."

I was ashamed. I had been thinking only of myself, of this new, strange, wonderful life that was opening up for me. I had forgotten for the moment the tragedy it meant to Trav. Suddenly, I threw myself into his arms, sobbing, sobbing. It wasn't play-acting. It was genuine grief—not grief for the act, but for him, for my darling Trav, for my lover.

"What'll we do?" I sobbed. "Oh, Trav dear, what'll we do?"

It was natural, of course, that he should think I meant what should we do for a living.

"That's all right, honey," he said. "You see, dear, it's kind of hard to explain, but Gordon, the house manager, says the only trouble is they've got too many double acts. What they need is more singles. They're not trying to break our contract. They know they can't do that. They just want more singles."

I COULD see that the boy was trying to tell me that they still wanted him and didn't want me, and that he couldn't bring himself to do it—so I decided to help him out.

"You don't have to keep it from me, Trav," I said, drying my eyes—I was play-acting now. "They don't want me. They want you. That's as it should be."

MOLLY, the little girl from Cadiz, Ohio, virtually hypnotized into leaving the husband she adores and living a life of lies to become "the mystery woman of the screen."

TRAVIS, the husband, a young singer, touring with Molly in vaudeville, ignorant of the role in life and in the films that his young wife is to be required to play.

FRITZ STRESSEMAN, world-famous director and star-maker, who, glimpsing Molly in the Brown Derby, determines to make her his next great star. Traces her to the theater and immediately offers her a dazzling contract—if she will place herself completely in his hands.

It's you that holds up the act, Trav. You're a real artist, Trav. I always told you you'd be a big hit in this business. Don't mind me, Trav. Here, kiss me."

"You wonderful girl," he cried, as he swept me once more into those strong young arms of his, "you make everything easy. You always understand. And it'll all come out right, honey. It isn't that they like me better than they do you, honey. Honest, it isn't!"

I fear I was crying again—but not for the reason he thought. It was the thrill of those arms around me. I never got over it. It was always the same. Just like that (*Please turn to page 89*)

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Stresseman," he said quickly. "And I congratulate you. You've discovered a grand little actress. I don't know how I shall ever replace her."

"Fame—and the lie I live—has separated me from family and friends, lost me the man I loved. I'm a woman without a country, a sweetheart without a lover, a wife without a husband—just a Hollywood slave"

Illustrations by
Earl Blossom



Alice

IN

MOVIELAND

Hollywood forgot to introduce Miss Brady to you—so meet her now, with her old friend—

ELSIE JANIS

AS I came out of the theater after seeing "When Ladies Meet," I was more amused than amazed to hear most of the younglings, who are too busy sitting in judgment to take as much exercise as they should, saying:

"Who was the one that played the widow? She's swell!" Or, "Where did this Brady dame come from? I never saw her before!"

To the adolescent adorers of talking pictures who think the legitimate theater is a place where Ma and Pa go to get away from excitement, I dedicate this article. I hope that the readers who are old enough to know that life didn't really just begin five years ago, will forgive me and trail along.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios might have wised the new public up a bit by blowing a few publicity blasts about luring another great stage star to the screen. But it seems that the fanfare is reserved for pretty, unknown foreigners who are going to be second Garbos. They gave Alice plenty of opposition for her debut. Ann Harding and Robert Montgomery starred. Myrna Loy and Frank Morgan were runners-up. A very good company; and, personally, I think the picture should have been called, "When Actresses Meet!"

"Altogether, Alice Brady is a very complete person. If you have not already seen her, I am sure you will be glad to know that she does not resemble any other screen favorite. . . . And she has a laugh that makes her presence known and a frankness that makes it felt."

The critics, in their praise of her performance, sounded as if she had been found under a gooseberry bush, or the stork had brought her. One of our Hollywood film reviewers said naively: "Miss Brady proved herself to be an excellent comedienne!"

Of course, he is not to blame because he doesn't know that Alice proved herself to be such on the stage when she was seventeen—and that was not yesterday! Off the screen she looks as if it might have been two or three years ago, but two years ago she was astounding New York by her performance in "Mourning Becomes Electra" at the Guild Theater.

And last year, adding another notch to her gun of versatility, she appeared in a comedy called, "Mademoiselle."

WHY was the talking-picture public not told who and what Alice Brady is before seeing her? Ah, now we have one of the most interesting cogs in the picture industry. The studios are still never sure about stage people on the screen. But as they are never sure about anything, why take it out on Alice?

I get so fed up with the local theory

"Alice knows the theater better than most retired veterans. She has played every sort of role. Starting at seventeen in operetta, and with a lovely singing voice which they will soon be dragging into her pictures, she has bounded from farce, comedy, drama, melodrama, tragedy."

(Below) Alice Brady and Robert Montgomery in "When Ladies Meet."



that stage actresses are one breed and screen sirens another. You would think after several years of grabbing stars from the theater the moguls would know that personality laughs at cameras or sound experts—for instance, Ruth Chatterton, Marie Dressler, Helen Hayes, Ann Harding, Elissa Landi, Claudette Colbert, May Robson, Alison Skipworth, and so on far into the payroll.

Still, they are never sure. They bring an actress like Alice Brady out to Hollywood, a star who has had her own companies for years. They worry about how she will photograph. Will she be camera wise? Will the picture public know her? Well, at least, they haven't much to lose; so they sign her up for one picture with an option.

They make tests for camera and sound. You are told that one side of your face is not good for the camera, your hair must be another color, your nose—ah, what they would like to do to that member.



Your teeth, considered flawless up until time of going to test, will have to be watched, (and you've been watching them for years).

Believe me, until you have gone through being treated like a small boy trying to become a Boy Scout, you don't know the meaning of the word "test."

I do not speak from personal experience. I knew too well what was wrong with my face and hair even to face a jury of technicians. But I've watched them spend hours trying to make little Tillie Whatnot into a star.

Then, when they get a real one, the idea is to convince her that everything she has ever done to become great, means nothing. She has to show everyone, including the stage carpenter—and he wears a hammer in his belt all the time.

I don't say that they did all this to Alice, but I do think she was not happy when she first arrived. We met, or rather re-met, for (Please turn to page 82)



LOST

Bette Davis and Pat O'Brien in Warner Brothers' fast-moving mystery melodrama, "Bureau of Missing Persons." Glenda Farrell and Lewis Stone are also in the cast. The story, by a captain of the New York police, tells of the search for the thousands of persons who drop into oblivion each year.

TED COOK'S

MOVIE COOK-COOS

Sketched by the Author



We pick up statistics, place them in an old hat, and then, when we have nothing better to do, we read them out loud to the children.

ONE calm day seven months ago, before the winds of discord rippled the domestic serenity of the Fairbanks-Crawford alliance, young Doug was in a generous mood. He went in quest of a gorgeous gift for his wide-eyed, pensive Joan. The gift, he decided gaily, should be a piano. But not just a grand piano. It must be a very grand piano.

When the purring salesman had done with him, young Doug had agreed that the piano be a hand-carved Louis XIV case, elaborately inlaid with gold. Wood carvers in Germany would execute this rococo commission, as only German wood carvers can execute rococo commissions. They would lay the gold in the piano case—and all young Doug had to do was wait a few months for delivery, and then lay some gold in the palm of the piano salesman.

(At this point, the reader may put down the magazine and walk around the block, denoting a lapse of time.)

When the grander than grand piano arrived in Hollywood, Crawford and Fairbanks had parted, for better or for worse. The piano salesman feared the worst. It is not pleasant to contemplate the possibility of having a gold inlaid, hand-carved Louis XIV piano on your hands in these days when so many people feel that if there is one

thing they can get along without it is a gold inlaid, hand-carved Louis XIV piano from Germany. We repeat—from Germany.

Consider, now, young Fairbanks' deportment. Informed that his gift for Joan had arrived safely, and in all its splendor, did he wince or stutter? He did not! He smiled graciously, sighed a small sigh, and fumbled for a check book. As he wrote a check for payment in full, he instructed that the piano be delivered at once to his ex-wife. He would behave himself handsomely in adversity.

All of this is merely a hitherto unprinted prelude to a chance item that recently went through the grist of the chatter writers' mill. The item stated:

"Durenceau has been commissioned by Joan Crawford to paint a mural on her piano. The piano will be painted white, and decorated with Greek victors' wreaths."

IF Joan Crawford wants to try to transform a rococo piano into a Grecian antique, it's nobody's business but Bill Haines'. He is Hollywood's Rasputin in matters of interior decoration.

When Haines lifts an eyebrow in disapproval, pretty creatures swoon.

William, followed by little cavalcades of "Ah!" and "Oh!" ladies, swoops from shop to shop (beg pardon! we mean from shoppe to shoppe) beaming over this and sniffing at that.

Only a few months ago he had the ladies frantically trying to change from Andalusian to mid-Victorian. Now he has suddenly gone Grecian in an emphatic way. He creates chaste blue rooms with faultless murals executed by Andre Durenceau. Haines' own entrance hall is busy with Amazons and gazelles, horses and warriors. He ordered the satyrs that now play on Lilyan Tashman's white piano.

You won't believe it—but it is true: Lionel Barrymore had his piano painted to look like a park with Chinese ladies walking through it.

SOME one said that Haines "seeks to create the old Greek air in the modern home." A lot of Hollywood butlers strive for the same effect, judging from the faint aroma of garlic that seems to hover around them.

And before we forget it, let us point out that it might be very easy, right at present, for a gal to achieve Hollywood immortality by announcing that she
(Please turn to page 69)

Secrets of Hollywood's



Ken Murray and Sue Carol, who is estranged from Nick Stuart, are seen at the Coconut Grove, Los Angeles.

Photographs by Wide World



Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers, insist they're "just good pals."

Hoot Gibson, separated from Sally Eilers, and June Gale.

The sweet mystery of cracked wedding bells in the Land of Happy Endings

By HERB HOWE

WHY can't those Hollywood birds stay married?" growls the yoked yokel invidiously.

"Why should they?" taunts ye bachelor.

"Well, what's the point in getting married then?"

"Now you tell me."

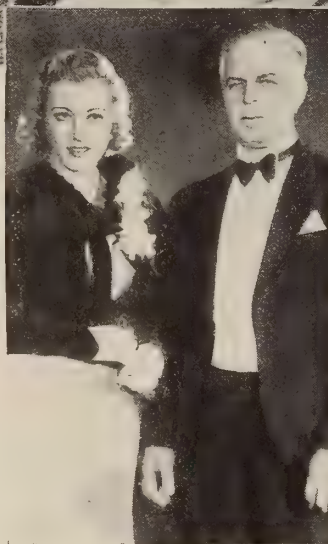
Of course if I were really truly loyal I'd go into the old song and dance about There Are Just as Many Happy Homes in Hollywood as . . . rat tat-a-tat-tat-tat. But having been raised amid charming transients of a divorce colony, I see no reason for alibis.

And now that the Royal Family of Pickfair is bowing to Reno, even as commoners, I think Hollywood should come out from behind the bushwa and change her song to There Are Just as Many Happy Divorces in Hollywood as. . . In Fact, More!

EVEN with the U. S. off the gold standard and the idyll of Pickfair bursting in air, I cling to the thought of that fine old philosopher, Marilyn Miller, "Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining." The ending of the Pickfair romance should bestow a benison in ending those stories about Happy Homes of Hollywood which so often exploded as you read.

Other bards have lyred the sweet secrets of these Happy Marriages; I aim to twang forth the mystery of the Happier Divorces.

THERE is wealth, of course. But Hollywood has no monopoly on that. In other communities there is a growing tendency for people to get divorces



when they can afford them.

There's romantic temptation. But society elsewhere is also stalked by "ole dabil" S.A.

The enemy of marriage in Hollywood is what they call Art. They are all wedded to it and hence are bigamists when taking vows with mortals. Career

is the Other Man—the Other Woman.

CONSTANCE BENNETT recently informed an interviewer that she takes her characters home with her. How embarrassing this must be for the Marquis you can imagine if you've followed the Marquise on the screen.

In "Rockabye," for instance, she hurled a pie at her beloved. This rowdyish gesture in the *maison* would be so out of keeping with the traditions of French aristocracy as to invoke a duel or divorce.

Thus far, the de la Falaises have been able to settle all disputes on the field of honor, but with the growing sentiment for world disarmament and the prowling eagerness of lawyers to rush in and part for fees, the sanctity of home duels is threatened.

MISS BENNETT is a frank and forthright person. Other players might hesitate to admit they are so absorbed in art—a sort of self-hypnosis—that they live their characters off screen.

To me it seems logical that a person should become somewhat the type he represents on screen, especially when the public expects it of him.

From a child, Miss Pickford has been the screen

HAPPY DIVORCES



Nick Stuart, estranged husband of Sue Carol, photographed with Bobbe Arnst, former wife of Johnny Weissmuller.

(Left) Lyle Talbot, screen star, and Lola Lane, divorced from Lew Ayres.



Estelle Taylor, divorced from Jack Dempsey, who has lately married again, dining with Roland Brown, director, at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel.

Charles Chaplin, divorced from Lita Grey Chaplin, with Paulette Goddard, to whom he is reported engaged or married.

Maurice Chevalier, recently divorced, and Jacqueline Francelle, brought from Paris to play in his latest picture, "The Way to Love."

exemplar of shining virtue, the *Lady Bountiful* and *Polyanna*, and off screen she has satisfied the popular idealization not only in personal conduct but in assuming all sorts of humane duties. How she ever found time for domestic affairs, I'd never know.

Doug certainly is the bounding, swashbuckling romantic and seeker of thrills that he represents on the screen. He once told me he wouldn't work if it were not for Mary. He likes to travel, bounding from continent to continent as on screen. But Mary is bored by travel.

"I'm a born veranda walker," he grinned. "I like to visit a resort, strut my stuff on the veranda, and when I've shown them all my wardrobe, move on to the next."

He was burlesquing his own exhibitionism.

Doug long ago exhausted the thrill of camera-acting. He yearned for a world stage. He would

have liked to have been an ambassador of good will, America's handshaker. He felt he had reached his limit so far as screen accomplishment was concerned. He wanted to go on from that to actual affairs.

I must say I sympathize with his ambition. I've often wondered why Miss Pickford did not proceed from her screen pinnacle which she achieved some years ago to work of wider significance. As a personality and character she had the prestige for promoting great benefits. Perhaps she is wise in recognizing her own limitations. Perhaps she is the one performer who is not deluded by her screen characters.

THE wreck of the Crawford-Fairbanks castle drew more world attention than any caused by the Long Beach earthquake.

No one can say that Joan and Doug did not try to endure each other's (Please turn to page 96)



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Elmer Frier

What-a-personality Dick Powell, sky-rocketed suddenly to Fame—and going higher. You'll like him better than ever in "Footlight Parade," with James Cagney, Ruby Keeler and Joan Blondell. Remember him with Ruby in "Forty-second Street" and "Gold Diggers of 1933"? What a grand film team they'd make!

TWO JACKS



Mrs. Wallace Ford, the author of this article, and Jack Oakie—photographed especially for The New Movie Magazine.

Whether court jester or royal confessor, Jack's my pal—

writes

MARTHA FORD

(Mrs. Wallace Ford)

THERE isn't only one Jack Oakie—he's a pair of Jacks.

The first is a funny one—a boy who'd break a leg for a laugh. The second is a *Melancholy Jacques* who could jerk tears from the eyes of the Great Stone Face over the futility of life.

And when the lassies fair, of our little hamlet, sally forth one by one on the husky Oakie arm, they know not whether the date is court-jester or royal confessor. But, whether comforter or clown, he's a sturdy *oakie* for almost any clinging vine.

I'm no clinger, but were I a single girl again and hadn't a pair of Wally Fords to keep up with, I can't imagine a more delectable companion. I always have adored practical jokers who could bring a tear to my eye when I've had my fill of laughter.

THE two Jacks will tell you solemnly that they are Oakies sprung from a long line of worthy little acorns—except, in those bygone days, the family name of Offield renders my pun just a bit rancid.

Nevertheless, he's a young man of brawn and worthy enterprise. He can hold his own in any battle. Says he, in the inimitable Oakie manner, "If I can't win with my right or my left, I butt 'em and they stay down for the count if they go down at all. I always believe in usin' my head."



Jack Oakie and his mother, Mrs. Offield, as gay as her son.

He thinks fast, too. Swears that if he can find anyone at a table in the Brown Derby who earns more money than he does, he likes to sit with him, because the waiter always automatically hands him the check. When this desirable transaction has been consummated, he enters it in his log-book and goes gaily forth to buy another sweat-shirt.

The sweat-shirts are a barometer of a lady's affection for him. He says: "If she doesn't give it that 'you-lousy-bum' look, I figure she cares, and I'm willin' to ask her out again. It's a swell system."

JACK'S a right bright young feller where the girls are concerned. He never commits himself unless he does it in a burlesque manner that leaves them still wondering. He says that he's had his bad, bleak moments when he's eaten his heart out over loves who've spurned him, but he squares his chin when the iron enters his soul, chokes back the tears and cries, "On to victory."

He's a bit of an egotist and egotists protect themselves beautifully against onslaughts of the Divine Passion. I'd like to see Jack fall in love; it would be interesting to view the consequent effect with a clinical eye. A good, strong dose of love would do (Please turn to page 77)

A famous film director, speaking out for the first time, explains for your benefit some of the—

Continuing the Startling Confessions of a Movie Magnate

(Editor's Note: For many years publishers tried to get the author of this series to write of his experiences during the two decades of movie industry. He is one of the most important executives in the motion picture industry. It was only when we promised him to publish his articles anonymously that he agreed to write them. Some of the statements in these articles are cruelly frank. Nevertheless, they are true.)

TELL him he's a ham actor.

"Write him a nasty letter. Tell him he is a camera-hog. Make him believe you are sick of seeing him on the screen.

"Tell him that whenever you see his name in front of a movie theater, you won't pay to go in."

Pat Powers, a moving-picture producer, gave instructions along this line to the clerks, bookkeepers, advertising men, salesmen and other employees of his company.

He was talking about Warren Kerrigan, who used to be one of the screen's great open-shirt, hair-on-the-chest heroes in the days gone by.

Why, you ask, should an employer want to have discouraging, insulting letters written to his great employe, his very best screen star?

Well, there's a good story behind it.

Powers and Kerrigan were both Irish. They were pretty good pals. Powers was putting up the money to make pictures, and Kerrigan was his ace star.

Those were the days when the great open spaces were both great and open.

Kerrigan was a matinee idol and an evening idol, too.

When you saw his name in the lobby of a theater you just naturally planked down your money and went in to see him.

Kerrigan was a handsome kid. Beautiful hair. A fine figure. Stunning eyes. And his shirt was always open. The women loved him. Hair on the chest always got them.

He was always going to the rescue of someone in distress.

Stories were written especially for him. Every story let him wear a shirt that was open at the throat, exposing the hair on the chest.

Powers and Kerrigan had a contract. Everybody was happy and satisfied. Money was being made. Powers felt that he was making more money than there was in all the world. Kerrigan felt the same way.

But you spoiled it all.

You or your daddy or your grandpap. Or your mother or your granny.

Don't let him go to work without seeing our posters.



You sent money for his photograph. You stuck it up on the mantelpiece and loved it.

You began to write fan letters to Kerrigan.

You idolized him. You sent money for his photograph. You stuck it up on the mantelpiece and loved it.

Mail after mail, your idolatrous letters poured in on Kerrigan.

Worse, he began to believe what you wrote!

He became "unhappy." I told you once before this is the most poisonous word in a movie studio, because it means the star is getting dissatisfied with his contract.

Kerrigan, however, was a good sort. He became "unhappy" over the same contract which had looked so big to him a short time before. Unconsciously he began to exhibit the actor's itch.

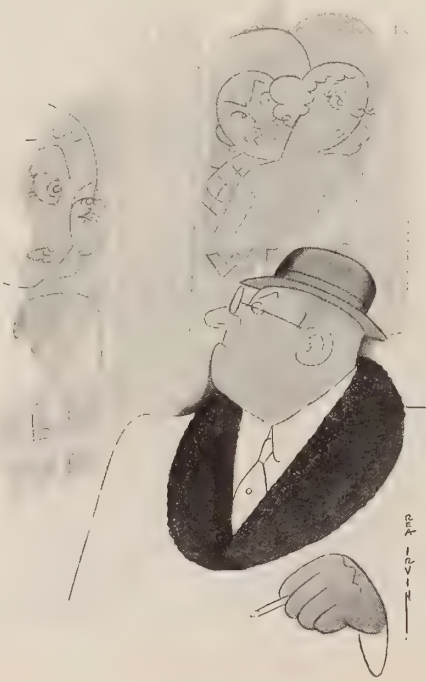
This became known to Powers.

SO Powers, who was as smart as they grow, decided to start a back-fire.

He told the other employees to write letters of discouragement to Kerrigan.

He wanted Kerrigan to receive as many letters roasting him as he received praising him.

"You won't last long as a screen idol," said one of the manufactured letters. "Pretty soon you will be in the discard and some younger man will take your place."



Trials of the Star-makers

The censors were moved, terribly moved.



Illustrated by
REA IRVIN

Letters like this poured in on Kerrigan. They were acid sour. They bit into Kerrigan's soul. They destroyed some of his confidence in himself. They more than offset the letters that you and your fathers and mothers had written in good faith.

It was a great trick because it worked. When the time came to renew Kerrigan's contract, Powers practically fixed the terms to suit himself.

ONCE we made a picture showing the evils of the drug trade—I mean crooked drugs, such as heroin, opium and cocaine.

It is easily the rottenest business in the world, this peddling of habit-forming drugs. But there was a good story in it, so we made it.

"You can't show that picture," cried a board of censors, "because it will teach people how to use narcotics, how to sniff cocaine, how to get it and how to use it. It will debase the morals of the youth of America. It is out!"

But they had the power to kill the picture and we were up against a tough snag.

What to do?

We had put quite a lot of money into the picture

and we couldn't afford to throw it away.

"Let's have Gabriel Jones make a speech to the censors and see if he can't sway them with his oratory," suggested one of the bright lads in the home office.

So we gathered the censors together for another showing of the narcotics picture.

Gabriel Jones, whose real name is nothing like that, was a tall, imposing sort of guy with wavy hair, high forehead, pallid complexion and all the arts of an actor.

He appeared before the censors and made the most brilliant speech I ever heard in my life.

He started by tearing narcotics sellers to pieces. He called them all the names he could think of. He said they should be sent to the guillotine, drawn and quartered, hamstrung and slightly boiled in oil.

He pictured their victims—the buyers and users of their illicit drugs.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he cried, "any one of you may have a son or a daughter who is to you the light of the earth. You idolize that boy, that girl. You would go to hell for him or for her. You have reared your children with all the tender care a father or a mother can bestow upon a beloved child. Yet, do you know, that unless they are warned against the dangers of the drug habit they may become this very day victims of the slimy, creepy, snaky, dirty, low-down vile creatures who are, as you sit here, selling narcotics to school children and teaching them how to use them."

The censors were moved, terribly moved. Gabriel Jones knew he was getting away with it. On he went:

"You have thoughtlessly refused a permit to this picture. You have heedlessly refused to protect your own children. This picture shows them the horrors of using narcotics. It depicts the degeneration of fine lads and lassies to bums and crooks and thieves. It gives a never-to-be-forgotten lesson on the evils of drug habits. Yet you in your own innocence have refused to let your very own children have this protective knowledge. I do not censure you. I sympathize with you.

"I realize your mistake, as you realize it. I ask you in the name of decency, in the name of protection for your children and millions of other children—I ask you in the name of God to permit this picture to be shown."

The board voted unanimously to grant a permit—but now comes the trick, the shock, the awfulness of it all.

When Gabriel Jones walked before the censors to make his speech, he unconsciously reached into his vest pocket with his thumb and forefinger, grasped a little white powder, placed (*Please turn to page 79*)



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Freulich

Love or laughter? Eternal triangles, gangsters, war—or wit? Says the Great God, Box Office, "Come on! Make it funny." And Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts always do. So, when you add them up, you find one of the greatest money-making combinations on the screen. You'll always pay to laugh.

FOTO FACE

A NEW AND
HOR'BLE
DISEASE !!!

Continuing the exploits of Togo, the Japanese school-boy, in Hollywood

By WALLACE IRWIN

To Editor New Movey Mag, who print so much about Love that he could go to Congress.

DEAREST SIR:

MISS CARAMEL SWEET, who been away in N. Y. last 2 months, giving her marriage to Hon. Geo F. Ogre a slight banking hollyday, arrive back Tusdy p. m. with her beauty all swole up around the face. Hon. Geo F. Ogre when he see her exclam as following:

"By goodness, what you been doing? Fighting King Kong in Medicine Square Garden, maybe?"

"Did not," she peev. "I got teethache, thanks so many."

"You see Dentist?" he require.

"I say not!" she dement. "Dentist would hurt me across my jaw."

"Where you expect him hurt you—across yr foot?" Hon. Ogre ask to know.

"Longside by you Hitler are a trained nurse," she weep wet. "Shux & applecores. You call yrself a genius. Yet when I come to you with a simpul teethache you cannot even cure it without pain."

"Ha ha! Lissen at me!" I develop from door where I stood there. "I know a Dr. what makes all diseases get cured, merely by talking to them."

"I believe it," glub Hon. Ogre. "Hollywood talk can kill folks, therefore it might cure also. Togo, go at oncely to Hon. Doc you say and fetch hither before Miss Caramel Sweet get well or something."

HOW nice I feel, Mr. Editor, like a Boy Scout doing dailey deeds! Down street I elope to nearby where I observe door-sign, "Dr. Wellington Wool, Ologist & Dermist—All My Cases Is Hopelus—Ring Bell."

Yes, sir, I ring bell nervely. Door pop, and there were he with plenty hair sourounding his collar & nothing on top-side of head axept his circular brain.

"O yr Majesty, please tell," I revamp. "I see by sign you are a Ologist. What sort of Ologist you are?"

"Neu-, Ge- & Astr-" he narrate for science.

"Also what sort of Dermist could you be?" I ask it.

"Epi— & Taxi—" he divulge. "& now, mere Japanese, with what disease do you approach up to me this a. m.?"

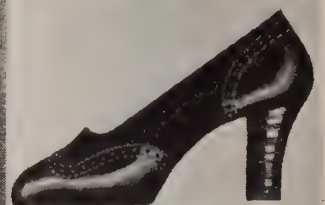
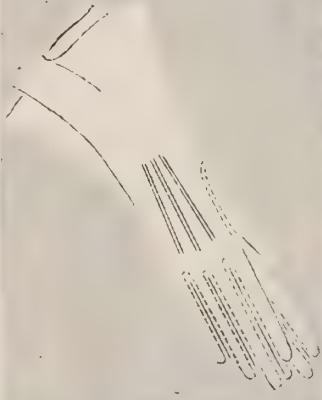
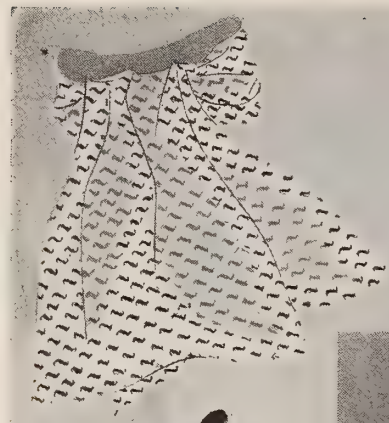
"The disease I fetch do not belong to me," I report. "Therefore I cannot give it to you, so sorry. But by Boss Lady contain a very (Please turn to page 87)

Illustration by HERB ROTH

"By goodness, what you been doing? Fighting King Kong in Medicine Square Garden, maybe?"



THE NEW MOVIE'S HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS



Dressing a la Katharine Hepburn is the latest diversion in town and on the campus. Yet Katharine herself claims utter indifference to matters of dress.

THE NEW MOVIE'S HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

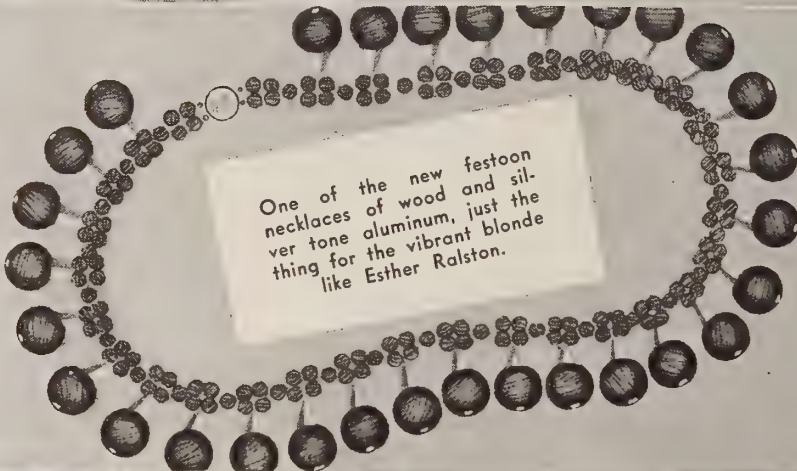
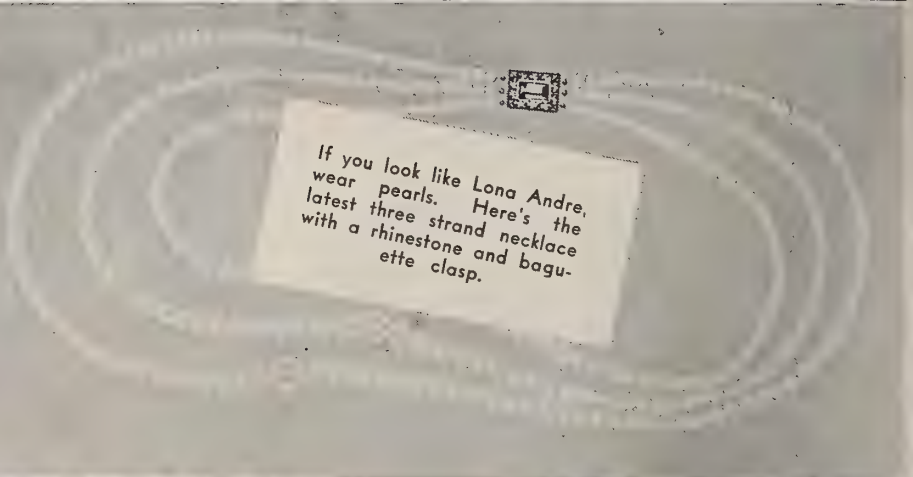


Judith Allen believes in sweaters for almost every occasion. Here is one of the latest high-neck models appropriate for sports, street or at home on a chilly morning.

THE NEW MOVIE'S HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS



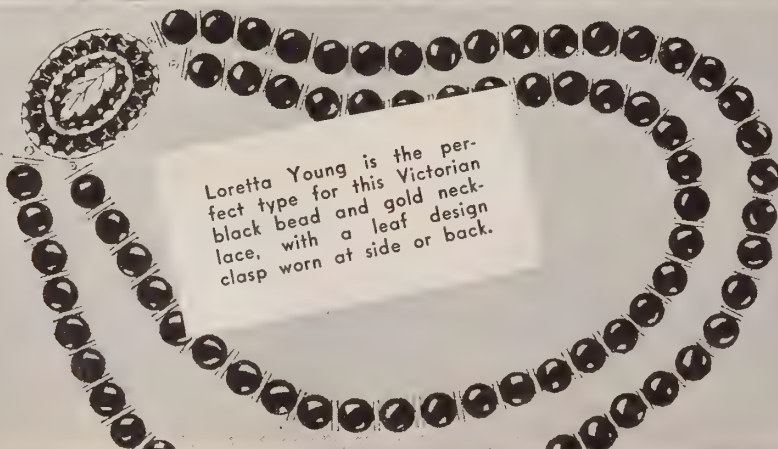
If you look like Lona Andre, wear pearls. Here's the latest three strand necklace with a rhinestone and baguette clasp.



One of the new festoon necklaces of wood and silver tone aluminum, just the thing for the vibrant blonde like Esther Ralston.



Mary Brian can wear this modernistic Patou coil chain with metal pendant in gold or silver. You can buy a reproduction at small expense.



Loretta Young is the perfect type for this Victorian black bead and gold necklace, with a leaf design clasp worn at side or back.





The new two-eyelet, brown kid-skin tie meets with Joan Blondell's approval.



Irene Dunne, below, chooses new three-buckle, brown kid shoes shown above.

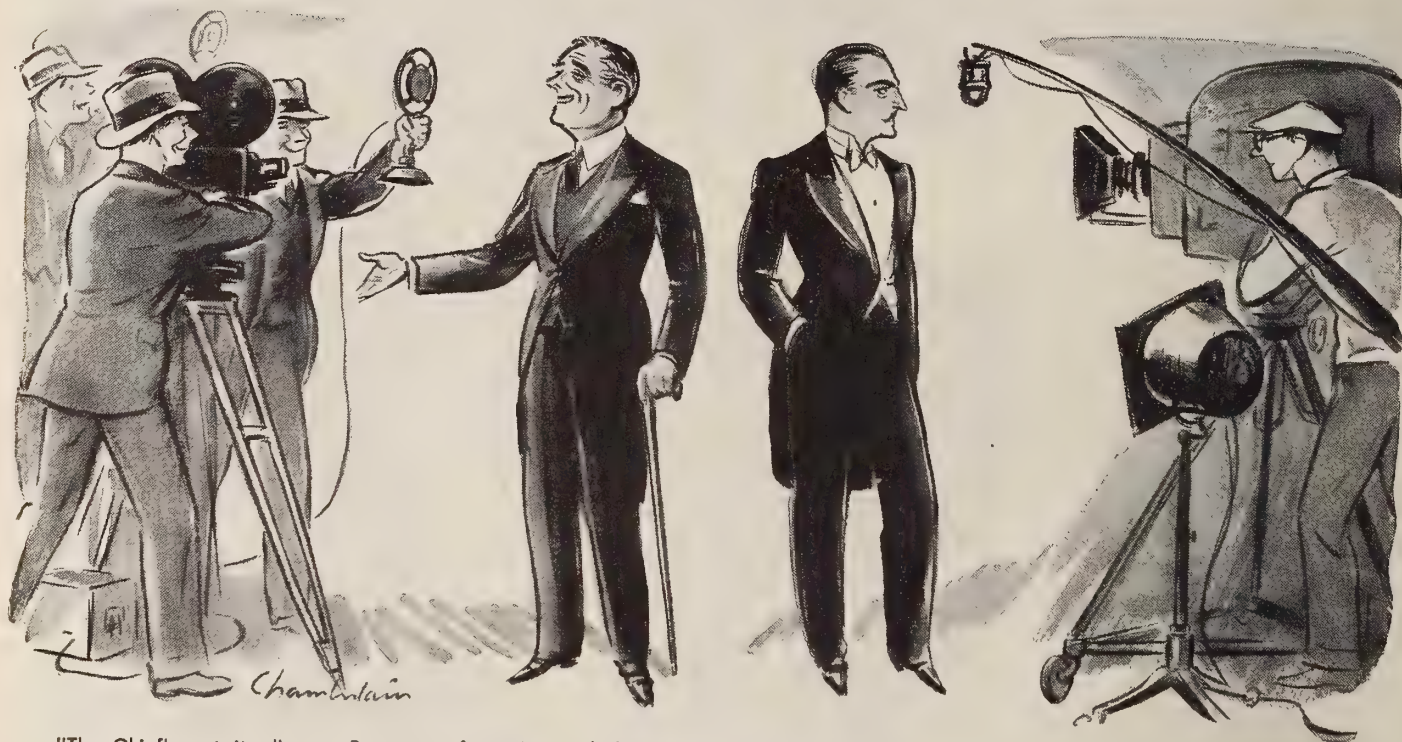


Claudette Colbert will wear pastel toned doeskin slippers for evening and black kid step-in pumps for street wear.



THE NEW MOVIE'S HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

The BOULEVARDIER REVIEWS



"The Chief's got it all over Barrymore for voice and diction," a sound man told me.

HERB HOWE bursts with information about "the John Barrymore of the White House"—the find of the hour

Washington, D. C.:

THE Barrymore of the White House is what newsreel boys are calling F. D. R. They say he's the first reel star—what's more real—we've had there.

Here are some more newsreel favorites:
Mussolini—The Beery of the Palazzo Venezia.

Prince of Wales—The Fredric March of St. James.
Prince Humberto—The Cary Grant of Palazzo Reale.

General Hugh Johnson—The Walter Huston of NRA.

Aimee Semple McPherson—The Mae West of Angelus Temple.

Al Smith—The Durante of the sidewalks of New York.

I RECENTLY checked the two newsreel theaters of New York for box-office attractions. Great Britain had the big star for years in Davey, Prince of Wales. Mussolini outstripped him and has been the record-breaker for some time.

Recently, Hitler has excited interest and gained applause despite the unpopularity of his policies.

But the big "find" of the hour is F. D. R. He's dragging them in all over the world, the newsreelers say, and I hear his fan mail is greater than Clara Bow's in her hay-heyday.

"JOHN BARRYMORE of the White House, baloney!" spat a sound man. "The Chief's got it all over Barrymore for voice and diction."

In Hollywood they say if a star has the cameramen and technicians on his side, the battle's won. If that's true, F. D. R. ought to top Valentino's record.

WORLD leaders today must face the film test. D. W. Griffith was fond of saying the camera got the soul of a man. That's why some of our Big Boys look so vacant in the line-up of the shadow box.

There must be not only a glimmer of character but a faculty for speech somewhat above that of a five-year-old. We're thumbing down the old politicians who recite copy-book speeches with the emotional rumble of switching freight cars.

The man of today has to bat out language like Tracy and Barrymore and Beery. Seeing Mussolini



Drawings by
Ken Chamberlain

The Prince of Wales—
the Fredric March of
St. James.

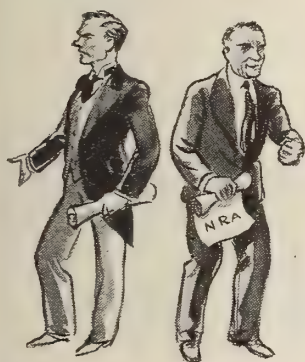
The NEWSREEL Stars

on the screen, you realize this appeal to the Italian people. He can boom like Beery and bump off words like Tracy. You're spellbound even though your Italian is limited to *viva* and *vino*.

SINCERITY and diction aren't enough; there must also be some screen technique. I've long been a fan for Fiorello La Guardia, New York's candidate for mayor, through observing his fighting tactics in Congress and the press. So I'm hoping he'll get up on his movie technique.

In the newsreels I was distracted by seeing too much of his tongue, which got me to worrying about his liver. And he has the elocutionary method of the Washington Monkey House. That's fine for comedy but there's a feeling that New York has had too many comedian mayors.

WORLD leaders are not confined to newsreels. There has been a biographical feature starring Roosevelt, and Mussolini has appeared in "Mussolini Speaks." Both were patchworks of newsreel clips and did not present the stars at their best.



General Hugh Johnson—the
Walter Huston of NRA.

The Prince of Wales, realizing perhaps that he's been slipping, is planning a come-back with a full-length biographical feature. If America wants to hold first place no time should be lost in moving the capitol to Hollywood. It's the only place to make pictures. Besides, F. D. R. out there could meet nobility and all the best people.

ALL men like newsreels. They never can sink to the low depths plumbed

by fiction affairs.

Recently, however, they have seemed to be taking it easy. The last program I saw was divided about half and half between religious celebrations in Germany, France, Spain, Japan, the U. S., and maneuvers of warships and bombing places designed by the same people for slaughtering their brethren. And we kick at propaganda in Russian films!

MY purpose in coming to Washington was to submit my code for shorter hours and more mazuma. NRA has taken care of the white-collar workers but has done nothing for the polo shirt and beret boys.

I'm told the Administration doesn't care what happens to movie salaries over five hundred a week. Harsh words! But I, for one, am willing to do my part and accept that minimum.

WHEN movie salaries are mentioned the reference is always taken to mean the fantastic sums paid stars. These are enough to incite riot, and there have been unpleasant demonstrations at premieres when the Marie Antoinettes, Pompadours and Louises paraded their gems, sables and silk hats.

Yet star salaries are pittance compared to the royal incomes of "producers" and "executives."



'Al Smith—the Durante of the Side-
walks of New York.

Irving Thalberg once declared to me that the industry suffered from too much money. Everyone received too much, he said. Irving himself was laboring under the handicap of nearly a million a year at the time.

Others, listed as "executives," grabbed off more and did less. The old theory that initiative would be cramped if there was any limit to salaries is disproved by Thalberg himself, who would work just as hard on a dole of five hundred a week as a million a year.

As for the artists—meaning, of course, the actors—the most popular star in Hollywood receives nothing at all. I refer, of course, to Mickey Mouse.

RAMON NOVARRO suggested a long time ago that robots be used instead of actors. "They'd save money," Ramon explained, "and a director could get just the effect he wanted by pulling wires." The argument against that is that robots have consistently failed as supervisors.

TO the credit of the motion picture industry it must be said its workers have shared more equitably in the profits than have the laborers in steel, coal, textiles and, in fact, all other industries.

But there is still too great a gap between the million-a-year executive and, let us say, the hundred-a-week press agent who spells out his pronouncements. It is also obvious that everyone would be better off getting less. Money would be saved on such necessities of today as bodyguards and kidnap insurance, to say nothing of ole devil income tax.

LIKE all of us, the picture folk yearn to get back to the simple life. Wally Beery—Lt. Commander Wallace Beery, sir!—flies his plane to June Lake in the high Sierras where he has a shack that is a shack. It perches uncertainly on an island that sags in the middle, probably under Wally's bed, so that when the lake rises the house rests on *two* islands, so small you see them only by hanging by your toes from a window and peering under the house. (Please turn to page 70)



Mussolini—the Beery of the Palazzo Venezia.



A Greater Show Season

ONE of the major companies made "A Greater Show Season" its slogan a month ago. Well, when President Roosevelt asked for his New Deal, he asked for something that the motion picture business has been giving for some time.

'Way back in David Wark Griffith's heyday such films as "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance" seemed little short of "stupendous." As a matter of fact, they *were* great, but the importance of any spectacle can be measured only by comparison with its contemporaries. In the days of "The Birth of a Nation" there wasn't enough money in the whole motion picture business to make more than two such pictures a year, so that even if one was twice as good as the other, they still looked so much better than the rest that they are still remembered.

Now think of the great shows you saw last year. Starting with "Grand Hotel," can you remember anything approaching it in "the good old days"?

Skeets Gallagher, Jack Oakie, Judith Allen, Bing Crosby and Harry Green in Paramount's "Too Much Harmony."

There was also "She Done Him Wrong," "A Bill of Divorcement" and "Topaze," with the same star "The Sign of the Cross," "Good-bye Again," "King Kong" and there were a dozen others that gave you real pleasure.

Perhaps I called them for you, perhaps I missed recommending some of them; but taking it by and large, there isn't a motion picture fan from Maine to California who didn't see at least twenty pictures that gave a swell evening's fun.

That's more than show business can show in any other line. It's better than Broadway did in its palmyest years. It's a real record when you figure that you go to the movies on an average of about once a week and that almost every other has been in the "special" class. Don't blame me, or your local theater, if you fell for

"double-features"—two pictures on the same bill—for the best shows aren't usually found on "bargain bills."

I'M afraid that I'm never going to get tired of talking about the new initiative in motion picture production. Columbia, one of the more recent companies to reach the rank of major producers, recently completed a film made from a story by Damon Runyon.

Mr. Runyon knows his Broadway as few will ever know it. "Lady for a Day" reaches heights and depths that only those born and bred on Broadway will ever completely understand, and into the bargain, it tells a graphic and lucid story that is sheer, unadulterated pleasure. May Robson, an old-timer who deserves the best wishes of every movie fan, scores a distinct success in a rather difficult role. But that isn't what makes the picture: it's the care-free, devil-may-care attitude that either the director or the author took in the first place—which is only another way of getting back to our own old story of just plain initiative.

THE NATIONAL DIGEST OF THE BEST TALKING PICTURES

ALL THE NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE FORTHCOMING FILMS



Helen Shipman, Marie Dressler, Lionel Barrymore and Beulah Bondi in M-G-M's newest epic, "The Late Christopher Bean."



Joel McCrea, Ginger Rogers and Marian Nixon in RKO's "A Chance at Heaven."



Ruth Chatterton and George Brent and Ferdinand Gottschalk in Warner Brothers' "Female."

HERE ARE THE ONES TO SEE THIS MONTH!

THE WAY TO LOVE

—because there are too few Chevalier pictures, anyway, and this is better than most.

THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN

—because Sidney Howard's dialogue sounds even better when Marie Dressler is speaking it. Lionel Barrymore isn't to be sneezed at at any time.

I'M NO ANGEL

—because you owe it to Mae West to see her second picture. Don't miss it.

WITHOUT GLORY

—because it gives you a chance to see Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland together.

FEMALE

—because Mr. and Mrs. George Brent (Ruth Chatterton) look swell in a strong story. You may like this the best of Ruth's last three films.

THE WORLD CHANGES

—because Paul Muni is one of our greatest living actors and has a fine story to work with.

A CHANCE AT HEAVEN

—because Joel McCrea and Ginger Rogers do well by a good story by Vina Delmar.

TOO MUCH HARMONY

—because it may remind you of "Close Harmony," another swell show. A breezy musical with some real brilliance behind it.

SON OF KONG

—because, though it may remind you of "King Kong," it's a much better idea and a better, though smaller, show.

TORCH SINGER

—because you will have another chance to see Claudette Colbert—and that should be enough for anyone. Baby Leroy returns to the screen.

THOSE of you who follow the different newspaper movie columns know that some rather startling material is due to come to the screen in the near future. When a picture company tackles "Ann Vickers," it's news. But when it tackles H. W. Hudson's "Green Mansions," then it becomes something more than news. It's daring initiative and I, for one, wish producers of this type all the luck in the world.

BEFORE getting into the month's labors I feel impelled to say a word or so about two films that have already been reviewed. Reviewing isn't the easiest game in the world. You try to remember, when you come out of a theater, just what happened and



ALL THE NEWS AND VIEWS OF FORTH-COMING PICTURES

Paul Muni and Mary Astor in a scene from "The World Changes."

Constance Bennett, taking the part of a Russian spy operating behind the Austrian lines, in her new picture, "Without Glory."



who did it. There are times when I know that I've guessed wrong. There are more times when I have guessed right. Taking it all in a great big lump, it isn't the easiest thing in the world to say whether you'll like a show or not. On "Moonlight and Pretzels" your reviewer thought that it wasn't as good as some other musicals have been. Yet crowds in New York and a lot of other places are getting a big kick out of proving me wrong. Still, there are two shows that I did like and I told you so, and, after more or less mature reflection, I want to add a few more words.

There is only one Katharine Hepburn. In the worst weather that visited New York in many a year, "Morning Glory" set a new attendance record at the Music Hall. Hepburn has something more than ability. She has artistry of the kind that made the immortals, even the Duses and the Bernhardtts. And, for this reason, you should see "Morning Glory."

"The Power and the Glory" is the other one. I hate to use the word "wistful," for it seems hardly strong enough to carry the message I would give you. Yet there is a wistful, tender charm in "The Power and the Glory" that will do things to you.

See these two. If they've played your city, hunt up a theater where they're still to play. And while you're doing it, put "She Done Him Wrong" and "Lady for a Day" on the same list.

THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN—(M-G-M)—Sidney Howard's translation or adaptation of the French

play, "Prenez Garde a la Peinture," presented in New York under the title, "The Late Christopher Bean," forms a worth-while vehicle for the talents of two of the screen's greatest. Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore have the leading roles and do rather remarkable work. Remarkable in that Marie Dressler does an excellent characterization that is far away from the "Mins" and the "Tugboat Annies," yet, withal, one that is really effective.

Mr. Barrymore, in your reviewer's opinion, has one fault—if a Barrymore can be said to have such a thing—a fault that on the stage would probably never be noticed. But there seems to be a certain sameness about each of Lionel Barrymore's roles that robs them of some of their effectiveness. Possibly it is merely a matter of make-up, possibly those inimitable little twists of the head that we have all become familiar with. Anyhow, it seems to me that there is a distinct similarity between the screen *Kringelein* and *Rasputin*, whereas there is no resemblance in the actual characters. Be that as it may, Mr. Barrymore's performances are a little beyond criticism, and this most recent one is a wider and more understandable one than most of his latest have been.

Jean Hersholt, Helen Mack, Helen Shipman and Russell Hardie head the supporting cast. "The Late Christopher Bean" is fare for the whole family—as any Dressler picture inevitably is. It is a novel little story centered around the life of an obscure painter who doesn't amount to anything until it is too late for him to

enjoy it in this best of all worlds.

I'M NO ANGEL—(Paramount)—William LeBaron and Wesley Ruggles, the combination that produced "Cimarron" for RKO, were entrusted with the fabricating of Paramount's latest Mae West starrer. LeBaron, who knows his musical comedy stage better than most of the Hollywood producers, is probably responsible for the fact that "I'm No Angel" is a brisker and more complete show than Mae West's first one. All that is unimportant alongside the fact that, beyond any shadow of doubt, Mae West is in the movies to stay.

Even back in the days when Mae was playing in "Sex" and teaching the boys something about curves that Cleopatra didn't know, it should have been obvious that Mae was going to be a smash success in pictures. Or anything else, for that matter. Miss West is more than a "sex-seller". She is as finished an actress as any that the stage can boast about. Her lines are well rounded and delivered better than most of the greatest are in the habit of delivering theirs.

Mae wrote the story herself and no one knows better than Miss West just how to do it. It is pretty similar to her first one, but it doesn't matter. It's Mae you're going to see and it's Mae that you'll come away talking about.

Cary Grant is in support again.

WITHOUT GLORY—(Radio)—Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland, about whom we were hearing rumors

THE NATIONAL DIGEST OF THE BEST TALKING PICTURES



Claudette Colbert in a scene from Paramount's "Torch Singer."

not so long ago, are together in another Radio picture (their first one together was "Our Betters").

"Without Glory" is the story of a Russian spy working behind the Austrian lines. Connie is the spy and Mr. Roland the Austrian officer whose duty it is to put an end to her activities. From there on you can guess what happens.

Connie looks slinky as the dickens in a couple of cabaret scenes and does well with a tuneful little number called "Buy a Kiss." Probably you've heard it on the air waves.

While "Without Glory" does not move your reviewer much in any given direction, it is a wonderfully better job than "The Woman Commands," another spy picture from the same studio. That one almost killed what chances Pola Negri had of a talkie career. This one is just another Bennett of a little better calibre than her last three.

George Archainbaud has almost every foreign actor and actress in Hollywood working in the cast. The sets are excellent and there is some scenery that doesn't look like the synthetic kind. It's an all-around story that everyone should like—and there's no particular reason why the children shouldn't be allowed to see it.

FEMALE—(Warners)—From the rock-bound coast of Maine to the usually sunny shores of California, fans have been tumbling over themselves to show their preference for Ruth Chatterton in the "Frisco Jenny" type of show. "Lily Turner" went "Frisco Jenny" one better and now the Warners seem to achieve the im-

possible by topping "Lily Turner."

"Female" is just what the title suggests. In the hands of anyone but Ruth Chatterton it would be mawkish, rather too sexy stuff—but the lady who made "Madame X" is a fine enough actress to garnish any role with enough of her own personality to make it livable. In general theme "Female" is not so far away from "Baby Face," though a better story. And it has a better role for George Brent, who heads the supporting cast.

Laura Hope Crews, Ferdinand Gottschalk and Gavin Gordon complete the leading names, and William Dieterle's direction is smooth and satisfactory. Those of you who care for this type of picture, a frank melodrama, should see "Female," for there is no other luminary of the silver screen who can play a shady lady and make her lovable and understandable in the way that Ruth Chatterton can.

THE WORLD CHANGES—(Warners)—Paul Muni once appeared at the John Golden theater in New York in a play called "Four Walls." I think it was produced by Sam Harris. Anyway, George Abbott had something to do with it. It wasn't much of a story, yet it was a good play for the simple reason that Muni put something into it that couldn't escape notice. Since then he has become world-famous and no success in the whole history of the screen is better deserved.

"The World Changes" is an ideal vehicle for Muni. It calls for the possession of enough sympathy to make an involved character understandable to us onlookers. Supported by a super-

(Continued on page 107)



Maureen O'Sullivan and Franchot Tone in M-G-M's "Stage Mother." The title is subject to change.



CLAIRE TREVOR, from the New York stage, young, blonde, appealing, graduates from "westerns" with George O'Brien, to the leading role in "The Mad Game," Spencer Tracy's starring feature. Box-office reports gave her the break. Now, the public has a chance to elevate her to stardom.

A star who complains...

"We ACTORS are OVERPAID!"

IF I didn't know Spencer Tracy so well, I'd probably rise up and tell the world he'd gone crazy—plus. F'rinstance: "Movie actors are a shamefully *overpaid* lot!"

Imagine that, coming, as it did, from one who only a few days before had been presented with a new contract elevating him to full stardom at an enormous increase in salary!

And, be that not sufficient evidence on which to consign him to the psychopathic ward, permit me to add that he uttered the words well within the hearing range of Winnie Sheehan, chief of the Fox studios and party of the first part to the document!

But it so happens that I made Tracy's acquaintance some eighteen years ago, when he was a fourteen-year-old Milwaukee high school student, palling around with a youngster named Pat O'Brien, and both of them nurturing footlight ambitions. Even then his dark hair topped a brilliant, yet level, brain.

WILL ROGERS will tell you that Spencer Tracy is the "swellest fellow in all Hollywood." George M. Cohan refers to him as "a guy after my own heart." I once heard Clark Gable say he'd "go to hell for 'Spence.'" And as for myself, I've long since indexed him as the most unusual—and intriguing—male I've ever met!

He's a psychologist, a philosopher and a humanitarian rolled into one. His is a keen, quick-witted analysis of human reactions. There is food for serious thought in his every wise-crack. The milk of kindness surges through his soul.

Aside from providing for the

By E. R. MOAK

comfort and security of his family, he isn't deeply interested in the material things. He's fond of good horseflesh and comfortable clothes.

I've seen him seated on a rail fence with Will Rogers, whittling and chinning, when they might easily have been mistaken for a pair of \$30-a-month farm-hands. I've listened in while he and George M. Cohan, tuxedo-clad, debated the future of the legitimate theater. I've watched him whitewash Clark Gable at polo.

I WAS city editor of the old Milwaukee *Free Press* when Spencer flared across my horizon. He came in to enlist the paper's support for an amateur dramatic enterprise that he and Pat were promoting. His second visit was for the purpose of thanking me, and those that followed were merely friendly calls, for he never forgets a favor.

He used to unfold to me his dreams for a Broadway career, despite his wealthy father's insistence that he take up engineering. His dad was head of an important steel concern and an auto truck manufacturing company.

There was a lapse of about four years, and then I read about Spencer's sacrifice for a friend. He had thrown aside the captaincy of the Ripon College debating team on the eve of the national finals in New York, to rush back to Wisconsin to nurse his coach who had suddenly lost his voice as a result of a war-sustained affliction.

When I next ran into him he
(Please turn to page 78)

"Players do their best when they're hungry," says Spencer.



"Hollywood has been over-eating ever since its inception."

When Janet refused the leading part in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Marian stepped into it and was generously acclaimed by public and critics alike.



FOUR

WHITNEY WILLIAMS reveals strange parallels in the lives of Janet Gaynor and Marian Nixon

JANET GAYNOR and Marian Nixon—parallels.

Their thoughts, their feelings, their personalities, their experiences . . . all correspond so closely on more than twenty-five counts that, with half an eye, you may well believe that the Fates, in playful mood, took a personal hand in fashioning these two lives together.

Born under the same star, and then entering pictures in precisely the same type of films, through the years their separate biographies, with but few exceptions in incident, could be placed side by side. And then, within forty-three days of each other, they announced their intention to divorce their respective husbands, whom they married in the same year.

Amazing, you say? Just wait until all of the numerous similarities have been pointed out. Then, you can hey-nonny-nonny to the tune of a gasp.

THEIR introduction to professional life has rarely, if ever, been revealed in print. It has been a deep, dark secret, and no doubt I shall be drawn and quartered with neat dispatch the next time I encounter the girls . . . in a nice way, of course. Art, however, must be served . . .

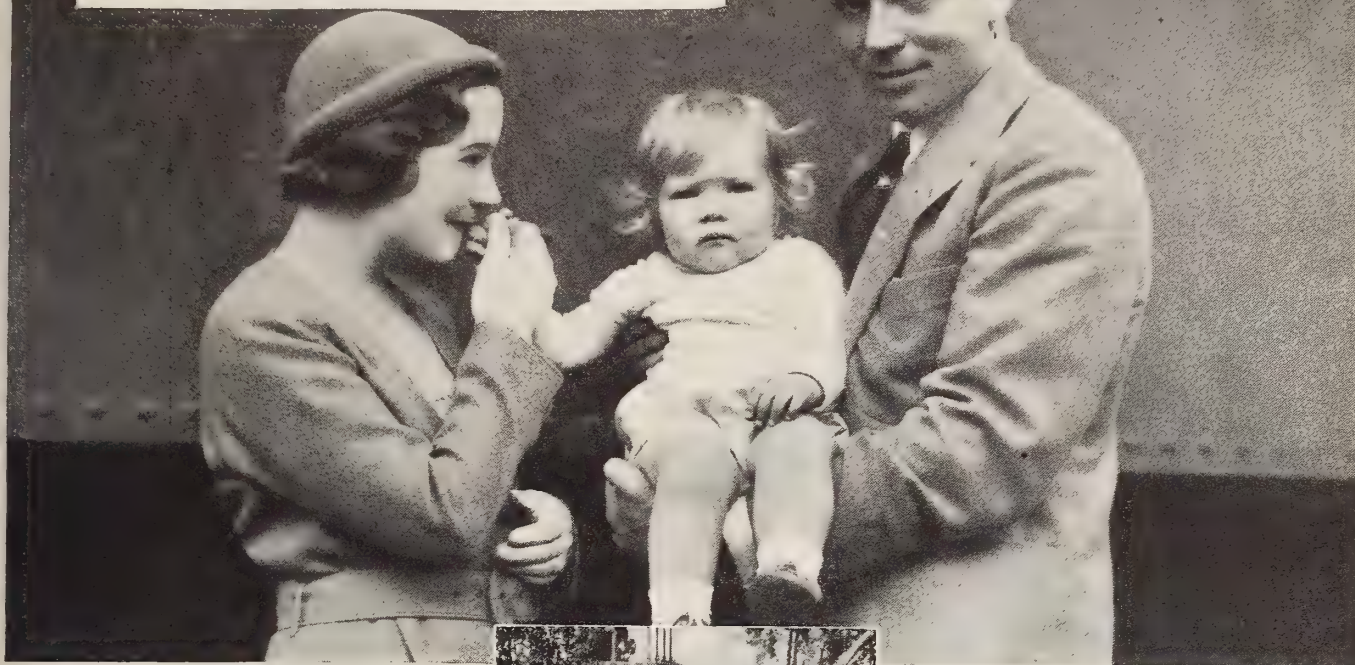
The Pantages vaudeville stage provided their first professional experience. Marian in 1921, Janet in 1924. The program included the name of neither; they were merely little chorus girls, with nothing to do but prance lightly and decoratively across the stage.

Janet, though, had the honor to be led, dressed as a slave girl, back and forth before the footlights by a beefy, leather-lunged tenor, one hand holding the huge rope attached to the beautiful little unknown's waist, the other wildly gesturing the song. (Please turn to page 84)



Janet's first big chance came when a comedy director singled her out of a group of extras, to cuff a "masher" with her pocketbook. Now she's one of the greatest drawing-cards in the films.

Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur, her playwright husband, and their daughter, Mary Elizabeth. . . . "Tonight," reads one passage in Una's diary, "Helen came rushing in and threw herself into my arms, crying, 'I'm married! I'm married!'"



GIRLS

HELEN HAYES and Una Merkel have the most beautiful and understanding friendship in all Hollywood.

It was cemented during the two years they played together in the stage production, "Coquette," in New York and on tour, and it has continued ever since without a break. Even in Hollywood—Hollywood, where nothing stays *put*, nothing remains the same, where fame, love, friendship and marriages are in a continual whirl of change.

Of course, knowing them, one isn't so surprised. They're girls who still retain the so-called old-fashioned ideals—you know, like loyalty, faith, generosity, unselfishness. And they are both so free from pettiness of every kind.

IT was the day before Helen's scheduled return from her brief vacation in Paris. And Una was all excited.

Una is so pretty. Her eyes are the deepest blue, her hair naturally blond and she has the most fascinating southern accent. She may portray wise-cracking girls on the screen but she is about as sophisticated and hard-boiled as a bit of her native Kentucky honeysuckle. She's *sweet*—and very girlish.

"Tell me about your friendship with Helen," I asked her.

Una's gay laugh drew all eyes to our table in the studio commissary as she answered: "Why, I get really maudlin when I talk about Helen. We've giv-



A snapshot, made by Una Merkel's mother, of Una, Helen Hayes and Mary Elizabeth, whom you will remember as the famous "act of God" baby.

MAUD CHEATHAM takes notes from Una Merkel's diary—mostly about Una's adored friend, Helen Hayes

gled together, played together, shared lonely and happy hours—and I think she's the grandest actress and the finest girl in all the world.

"I saw Helen the first time when Mother and I went to the Gaiety Theater to a matinee when she was playing 'Golden Days.' I'll never forget a detail of that play and what Helen wore and how she acted; it was as if a new world had opened up for me. I saw her again in 'What Every Woman Knows,' and that left me in a daze. I began dreaming of some day playing with her. I was willing to carry a torch or even sweep the stage floor just to see her act. So you can imagine my joy when I was cast in her new play, 'Coquette.' It seemed too good to be true."

Well, after luncheon, Una and I drove to her pretty home, high up in the Outpost Hills in Hollywood, where she lives with her jolly parents and her very attractive young husband, Ronald Burla, an aeronautical engineer—a happy, congenial family. There, curled up on the big davenport in the sunny library, we looked over her precious diaries in which she keeps a record of her eventful years.

In the closely-written pages of these little red-bound books was the story of Helen's and Una's friendship, built up through many intimate experiences. This friendship, like their personal (*Please turn to page 85*)

Mickey Mouse's



By **MICKEY MOUSE**

As told to Hal Horne

OUT in Los Angeles they've quit saying motion pictures are in their infancy. Now it's "infancy is in motion pictures." Reason? Baby Le Roy! Paramount is going to star him in a new story by Rupert Hughes called "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen."

Will Le Roy deliver? Hughes said it! You won't find that kid napping!

DID you read where Fox burned up \$38,000,000 worth of bonds?

Now that was a bond-fire.

AND, of course, you heard that John Farrow is preparing his own treatment of "How to Treat a Lady."

I'll give you an idea, John. Just pay the check, that's all!

I SEE where puppet-makers all over the country are requesting Mae West's permission to reproduce her—they love her so! Puppet love, I calls it!



"My impressions of Connie Bennett."

Imagine anybody having strings on Mae!

NOW for some news! Boris Karloff has been placed in RKO's "Patrol." Hope he gets a nice seat. Incidentally, did you know that Boris doesn't wear any cuffs?

No, sir! There's not a cuff in a Karloff!

RKO is taking "A Chance at Heaven."

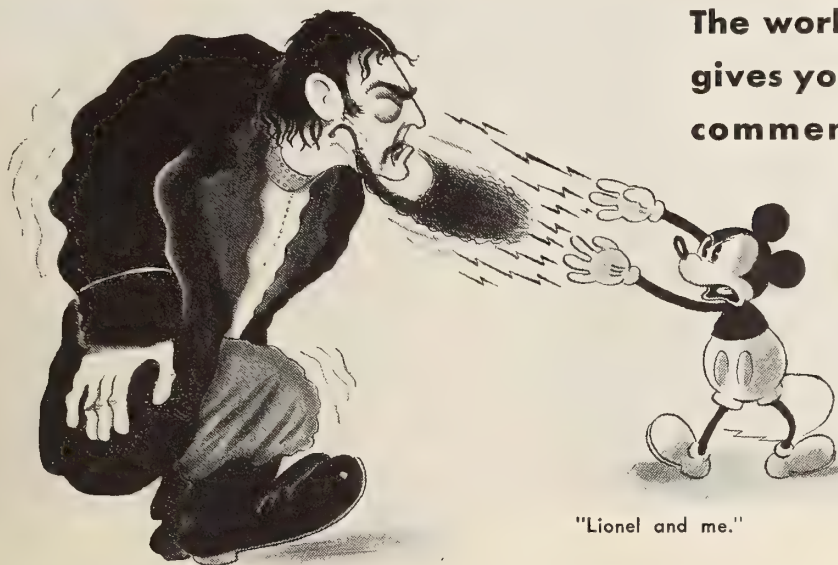
Good? You've got to be good to make it. And the same company is producing "The Balloon Buster." Now there's something to blow about. Which reminds me: Paramount is starring George Raft in a new one called "The Trumpet Blows"! A hit? You're darn tootin'!

Imagine that on the same bill with "The Great Mouthpiece"!

We understand Katharine Hepburn will do "Without Sin."

Everybody agrees to that.

Movie-Go-Round



The world's most popular actor
gives you the latest news—and
comment—from Hollywood
Boulevard

Drawings by Joe Grant

"Lionel and me."

MARQUIS HENRI DE LA FALAISE, Connie Bennett's husband, is being congratulated on the picture he just made in Bali. The name of it is "Legong"!

So get ready! When "Legong" strikes, it will be time to go on to the next paragraph.

PARAMOUNT has purchased the screen rights to "If a Man Bites a Dog." That's news! Also a sign that the man is hungry. Incidentally, the story's by Tiffany Thayer, who wrote "Thirteen Women."

Wonder if any of them answered!

Fox announces "The World Moves On," but they don't say on what!

"I Won a Medal." No, I'm not bragging! That's the name of Richard Dix's new film.

I never won anything. No medal can touch me.

Janet Gaynor signs a new contract with Fox. Swell! Fox is really the Gaynor!

PRIMO CARNERA will appear with Max Baer in "The Prizefighter and the Lady." Primo promises to handle his role with gloves, but it looks like Max will fight with Baer fists. Striking fellows!

They should hit—in pictures.

RKO is shooting "Wild Birds," and Fox is shooting "The Mad Game."

You'd be mad yourself if you were shot at!

Jean Hersholt uses very little make-up in his character roles. All he does is comb his hair differently for each part. Hair parts? I'll say it does!

FOX plans to deliver "Charlie Chan's Greatest Case."

Boy! Just in time for repeal!

I READ that C. Henry Gordon, M-G-M's famous screen "menace," relaxes by playing a violin! But does that relax the other players?



"The Little Seizer."

My error, Mr. Gordon! Just fiddling around for information, that's all!

HERBERT MARSHALL will have the chief male role in "Solitaire Man."

This should click!.. It's in the cards.

METRO announces "We're in the Dough," with Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. Should be a riot. The comedians are just stuck on their roles. And do watch out for the same company's production, "The Stamboul Quest."

It's laid in Turkey—out where the quest begins!

Morgan will be seen in "Walls of Gold"—Ralph, not J. Pierpont.

NOW that we've had "The Affairs of Voltaire," they're talking about "The Affairs of Napoleon," with Eddie Robinson, playing Napoleon, Kay Francis, Barbara Stanwyck and some others.

Little Caesar gets promoted to little Bonaparte.

PARIS fashioners whisper to me that the Mae West influence is dominant in all of the new styles, pads and all the rest of the things.

Mae's got the bulge on the other stars.

JACK PEARL will co-star with Jimmy Durante in "Meet the Baron." Jack's getting plenty for this. No wonder they call him "The Pearl of Great Price." But don't think Jimmy is any also-Durante when it comes to money. They say his salary is almost as big as his schnozzle, and that's something to blow about.

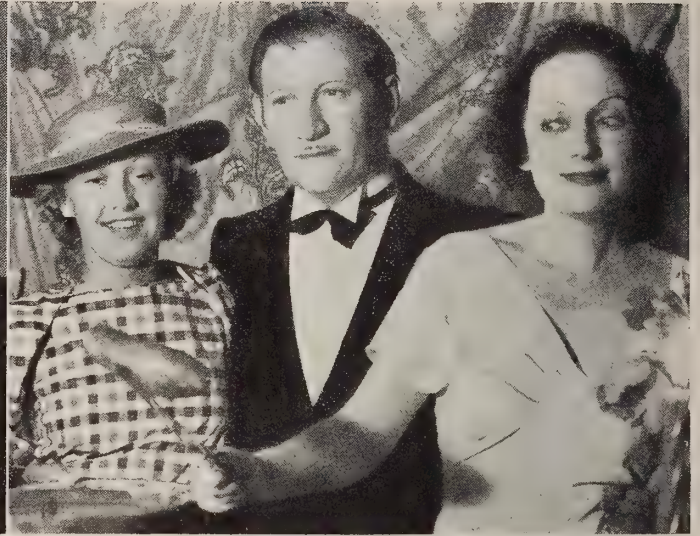
There's the boy they should have hired to star in "The Trumpet Blows."

WHICH reminds me—that I'll blow, too! Walt wants me on the set. And while he draws my picture, I'll just draw my own conclusions—till next month.

TONIGHT'S the NIGHT!



Herbert Mundin puts on a maid's cap and serves Heather Angel at Minna Gombell's party.



Evalyn Knapp, Gregory Ratoff and Carmel Myers at the party given after the opening of Carmel's stage play.

THEY bring something back with them from Europe besides clothes. Besides, Sally Eilers got all her clothes in New York. But Sally brought that something back with her, too. An air, a subtle something—call it poise, if you like. Sally was such a kid when she went away. Now she's grown up.

And how pretty she looked at the party Minna Gombell and her husband, Joe Sefton, were giving that afternoon! Just too smart for words! She wore a soft black silk gown, tailored neatly, and fitting close, with pleats on skirt and yoke, a belt and a quilted white silk tie, flaring, crossed and fastened with a little stick pin. And a tiny black hat and little edge veil.

Sally has been so busy these months since she came back that she hasn't been circulating much. She seemed subdued until I started talking with her. Then she bubbled, just as yore. She said she met Prince George, of England, and that she made an awful *faux pas*. This is the way she explained it:

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

"I met him, and just said, 'How are you?' He grinned sociably, and said, 'Fine, thank you!' And then I found out I was supposed to call him 'Your Highness', and make some sort of a little curtsy!"

Our hostess, Minna, looked beautiful in a white lace gown, tight-fitting, with a flame-colored sash. We found her husband, Mr. Sefton, the banker, a radiant sort of person, entirely devoted to his beautiful wife and her guests. Hollywood loves him already.

Maurice Chevalier came along, handsome as ever, and a little shy, as always. He and Sally chatted a little about Europe. Mr. and Mrs. John Boles were among the guests, and over in a corner were Bryan Foy and his wife. We were chatting with Mrs. Foy, when she, catching sight of John, (they live next door to each other at Malibu), told us gaily how her Japanese maid declares that Bryan is handsomer than John!

Sally joined us then, and she told us how, when she heard that Hoot Gibson had fallen while flying,



Marian Nixon, Minna Gombell, Thelma Todd and Anna Q. Nilsson at the swanky party that Minna and her banker husband gave.

Let GRACE KINGLSEY, The New Movie Magazine's society reporter, introduce you to the Hollywood elite



Phillips Holmes, Kay Hammond, Edward Everett Horton and Philip Merivale at the party that Mr. and Mrs. Mel Brown gave to introduce Mr. Merivale to Hollywood.

she had wanted to take a plane right to Hollywood from New York. Then, learning he wasn't much hurt, she decided to remain where she was. But when she came back they went together to see the news-reel pictures snapped when he fell. She said it must have given Hoot a thrill to see the excitement with which she looked at the films.

Heather Angel arrived, looking lovely and Maud-Mullerish-raking-the-hay in a flowered chiffon gown with a lot of ruffles and a wide leghorn hat. She has a truly angelic face, and everybody who knows her seems to adore her. . . . Herbert Mundin put on a maid's cap and helped serve, living up to his reputation of being a funny man. Except when he talked of his wife, who is in New York on business; and then he was the picture of woe. He said he telephoned her every day, although they had nothing really important to say to each other!

Bryant Washburn and his wife were among the guests. Mrs. Bryant told us they are living at the beach; that she comes to town a lot, but that Bryant is a regular "warrior's husband," staying at home

and taking care of the children. He is still quite the handsomest man in pictures, even if his oldest son, seventeen, is working in the movies, too. . . . Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason told us about son Russell's learning to fly. Mrs. Gleason is quite calm about it. It is papa James who is really the worrier of the family.

Mae Marsh told us that her little boy, Bobby, had not fairly recovered from the measles when he managed to break his arm, playing Indian. So she has had her hands full.

Others who came were Mr. and Mrs. Chester Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Breese and Marian Nixon. Marian was looking perfectly lovely in bright blue slacks and Eton jacket, with little Eton tie and cap. I really think she is the only girl in the world who should wear trousers! . . . Then there were Doris Kenyon, lovely as porcelain, Lois Wilson, Willie Pogany, the artist, Elissa Landi (who was so surrounded by males we didn't get a word with her), Una O'Connor, Anna Q. Nilsson and others.

You should have been (*Please turn to page 103*)

Photographs made especially for The New Movie Magazine by Wide World



George Jessel, John Charles Thomas, the singer, Adele Rowland, the stage actress, Norma Talmadge and Conway Tearle partying a la buffet.

C HARLES RUGGLES



Mr. Charles Ruggles once dined on chop-suey and blueberry pie in Walla Walla, Washington, with the loveliest girl in the world, but she moved to Butte, Montana.

This year Uncle Charlie will spend Thanksgiving day in Hollywood . . . with Mr. Wesley Ruggles, Mrs. Wesley Ruggles (Arline Judge) and the incomparable Ruggles baby



Now we are telling him what he is going

to have to eat for dinner this year

Considers a Thanksgiving Dinner

Raw Onions
Chop-Suey Boiled Rice
Weak Tea Rice Cakes
Blueberry Pie

BUT that, Mr. Ruggles, isn't a menu for a Thanksgiving dinner. It isn't even a good Chinese dinner——"

"It wasn't a good Chinese dinner," Mr. Ruggles agreed. "It was a very poor Chinese dinner served in the dingiest, shabbiest Chinese restaurant in Walla Walla, Washington——"

Mr. Ruggles was very patient when we reminded him again this was to be a Thanksgiving story and that people simply don't eat chop-suey on Thanksgiving. "You asked me for the menu of the Thanksgiving dinner that I most enjoyed," he said, "and I never did enjoy a dinner more than that because I was having it with the only girl I ever loved at the time. It was quite a while ago and as we sat there I gazed raptly into the girl's eyes and she gazed almost as raptly into mine and it was all really very beautiful——"

"And the girl?"

"A very, very charming girl, but she was a minister's daughter and moved to Butte, Montana, a week or so later. Probably I never saw her again. I can't remember her name, but it was all very lovely, and because it was Thanksgiving day we asked for pie. The only kind the Chinaman had was blueberry——juicy blueberry pie, the kind that trickles down your chin. But actually Thanksgiving dinner never meant a great deal in my young life in the old days of the legitimate stage.

But now it's different. Screen actors have a better chance to enjoy their holidays and to go back home to celebrate Thanksgiving Day as it ought to be celebrated.

Mr. Ruggles then told us he had planned to spend the day with his brother, Mr. Wesley Ruggles, the director. There's a new baby in the director's family, and the household is presided over by the former Arline Judge, who finds time to have a director for a husband, a baby, and a career all at the same time.

And, now, Mr. Ruggles, we're telling you. While you're not supposed to have the faintest idea about what you are going to have for dinner, we've done a little back-door sleuthing at your brother's house in Hollywood. Here is the menu:

Assorted Canapes
Consomme Julienne Crisp crackers
Celery Assorted Stuffed Olives
Creamed crab flakes in fontage cups
Roast turkey with chestnut stuffing
Candied sweet potatoes Green peas
Orange salad a la Arline Judge
Pumpkin pie
Coffee
Salted nuts Bonbons



Mr. Ruggles is mighty serious about the tiny atom who claims him as uncle.

CREAMED CRAB FLAKES IN FONTAGE CUPS

Fontage cups are made of delicious light pastry, fried in deep fat on special irons. The creamed crab flakes may be served in light patty shells or in ramekins or small individual baking dishes. They may be delicately browned in the oven if the dishes are used. This is the recipe for the creamed crab flakes:

2 cups flaked crab meat, canned or fresh cooked
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon grated onion
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chicken stock or milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream 1 egg yolk
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Salt and cayenne pepper

Melt butter in a small skillet, add onion, cook until yellow, then add flour, stir in carefully, add stock and lemon juice and cook 5 minutes until smooth and thick. Beat the egg yolk into the cream and add to the crab meat, salt and cayenne pepper to the hot mixture. Heat carefully and put into the cups or dishes.

CANDIED SWEETS

Boil even-sized sweet potatoes until tender. Peel and cut in lengthwise slices, arrange a layer in the bottom of a buttered baking dish, sprinkle with brown sugar and bits of butter and a little salt and pepper. Fill the dish with layers of sweet potato and seasoning, add one cup of boiling water and bake in a hot oven. Watch carefully and add more water if necessary. The potatoes should absorb practically all the moisture but should bake long enough to be rich and syrupy.

ORANGE SALAD A LA ARLINE JUDGE

On each salad plate arrange a small bed of crisp watercress. Cut carefully peeled oranges in thin slices and cover with French dressing, to which a few grains of mustard has been added. Let stand in the refrigerator for an hour. Then place three or four slices on the watercress. Pour over a teaspoon of French dressing and sprinkle with chopped mint.

RUGGLES CANAPES

These canapes are made from white and wholewheat bread, sliced thin and cut in small fancy shapes with cooky or canape cutters. They are then fried in deep fat. They are quickly spread with the following mixtures and served hot:

Anchovy paste mixed with salt, and a dash of cayenne pepper and a few drops of lemon juice.

Caviar paste sprinkled with a few drops of lemon juice, plenty of paprika and a little finely chopped green pepper.

Equal quantities of chopped nuts and olives moistened with enough mayonnaise to spread.

For information about our Thanksgiving recipe circulars, please turn to page 106

The PEOPLE'S

MR. PRODUCER, PLEASE READ THESE

Be Careful, Wally: Wallace Beery—truly a great man of magnetic personality, whose gift of rare genius enables him to acquit himself most nobly by his portrayal of a whimsical goof who seems to wonder what it's all about. Viva, Wally! Here's wishing you greater success. Your trip to the North and knock-out pictures that will enable you to get that plane which you think has more speed. But be careful, because where will we find another Wally who will move us mortals from laughter to wiping away tears, unashamed? —Mary Adams, care of State Theater, (cashier), Muskegon, Mich.

A Mickey Fan: I have seen few movies, but recently I was so fortunate as to see eight shows consecutively. (I had only seen four talkies up to that time.) Out of that jumble of beautiful, sad, indecent and educational scenes along with the humorous ones, I remember most often those original and actually entertaining scenes from the Mickey Mouse comedies. I would that Mickey were my next-door neighbor and that he and Minnie were married so she and I could gossip over the backfence about Mickey's untold wealth of friends and fame which spreads like wildfire. . . . And I would feel honored to serve cheese tid-bits to a lot of tiny mice who were just the images of their illustrious father and their dainty mother. . . . Of course, that's all "too good to be true"; so if you will just give us more pictures of them I'll be satisfied. They are "honest-to-goodness" cheer-up friends. If you can make tired bill-payers, nerve-taut poli-

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1933 in the films.

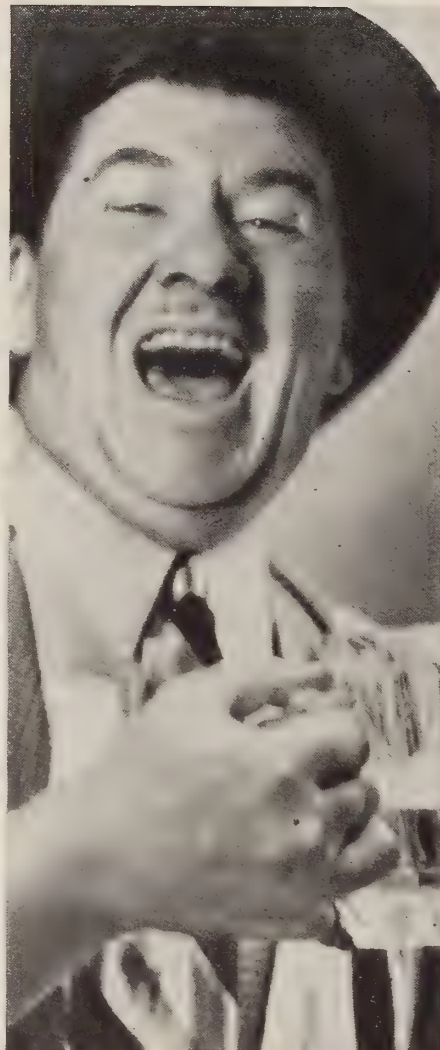
Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards.

These letters may be addressed to either The People's Academy or to the Dollar-Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You are the judge and the jury. Write us what you think.

The medals will be given for the following:

- 1—Best all-around feature picture
- 2—Best performance (actress)
- 3—Best performance (actor)
- 4—Best musical picture
- 5—Best human interest picture
- 6—Best mystery picture
- 7—Best romance
- 8—Best comedy
- 9—Best short reel picture
- 10—Best news reel picture
- 11—Best direction
- 12—Best story



"What's happened to George Bancroft? He is one of my favorites, but I never see him any more." . . . You'll see him soon in 20th Century's "Blood Money," with Judith Anderson, from the New York stage.



"Now where are the doubting Thomases who said Katharine Hepburn was only a flash in the pan? Did you see her in 'Morning Glory'? If that girl hasn't got what it takes to make a star, I'll marry Bull Montana."

ticians, gleeful boys and girls laugh along with mothers who are hungry for a bit of nonsense—you're a man, my

son, and welcome to the world and all that's in it. . . . But, Mickey, all I've got to give you is my heart. . . . Please give us a Mickey Mouse comedy with a football game.—Gertrude Presley, Liberty, Ind.

Fan-Letter Favorites of the Month: (Made up from reports from readers of The New Movie Magazine)

Greta Garbo	Jean Harlow
Franchot Tone	Dick Powell
Janet Gaynor	Lee Tracy
Ruby Keeler	Buddy Rogers
Clark Gable	Fredric March
Joan Crawford	Bing Crosby

Favorite Pictures of the Fans:

42nd Street
Gold Diggers of 1933
College Humor
Today We Live
The Sign of the Cross

Hints:

Less Sex . . . More musicals . . . More romance and action . . . Teams suggested: Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford.

Her Star List: This is the time of year when everybody is making a list of the ten best, being, as the occasion demands, the ten best pictures, stars, directors, plays, etc. Looking into the future I wish to list my choice of the ten best possibilities among the newer motion picture players. Here they are:

Katharine Hepburn
Constance Cummings
Diane Sinclair
Aline MacMahon
Alexander Kirkland
Dick Powell
William Gargan
Tom Brown
Paul Muni

Each one of them has something new to offer. The Hepburn because she is startling, different. Cummings because she brings a burning desire to succeed, and no one ever fails who so earnestly desires. Sinclair because she is slumberously, breath-takenly beautiful. MacMahon—ah-h—what an actress!

Among the men: Kirkland, because he has a devil-may-take-it air, about him. Powell, because the screen needs his infectious grin and charming, crooning voice. Gargan, because he can make his smallest gesture tell the story. Brown, because he exalts youth, clean-bodied, clean-minded. Muni, because he can play anything from a baby in a perambulator to *King Lear*, and make you forget that it is Muni acting. —Alma Portegal, 326 West 47th St., New York City.

We're Blushing: "Well, I am surprised at the most up-to-date magazine of the screen making such an unforgivable error. Printing an article on the stars of 1933 and the future stars of 1934 and neglecting entirely the grandest discovery of last year, or any other year—past or future.

Who? Why who else but Lee Tracy, the best actor since Lionel Barrymore.

Academy



"Give me Kay Francis every time. She's a great actress, wears wonderful clothes—and she's a real lady."

You had better snap out of it and give Tracy the break he deserves because by the end of 1934 he'll be on top of the world, where he belongs. So you might as well get in on the ground floor, and *boost* him now.

Just one of his legion of fans.—Sheila Dean, 42 So. 11th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

P. S. And how about Warner's new discovery, Dick Powell. Give him a break too—he's *good*!

Hopes Marie Doesn't Retire: What is this rumor that's going around? Some say it's more than a rumor, it's true. Marie Dressler is going to retire? Unless Marie changes her mind, this is going to be a pretty sad world. The movie-going public has learned to love Marie, because of her natural acting, just like your next door neighbor. If you saw her in "Emma" you will know what I mean. Here is an actress who struggled and well deserves the medal which she won for the best performance last year. Why must she quit us after everyone has learned to love her? Of course, I realize her health is first but, Marie, here's a toast to your health, may life be everlastingly long, and here's more power to you so that you may come back to those who love and appreciate you.—Mrs. H. Kon, 1829 67th Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Comic Strip Fan: Remember the old comic strips in the newspapers which were brought to the screen? Some I recall were "Winnie Winkle," "Ella Cinders," and "Little Orphan Annie." Please, Mr. Movie Directors, bring all these old comic strips back again. Make Colleen Moore (in her grand return) "Ella Cinders" and Wynne Gibson as "Winnie Winkle."—John V. Arata, 707 N. Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Break for Dick: Why in the name of good shows don't they give Richard Arlen a break? To me he's 100% per-

fect. He has the looks, build and a pleasant voice. He also is natural in any role. Paramount must surely be cuckoo to let him slide. There are plenty of others who feel the same way I do about him.

But, anyway, no matter what happens to him, he'll always be *my* favorite.—Miss V. V. Ferguson, 2353 Clifton Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Re-creating Roles: When an actor creates a role, why can't he retain the part in other pictures embodying the same character. We see William Powell as *Philo Vance*. Later we see Basil Rathbone in the same role. It really spoils the picture for me to see another actor re-create a role that has been created by another star. This has happened in the characters of Sherlock Holmes, Dr. Fu Manchu and many others. Can't something be done about this?—Kay Ericson, 26A Adams Street, Medford, Mass.



"I consider Conrad Nagel one of the finest actors on the screen. My only wish is that we would see him more often. Is it true that he won't sign a contract with any company, except for one picture at a time?"

Two Girls and Spencer: We have been faithful readers of NEW MOVIE for a



"I think Sari Maritza is the most beautiful thing I ever looked at. She's a work of art. But I wish she'd let down and be a little more human. You think of her as a rare piece of chinaware."

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Make them short and snappy—and tell why you do not like someone or something. Address your communications to The People's Academy, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

year and a half and consider it the best movie magazine published. Spencer Tracy is our favorite actor and each month we are in hopes NEW MOVIE will have an article about him.—Arm and Kay Scanlon, 1040 N. Mansfield Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Fascinating: Who is the most fascinating man on the screen? Has looks, wears his clothes well and knows his acting? Cary Grant! Long live the king.

I love the movies; visit the theaters often. I know my actors and actresses. Cary Grant has won my heart as king of the movies. I have seen him in every picture he played in. He was superb in "Madame Butterfly."—Miss Helen Rubenstein, 1577 Watson Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

Come on, Lew: Lew Ayres' thrilling personality and superb acting reveals a loyal and most beautiful character. And, oh! his fascinating smile does funny things to my heart! I firmly believe his glamorous personality will lift him to the topmost point and bring him unexpected fame. I fervently hope he doesn't disappoint me.—Miss Mary Carr, R. F. D. No. 1, Lockwood, Ohio.

Ruth in Serials: I have been wondering just how much longer we will have to wait for a Ruth Roland serial. We have had all sorts of other pictures and the public, I am sure, would appreciate one of Ruth's Thrilling Serials. Ruth Roland has a larger following than ever before as we had the opportunity of seeing her personally at the theaters in the different cities and we all fell in love with her and will be anxiously awaiting for the good news that she is busy making a serial.—Miss Marion Mulcahy, 4859 N. Rockwell St., Chicago. (Please turn to page 110)

FASHIONS

DIRECT FROM THE STARS

Here is a new sort of fashion service for the New Movie Magazine reader

MORE and more Hollywood stars are leading the fashion in dress, beauty, interior decorating and entertaining. No women in the world are better able to assume this leadership. They possess the originality and fearlessness to launch new and different styles—to wear fashions today that other women will be wearing tomorrow or six months from now. They have the good taste and artistic discrimination to choose styles that are worth while from those that are insignificant. And they have the money necessary to blaze new trails.

The NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE brings to you news of Hollywood fashions from month to month. Now, to make this service personally helpful to the individual reader, we are starting this new reader-to-star letter box, so that you may obtain just the information and suggestions you want from the star whose personality and taste are most like yours.

You have perhaps often thought or been told that you resemble such and such a movie star. Make the most of this resemblance by studying this particular star very closely. Or, if you have always wished you looked like your favorite movie actress you might even be able to fulfill this desire. Select an actress you think is closest to your own type, one of the same build, the same coloring and the same personality. Follow her lead in selecting your clothes and you will know that you will always be well and appropriately dressed.



To help readers of the New Movie Magazine choose their autumn wardrobes Mary Lane has obtained autumn color schemes shown in the new wardrobes of four different actresses of different types. This has been arranged in a circular which will tell you the smart colors and color schemes for street, sports, formal evening and informal evening wear. If you would like a copy of this circular please send your request to Mary Lane, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Send your fashion questions to Mary Lane, care of the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Answers to some of the most interesting letters will be published in a coming issue of this magazine, so please let Mary Lane know if you prefer not to have your letter published. All letters should be accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes.

Dear Mary Lane -

Kay Francis has always been my favorite I admire her acting enormously and besides I resemble her, more than any other actress, in coloring and general appearance. Will you let me know what Miss Francis considers the smartest sort of street costume for the coming Autumn with suggestions for color and style of accessories to go with it?

Yours truly,
Margaret Campbell

Dear Miss Campbell:

Simple, conservative styles are always favored by Miss Francis for street wear. She has chosen a top-coat suit of cork-brown tweed, with hip-length jacket, straight slender skirt and full-length coat with generous beaver collar. With this she will wear one of the new berets in brown ribbed duvetyn, pull-on doeskin gloves, simple brown leather pumps and honey-brown stockings.

Another smart new color scheme that Miss Francis has chosen for street wear this season is mole-gray combined with chartreuse or almond green.

Cordially yours,

Mary Lane

By
JOHN
EDGAR
WEIR

MUSIC IN THE MOVIES

Seven of Hollywood's most beautiful girls, as they appear in Lillian Harvey's new musical picture, "My Weakness," produced for Fox by "Buddy" De Sylva, master of musical comedy and writer of innumerable song hits.



MUSIC everywhere! Rarely a picture without, at least, its score—and most of them with song numbers.

"The Cat and the Fiddle" is in the making, with Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro. "The Merry Widow" and "The Prisoner of Zenda" are in preparation. Universal has been promising "Blossom Time."

"Bitter Sweet" is a recent release. "Footlight Parade" has been a box-office hit. . . . Everybody's doin' it now.

Off-the-screen melodies, captured on the records, have come in, too, for greater popularity. Let's take a look at some.

ONCE again we find Ray Noble and his orchestra heading the list for the month. I know that when you hear this record you'll agree with me. "Three Wishes" is the title, and it's from the picture, "The Good Companions." Noble's records are always good, and this one seems to be just a little bit better than usual. This is played in a fairly slow tempo, and besides being agreeable to listen to, it is also excellent for dancing. I'm sure you'll like the vocal work, too.

The other side is also by Ray Noble, and is taken from the same film. "Let Me Give My Happiness to You" is the title of this one. I think that you will find it just as enjoyable as the other side. Here's hoping that we hear a lot more from Ray Noble and his orchestra. (This is Victor record No. 2437-B.)

"SHADOWS ON THE SWANEE" is the name of the next one. This time it's a vocal record. Ethel Waters, the star of New York's Cotton Club is our artist, and if you've ever heard Ethel sing, I know that you won't want to miss this one. This is real torch singing, what I mean! "Don't Blame Me" is the tune on the other side, also by Miss Waters. All I can say of this is that it goes to make two good numbers on one record. (This is Brunswick record No. 6617.)

BIGGEST HITS OF THE MONTH

"Three Wishes"—fox trot—played by Ray Noble and his orchestra. (Victor)

"Shadows on the Swanee," vocal—sung by Ethel Waters. (Brunswick)

"Ah, But Is It Love," fox trot—played by Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. (Victor)

"Charlie's Home," fox trot—played by Bert Lown and his orchestra. (Blue Bird)

PAUL WHITEMAN, the King of Jazz, seems to be next in line. This time we hear Maestro Whiteman playing a tune from the picture, "Moonlight and Pretzels." "Ah, But Is It Love?" is the title, a slow dreamy tune. Paul has it all dressed up in a tricky arrangement, and I think it will go over. Jack Fulton (Please turn to page 71)

HANDS

IN HOLLYWOOD

SHORT nails appear longer if bright polish is carried over on to the white part. Wide nails appear narrower if a little space is left free of polish on each side of the nail.

Polish protects the nails from stain and nicks or cracks.

For an interesting effect carry the polish down over the tips of the nails.

These are Hollywood's latest style notes on nails. For Hollywood knows that one hand is as good as another in a long shot. It's the close-ups that count. Every little detail shows on a short shot of the movie heroine gazing at her brand new engagement ring. Was it her soft smooth hands, beautifully cared for and manicured that put the ring there?

We wouldn't say for certain—and yet there are hands that just aren't engagement-ring conscious. They look as if they wouldn't know what to do with one.

It doesn't matter what type of hands you have. All they need is the right sort of care to put them in the beautiful class. Perhaps you have hands like Joan Crawford's—interesting hands with long slender fingers that make you think of danger ahead. If you do, you'll use an original cut such as Joan uses with a squared off tip. Bright polishes, particularly the orange red ones, will suit you best for most occasions.



Janet Gaynor has small, delicate hands. She cuts them conservatively and generally uses rose-color polish.



Dorothy Jordan's hands are slender and sensitive—the artistic type. She uses an oval or slightly pointed cut.

They must always be soft and lovely whether they are built on broad lines or slim, long lines or short

By ANN BOYD



Wide hands with narrow fingers, like those of Dolores Del Rio, are temperamental hands. Dolores usually wears bright polish.

Or maybe you have little hands like Janet Gaynor's, delicate, gentle, ingratiating. You'll use a conservative cut and wear rose polish most of the time.

If your hands are small but wide, though the fingers are slender, you have hands like Dolores Del Rio—strong hands, but artistic, too, and perhaps a bit temperamental. You'll use all the bright polishes and cut the nails to suit your particular fancy at the moment.

Leila Hyams has hands of medium size with short fingernails, hands that show strength and ability and good judgment. For this type it is often best to carry the polish down onto the nail edges, leaving them a bit longer than the average.

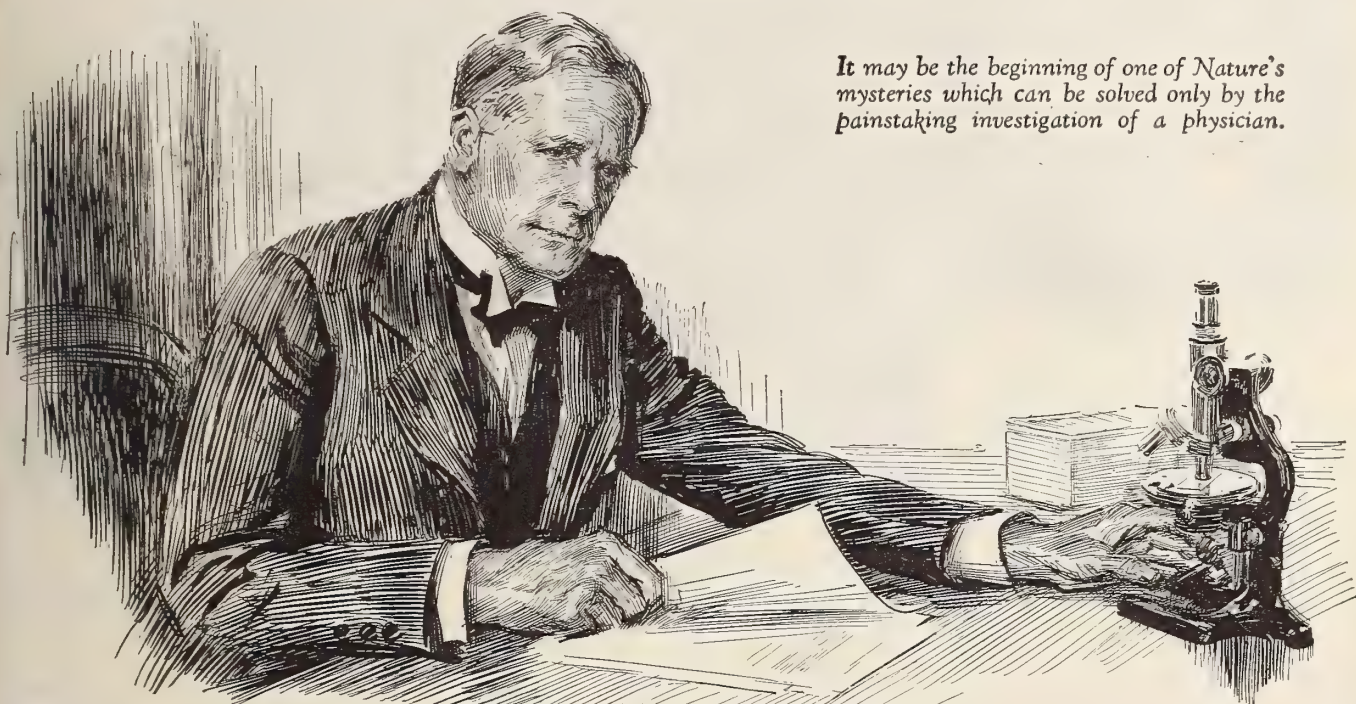
The slender sensitive hands of Dorothy Jordan show a rather retiring disposition. An oval cut is best and any color polish.

(Please turn to page 73)



Leila Hyams has hands of medium size with short fingernails. For this type, bright polish should be carried over the white part of the nail.

The Anemia Mystery



It may be the beginning of one of Nature's mysteries which can be solved only by the painstaking investigation of a physician.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLACK

WHEN, without apparent reason, someone you care for—young or old—complains of feeling tired or exhausted and begins to lose color, becoming paler and weaker as the days go by, you may have good cause to suspect some form of anemia.

The anemic person lacks good red blood.

Sometimes anemia is a symptom of a condition which is unknown or neglected by the sufferer and which may be either slight or serious. A frequent, though small, loss of blood, a wasting disease, or infections in the body may produce anemia. If, however, the cause is diligently searched for—and can be removed or corrected—the anemia will usually disappear under proper treatment.

Anemia may also be caused by a lack in the diet of certain food elements necessary for normal blood formation—especially when there are associated functional defects (often symptomless) of the stomach and intestines. A correct diet alone sometimes conquers such anemia. But proper treatment with an appropriate quantity and quality of iron is often of fundamental

importance in producing a sufficient amount of blood coloring matter.

People may also become anemic because they are unable to utilize from an adequate diet the food material necessary to make red corpuscles. This may be dependent upon a deficiency in the function of the digestive organs. The most common type of such anemia is called by doctors Pernicious Anemia. Until recently it was always fatal. In 1926, however, an incredibly simple remedy was found—liver.

Pernicious Anemia can now be kept under control by the regular use of liver or an effective substitute PROVIDED A PROPER AMOUNT IS PRESCRIBED FROM TIME TO TIME FOR EACH INDIVIDUAL CASE. But—liver or potent substitutes are not a panacea for all forms of anemia. Although they save lives in cases of pernicious and allied anemia, they are frequently ineffective in treating the ordinary forms of the condition.

If there is an anemia mystery in your family, don't guess about it. Ask your doctor to find the solution.

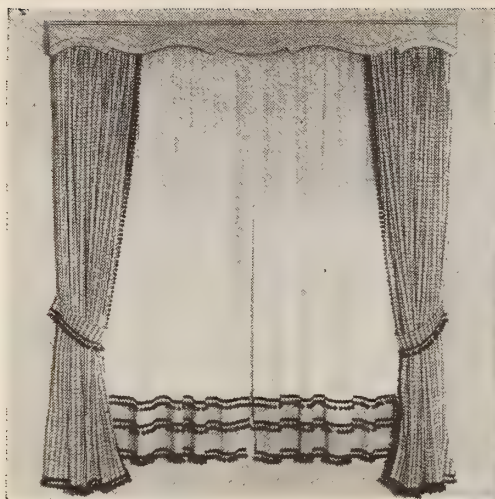


METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1933 M. L. I. CO.



They are thoroughly practical, but highly ornamental—these checked curtains with wood ball fringe trimming from the perfectly equipped kitchen in Lilian Harvey's bungalow in Movietone City.

By FRANCES COWLES



HOLLYWOOD WINDOWS

ULTRA modern curtains for the ultra modern home—quaint old-fashioned curtains for the Colonial type of room, chintz curtains, velvet curtains, silk curtains, cotton curtains, to give new life and charm to your home for the coming season. Let's first go to Hollywood for inspiration.

The gleaming white, ruffle trimmed, dotted swiss curtains you will find in Richard Arlen's thoroughly livable Colonial living room. Figured glazed chintz, also ruffle trimmed, is used for the side drapes, and the window-seat cushion below them is covered with plain dark glazed chintz.

You couldn't find a better example of the severely simple draw curtains than in Sally Eilers' dining room and if you're looking for the latest thing in kitchen curtains go to Lilian Harvey's bungalow in Movietone City. They are made of yellow and white checked gingham and trimmed with red wood ball fringe. Experts made these curtains from designs of distinguished interior decorators. They have that professional style and finish that were once the despair of the woman who wanted to make her own curtains at home. But now, thanks to greatly improved and reasonably priced curtain fixtures, window drapery of this sort can be made by any woman who knows how to use a needle and thread.

Every season there are new styles in curtains. Even when they are frankly quaint and old-fashioned they have an up-to-date, fresh look about them. And while most of us have to get along with the same furniture and floor covering for a number of years, fabrics and fixtures are so reasonably priced nowadays that we can afford to have new curtains every year. There is no simpler way of keeping your rooms looking fresh and up-to-date.

The materials needed are available at reasonable prices in dry goods and department stores, and you can obtain diagram patterns and working directions from Our New Method Circulars, especially prepared for readers of Tower Magazines.

Please turn to page 94 for information about this month's circulars.

You can reproduce them for your own home with the aid of our New Method Circulars



Tie-back drapes of glazed chintz and dotted swiss window curtains from Richard Arlen's living room.



Draw curtains of heavy material from Sally Eilers' dining room in Beverly Hills, California.



You'll just
have time to make
some of these lovely
gifts... *then Christmas*
will be here!

New diagram patterns suggest
gifts you can sew . . . and now's
the time to start

You know how welcome hand-made gifts always are . . .
gifts that show real thought.

There are all sorts of lovely things which you can sew if
you choose from the wide selection of diagram patterns
offered by Tower Magazines. This new diagram method
gives you six or more different diagram patterns in each
15-cent circular . . . and makes sewing so easy. There is,
for instance, an adorable patchwork quilt . . . charming
foreign linen . . . things for children . . . lingerie . . .
and what woman ever had enough pot holders and tea
towels!

WHICH ONES DO YOU WANT?

Frances Cowles, Tower Magazines, Inc.,
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me the sewing circulars I have checked above. I am enclosing 15 cents for each one I want.

Name.....

Address..... City.....

Patchwork Up to Date

Poke bonnet quilt . . . star and
circle quilt . . . Tree of Life quilt
. . . Star Pattern quilt . . . designs
for cushion covers . . . three fa-
mous old applique designs . . .
directions for padding, lining and
quilting old fashion quilts. (Au
set.)

Things You Can Make for Babies

Robe . . . coat and hat set . . .
dainty bassinet . . . window drap-
eries and crib hangings . . . rag
doll and cloth dog. (Fe set)

Christmas Gifts

Book cover . . . tobacco pouch . . .
pajama bag . . . silk shorts . . .
gingham apron and bag . . .
patchwork table doilies. (No set)

New Knitting and Crocheting

Collar and cuff sets . . . matching
gilet . . . sweater blouses . . . new
Turkish fez and four other smart
hats and caps . . . collar and
matching handbag. (Jy set)

Party Prizes

Coasters for glasses and pitcher
. . . sewing kit . . . yarn bag . . .
darning kit . . . cellophane hand-
bag and cigarette case . . . cro-
cheted dressing jacket. (Ja set)

Presents for Young Boys and Girls

Five smart garments for the doll's
wardrobe . . . rag doll . . . calico
duck . . . jelly bean bag . . . toy
furniture . . . doll's play suit.
(De set)

Peasant Needlework

Italian drawn work table cloth and
napkins . . . Mexican table linen
designs . . . Czecho-Slovakian table
doilies . . . the famous French
Assisi chicken in cross-stitch . . .
Russian embroidery . . . embroid-
ery, crochet and drawn work
stitches. (Se set)

Accessories for the School Wardrobe

Boy's three-piece outfit . . . scarf
and cap . . . athletic suit . . .
school bag . . . girl's three-piece
outfit . . . play apron . . . hankies.
(Au 151)

Magic From Your Remnant Box

Petal rug made from bits of old
and new material . . . square and
round cushions . . . piece-work
spread . . . applique designs of
flowers and animals. (Ju set 31)

For the Kitchen

Tea towels . . . pot holders . . .
ice box bags . . . smart work
aprons . . . stencil designs for
food containers . . . special cover
for ironing board . . . cretonne
bag for string, scissors and tools.
(Oc set)

New Lingerie

Smartly tailored combination suit
. . . wrap-around petticoat . . .
form-fitting slip . . . diagonal and
straight bandeaux . . . negligee
jacket . . . shorts . . . broad-
shouldered nightgown. (Ap set)

Medicine?

I can't believe it!



Do you still believe that, to be effective, a laxative must be hard to take—and harsh in action? Millions will tell you that you're wrong!

Bitter, violent purgatives are so unnecessary nowadays! Messy "leaking" oils are a needless bother, too!

Taking a laxative can be just as pleasant as eating a delicious bit of chocolate. That's the Ex-Lax way. Why, you don't taste the faintest hint of medication!

Yet Ex-Lax is as effective as the most bitter purgative you ever took. Ex-Lax is so gentle—it never causes stomach pains. It works *over-night*, without *over-action*. It's everything a perfect laxative ought to be!

Beware of Imitations!

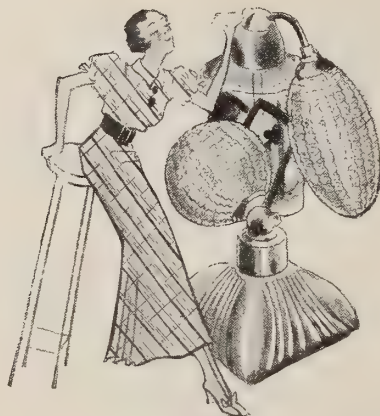
Like all great successes, Ex-Lax is widely imitated. So insist on *genuine* Ex-Lax. At all druggists, 10c and 25c.

Or if you would like a free sample, write to Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. B 113, P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax!



The MAKE-UP BOX



Atomizers for everyone.

IF you adore trick little cases as we do, you'll rush right down to get an edition of the new mascara stick we saw the other day. It looks just like a lipstick and works like one. But once you pull off the top of the case there's your mascara, all ready, and equipped with a little brush. It's water-proof and it doesn't make your lashes brittle. Then, too, it comes in the most popular shades. If you get that you'll want the little red compact of matching design we show with it. The compact is red with silver initials and the mascara stick is black. A loose powder arrangement that works like a charm and several attractive shades of rouge are just two of the recommendations. It's square and small enough to go into the tiniest of dress-up purses.



A new compact and a mascara lipstick.

HERE'S a new foundation cream that's a joy to your face and to your audience. It's light, transparent, fluffy. It can't clog the pores and it can and will give the skin a smooth velvety finish. It makes your rouge spread evenly and keeps your powder in its place. It never comes back at you



A foundation cream to suit every skin.

with a moist shine. There are three shades, white for a skin with a great deal of natural color; rachel for skins

with a tan or yellowish undertone; and natural for pinkish skins. It's a companion piece to the same company's astringent cream which is mixed with skin tonic for another type of foundation cream.

NO true woman would be without her perfume. But perfume daubed on a dress or handkerchief loses its subtlety. It should be sprayed on the skin or hair, delicately and with restraint. And there's nothing better than a good atomizer to help you do just that. Atomizers have grown into beautiful gadgets of lovely crystal and colored glass and you no longer have to pay a frightening price for them. Now they are an asset to your dressing table at any price. One famous atomizer company is showing designs of the most up-to-date sort—Empire and Louis XVI among its period designs as well as the little bridge-prize atomizer decorated with spades, diamonds. They also have a most inexpensive little square based atomizer shown here that comes in several colors.

YEAST packs are not new. Hollywood actresses and leading beauty salons have been using yeast for the skin for several years. But until now no one was able to capture it for a cream, all ready and prepared for you. The new yeast complexion cream is suggested as a blackhead solvent and wrinkle eradicator. It can be used as a powder base, too.



A newly designed hairbrush.

IF some one would find us a new brush, we said the other day, we'd brush our hair more often. And that very same day one came to our desk. It's a grand brush, specially designed to make it unnecessary to divide off your hair in sections when you brush it. That's accomplished by little hills and valleys in the bristle construction. By the way, the bristles are strong enough, and there's space between them so that it will wash easily. It comes in several different finishes with black, gray or white bristles as you please.

For further information on the articles described here as well as other new beauty aids send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Beauty Editor, The Make-Up Box, care of Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Ted Cook's Cook-Coos

(Continued from page 31)

was divorcing her husband because he was a pain in the neck.

WE don't know whether they'll appeal to you or not, but we would like to call attention to some Hollywood figures. There's nothing quite takes the place of an appealing figure, eh, Abner?

From time to time we pick up statistics, which we place in an old hat and then, when we've nothing better to do, we read the statistics out loud to the children. They have a good time making pie charts, and pin maps and zig-zags out of the figures we accumulate. It is excellent training, too—because some day one of the little coots might want to be an Investment Counselor or something.

Now here is a statistic that might interest you:

A kiss on the neck is now barred in forty-seven states.

Well, well, well!

That is, of course, a motion picture of a kiss on the neck.

And here we are, after all these years, and didn't realize that a kiss on the neck was out of place.

It's a small world after all, eh, Jake?

NOW listen to these figures. Autograph dealers pay for signatures of Hollywood's darlings at the following current rates:

Mae West.....	\$25.00
<i>(Don't cheer, boys—remember she may some day be somebody's mother.)</i>	
Greta Garbo.....	\$25.00
<i>(Incidentally, we understand that there are only six or seven authentic Garbo signatures in existence.)</i>	
Marlene Dietrich.....	\$22.00
Wallace Beery.....	17.50
Norma Shearer.....	17.50
Charles Laughton.....	17.00
John Barrymore.....	17.00
Herbert Marshall.....	16.00
Fredric March.....	16.00
Bing Crosby.....	15.00
Marie Dressler.....	15.00
Janet Gaynor.....	15.00
Marx Brothers (each).....	10.00
<i>(All the Marx Brothers, on the same sheet, have brought as high as \$50.)</i>	
Constance Bennett.....	10.00
Her pa, Richard.....	10.00
Sylvia Sidney.....	10.00
Harold Lloyd.....	10.00

FOR \$7.50 you can buy a Gary Cooper, Charlie Ruggles, George Arliss, Lionel Barrymore, Miriam Hopkins or a Claudette Colbert.

The \$5 bracket includes Cagney, Tashman, Crawford, Hepburn, Lombard and, what a bargain! . . . genuine old Charlie Chaplins.

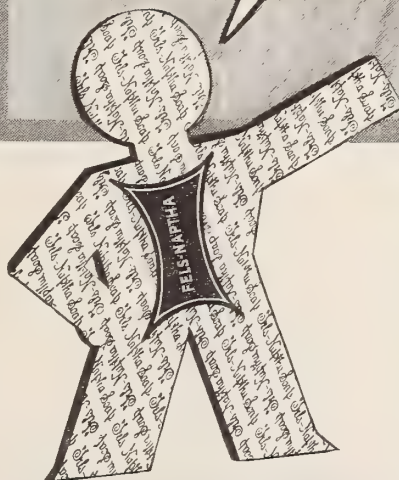
Tom Mix, Menjou, Mary Pickford, Oakie, La Rue and Adrienne Ames frequently go for \$2.50.

Understand, we don't mean that these people sell their autographs. We mean that the autograph pests, who run baying in pursuit of the actors, do a lively exchange business at the above rates. Who buys them? We can't tell you, mister. Probably the same people who used to buy stocks.

IT'S *left-over* DIRT THAT MAKES CLOTHES GRAY



CHANGE TO
FELS-NAPTHA
—IT GETS ALL
THE DIRT OUT



soap and lots of grease-dissolving naphtha.

Working together, these two helpers get out every last bit of dirt. Your things come from the line gloriously white. And no hard rubbing needed.

Use it your way!—Fels-Naphtha does a grand job in tub or machine—in hot, lukewarm or cool water—whether you soak or boil your clothes. Fels-Naphtha is gentle to hands.

Today, get Fels-Naphtha Soap at your grocer's and discover its *extra* help. Your washdays will be easier! And there'll be no more "left-over dirt" lurking in your clothes.

© 1933, FELS & CO.

IF you've ever seen white clothes grow duller and duller from washing, you've probably wondered—"What can be wrong?"

The answer often is—"left-over dirt." Little flecks of dirt that didn't come out in the wash. You never suspect they're hiding in your clothes—until your things begin to turn gray.

But change to Fels-Naphtha Soap—and there isn't a chance of "left-over dirt." For Fels-Naphtha brings you more dirt-loosening energy—the brisk *extra* help of two safe cleaners—good golden

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. T.M. 11-33
Some women, I understand, find it a bit easier to chip Fels-Naphtha into tub or machine by using one of your handy chippers instead of just an ordinary kitchen knife. I'd like to try the chipper, so I enclose 3¢ in stamps to help cover postage. Send the sample bar, too.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Please print name and address completely)

take a BEAUTY



TIP

from

BABY

If you want a baby's
smooth clear skin, use
the baby's own pure soap

Just because you're grown-up, there's no reason for forgetting the first beauty lesson you ever had.

When you were a baby, your sensitive baby skin was tenderly cared for. Your doctor chose your soap then. He insisted on a *pure* soap—and your complexion was lovely!

Think for a moment why doctors say: "No perfumed or medicated or colored soaps for a baby's skin. Use Pure Ivory Soap."

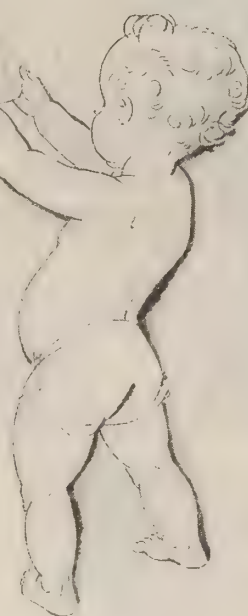
It's because a baby's skin is so sensitive. But isn't *your* skin sensitive too? Why then should you be satisfied with a soap less pure than Ivory?

Don't waste another day . . . Cleanse your face gently with pure Ivory tonight. And slip into an Ivory bath . . . And when you come out—notice how baby-smooth your skin feels. That's because Ivory is so pure. No color in Ivory. No strong perfume. Nothing to irritate your skin or dry out delicate skin lubricants.

So take a hint for beauty from a baby—use Ivory to keep your skin young and fine and smooth.

ivory soap

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ 0% pure • it floats



Reviewing the Newsreel Stars

(Continued from page 45)

Raymond Hatton has a snug nest on the mainland where Fanny, his marquise, serves dinners that make gourmets swoon. (Head swooner, *moi*). Wonderful fishing (trout).

MAE WEST lunched with Dave Hutton, Aimee McPherson's big boy. Dave sought to interest Mae in a scenario of his, said to be a story about a certain evangelist.

Mae as an evangelist . . . Hallelujah! I'm hitting the trail.

AND Pola Negri is coming back. Hallelujah! She's appearing in a French film as *La Savelli*, a dancing, singing Italian siren of the Second Empire. She'll go to Hollywood after her New York stage appearance in "A Trip to Pressburg."

A favorite of dead kings on the screen and of live writers off, Pola ought to get along. There's no one as colorful. I hope to do her life story again. I've done it three times and it's always different.

There's a report, probably false, that she's barred from Germany because she's Jewish. When I was in Berlin, before Pola came to America, I heard plenty of stories. They called her a tiger cat and declared they would drive her out of the city.

TWO years ago in THE NEW MOVIE I told of Rex Ingram embracing the Mohammedan faith in a ceremony performed by the ex-Sultan of Turkey, caliph of all Islam. Recently metropolitan papers blared the news in headlines. Moral: editors should read THE NEW MOVIE.

Writing from the Ingram villa in Nice, Alice Terry-Ingram tells me that Rex wears a beard, babooshes, a turban, and speaks Arabic fluently. He can explain the Koran better than any born Moslem, Alice adds.

I can testify to that. Although I have friends among the Arabs and have visited certain mosques open to non-believers, I never realized the beauty of the Mohammedan tenets before.

"They ask how I feel about Rex's privilege of having a harem," writes Alice. "Well, he's limited to four, and I haven't noted any limitations among gentlemen of other religions!"

A Mohammedan today seldom has more than one wife. "We couldn't afford any more," laughed my friend, El Beji.

WRITING humorously as always, Alice says: "I have been here alone in Nice for a month as—what-ever-his-name-is-in-Arabic—has been in Paris and just got back today. I was left here to guard his precious antiques. Can you see me sitting in a fifteenth-century chair all day long, staring at the statues and old prints? Well, I can say there was one consolation: I was the youngest thing in the room! Rex telephoned every night from Paris to assure himself I was at home (in spite of his Faith)."

"When you come over here you can expect to see ME with hardly any clothes on doing the *danse Arabe* around the drawing-room while the servants play flutes and tap on hollow boards."

I'm catching the next boat.

Hands

(Continued from page 64)

But choice of a cut or polish is not enough. Nails must be well manicured and hands well cared for before they are beautiful. Never wash your hands in hot water—always in lukewarm water with mild soap. Rinse them in cold water and follow with an application of hand lotion or cream. Use it on any and every occasion, particularly after your hands have been exposed to water.

If they are roughened and reddened apply a good rich cream each night and further protect them by wearing white fabric gloves to bed. For thin scrawny hands the best treatment is to massage them with cream using the same motions as you would when fitting on a glove. A mild bleaching lotion will fade out freckles and tan. Use a non-perspirant on the palms at intervals of a week or so if you are troubled with excessive perspiration and wash your hands often, dousing them in ice cold water.

When you start your manicure, be sure to have all your tools at hand. File your nails before soaking them and file always in one direction, from the edge of the nail to the center. You can add a drop or two of cuticle remover to the soapy water you use for soaking. Use nicotine remover or lemon juice for removing stains.

Don't cut the cuticle unless you are expert since this often leads to bad hangnails. Be sure to clean off all particles and all oil before applying the liquid polish with downward strokes of the brush from the halfmoon at the base of the nail. Use three strokes, one in the center and one at each side.

If your fingernails incline to brittleness, use cuticle oil or cream on the nails before applying the polish, but be sure to wipe it off. Dip your nails in it each night.

For a high gloss use two coats, a colorless first, with a bright coat on top. For a dull gloss, dip the nails in water after the liquid polish has dried and then buff. Buffing increases the smoothness of the nail surface if it is done before the moisture dries.

You may want to have a professional manicure once in a while to brush up on your technique but manicure kits are so complete these days that any woman can give herself the most professional type of manicure at home.

Write to Ann Boyd, care of NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE if you have any beauty problems. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope, also, for your copy of the November Make-Up Box which includes more information about hands as well as news on new beauty products and methods.

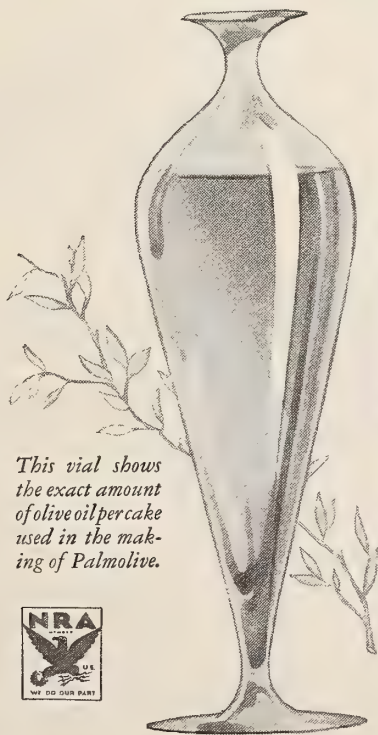
HELP YOURSELF

There's no one but yourself you can depend on to make the most of your appearance. So help yourself to know just what you need to do by securing a copy of our New Beauty Chart. Send your request with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Ann Boyd, care of New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

*"Now I'm
schoolgirl complexion
all over"*



*Wise Mother... she uses her
own mild Palmolive for baby, too*



*This vial shows
the exact amount
of olive oil per cake
used in the making
of Palmolive.*

BABY'S skin is so unbelievably soft and fine. You wouldn't dare let any but the mildest, gentlest soap touch it. So, when doctor says: "Olive oil in soap is best," you choose your own precious Palmolive, with its secret blend of olive and palm oils.

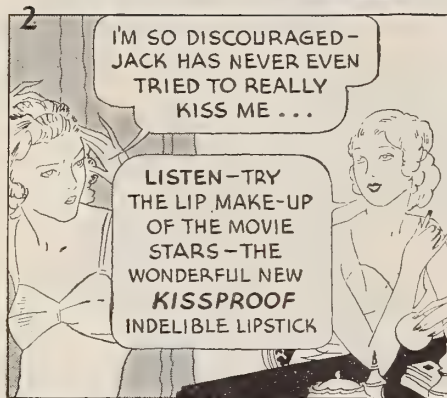
It is these gentle oils that make Palmolive soothing, kind. Yet it cleanses thoroughly. It is pure. It is safe. There's no artificial coloring, no strong perfume, no harsh alkali in this natural, wholesome beauty soap. Palmolive's mild lather penetrates the pores, freeing them of accumulations easily . . . leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh. Truly, Palmolive is *the soap of youth*.

Buy three cakes, today. Tonight, start this 2-minute treatment for baby and yourself, both. Massage a rich lather of Palmolive and warm water into those tiny pores. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. Do that regularly and you'll find there can be *two* schoolgirl complexions in your home.

PALMOLIVE

...the soap of Youth

Now *May's Lips* say "KISS ME"



Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

If you admire the appealing "kissableness" of the lips of the movie stars and the girls in the Broadway shows, just try their lip make-up *yourself*—the new **KISSPROOF Indelible Lipstick, Special Theatrical Color**... This lipstick discovery is so wonderful it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing-rooms of both Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! The stars could certainly pay anything—yet you can have exactly the same smooth, alluring **KISSPROOF** they use for a few cents! Have the thrilling new "lip appeal" it will give you *tonight*. You can get **KISSPROOF LIPSTICK** in all shades, including the *Special Theatrical Color*, at all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.

Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK

Little Girl, Don't Cry

(Continued from page 25)

his face, that he first noticed Sally's love for flowers. It was unlike the love one sees in an average child. I can remember liking to chew on rose leaves and stand for hours sniffing at sweet peas and honeysuckles when I was a tot—but I never had a feverish love for flowers of all kinds, as Sally did.

"We were out in the country," Mr. Eilers said, "when she saw a daisy patch. Instead of gaping at it or trying to pluck a few of them, Sally ran into the patch and flung herself headlong in the midst of them. She began caressing them and talking to them in her baby way as if they could understand her. Her mother and I were startled."

Mr. Eilers ran for his camera and made three pictures of Sally among the daisies. And when he got home he slipped up to his room away from the rest of the household and poured out his love for his daughter in a new poem. He wrote it as if Sally were viewing the photographs years later:

As I look upon the pictures
Father made long years ago
Of a baby in the daisies,
Each expression stirs me so
That I'm moved to write about them
In a verse or two or three,
'Cause the pictures of the baby
Are the ones he made of me.
The first one shows a little maiden
Without worldly care or strife,
Growing up just like the daisies,
Quite contented with her life.
The next one has a sweet expression,
As if deeply rapt in thought
Of a flower in this collection
That can tell what she cannot.
The next one has a look of wonder—
As if the daisy she has sought
Can by leaves of certain number
Say, he loves—he loves me not.

The whole key to Sally's life is contained in the two sentences penned by her father—growing up like the daisies, free, unhindered, kept from worldly care and strife, and contented.

The pity of it was that they did not recognize the fact that Sally would have to grow up; that the world did not feel as protective toward her as they did. They went on standing as buffers between her and the slightest unpleasantness until she had an idea that heaven must be on earth itself; for nothing ever marred her perfect days.

WHEN I saw Sally not long ago I faced a girl of twenty-three who had encountered something new in her life—a terrific hurt which was beyond her parents' ability to smooth over. She was not so much bewildered as shocked that such things could be.

Now, you and I have had, through contact with experience, most of our sensitiveness pushed from the surface to a deep recess where we can guard it. But Sally was brought up differently. She was so carefully nurtured against real life that she believed no one would want to hurt her—and she walked with her sensitive nature completely exposed. What is so surprising is that more shocks did not touch on the delicate rawness of her nature.

All that I can say is that the fates have treated her more kindly because they realized it was not her fault, but her parents' fault, that she was so

completely exposed to emotional pain. After all, when parents place a child on a pedestal as beyond all wrong or evil, it is inviting disaster, isn't it? Even today, when Sally is a woman who has been married and separated and is a high-salaried star, her parents think: "Our Sally is perfect. We would lay down our lives for her. We want nothing to hurt her."

I DON'T wish her any hard luck but I do believe that a few hard knocks wouldn't do her any harm. The best of us have passed through fire, learning to forget ourselves and think of the other fellow, and I think it would be a good thing for Sally, too.

If she had been less protected, less guarded against the harsh truths of life in the tight love ring constructed by her family, she would have been less sensitive to the hurts that the rest of us have learned to ignore.

Don't pay any attention to me, though. I'm just as mushy at heart about Sally as her father and mother are. When I saw her tired face and the weary sort of smile that wouldn't stay on for long, I wanted to cry. For the Sally I remembered was a gay, fun-loving, trusting person. There didn't seem much trust left in her face when I saw her recently. She was restless and nervous. One minute she was saying one thing, disclaiming all interest in her husband, Hoot Gibson, and the next minute she was listening as if with her heart in her eyes to a story about him and a little Hollywood actress.

"Oh, about that," she tried to say indifferently. "I know about that. He wrote me he was fond of her."

I couldn't bear it, Sally trying to be brittle about something that meant more to her than it would to the average Hollywood star—the breaking up of her great romance, her marriage. I said, "Oh, I think it's just publicity. It looks like publicity to me."

Someone close to her said: "She's terribly unhappy. She so wanted her marriage to be a success. Sally's not the kind of girl that can flit from romance to romance. She's steadfast. She was brought up in the shadow of a steadfast love and she patterned her own after it. She wanted her marriage to be the most marvelous in the world."

SHE was so tired that her parents were worried about her. When I saw them with her, their love enveloping her against everything, I thought, "Isn't it a little their fault that Sally's marriage wasn't a success?" Not that I believed they had interfered in the slightest. They did their interfering years ago when they brought Sally up to believe that the world centered around her opinions and her ideals and her ambitions and her wishes.

SALLY'S resistance to having her opinions subordinated to Hoot's must have baffled her husband, unless, of course, he stopped to analyze it and realized that it was Sally's upbringing that was back of it. Her sensitiveness to hurt, her quick recoil from a harsh word or gesture must have made him feel like a beast many times. For, where another girl accepts outbursts of temper or an insistence on the other's part to having his way, as part of the

Little Girl, Don't Cry

other person's privileges, Sally couldn't understand. No one at home had ever spoken harshly to her. No one at home had ever become angry or insisted on having his or her way when Sally wanted to do something her way.

She said, as if that explained it: "Hoot is eighteen years older than I am, and, naturally, there was a difference of opinion."

Naturally! But not so much because of age. Hoot, true, is more settled. He feels that he has had a lot of learning and a lot of travel and that many of his ambitions have been satisfied. While Sally feels that she must run around. (She felt that way, that is, until she returned from Europe.) She has an insatiable thirst for knowledge and travel. She wants to do a lot of things with which he is not in accord.

THEN, when the differences became frequent, Sally was dreadfully hurt. Her horizon had never before held sadness. Only love had been there. Suddenly it all seemed swept away and storms of terrible emotion played there. She couldn't get them clear. She couldn't stay and face them. She didn't understand, this girl who had been brought up to a peaceful and protecting love. So she did what many of us long to do but don't—she ran away.

She ran away from her hurts—but you can't do that. What's inside of you can't be thrown off by a change of environment.

It goes wherever you go. And sometimes it will subside, though more often than not it remains as fresh and painful as ever.

WHEN Sally got back from Europe I knew from her face that the hurt was still there. She isn't the sort who gets over things easily. Laughter and sorrow are both deep things for her. You and I can laugh or cry, and the storm is quickly over. But not for Sally. When I saw her she was trying to smile, but the tears weren't far behind.

Her mother said adoringly: "By using a little kindness, anyone can get lots out of Sally. If treated kindly, she will strain herself to be generous. She loves to be generous."

Everyone knows that little Lois, Hoot's young daughter, adored Sally and was kind to her in numerous childish ways.

In Paris Sally saw the face of little Lois come up before her so often she couldn't get the child out of her mind. Finally, though the time was limited, she went into a store and bought a gorgeous French doll as a gift for Lois. That did not seem quite enough. She looked around until she came across a little wooden toy doll so constructed that it swims in water; and this she bought for Lois, too. The gifts were carried across the ocean in their frail boxes. Sally did not put them in her trunk. She wanted to keep them at hand so she could give them to Lois as soon as she got back to Hollywood.

When she was at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York Sally took notice of a maid who worked long and hard in her suite. One day, unable to

(Please turn to page 76)

How to escape many colds altogether



New VICKS NOSE DROPS amazingly successful

ALREADY, millions of families have found the way to fewer colds, with this remarkable new preparation—Vicks Nose & Throat Drops—by the makers of Vicks VapoRub.

At that first stuffy, sneezy irritation, use Vicks Nose Drops. Promptly, gently, they soothe irritated membranes. They help keep nasal passages clear. They help Nature fight off the cold that

threatens before it gets a grip on you.

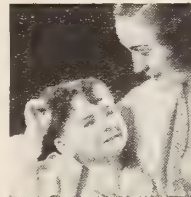
Especially designed for the nose and upper throat—where 3 out of 4 colds start—Vicks Nose Drops aid the functions provided by Nature to prevent and throw off colds.

You'll find Vicks Nose Drops most convenient. Easy to use, any time, any place. Keep a bottle handy, at home or at work, and escape many colds altogether.

TO PREVENT
many colds
VICKS
NOSE DROPS



...To END a
cold sooner
VICKS
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Follow Vicks Plan For Better CONTROL of Colds

Millions now have fewer colds—milder colds—shorter colds by following Vicks Plan. In extensive clinical tests, Vicks Plan has reduced remarkably the num-

ber and duration of colds—has cut the days sick because of colds more than half! Full details of Vicks Plan come in each Vicks package.



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Italian Balm is utterly different. Tests reveal that 4 out of 5 women who try it, continue using Italian Balm regularly thereafter. It is a truly scientific preparation, containing 16 ingredients—the original formula of an internationally famous, Italian skin specialist.

Far less expensive, too. In fact, Campana's Balm is so *superior* that it has outsold all other skin protectors for years in winter-loving Canada—and outsells all others today, in thousands of cities in the United States. For sale everywhere in long-lasting 35c, 60c, and \$1.00 bottles and in 25c tubes.

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CAMPANA CORPORATION, TORONTO

Campana's

ITALIAN BALM

THE ORIGINAL
SKIN SOFTENER

Now—also in
tubes • 25¢



Little Girl, Don't Cry

(Continued from page 75)

stop herself if she had wanted to, she summoned the maid to her side and pressed a twenty-dollar bill into her hand.

"Take this," Sally said quickly. "You have been very sweet to me and I appreciate it."

When the maid told her how badly needed the money was and how much good it would do her, Sally turned away to hide her tears. She cannot bear to hear anything sad. Isn't it strange, though, that a girl whose own life has been so devoid of sorrow until recently, should have so sympathetic a heart? I believe that if I had been brought up as Sally was—and I say this though I am as vain as the next person—to believe that I was the greatest person in the world, sympathy would have dried to a speck in me. And I think this would be true of almost anyone else in the world except Sally.

IF Sally's parents have been good to her, it is little compared to the many things she has done for them. When, not long ago, they sighed for a sight of New York, which they had not seen in twelve years, Sally sent them on a visit to the East. Was the best too good for Peter and Paula Eilers? Not on your life! They had a costly suite in the Waldorf-Astoria. (Someone whispered that the bill was something like eight hundred dollars for four days—whispered, I said.) They shopped to their hearts' content and Sally looked on and beamed and kissed them every possible chance she had.

Just as quick as she is to resent unkindness, that quick is Sally to appreciate a kindness. And as she will resent a person who has hurt her, as quickly will she make a friend of one who is good to her. She doesn't care about social station or money or looks or influence. She has never used anyone for gain and her training is such that she probably never will. That is why, when Hazel Rogers, a girl unimportant in Hollywood as far as position and money count, was sweet and sympathetic to her, Sally immediately made her a friend.

Their friendship was one of those that bloom in an instant to maturity and wear well because both girls are fine and intelligent. (You can see that I'm fast falling under the influence of Sally's parents, in my regard of their daughter.) Three hours before she left for Europe Sally went to Hazel.

"Please come to Europe with me," she begged. "I'll be dreadfully lonesome and the one thing I don't want now is to be alone."

So Hazel, asking no questions nor quibbling, left her job and went to Europe with Sally. When I saw Hazel she said: "I can't help babying Sally. She's just an infant. I adore her. The one thing I want now is for her to be happy. She isn't a girl who can bear up under misery, no matter how she pretends she can. She isn't made for it."

Hazel looked over at Sally and saw the taut look on her face, as if all the joy of life had been drained from it. Frightened, she remained calm. "Please dear," she said gently, "lie down and

take a nap. People are coming up for tea this afternoon and you can't look like this."

No, of course not. No matter how dead you are inside, you can't let anyone know. Laugh and be gay; that's the way people expect you to act. But what if your heart is like a leaden weight and you're thinking about the man you love, yet won't admit even to yourself that you love him? What if, suddenly, your perfect life has become chaos? Hazel was absolutely right. "You can't look like this," she said earnestly.

Luxuriating in the adoration of her family circle, Sally said:

"I had so many parties in the past few months that I don't want to go to another one for a year. When I get back to Hollywood, I'm going to study. I'm going to take up my French lessons again. I'm going to read a lot and play tennis and golf and swim. I'm going to spend every moment improving myself. No new love or anything like that. No more housekeeping for me."

Then, in the next breath, she said: "Hoot wrote me about this little actress he was photographed with for the papers. I know all about it." She tried to be so casual and indifferent, you know.

Her parents understand her better than she understands herself. She is a creature of their molding. Her mother said in a sad whisper: "She's still crazy about Hoot."

And her father shook his head sorrowfully. To see Sally unhappy is, for him, the cruelest of all things in the world.

"No more housekeeping, she said to you?" her mother asked. "Why, she's crazy about housekeeping. And she loves to sew and cook. She loves to paint things for the house and take care of flowers. I guess we know our Sally."

Her father said: "To me she is like a flower, too tender for this world. I often wonder if there isn't something deeper than we know in her passion for flowers. She seems to feel a kinship with them, as if they were human beings and actually had lives of their own."

ON her last birthday her father, lapsing into the sentimental again, escaped from mad Hollywood long enough to write this poem to his Sally:

(To the tune of Mendelssohn's Spring Song.)

In the bleak December
There was born a rose,
Sweet as any summer flower
That in all creation grows.
And this little tender bud,
So sweet to me,
Gives promise of a fullblown rose
Someday to be.
She's my little Dorothea and 'twould
Do you good to see her,
Face so fair and eyes so bright
Haunt me day and haunt me night.
And her baby smile
Does all my cares beguile.
Her image is of one I love,
And long now to embrace;
What's pleasing to me more than all
She has her mother's face.

Two Jacks

(Continued from page 35)

wonders for Jack. It would develop his father-confessor side until he'd stand as a shining example for his contemporary brother bachelors.

MRS. OFFIELD'S boy is a good actor. You never see too much of him. He knows how to give himself to his public in easy doses and to leave us wanting more . . . that's talent.

And, as I said before, he's a rib-tickler and tear-jerker, both. I'd love to see him do an ultra-modern version of *Hamlet* in a sweat-shirt. Can't you see him gazing at poor *Yorick's* skull with a look of puzzlement in his eyes and that husky note of anguish in his voice? It would be something different at any rate, very different! No like? Oh, very well, then skip it. It was only a passing fancy.

JACK'S a pal of mine. I hate to kid him too much—or praise him too much. Because, when he's hurt, he suffers loud and long; and when his ego's fed he struts—and I don't like being around in either event.

Jack, let's pretend this is two other people . . . that you and I aren't involved at all. Then you won't have to react and neither will I. You can still come to our house without losing your status. Okay? Very well, then, let us banish fear.

He has humor and pathos and can turn on both at will. He works like a beaver when he's happy, and he squawks to high heaven when he isn't. But in all fairness, I hasten to state that most of the time he works—like a beaver.

He can inject life into what looks like a corpse of a part—he's what they call "a picture-saver" in movie parlance. When in doubt, get Oakie, say the wisies. He maintains a high battling average considering the number of not-too-good-parts they've handed him. And he never loses either a fan or a friend.

Jack loves being an actor. He likes to think of himself as delivering heroic speeches in defense of down-trodden Thespians. He was in his element at the time of the now-famous salary cut, his fighting form at its best. He was drummer-boy, color-bearer, infantry, cavalry and ammunition.

He exploded with a long, loud bang, militant from the tip of his cow-lick to the toes of his worn patent leathers. A fighter—a fighter "who uses his head."

HE'S not easily impressed by big names. "There's none too big for little Oakie," he boasts, with his tongue very much in his cheek. "I may not rate front-page stuff but I get around."

Sometimes I'm beset with the fear that he's a confirmed practical joker. It's the only thing that damps my ardor when I see him here, there or any other place. I like to see someone else handed a loaded cigarette, but I don't like one myself. I've cultivated my lashes to a quite satisfactory length and I won't have them ruined by anyone's calfish idea of humor.

Oh, pardon me . . . I said earlier in this tale of two Jacks that I'd always adored practical jokers. Well, at the time I said it I thought I meant it—but a lady changes her mind once in a while.

The Smartest Women Use FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS

—yet they cost
ONLY 10¢

TIMES have changed. So I have opinions. Fashionable women no longer believe it is necessary to pay high prices for high quality beauty aids. Faoen has brought about this change. Scientific tests have absolutely proven that Faoen Lip Stick, Rouges and Face Powder equal the quality of brands costing \$1 or more. Yet Faoen Beauty Aids—in convenient sizes—are only 10¢. They open a new common-sense era in smartness and cosmetic-values!

FAOEN PERFUMES, Nos. 3, 12 and 19, are captivating odors that have the long-lasting quality of expensive imported perfumes

10¢ each at
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CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM
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SUCCESS!

Marchand's Assures Lovely Light Hair



Reliable, Skillful, Beautiful RESULTS

with MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

"Success!" the user of Marchand's exclaims to herself joyfully, when she sees the results. *Hair looks lovely—just the right shade—brought about in just the right way.* For hundreds of girls this success with Marchand's has led to other successes—in friendships, love and marriage.

If your blonde hair has darkened, restore warm youthful color. Marchand's makes the change skillfully, and evenly—like nature at work again, giving back your birthright of light, pretty hair. Results are careful, refined—pleasing to refined girls.

If hair has always been dark and drab—let Marchand's modern magic beautify it. Marchand's will impart a shade you'll like, one

just suited to your face and complexion. Many chic shades of blonde, chestnut or auburn are possible.

No need to go to hairdressers. Easy to do yourself. Complete directions on bottle for successful results.

MAKE DARK HAIR ON ARMS AND LEGS INVISIBLE!

—with Marchand's. The quick, inexpensive way to make limbs look attractive.

IMPORTANT—For the right results, get the genuine. Be careful of substitutes or imitations.



IF YOUR DRUGGIST CAN'T SUPPLY YOU—GET BY MAIL

For a regular-sized bottle, fill in coupon, mail with 45c (coins, money order or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York City.

Your Name.....
Address..... City..... State.....
Druggist's Name.....
Address

We Actors Are Overpaid

(Continued from page 51)

was attending the American Academy of dramatic arts in Gotham.

TRACY became the dramatic sensation of the street of lights when he created *Killer Mears* in "The Last Mile." Even the fire and the grandeur of the vehicle were encompassed in his portrait of *Killer*, an imprudent, iron-hearted man, a brutal murderer—a being for the gods to wonder at. It was during a summer vacation from that villainous role that Fox summoned him to Hollywood, where he won instantaneous success as *St. Louis*, professional jail-breaker, the principal comedy part in "Up the River," fun-riot of the year.

Before the picture was released, Fox signed him to a long-term pact. That was two years ago. Today, his fan mail rivals that of his friend, Clark Gable.

TRACY is directly responsible for Clark's screen break. Spencer was with "The Last Mile" when he met and took a sincere liking to the then jobless Gable. He introduced him to the owners of "The Last Mile" road company. He landed him as *Killer Mears*, then put him through the rehearsals.

"The show's going to Los Angeles," he assured Gable. "That means you'll have the picture producers at your feet!" Spencer guessed right!

While Tracy insists his forte is heavies, his comedy portrayals have gone down in talkie history as classics. Men and women everywhere raved about his *Dick Fay*, motorcycle officer, in "Disorderly Conduct." His sterling performance in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing" is not being overlooked by the Motion Picture Academy. He completely walked away with "Me and My Gal."

Louise Treadwell forsook her own career when she married Spencer. They have two children—a boy of eight years, a girl of six months, Papa Tracy's pride and joy.

BUT to get back to that conversation about money and actors:

"Pictures have made rapid advancement in recent years, but their greatest strides are yet to come. The opportunity for those entering any branch of the industry is greater today than it ever has been before.

"The real start of this forward march will come when movie salaries are reduced to the level of those paid by the stage barons. Wealth dries up talent. Actors are at their best when they are striving to appease their hunger, at their poorest when they are over-fed. Hollywood has been over-eating ever since its inception!"

He insists film folk put the public to a severe test by appearing in too many pictures.

"You see the same faces, the same mannerisms in seven, eight, nine, ten pictures in as many months, and you get sick of them," he went on. "The ideal arrangement would be two pictures a year to the star, with stage engagements in between.

"A good actor seldom appears in more than two Broadway plays a year. That's why they are longer-lived professionally than is the Hollywoodian."

Trials of the Star-Makers

(Continued from page 37)

it on the back of his other hand, raised it to his nose and—sniffed it up his nostrils!

He was a narcotics user himself!

He was so utterly a victim of the habit that he did not even sneak the use of it as the average user does. He did not even realize that he was sniffing his dope right smack in the faces of the censors.

Yet that one sniff fired his brain and kindled his imagination. It enabled him to make a speech which he could not have thought of—much less delivered—in his normal, stupid condition.

It put a quaver into his voice, a flood of tears poured down his cheeks. He was so broken up that the censors instantly voted to let the picture be shown and some of the dear old ladies on the board actually consoled with him on feeling so wrought up about the whole mess.

It was a trick of the trade. And the picture, by the way, was one of the biggest money makers in the history of pictures.

* * * * *

THERE was a theater in Indianapolis that refused to buy our pictures. The theater just naturally didn't like what we made.

"Your stuff is not classy enough for our clientele," said the manager. "You don't seem to have the right idea. Your pictures are rough and tumble. What we want is society drama. We want the heroine to wear a million dollar's worth of clothes. We want the male part of the cast in full evening dress. We want magnificent sets, showing the drawing rooms of millionaires. We want class."

Well, we didn't make that kind of pictures in those days.

But we had to get our pictures into that theater because it was then the best house in Indianapolis. If we could get into that place, we would be "made" for all of the surrounding territory. All the other theaters would want second, third and fourth run on any pictures shown in that classy house.

Here was a problem, a nut to crack. So our president, whose name was Bill Swanson, sent out some cracking orders.

"Buy all of the billboard space within an area of six blocks around that theater. Find out where the owner of the theater lives and buy all of the billboard space between his house and the theater. Rent all the empty lots near his home. Put up billboards. Plaster these with the posters advertising our pictures.

"Do the same thing with the manager of the theater. Don't let him go to work without seeing our posters. Pester him to death with our advertising. Make him think this is a national advertising campaign. Don't let him or his family move out of their home without seeing some of our advertisements.

"Give his ushers and his doorman and his ticket seller the same treatment. Don't let them get to the theater from their homes without seeing at least five or six posters advertising our pictures. Make them think the whole

(Please turn to page 80)



MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO

MADE WITH GENUINE OLIVE OIL—IT'S

NON-DRYING

(Leaves the Beauty-Giving Natural Oil in Scalp)

NON-SNARLING

(Leaves Hair Soft, Lustrous, Easy to Comb)

You've got it Coming to You. A superior new Castile Shampoo bringing new beauty and health to your scalp and hair. There's too much alkali in ordinary soaps and inferior shampoos. They dry out the scalp—resulting in unhealthy dandruff and lifeless looking hair.

MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO

1. Contains rich, life-giving olive oil, nourishing to the scalp.
2. Leaves hair soft, lustrous, easy to comb.
3. Conditions hair for waving and dressing.
4. Best for children's tender scalps and hair.
5. Will not lighten the hair or otherwise change its color.
6. Low enough price to make use of ordinary soap unnecessary.

YOUR DRUGGIST MAY NOT HAVE MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO ON HAND BECAUSE IT IS A NEW PRODUCT



SEND US 35c FOR A REGULAR SIZED BOTTLE. Fill out coupon. Also give your dealer's name and address. Send with 35c (covers all charges) in coins or stamps to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 19th St., New York City.

Please send me your Shampoo—35c enclosed

NAME.....

Address..... City..... State.....

Druggist.....

Address.....



Modern Hands Cannot Escape the Spotlight

Today, women's hands work for a living. They're busy, active, capable and strong. But Romance still demands that they *look* alluring and feminine.

Always use Pacquin's Hand Cream to keep your hands white and smooth, and soft to the touch. It's the cream doctors and nurses use—to counteract the effect of so much soap and water. Pacquin's supplies the beneficial oils which prevent dryness and redness. Yet it never leaves your hands feeling greasy or sticky. Your skin will absorb it quickly and completely.

Pacquin's not only corrects ugly skin conditions, but it whitens and bleaches...it "clears up" your hands' complexion.

*don't try to hide
your hands—use*

Pacquin's



In convenient sized jars, priced 10¢ to \$1.00. Also Pacquin's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Lemon Cream, and Cleansing Cream.

Pacquin Laboratories Corporation, New York

Trials of the Star-Makers

(Continued from page 79)

world is plastered with our advertisements.

"This won't cost us more than \$2,000. It will look like a \$100,000 campaign to everybody connected with that theater. Then send our star salesman in after a few days of this special poster treatment and if he can't sell our pictures, fire him."

It was another trick of the trade and it worked.

Everybody connected with the theater was impressed. They all thought they simply had to have our pictures. Their imaginations were fired! They were afraid their fans would be sore if they could not see the pictures which were so gorgeously advertised all over the world. They were not advertised all over the world, nor in fact anywhere except around that one theater in all the world.

But the trick worked and the very first picture we sold to that theater paid more than twice what the special poster advertising campaign had cost.

Advertising is a funny thing. One of the things that makes it work is the very fear in the heart of the retailer that it will work.

Let just ten of you fans go to a theater box office and ask for a certain thing and you'll get it—largely because the boss thinks that if ten of you take the trouble to ask for it, there must be thousands of others who want it but have not asked for it. Maybe there aren't thousands of others, but if the boss thinks there are, the job is done! It's a trick!

* * * * *

NEWSPAPER movie critics are one of our worst troubles.

Most newspaper movie critics are frustrated drama critics. They want to write up the dray-ma. They hope to become a Burns Mantel, an Alexander Woolcott or even a Ring Lardner.

William Winter, the greatest critic of the drama America ever produced, once wrote a criticism of a Broadway chorus in which he said the girls "had all the dignity and demeanor of frightened sheep."

This became a classic. It was an invitation to all critics to write humorously. Never mind how much injustice might be done to a costly play or a fine picture, just let me write a funny line that will make my readers laugh and I will be made as a critic. That was the general idea.

There is an undying hatred in the hearts of all producers toward movie critics. It is covered up and glossed over. It is a family secret among the producers, but it is always there.

We producers are too cowardly to fight the critics openly. They can do us too much damage. The more we kick about their unjust criticism of today's picture the more certain they are to pan tomorrow's, just to prove to us that they can't be cowed.

Most movie critics are smart alecks. A wise crack is more precious than pearls.

We taught one of them a lesson once.

We released a picture that was really great. I am not sure how our studio happened to make it. Maybe it was a mistake. But it was great. Simply great.

Every critic in New York, that is, every critic but one, said it was great.

For once, they quit their smart-

aleeking and simply slobbered over it. Without beating about the bush, they said it was one of the greatest pictures ever produced.

But there was one New York critic who could not resist the temptation to be funny. He waxed sarcastic. He poked fun at the production. He did not have one good word to say about it.

So we had a poster company make a drawing showing the head and face of each of the other critics in New York.

Across the top we put a flaming line, reading, "The big guns of New York say it's great." Then under each face we quoted a few words from what each critic had written. But we ignored the guy who had been funny.

We posted these posters all over New York, but especially in the neighborhood of this one critic's newspaper office.

He telephoned our publicity man. "What the hell," he exclaimed. "Why don't you include me among the big guns of the New York critics?"

"We think you missed fire on this picture," replied our publicity man, "and a big gun is not supposed to miss fire."

"Well, at least you could have found something in my criticism to quote from," wept the critic.

"Come on up to the office," said our publicity man.

And he came up. And we went over his criticism word for word, paragraph for paragraph, and demonstrated to him that he had a wise crack in every one. Not one sentence had he used which we would be justified in using as an advertisement. He finally admitted it.

This very admission proved that he was not a critic at heart, for a real critic never admits he is wrong about anything. As further proof that he was not a real critic, but a real nut, let me add that he soon afterward quit his newspaper job and became a movie producer! He lost his job at this in no time. I've lost track of him. Maybe he's a banker now.

THE Universal Company pulled a clever trick that made a lot of money and set a new pace for advertising stunts.

They had a picture called "Outside the Law" in which they featured Priscilla Dean, then a great drawing card in the movies.

Just at the time when their picture was about to come out, there was an attempt to enforce the blue laws in and around New York, making it a crime to do much beside eating on Sunday.

The picture "Outside the Law" was a good enough picture, but it needed some special kick to its advertising to get you interested. If I remember correctly, Lon Chaney was in it but he wasn't even enough of a star to advertise at that time.

So the Universal advertising department got up some trick posters and used them all over the city.

The first one said:

"If you play cards on Sunday you are outside the law. (Signed P. D.)"

A week later a new poster declared:

"If you kiss your wife on Sunday you are outside the law." (Signed P. D.)"

Well, there was a whole series along

Trials of the Star-Makers

this line. The signature "P.D." might stand for Police Department. No one knew. It might be a warning from the police department not to violate the blue laws.

But there was just enough trick and human interest in each poster to keep the public guessing.

Of course "P.D." stood for Priscilla Dean.

Of course the stuff about being "outside the law" was merely a trick to get the name of the picture before the goggle-eyed public.

Of course it worked.

The final poster came out frankly and said that Priscilla Dean would appear at the Globe Theater in "Outside the Law" and the theater did a whale of a business.

But there was a peculiar off-shoot to all this. The police department took the posters seriously.

The chief of police felt that he was being made a fool of. He knew darned well he was not warning the dear public that they might be "outside the law."

So he sicked his dogs onto the job.

Detectives ferreted out the name of the printer who was making the posters.

They put him through the third degree. They made him admit that Universal was paying for the posters.

Then they called on Universal.

Universal admitted that it was doing the job and said, "What are you going to do about it?"

The police department thought it over, weighed it from every angle and replied, "We are going to do exactly nothing." And they did it, with gusto.

There are tricks in all trades. The movie business is full of them. So is every business which needs showmanship.

The very magazine which, like a sucker, is paying me money for this series of movie articles, indulges in tricks to catch your fancy.

It prints an adorable cover page and pays the artist a big price because it can trick you (a softer word is intrigue you) into buying the magazine. But maybe I'd better not talk about tricks in any trade but the movie trade!

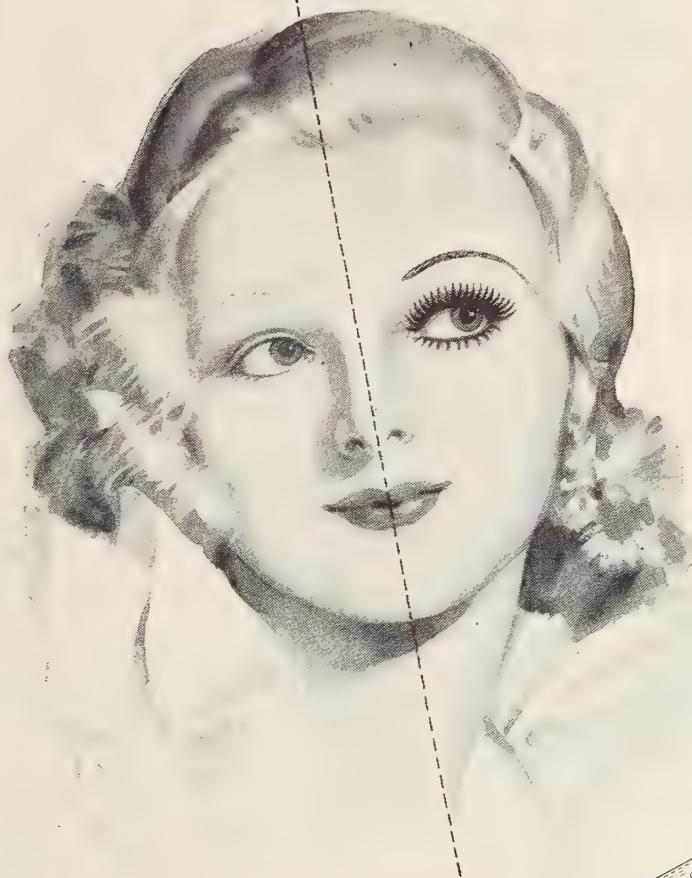
There are tricks in your trade, too. I wonder if they are even trickier than some of the tricks of the movie trade!

FROM CAVIAR TO CODFISH

Every sort of fish recipe you could think of is included in our loose-leaf circular FISH IN THE DIET. Soups and chowders, appetizers, salads, main course dishes and breakfast dishes, as well as sauces and garnishes, are here. Send ten cents with your request to Rita Calhoun, care of The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York.

What a difference!

what a truly amazing difference
Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids do make



Do you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow scraggly brows and pale, scanty lashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature, your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline eye beauty aids!

Simply darken your lashes into long-appearing, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and see how the eyes instantly appear larger and more expressive. It is absolutely harmless, non-smarting, and tear-proof, and keeps the lashes soft and silky. Black for brunettes, Brown for blondes.

Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids, and notice how the eyes immediately take on brilliance and color, adding depth and beauty to the expression. There are five exquisite shades of this pure, creamy shadow: Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet, and Green.

Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. A perfect pencil that you will adore. It comes in Black or Brown.

To stimulate the natural growth of your lashes, apply the pure, nourishing Maybelline Eyelash Grower before retiring.

The name Maybelline is your assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman at all leading 10c stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in your appearance!

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

Fifth Avenue Hotel

Exclusiveness
at

EVERY-DAY COST

For an overnight stay, a week, a month or a year, you will like the Fifth Avenue Hotel. It offers you luxurious living at amazingly low cost—quiet, attractive rooms, perfect service, excellent cuisine. Away from mid-town noise and confusion, yet accessible to every part of the city by direct transit facilities. A famous hotel . . . an exclusive and convenient location . . . a moderate scale of rates.

SINGLE ROOMS with Bath \$3.50
DOUBLE ROOMS with Bath 5.00
SUITES 7.00

Special Rates for Resident Apartments, with maid service and electric refrigerators. Also furnished—complete hotel service.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL

24 Fifth Ave., New York
(At NINTH STREET)

TEL. STUYVESANT 9-6400

Direction: Oscar Wintrab

Owners:

MORRIS-WHITE PROPERTIES CORP.

Alice in Movieland

(Continued from page 29)

I've known her since she was a kid, at a tea given by Lilyan Tashman. The garden was star sprinkled. Who's Who in films under the mimosa trees!

Alice looked just what she was that day—a visiting celebrity who knows all the answers on Broadway or Park Avenue. Exceedingly chic, wearing the conventional Sunday afternoon clothes of New York, while the rest of us were dressed California-wise, which can mean anything from a little chiffon creation to pajamas or even shorts, since the bicycle took its place among the other wheels of the industry.

'Most everybody knew her or had heard of her, but there were many of the newer constellation, imported or domestic, whom she didn't know. In Leslie Howard she found the ideal person to discuss things with. He also approached pictures wearing "sneakers." Now he can ride in anything from boots to carpet slippers into any studio, demand what he wants and get it.

I busted up their *tete-a-tete*, but I don't think they minded much, for I was only listening. That in itself comes under the heading of unusual events.

Leslie was welcoming her, not advising, though he could have, because one of the secrets of his great success is, in my mind, the fact that all the directors, cameramen, lighting experts and dialogue diluters have not made him change his stage technique. He does not act; he lives his role and says, "Take my picture if you like, but don't ask me to pose!"

On leaving them, I said that I hoped Alice would be happy here.

"I don't know," she answered briskly. "I miss New York. I miss my penthouse. My dogs are not happy in the hotel. If I stay, I shall take a house; but I don't know!"

I RECOGNIZED the safety-first attitude. I've seen several stars, who were verging on an inferiority complex before their first picture, assume it.

The picture is previewed. The star clicks with the public. He or she starts reading the things they are accustomed to read about themselves. Executives start to bow low. The option is signed before they have time to read too many newspaper notices. Directors begin asking to direct them. They take a house with a garden, settle down and start their second picture. They may yearn for New York and dash East between films, but they always return if, in spite of all pre-debut discouragement, they have made good.

I went over to see Alice the other day. We lunched in her dressing-rooms. (Note the plural; it's important.) She is sitting pretty! She seems happy, and her dogs seem happy, too. There are four of them—extraordinary canines! Each one sat under a chair, not on it. Unless addressed by their mistress they remain quiet, apparently listening intently.

I felt that I must be rather careful about what I said. I recognize my superiors even when they are under chairs.

Alice spoke to one in some strange language. It may have been Esperanto. That one walked forward with great dignity. The others remained, still listening intently. No thumping

of tails, or whines of "Can't I come, too?" One by one, she introduced them. One by one, they accepted the introduction and returned to their posts of observation. I'm not worried about Alice "going Hollywood," but I do hope she will be careful about what dogs they meet out here.

THE entire studio seemed to be busy about Miss Brady. I thought as I watched her answering the phone calls, looking at costume sketches, talking to press agents, wig-makers, and make-up experts, how seldom training and background fail one.

Alice knows the theater better than most retired veterans. She has played every sort of role. Starting at seventeen in operetta, and with a lovely singing voice which they will soon be dragging into her pictures, I presume, she has bounded through farce, straight comedy, drama, melodrama, tragedy.

In silent pictures she was very popular, but they were always unsatisfactory to any actress of the stage who depends on moving an audience to laughter or to tears by the slightest vocal nuance.

She went back to the stage. Her father, William A. Brady, one of the most astute producers in America, may have helped her in the beginning, but this girl has strength, pep, humor and ability. She wouldn't lean on any arm of paternal assistance long.

She has been married—but why go into that? She probably won't again. She has had a child. Altogether, she is a very complete person. If you have not already seen her, I'm sure you will be glad to know that she does not resemble any screen favorite, so all those arguments about whom she reminds us of, will, I hope, be avoided.

She has a laugh that makes her presence known and a frankness that makes it felt.

Thoroughly sophisticated, she would rather fall right in the middle of a bush than beat about it.

I doubt if they will ever get her to play very serious-roles on the screen. Having arrived as a comedienne, I believe she will not deem it wise to try "gilding the silver sheet."

HER second picture was "Broadway to Hollywood." In it she starts as a girl of seventeen and finishes as a woman of seventy. Well, all of our feminine stars have been doing that lately, and I suppose Alice might as well get it over with. After that (as I write) it's hard to tell what she will play. They are sending out daily bulletins. One day it's "Beauty for Sale," from a novel by Faith Baldwin. The next it's "Stage Mamma." I'm writing on Sunday, so I can't give you tomorrow's announcement, but all this means that Miss Brady has definitely arrived.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Miss Brady appeared in both "Beauty for Sale" and "Stage Mamma."

When stars fail they don't worry about what to put them in; they are too busy thinking up ways to put them out. If I know Bill Brady's gal they won't be able just to put her anywhere. She has won her spurs (which she had up her sleeve all the time), and anyone who tries to slip anything over on, or out from under her, will find that

Alice in Movieland

all those stories about the fighting Irish were not cut out of whole cloth. They're cut out of the map of Ireland.

Already, I hear that Alice is clanging out that grand laugh of hers in the dismayed faces of the publicity department. They want intimate home pictures of—

Miss Brady playing tennis at which she excels.

Miss Brady on the golf course.

Miss Brady following the latest fad of Hollywood, riding her bicycle.

"But I don't do any of those things," says Bill Brady's gal. "I'm not athletic. Why should I pretend I am?"

And why should she, says me? She's here to show how well she can act, not how strong her muscles are.

BY the time you read this they may have convinced her that the public must know how a star spends her time out of the studio, what she eats, how she keeps her figure, and, if the star won't tell, they'll assign to her activities, foods and diets to suit themselves.

So Alice may fall, but I doubt it. She has always done the unexpected. I think you may look for some unusual interviews, if she gives them.

Meanwhile, she has a lovely house, and she was at home to friends this afternoon. Her garden was star-sprinkled just like the one I told you about earlier. Today it was a very gay Alice. There is always something stimulating about being the person women folks are talking about, and they are talking about her plenty.

APROPOS of "When Ladies Meet," those who speak Hollywoodeese are saying she stole the picture. That's not quite fair. Everyone was good, but hers was the new face, and the new face always wins, especially if, when it opens, it says a mouthful!

I shall be watching Alice in Movieland. I know one thing: if, like the other Alice in *Wonderland*, she meets the *Mad Hatter*, she will probably slap him on the back and say, "Welcome brother! I've been doing your stuff for years!"

COLOR MEANS SO MUCH

Whether you are painting a landscape, an old automobile or the side of a barn, you'll find that a careful choice of color makes a world of difference. You'll have to figure that out for yourself, but if you want help in choosing the most becoming shades of rouge, powder and lipstick, send for our beauty circular—COLOR HARMONY CHART. Send your request with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Ann Boyd, care of New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



"E-E-EASY!
This new quick
way to wash!"



YES . . . it's certainly easy . . . this new La France way to wash!

Here's why . . . La France blues right in the suds . . . and at the same time, it helps loosen dirt. You just dissolve $\frac{1}{2}$ package of these amazing little blue flakes along with your own soap, wash as usual, in tub or machine . . .

Then . . . wring your clothes directly

from the last clear rinse water into the basket! You'll find them blued perfectly with an extra whiteness . . . not a streak or spot . . . even in hard water. And how much easier washing is without that separate bluing step!

No, lady—you'll never go back to that old-fashioned way of washing . . . once you've tried La France!

La France . . . saves bother of bluing separately
... gets clothes cleaner, whiter

FREE! Test package of La France, enough for an average family wash (or one large tub). Free sample of Satina included to help ironing.

LA FRANCE contains no irritating alkali. It's perfect for delicate silks . . . for babies' clothes.

Grocers everywhere carry La France. Never more than 10 cents, enough for three tubfuls.

SATINA, added to boiling starch, makes ironing easier. Never more than 6 cents, enough for 4 starchings. La France and Satina are both products of General Foods.



General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me a free test package of La France—enough for a family wash. And please include a free sample of Satina.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Print name and address—fill in completely. This offer expires July 1, 1934).

If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.

How JOAN got her "MOVIE EYES"



Have the Witching Eyes of the Movie Stars Tonight

You can make your eyes wells of allure... get exactly the same effect the movie and stage stars do—*instantly!* Simply darken the lashes and brows with the wonderful make-up they use—called **DELICA-BROW**. In a few seconds **DELICA-BROW** makes your eyes look bigger, brighter... *irresistible*. Try it tonight. It's waterproof, too. Remember the name, **DELICA-BROW**. At all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.



THE BEST GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME



You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one-ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Janet Gaynor and Marian Nixon

(Continued from page 52)

I recall that I based my entire review—I was a newspaper reviewer in those days—on the titian-haired girl—and thereby brought down the wrath of the theater on my head.

After a short fling in vaudeville, motion pictures beckoned with a tantalizing allure. So Hollywood added two more candidates for stellar honors.

Westerns next occupied their attention, Janet at Universal and Marian at Fox. A far cry from the sort of pictures in which they had visualized themselves, but nevertheless a distinct stride forward. Many of the more prominent stars of the time had started their careers in "horse operas," as these westerns are called, so both girls were considerably cheered when given leading roles to play.

The William Fox studios decided that Marian was the ideal type for Tom Mix to woo in his tender fashion; so Miss Nixon embarked upon a strenuous six months, appearing both in Mix and Buck Jones pictures.

IT was at this period in their respective careers that both were to benefit considerably through the interest of a couple of writers, men of vision who saw great futures for the girls; one a press agent who gave Marian one of the greatest publicity campaigns ever staged for an actress, the other a newspaperman, whose influence secured for Janet her Fox contract.

With the realms of publicity for which these men were responsible, the fame of the two girls grew. From Universal, Janet went to Fox as a featured player, and Marian left Fox for a contract at Universal, where each became an important member of her studio's list. Marian continued in western roles, but Janet was fortunate enough to be cast in parts of a more general nature.

It is interesting to note here that Janet moved into the dressing-room Marian had occupied several years before at Fox, and in the few months she had worked at Universal had made up in the dressing-room that Marian had used for several weeks when she first joined the Universal company.

Both girls eventually married. Marian wed Joe Benjamin, the prize-fighter.

Marian's next marriage and Janet's first occurred thirty days, to the day, apart. Marian became the wife of Edward Hillman, Jr., in Chicago on August 11, 1929, and Janet was made Mrs. Lydell Peck in Oakland, California, September 11, 1929. Both husbands were scions of wealthy and socially prominent families, neither was connected with the studios or industry, each ceremony was solemnized far from Hollywood... and each honeymoon started on a boat, the Hillmans journeying to the old countries of Europe, the Pecks to the semi-tropical Hawaii, land of romance.

WHEN they finally returned Janet made one picture, which did not meet with her approval, and differences arising with the studio over roles, sailed again for Hawaii, where she purchased a bungalow on the beach.

Marian disappeared for the time being, devoting all her time and attention to home and husband.

Janet, too, left the public eye during her stay in Hawaii and during that period in which she and the studio were experiencing difficulties over a contract, but reappeared at about the time it became evident that Maureen O'Sullivan might step into her shoes in executive favor. Indeed, the rumor spread, and with some foundation, that the Irish colleen was being groomed to take the place of the feminine half of the Gaynor-Farrell combine.

From time to time domestic rumblings were heard in the direction of the two couples. Reports had it that both families were undergoing marital difficulties. From the first, cynics had declared that the Gaynor-Peck marriage could not last; and constant rumors that Janet and Charlie Farrell were still in love no doubt were prime reasons for discontent in this quarter. Janet, in fact, is said to have left her husband several times during the three years and more they were wedded, and on one occasion Eddie Hillman left Marian for a hunting trip in Mexico, to offer her an opportunity to think matters over carefully and come to a definite decision regarding their future. Everything looked serene.

TOWARD the middle of the year just past, the paths of these two actresses crossed again, this time decisively. The studio had scheduled Janet to portray the title role in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and with much fanfare had announced her appearance in this old favorite. Janet, however, had other ideas, and refused the part. Marian stepped into the role, was acclaimed by critics and public alike for her rare performance, and again word circulated that another actress was being groomed to fill Janet's position on the lot. At any rate, Marian benefited materially by Janet's refusal to play *Rebecca*.

Search where you will, no two players can be found who resemble each other so strictly in type and personality and temperament. Either can play and be perfectly suited for any role to which the other aspires or in which she is cast; and both are at their best in naïve, raggedy-Ann parts.

Marian Nixon once was widely known as "The Sweetest Girl on the Screen." That descriptive phrase may be applied very aptly to either girl.

But the symmetry of their lives, their careers, does not stop with the rhyming of their personalities, their type, their advent in the films, their early romances, contacts, contracts and married life. It extends, also, to their divorces, announced, as noted, but forty-three days apart!

Since their respective entries in motion pictures their lives and experiences both in the studios and without have coincided unbelievably. What, now, does the future jointly hold for them?

Janet remains one of the screen's greatest stars. Marian, before she made "Pilgrimage," was of uncertain box-office value. Now all is changed with her. Is it her turn to rise to the greatest heights?

Una's Diary

(Continued from page 53)

lives, is finally merged with their careers; they interlace each other.

Dated September 18, 1927, was the account of their meeting:

Went to the theater this morning for the first rehearsal of "Coquette" and was introduced to Miss Hayes. She was very cordial and nice to me. All the company seems pleasant. I'm to have the part of Betty Lee Reynolds—I HOPE.

Una laughed. "Guess I was afraid there'd be a slip and I would lose the role. How I loved it—it was so gay, so full of comedy and my first chance to create a part all my own.

"Oh, here's something: Helen is so modest she doesn't stick up for her rights, and the only time I ever saw her take a stand to have her own way was once during these rehearsals. We had changed directors and both the new and old were there, also Jed Harris, the producer, and it was like a madhouse with all giving different directions. Here's what I wrote:

Finally Helen drew herself up—she's so tiny but, my, how she oozes dignity, and with all the majesty of a queen, she asked Mr. Harris if he would please let the company give the play clear through without interruptions. Then, he could see how far along we were. He was a little surprised but readily complied and we went through it, giving a really good performance. We felt Helen had saved the day for us and were all anxious to uphold her in her stand.

On November 8, Una wrote:

"Coquette" opened tonight. Everything went off beautifully. I'm too excited to write much about it. Helen gave me a lovely spray of roses. Her dressing-room was packed with flowers; looked like a florist shop.

Next day, November 9:

Father went out before breakfast and bought all the papers. They gave us grand notices, even me, and I'm so happy. Had a sweet note from Lillian Gish; Helen did too. She was there last night. Show must be a hit for seats are selling for weeks in advance. I'm still so excited.

Una worships Lillian Gish, too. "I'm lucky," she says. "I've played with the two actresses I admire the most, Lillian and Helen, and they are both my friends. They have many of the same qualities. Lillian is more ethereal, Helen more of the flesh and blood type, so human and real!"

November 12, Helen invited Una to go to the Equity Ball with her. This was Una's first big affair.

We sat at Hassard Short's table and had a gorgeous time.

THE first Thanksgiving with "Coquette," Una and her family had dinner with Mrs. Brown, Helen's charming mother whom everyone affectionately calls, Brownie. "And last Thanksgiving, we had dinner with her again," said Una. "Brownie and my mother are as good friends as we are and they see each other more often than we do."

On New Year's Eve, Helen took Una to a big party after the show where she met Clifton Webb, Ina Claire, Beatrice Lillie and other celebrities who thrilled her, and the next page in the diary tells how Brownie had invited Helen, Mary Boland and Una to din-

(Please turn to page 86)



Clothes last much longer —so you save money

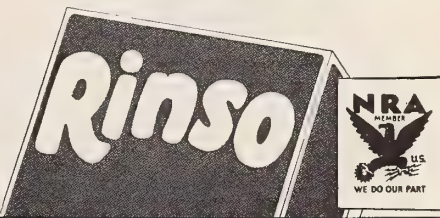
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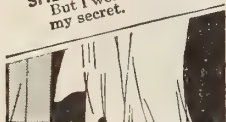
Tired of drab slip covers...washed-out curtains...faded linens? Then "Rit" them sparkling new shades!

Now—a New Powder Wafer (No boiling necessary)

This wonderful new



HE: You're lovely, Mary in that new blue frock.
SHE: It's not new, Jim. But I won't tell you my secret.



Instant Rit dissolves instantly like lump sugar, and dyes perfect, absolutely fast colors even when used as tint. So easy, you simply can't have a failure! A special new ingredient prevents streaking and spotting...gives truer, even color than any other package dye...lasts much longer. New concentrated Rit is more economical—dyes twice the amount of material.

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*Blue-Jay—the scientific Corn Remover by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house. Pain stops instantly—Corn gone in 3 days.

Write BAUER & BLACK, Department T-11, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois, for free booklet and interesting foot exercise pictures.

Una's Diary

(Continued from page 85)

ner and they had such a jolly time they almost forgot the theater and had to make a wild scramble to get there.

Thursday afternoons tell of attending matinees and pictures together. Once George Jessell took the two girls to a speakeasy, their first experience, and they thought they were stepping out into a wild life.

"The joke is," explained Una, "neither Helen nor I smoke beyond a puff or two, if we are at a dinner, nor drink, so this was a lark."

The greatest excitement the little red book chronicled during that year, however, was the meeting of Helen and Charlie MacArthur, his visits to her dressing-room, their engagement and then, on August 17, their marriage.

"They were madly in love with each other," Una said, "and, of course, I knew they were engaged, but they had set no date. Helen didn't even wear a new gown but chose one that Charlie liked. They came directly to the theater from the magistrate's office and Helen gave me the bridal bouquet, lovely orchids and pink roses. I still have them and cherish them."

The diary reads:

Tonight Helen came rushing in and threw herself into my arms, crying, "I'm married, I'm married," and everyone was so thrilled. I'm sure the excitement of this marriage made us all give an extra good performance. I know I was so happy that I was walking on air. Charlie is a darling and I hope they will always be as happy as they are tonight, and I really believe they will be, for they are so in love it must last.

When "Coquette" went on tour, Charlie remained in New York and the two girls were thrown together more than ever. Many were the talks on love, marriage and romance recorded in the little book, of dinners shared, of walking to the theater each night and shopping and seeing pictures.

In Baltimore, they went to the races: I won \$29.90 and Helen won \$10.00. It was a lot of fun but like old-time sports, we returned next day and lost it all.

Marked Boston: We had a funny experience tonight that nearly broke up the show. Two old ladies sat in the front row and during Helen's tense scene we heard a loud whisper, "Hy, what did she say?" and the other answered, "She says she ain't." "Ain't what?" "Aw, she says she ain't pure."

THE company enjoyed frequent after-the-theater parties, usually in Helen's room. This, as explained by Una, was because she always stayed at the best hotels and had choice rooms. Helen carried a ping-pong set with her and the leading man, Charles Waldron, had a small roulette wheel. That these were hot affairs is shown in Una's record:

I lost 27 cents at hearts tonight and won 18 cents at roulette and we all had such a good time.

In Chicago, the girls saw Greta Garbo in a picture and were entranced with her personality and style of acting. Una said, "Helen is a natural mimic and when she sees someone who impresses her deeply, she unconsciously becomes that person for a few hours. Well, that night she was Garbo. She walked and gestured like Garbo; she looked up into her leading man's eyes just like Garbo—and how we teased her."

Marked Denver:

Helen gave a chow-mein dinner in her rooms last night and when the bill came in today it was exorbitant and were we burned up. We vowed we'd get even when we left by walking off with something.

"And here," sighed Una, "I find recorded that I took a cheap cream pitcher. That's the glory of revenge!"

Marked San Francisco:

Today during a shopping trip down in Chinatown, Helen suddenly told me she was to have a baby. I was so excited that I gave her a hug right there that must have surprised the Chinks. I'm so thrilled.

Then—Los Angeles, July 20, 1929:

Helen fainted following the matinee today and the doctor says she'll lose the baby if she continues on with the play, so "Coquette" closed then and there.

"I'm glad it ended that way," Una said. "None of us realized it was our last performance and it would have been a heart-breaking thing to all of us had we known."

UNA returned to New York with the company but soon came back to Hollywood to play *Ann Rutledge* in D. W. Griffith's "Abraham Lincoln," and—remained to become a favorite comedienne. Helen returned the following year, after little Mary was born and she had given Broadway two plays. So they were together again, their friendship burning as brightly as ever.

Then came Una's wedding, as romantic as Helen's had been.

Helen was in New York at the time but we read in the new red diary of 1932:

Long telegram from Helen today and she is so surprised and excited over my wedding.

Then, later:

Helen's wedding gift is one of the nicest we received. It is a complete set of linens, just everything, all hand-made and monogrammed. She always does everything so beautifully.

A few weeks later we found:

Helen and Charlie are back from New York. They asked Ronald and me out for the day and while the boys played tennis and enjoyed the swimming pool, Helen and I talked and talked.

With a caressing hand, Una closed the precious diary, while I looked out into the sun-flooded garden, conscious that I had glimpsed a very beautiful and rare friendship—one Hollywood cannot change.

FOR THAT SWEET TOOTH

Saving the best for the last is the way most people feel about desserts. Men like them, children like them, and so do women. Our loose-leaf pamphlet, *DESSERTS ARE IN AGAIN*, gives recipes for pies and puddings, cakes and ice creams—every conceivable sort of dessert. Send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of the New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Foto Face

(Continued from page 39)

frightful curio bump on her beauty."
"Which end of her beauty?" he amputate.

"Face-end," I multiply.
"Hum," he say, and, "Haw," he say while petting long hair on his collar.
"Came into my office and I tell you the worse."

HE show me a electric chair in corner where I set there comfable under pretty portrait of a Human Stummick Asleep. Hon. Dr. put on very glass-eyed looking spectacles which make him appear most intellectual like.

"Are that Bump on left side of her beauty or right side?" he peruse.

"Yes, sir," I narrate.

"So I suspect," he mews, pulling whisker to make him wise.

"She say it are a teethache," I abrupt.

"So do they all say that," he mone & grone. "Togo, are you prepare to hear something drefful?"

"Nearly always am I prepare," I say it.

"Then I tell. Miss Caramel Sweet are suffring from a new disease I just thought up for her. It are called Foto Face!"

"Horrus!" I scam. "Are it infexious?"

"Nearly all Hollywood faces is infexious," he collaborate. "Especially smiles. Look at how folks catches that Marie Dressler smile & take it home and give it to ther children. But that are neither hither nor thither. I think I were talking about Foto Face, ain't it so?"

"What are Foto Face?" I gosh with frightful supperstition.

FOR past ten (10) yrs," say this Dr. Wellington Wool, "I been fitting my wunnerful insterment called the Peep-ometer on umportant keyholes in Hollywood. Object of this Strange Device are to find ezactly how muchly a Cameria can rubb off a person every time his pixture is took."

"O shock!!" I report. "Do a Cameria axually onesly & trooly took something off from you?"

"It take your photo off from you, do it not?" say Dr. Wool with sweetly smiling. "Do it not stand to reasonable? Every time you take a bath do you reelize how much you rubb off from your personality? I tell you. 2007004.-09 pilligrams. I ask you something. If a 1 yr old child took one (1) continuous bath for 7 yrs, what would he be?"

"7 yrs old," I say britely.

"Even worse than that," report Dr. Wool. "He would be shrunk grajilly away till he fell down drane-pipe."

"Onnestly?" I renounce.

"Any child know that," he dib. "Now, since I proved that, lissen. On same principile too much fotography will soak a person away, eventually."

"Every time you get yr pixture took that opperatus remove off .0111111113 epigrams of skin. Can't you see how soonly it will take, by that, to ware Hon. Jone Crawford down to bone?"

"O frights!" I holla. "That lady get fotografted 2ce every breath she take. Even at night there are a click-machine by her bed to work while she sleep."

(Please turn to page 88)

Scolded for mistakes that Father and Mother made!



OFTEN some bright, healthy boy slumps in his school work. He grows listless and inattentive—begins to be kept after school.

And the natural thing is to blame the boy... to feel that he's not half trying. When actually something may be wrong with his diet—and that something may be coffee.

Why coffee may be to blame

Coffee contains caffein... a drug stimulant. A single cup of coffee may contain up to two grains of this drug.

Coffee can make children irritable and nervous. It can cause loss of sleep and indigestion—can take away appetite.

And more—by crowding milk and other foods out of the diet, coffee can cause undernourishment. Thus it robs children of health and makes them more susceptible to disease.

Read these amazing facts!

A famous research institution conducted a survey among 80,000 school children. It was discovered that of all those who drank coffee only 16.3% received good marks in school. Of those who did not drink coffee, 44.7% received good marks.

Another survey among groups of undernourished children showed that more than 85% of the undernourished children drank coffee daily.

A hot, nourishing drink

"But," you may say, "my children need a hot drink in the morning." That's true... but give them a hot drink that builds them up... Postum-made-with-milk. It contains no drug... no stimulant.

Postum-made-with-milk combines the wholesomeness of the wheat and bran in Postum with all the nourishing qualities of milk.

Postum is a delicious, "grown-up" looking drink that children love—even children who don't like plain milk. It's easily prepared, and very inexpensive.

Start giving your children Postum-made-with-milk today. Your grocer can supply you with Postum... or mail the coupon for one week's full supply. Postum is a product of General Foods.



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This fascinating beauty can belong to any girl who knows . . . and uses . . . Winx, the NEW-type mascara. It transforms pale, skimpy little lashes into veils of luxuriant loveliness. And leaves no hint of artificial make-up . . . just matchless natural charm.

Winx is made with a special French formula. It can't smudge, smear or fleck off. Won't smart. Never stiffens into sharp points or coarse, ugly beads as ordinary mascaras do.

Try it. Two forms—**Liquid Winx**, waterproof . . . **Cake Winx**, in a smart compact.

And . . . to make your eyes doubly seductive, use **Winx Eye Shadow**. It is not greasy, and comes in 5 subtle shades.

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Besides keeping skin soft, smooth and white, Hess Witch Hazel Cream leaves no gummy film or greasy oil on the surface. You can slip kid gloves on shortly after using. A few drops at a time keeps skin free of chap, dryness and roughness. Secret formula unlike any other lotion.

Try Hess Witch Hazel Cream on your skin. Money back if it's not the best you have ever used. Sold in Drug, Dept. and 10c stores. 3 sizes—10c—25c—50c. Write for sample today.

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Hess Witch Hazel Cream

Foto Face

(Continued from page 87)

"Her top layer are already giving way from too much photography," reject Hon. Dr. while his eyes got green & red like tale lights.

"Yet when I see her this a. m.," I support, "she were singing in the Rain. She look helthy like a barril of apples."

"Yay, yay," grone Hon. Doc. "That are First Simpton of Foto Face. Then one (1) day she will stop appearing so young. That are Second Simpton."

"When do Second Simpton commence starting?" I ask for big scare.

"In about 37 yrs," he narrate. "Then folks will notice her slightly older appearance. Boo! That will be Foto Face."

"GOSHES!" I holla. "Think what will happen to others. Hon. Clark Gabble get fotografted so oftenly he must be all shot to peaces. Hon. Ray Navarro got a kodack in his raddio set, so he will get his pixture took every time he face the music. & think all the skin that must be already filmed off those 2 famus Irish families, the Barrymoores & the Marxes."

"I tell you something more curio still," collapse Dr. "How can you find Hon. Garto Grebo, if you wish see her?"

"By putting a lot of X Ray in a telescop, maybe you could," I expunge.

"Not even that," he narrate. "She hid behine blue-eye guggles, jess like Hon. Rockefeller. She go home and cover herself up with a stone house. When in Hollywood she put up sign, 'Gone to Sweden.' When in Sweden she paint her door, 'Gone to Hollywood!' Several persons wonders why she act in that hide-and-seek manner. I tell you then. She are saving up her face."

"For whiches?" I negotiate.

"For Big Pixtures," he explain. "She say to all Produciers and Directoires, 'My face are my fortune. Therefore I will be stingy with it.'"

"U. S. Govt should prosecute her for hoarding," I decry.

"She pay her income Texas in Sweden," say him. "But she are wise gel not to let her face get wore and tore for nothing. When she go to Lott she say to Manager, '1000000\$ cash pay before I even take off my false beard. I shall expose my passion-look for 15 min only, then wait till a week from Wedsdy.' You see what? By such ecomony Grebo Garta face will last foreverly."

"I have lasted longer than that already," I say so. "But Hon. High Prof, I come here because of Miss Caramel Sweet, who are enjoying sickness. Shall we hurry maybe?"

"Not nessimilly," he expose. "She may be dead, so there are plenty of time. Now have a sigaret. Or does you prefer opium? I wish lecture you ½ hr, subject Hair. You notice Hon. Jean Harlow, Hon. Jone Blondel, Hon. Mae West, Hon. Ann Harding, Hon. Con Bennett and many others as there is apples in Oregon?"

I temp to notice.

"Well, yes than," he peruse. "What happen to their Hair?"

"It stay on when I see it." This from me.

"Yay, and worse," he glib. "Day by year it get more blonder. Several

bushels of gels what come here 7 yrs ago with chocolate-color Bobs on top of their brains now ware pummonent waves 14 shads lighter than was before."

"They are turning gray, you mean it?" I choke.

"Wuss than those, wuss than those," he sub. "They are turning platinum!!!"

"How owful!" I snagger. "What cause that shrinkage of color from their heads?"

"Foto Face," reject Hon. Doc. "But now," he say, "nuff time have elapsed to finish this treatment I are giving you."

"O kine Sir," I yall. "You not giving me this treatment. It are for Miss Caramel Sweet, all covered with pain in her features."

"Oyes, oyes, so is," he hinny. "Ax-cuse, please. I so full of ideas I sometime forget who."

"Then hall you come rapidly for cure she?" I plunge.

"Not nessary," he report. "Have I not took all this val time telling you what are matter of her?"

"But should you not gave her something for it?" I broke.

"You bat yr bootware I shall." With experienced thumbs Dr. Wellington Wool write wise words on a paper which he stuck inside N. Velope.

"Shall I gave this to her when home?" I ask to know.

"No," he blick. "Gave it to her hussband."

Door slam. I out. You see anything like that?

WELL, Mr. Editor, I get nice feel of duty in my wrists & elbows while I elope home carrying that wunnerful perscription from the famus Dr. Wool. When I got back to Thinking Studio there sat Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, nashing his fists at me.

"Well?" he holla like a Democrat.

"Yes, sire, quite well," I smiley.

"And Mrs. Ogre also?"

"While you was away ¾ hr, slumming around, I got her cured," he growell. "She are upstairs. She have just had a tooth."

"Cungratulate!" I chip.

Just then I hear 6 ton voice up there say with hash basso, "False one!"

"O nevva, nevva! Not so! I shall not pummit!" yall foto voice of Miss Caramel Sweet.

"What she doing, rehussing new Play of Passion?" I require.

"No, Mr. Lice," reamp Hon. Geo. F. Ogre. "She are skweeling at the Dentist what just pulled."

"Perhapsly it are too late!" I si & grone. "O Hon. Sire, you know what are matter of Miss Caramel Sweet?"

"I will give cash-prize for that brite answer," he corrode.

"She got Foto Face!" I axplode.

"That so?" he otter. "I like to know where she got it. She not been near a Camera for 7 months. Who tole you this newsreel?"

"Dr. Wellington Wool. But be brave as can. Here are a N. Velope filled with wisdom for quick cure."

HON. OGRE took N. Velope, unhooked it & pull out that very wise writing from Hon. Dr. He look, and

Foto Face

O, it did not make him very happy. "Species of naked horsefly!" he slouch. "Depestible test and also poison! Which window do you prefer me throw you out from?"

"If convenient, Mr. Sir . . ."

But while speaking I find myself sprung through a window I didn't mention, and stuck inside my collar-button were that misterious paper from Dr. Wellington Wool. When I could open my eyes wider I took Hon. Paper and read as following:

"To Bill Rend.....55\$."

I remain setting, quite unable.

Hoping you are the same.

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TCGO.

Hollywood Slave

(Continued from page 27)

first night in the moonlight on the old athletic field. Something happened to me the moment he touched me, something electric, something magnetic, something which drew me irresistibly to him.

It just seemed as if I couldn't get near enough to him, as if I just had to feel his naked heart beating against mine. That's why I sobbed. That's why I clung to him as I had clung that first night, when that other storm was threatening the perfect heaven of our love.

"Don't cry like that, honey," he was saying. "You mustn't, you mustn't."

I could hardly hear him, because his lips were buried in my hair. I didn't want to hear him. I'd rather feel those lips—roaming, caressing, hurting with tenderness.

"Honey," he lied, straightening up and putting his hands, as he so often did, on my little girl's shoulders, "they want you, too. I know they do. Gordon told me they did. They're crazy about you. The only thing is they need a baritone for a spot in that presentation show in Fresno next week. That's a break for us, honey, that they can use me right away. Isn't it wonderful, honey?"

IT came over me all at once how truly wonderful it was that he should take it the way he did. What seemed like a trick, when Fritz Stresseman first mentioned it, seemed like a kindness from heaven now. The boy must go on. He must succeed on his own.

It never occurred to me to suggest that he stay in Hollywood and live on the salary I was going to get, or to wangle a subordinate bit at the studio, as so many Hollywood husbands do, on the strength of their wife's pull. I knew he wouldn't stand for that, not Trav. And I was so glad that he had this personal success to fill his mind. It was a triumph, you know, no matter how much he tried to conceal it: being kept on as a single at the same salary we'd both drawn as a double.

I knew why he hadn't told me about the money. He was afraid of hurting my feelings. But he would have to tell me sometime. He'd think I'd be worrying.

"Let's drop into Henry's for a bite," he said, as we reached the street.

"Can we afford it?" I asked, guilefully, for I knew that raising the ques-

(Please turn to page 90)



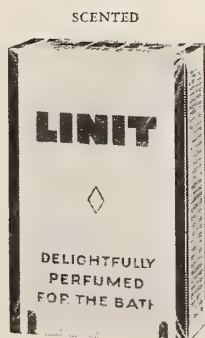
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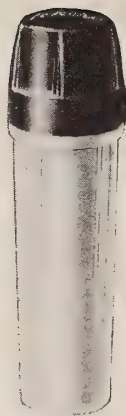
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You'll be attracted at once by the generous size and smart beauty of TEKÉRO. Procure a package for your purse . . . or your dressing table.

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I enclose 10¢ (coin or stamps) for one purse container package Tekero Lipstick Deodorant, (actual size shown in picture.)
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Hotel GOVERNOR
CLINTON New York

1200 Rooms • 7th Ave. at 31st St.

Hollywood Slave

(Continued from page 89)

tion of money would bring on an explanation.

"Of course, we can," he said, and I could feel his professional pride straightening his back and quickening his pace. "I forgot to tell you, honey. There won't be any change in our salary."

"You mean you get the same money as a single, Trav?"

"Yes," he said, doing his best to appear unconcerned.

"That's wonderful, Trav, perfectly marvelous. That shows what they think of you, Trav. You'll be a star in a Broadway musical before the season's out; you know you will, handsome! I can see the billing now, 'Travis Jackson in My Lady's Slipper.' But you see that you keep out of her slipper, young man."

"The only lady's slipper I care about will be under my bed tonight," he cried in a tense, almost hysterical voice that caused a startled group of home-going movie fans to edge over toward the curb—then, right in Henry's doorway, he did that wonderful thing again to me with his arms.

IN the restaurant Travis was just like a kid. Now that he had broken the news to me, he seemed to forget the tragic side. Already he was talking about wiring the people in San Francisco to hurry up and book me for a torch number on the same bill the week after next.

"Then they'll be paying us double the money they used to pay us."

"Double money for single acts," I punned weakly, but in the excitement, it got by; we both laughed as hard as if I'd pulled a Will Rogers.

"This is the place Charlie Chaplin is supposed to own," whispered Trav.

"Do you suppose he's here?"

"Sure, he waits on the table every night!"

We laughed again; hearty, masculine laughter on Trav's part; high, hysterical laughter on mine, the kind people sometimes indulge in when they've lost every cent they ever had or when there's been a death in the family. But it was laughter, anyway; and on the strength of it, we got through our sandwich, and around the corner to our little side-street hotel, and up into our funny little room, before Travis remembered the events of the afternoon.

"By the way, honey," he said, as he turned on the switch, "how'd you get along with his nibs?"

"The old guy with the pants expansion, you mean?" I was fencing for time.

"That wasn't so hot of me, honey. With a head like his, he's entitled to his pants. But say, he kept you a long time. Did he treat you right?"

THE old Trav was coming back now, the Trav that was interested first of all in me. He'd been away for a while, and Travis Jackson, successful vaudeville troupier, had been pinch-hitting a bit indifferently in his place. It was going to be harder to talk to the Trav I knew.

"He treated me fine, Trav," I said at last, deciding to do my dive and get it over with. "He offered me a job."

"The hell he did!"

It was obvious that up to now he had quite forgotten our conversation

of the afternoon and his own insistence that it might be my chance. He was now the money earner of the family. I had no right to rob him of the thrill the prospect had evidently given him—but I had no choice.

"Of course, you aren't going to take it," he continued, as he loosed the laces of his great brown shoes.

I always loved Trav's shoes. They were so big and masculine and of the color of a much-smoked meerschaum pipe. And I loved the way he kicked them from him under the bed. Oh, Lord, I loved everything about him—and I still do!

"You don't need to work for a while, honey, if you don't want to—what with me earning good money and all that."

"I know, Trav, but I wouldn't be happy not working. You know that."

"I suppose not. Well, I'll send that wire to Frisco right away."

"No, Travis dear, don't do anything in a hurry. Maybe it was intended, this offer of Mr. Stresseman's coming right now—you know what I mean—when I was being let out of the act."

"Don't put it that way, honey."

"But I am being let out. Put it any way you want to, I'm out. And I think I ought to stay right here for a while where I know I can get work."

"And not go to Fresno?"

"No, darling, not to Fresno."

THAT night, as I lay in bed beside my big husband, who was sleeping as placidly as if his whole world had not just dropped out from under him, I asked myself over and over again this one ungrammatical question:

"Could this be me?"

It didn't seem so surprising that I was going to be a star in motion pictures. I had already begun to take that as a matter of course. In fact, the bizarre events of the afternoon had quite faded for the moment in the anguish of that long night of verbal sparring with Trav. The surprising thing was that I could lie so brazenly, so glibly, so repeatedly to the husband whom I loved.

To be sure I had persuaded myself that I was doing it for Travis' own sake—to save his feelings—and, of course, in a way I was. But was I altogether honest even in that? The point was that, as I went over in my mind that long conversation, beginning back there in the dressing room, when he first told me about the closing of the act, I realized that I had lied, lied, lied.

I had pretended that I didn't know that we were closing. I had pretended that I didn't know that he was going on a single. I had pretended that I didn't know that he was going to get the same salary we'd both gotten before. I'd pretended it was all a great compliment to him, when I knew it was a trick, nothing but a trick to take me from him, to pull the wool over his eyes, to get him out of the way, so that Fritz Stresseman, that great mountain of a man, could have his way with me.

I didn't more than half believe the great man's insistences of the afternoon. If I were only half as beautiful as he said I was, of course he would make love to me. They always did—in the Hollywood stories I had read. He might not think he was going to. He might be sincere at the moment in

Hollywood Slave

his devotion to his art. But in the end, he would translate his feelings into terms of the flesh. If he didn't know it, I did. And I was lying to give him a chance to do so—lying to the husband who loved me and whom I loved. God knows, I loved him! I must be bewitched. I must be hypnotized.

Even if it *weren't* true that Fritz Stresseman wanted me for himself, even if it *were* true that he wanted me for the world, what difference did that make so far as my duty to Trav was concerned? I belonged with him, not with this yellow-haired Svengali. My place was by his side—here, just as I was now. I reached over and pulled the bed clothes up over his great shoulder. He was always doing that, always getting uncovered. His shoulders were too broad, bless them! I leaned over and kissed the one nearest me. How often had I done that when he had been asleep? When should I do it again, if I let him go to Fresno? And yet, I knew I *would* let him go.

It wasn't the separation, however, that bothered me most. It was the lie. I didn't know then, of course, that I would be living a lie all the rest of my life, that I would become a slave to that lie—a Hollywood slave—and that I would never be able to escape from my slavery. But there must have been a premonition of this in the revulsion I felt from these first steps on what my old Sunday School teacher used to call "the downward path."

I FOUND myself shrinking—not from Trav, for I longed to waken him and throw myself onto those great broad shoulders of his—but from myself. How often have I done that these last two years of worldly triumph! What is it the Bible says about what profiteth a man if he gains everything else and loses his own soul? Now, as I sit on my balcony writing these words, as I look down on the fountains and the palm trees in the spacious courtyard of my Beverly Hills prison, I still shrink—as if from something not quite clean.

But to get back to that fateful night in the autumn of 1931: after hours of repetitious talk, we agreed that we would decide nothing until morning. That was the only way Trav could salve his conscience for going to sleep.

The difficult moment had come when he asked me how much Stresseman was going to pay me. I had become an expert liar by that time. It was no trouble at all to keep quiet about the thousand dollar and twenty-five hundred dollar promises he had made me. It would have been possible to have gone the whole hog in my lying, and named a figure a little less than the two hundred dollar one he would be getting for his work as a single act. It would have been kind to have done that. But I had my pride, too. After all, I wanted Trav to know that someone still thought I was good, even if I were, as he thought, being let out of the act. But, I could feel his whole body stiffen like a ramrod when I named the figure, five hundred dollars.

It's a humiliation, I guess, that a real man never gets over: having his wife make more money than he does. Of course, if the difference is small, just a few dollars in a total of hundreds, or just a few hundreds in a total of thousands, it might not make so much difference. But in the ratio of five to two—that was bad. I wondered what

(Please turn to page 92)

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(Continued from page 91)

would happen when the ratio was ten to two, twenty-five to two!

"I suppose some of that," he said slowly, after a long silence, "would have to go for costumes."

It was pitiful, his attempt to save his own pride.

"Of course," I agreed quickly, grasping at the straw he had pushed my way, "lots of it will have to go for costumes—and voice culture—and coaching in acting—and beauty treatments. Why, when I get through, I won't be earning half what you earn, Trav."

"I suppose not," he said gratefully, and dropped off to what were, so far as I could tell by his regular breathing, pleasant dreams.

THEY say men don't look nice when they are asleep. I wouldn't know about that. I've only seen this one—this man of mine. But he looks beautiful. I lay for a long time propped up on my arm, looking at him in the light that shone in our window from the all-night parking place next door. He looked so young, so clean. And so honest—he wasn't a dirty little liar like me. Why weren't they taking him, these movie men, and not me?

I pondered long on the answer to that question. I pondered, too, over the larger question of why, feeling as I did about Trav and about the falsity of my own position, I was still going right ahead on a course which I knew in my heart would make us both unhappy. Was it Fate? Or was it those strange hypnotic eyes of the yellow-haired Fritz Stresseman? But one does not ponder for ever when one is only eighteen. One sleeps. And, presently, that was what I was doing—all crumpled up in the shadow of my lover's broad, bare back.

The next day, my dressing-room was one mass of yellow roses. There were roses everywhere: in vases on the floor, on my dressing table, high on the top of my wardrobe trunk; in queer little places like the drawer-pulls of the dresser and the keyholes of the doors. There were roses, too, in the black slippers I wore with the torch gown and in the gold ones I wore in the patter number. There was a wee rose, lying careless-like, on my hand-mirror.

I looked everywhere for a card, for a note. The doorman, obviously well tipped and hard-boiled into the bargain, would tell me nothing. The call boy, being more romantic, finally admitted that a very large man had been there, a man with bushy yellow hair that stuck out in every direction, had been there with a younger man in uniform—evidently the chauffeur—who had carried in baskets and baskets of roses. The very large man had stayed in the dressing-room all the time. He had, so the boy said, arranged the flowers himself.

I said nothing to Trav of all this. I didn't even venture to wear a rose in my hair for the torch number. That's a good deal for a girl, isn't it, who is wearing a black gown and has black hair—"blue black, violet, yet shining with a glow that betrays the presence of the hidden sun"? And after the act, I dressed like lightning, so as to be able to meet Travis in the passage outside.

THE following day, I was almost afraid to go to the theater. After

all, I couldn't keep Trav out of my room all the time. He was my husband as well as my partner. He was accustomed to come and go as he wished. It was only the luck of happening to be playing in a large theater with a small cast that kept us from sharing the same dressing-room. As a matter of fact, my worst fears were soon realized.

"We're early," remarked my husband, as we reached my door, "I'll come in and smoke a cigarette."

I opened the door with a fumbling hand and a heavy heart—to find the roses absolutely gone. The only trace that remained of yesterday's beauty was the rich, pungent odor of the departed blossoms.

"Smells good!" sniffed Travis, as he settled himself in my one comfortable chair. "New perfume?"

"Yes," I said; and I wasn't sure whether I was lying this time or not.

Travis was very comfortable. I wasn't. I had visions of Big Boy Stresseman arriving at almost any moment with baskets of roses to decorate my drawer pulls and key holes. Every moment I listened for that knock on the door. At last it came.

"Come in," I said, feebly.

THE door opened. It was the call boy, smiling innocently. In his stubby right hand he held an exquisite little corsage bouquet of tiny pink and blue flowers surrounded by a neat little circle of crinkly valentine-like paper—a prim little thing such as impeccable maidens wear in parlor scenes of plays that depict what life was supposed to be in the good old Colonial days.

"The gentleman said to say it was from an admirer," grinned the boy, and closed the door.

"Gee, honey, you've made another landing. Maybe, this time, it is Gary Cooper."

"Maybe."

I looked for him that afternoon—not Gary Cooper, for I knew it was Fritz Stresseman who was reminding me each day in his bizarre manner of the hold he had on me. But there was no huge figure standing ponderously at the far end of the centre aisle. There wasn't that night, either. There wasn't the next day, or the next. But his flowers came each day; perhaps I should say his flower, for Thursday it was a single poinsettia, doubtless one of those I had seen in bloom outside the balcony of his hillside home. And on Friday, it was a rose, a single reminder of the wealth of roses that had been mine the first day.

It would be a mistake to say, however, that Fritz's flowers were the only reminders I had of him during that strange last week on the vaudeville stage. Although he was never in the theater—I was sure of that, for my eyes roamed even the balconies and the shadowy recesses of the boxes—the place somehow throbbled with his personality. At first, I thought it was an illusion, a trick of my over-stimulated imagination; then I knew the reason why.

Each day, at the far end of the center aisle, where this strange man with the yellow hair had stood that first, fateful day after the Derby luncheon, another man now stood, a different man each day, who watched me, as the great Fritz Stresseman had

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watched me, and who moved, as he had moved, over into the left aisle when I went into my torch routine. It was uncanny—the sight. I could hardly sleep each night for wondering in what new guise my strange admirer would next appear.

TRAVIS, so far as I could see, was quite unconscious of this daily drama. A flower in the dressing-room—even if it had been accompanied by a mash note or an invitation to supper after the show, would have been nothing in the life of a vaudeville troupier. Such things were merely evidence that the act was getting over. Bowers of roses would have been different. I wondered if Fritz Stresseman, who knew so much, knew that, too. As for the men in the theater—well, there were always men in the theater.

No word had passed between Travis and me about that long conversation in bed the evening after Fritz Stresseman's tea party. All week, we had done the usual thing that troupers did in Hollywood. Most times we had brunch at the soda counter in the Owl, and dined before the show, with organ and vocal accompaniment, at the Pig 'n' Whistle. Big days, we had dropped into Levy's on Vine Street or at the Gotham Delicatessen at the other end of the Boulevard. And one morning we did a studio.

Travis knew a boy who was making good out here, authoring scripts for one of the big companies; he had graduated from Gower a couple of years ahead of Trav, and before my time. Through him we got a pass which admitted us to the stages—all except one, which was marked "Keep Out." On this stage, Trav's friend told us, the great Fritz Stresseman was making tests for his next picture.

"Something Egyptian, I think," the friend explained. "It'll be good, whatever it is, if Stresseman makes it."

"I daresay," commented Trav, a bit icily.

I KNEW from Travis' silence that in his heart he had accepted the situation that he had steeled himself to going on without me, that he was determined not to stand in the way of my Hollywood career. I knew, too, that he could not bring himself to say so. And I looked forward with a sinking feeling in my heart to Saturday—especially to Saturday night.

When the day came, a strange, disconcerting thing happened to me. At the afternoon's performance, for the first time, there were no flowers in my dressing-room. At the supper show—for on Saturday, we did three a day—there were no flowers. In the evening, there were still no flowers.

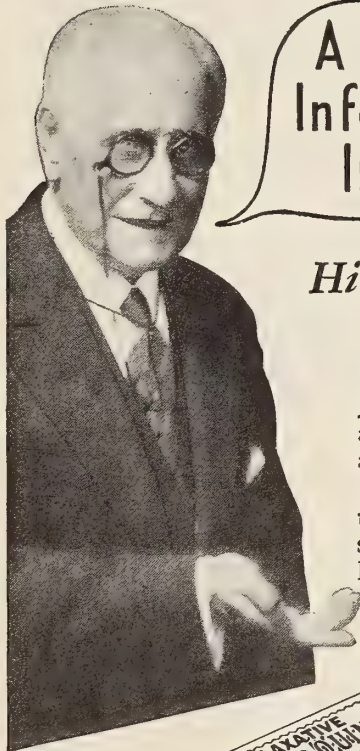
I am ashamed to say how dependent I had become, during that one week, on those daily expressions of Fritz Stresseman.

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Hollywood Slave

(Continued from page 93)

man's regard. I knew that he would not come near me himself until the time he had set. Something in me told me this as surely as something had told me, that Monday afternoon, that he would come, that he would be in the audience to catch our act. It was like him, I felt sure, to send these representatives of his, these flowers and these appraising men, to remind me of his nearness, of his reality. Otherwise, I might have thought that strange interlude in the red-gold twilight had been nothing but a dream.

Even now, on this last day, when the flowers failed to appear, when there were no strange men out front appraising my performance, my heart failed me. Could it be that, at the last moment, the great man had changed his mind? Could it be that the reports he had received throughout the week had been so devastating that he had lost faith? Like a lump of lead I slumped through the afternoon performance. At the supper show I was a washout: not a laugh in the patter number, not an encore for the torch. When I went on for the last show, the last show of our little act, I was a nervous wreck. I was sure by now that my dreams of Hollywood conquest were dreams indeed; that Fritz Stresseman, with his huge body and his yellow shock of hair, his cat's eyes and his extravagant phrases, was but a distorted figure of those distorted dreams; that I had endangered, perhaps wrecked, my happiness with Travis Jackson at the word of a man whose word was no longer good. And then suddenly I saw him.

HE was standing, as he had stood that first day, ponderously at the far end of the centre aisle.

I don't know how I got through the act. All I know is that I gave the best, or the worst, performance of my career.

I was struggling out of my torch gown when there was a knock on the dressing-room door. It was Travis. In his outstretched hand he held a tiny spray of gardenias.

Gardenias are nothing in California. They grow wild along the highways. They sell in the flower stalls for nickels and dimes. But these gardenias were different. Travis had brought them to me. I kissed their soft white petals and I kissed his rough brown cheek. For the moment, I was supremely, divinely happy.

"Gee, honey, you were great tonight! You played out the string. It's up to me to play it out, too." I could see what was coming, and my heart sank. "We'll have a party," he cried, with a brave note in his almost breaking voice. "We'll make a night of it, not to celebrate the end—but to celebrate the beginning."

"Oh, Trav!"

"What do you say, honey? Shall we make it the Coconut Grove?"

I could have cried. I did cry—all over Trav's best suit.

"Why are you crying, honey? Aren't you happy? Don't you love me?"

"Of course I love you, Trav. And of course I am happy that you are being so wonderful to me, tonight, when you might make it so difficult. But Trav darling, I can't go on a party. I can't make a night of it."

The boy's arms around me stiffened,

as they always did when he was hurt. His hands went cold as they dug into my bare back.

"And why not?" he asked, with a great effort to control himself.

"Because, Trav, I must begin work."

"Tonight?"

"Yes,"—it was as if I were repeating mechanically the last words that Fritz Stresseman had said to me—"tonight at midnight."

I shall not attempt to describe the scene that followed: the angry reproaches on Travis' side; the hysterical protestations on mine; the mutual recrimination; and, at last, the mutual tears. There we were, straining at each other, clinging, crying, tearing out our bruised young hearts—when the knock came. I might have known he would come. He was not the kind to wait patiently on the sidewalk while a vaudeville soubrette suffered with her love. But in the anguish of the moment, I had forgotten. Would that I had forgotten him completely! Would that I had gone away that night to Fresno, or to Cairo, or to the mountain

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Hollywood Slave

vales of deepest Kashmir, with the man I loved!

It wasn't Fritz's fault. He did not know that he would find us two bruised, battered young things dissolved in tears. He did not know that he would find Trav's little spray of gardenias bruised and battered, too, trampled under our unheeding feet. He was a kind man. If he had known, I am sure he would never have appeared in that dressing-room door with his orchids.

The most truly humble of God's creatures would have seemed arrogant in such a spot; would have seemed overbearing, condescending. Fritz, artist that he was, felt his position keenly. That was why, I am sure, he turned quickly to Travis. He wanted to help, not to hurt, the suffering boy before him.

"I'm sorry, old man," he said, with an attempt at casual goodfellowship, "to break up your act."

Travis' arms dropped from my body. They hung stiffly by his side. His fine head went back defiantly. I did not know what he was going to say, what he was going to do. All I knew was that I wanted to stick by him, that I wanted to declare my loyalty to the world.

"Mr. Stresseman," I said, "I want you to know Mr. Jackson. I want you to know that he is my—"

TRAVIS was too quick for me. Like a flash he snapped out of his attitude of defiance. With a smile on his lips that must have drawn deep from the wells of his courage and his devotion, he stepped quickly between us with outstretched hand.

"I'm glad to meet you," he said quickly. "And I congratulate you, Mr. Stresseman. You've discovered a grand little actress, a grand trouper. I don't know how I'll replace her."

I was speechless. Yes, to my shame, I was speechless. For the second time, by my silence, I was denying my earthly lord and master.

"That's all right, my boy," Fritz was saying in a voice that was meant to be kind. "You won't have to replace her. I've arranged all that. You'll go right on to the end of your contract. And you'll get the same money—I've arranged that, too. What is money to Fritz Stresseman!"

The silence that fell in that room was too thick to cut. The tragedy in my boy's face was too black for human eye to endure. In that one dreadful moment, he saw everything that I had been trying to keep from him. At last, he turned on me.

"Did you know all this?"

My eyes could not meet his.

"You liar!"

Did he say the word or did I say it for him? I did not know. All I knew was that Fritz Stresseman and I were standing there in that little room—alone!

With next month's installment, "Hollywood Slave" becomes even more exciting and glamorous. You'll not want to miss a word of it. What happens to the husband she loves better than anything in the world? What is her life to be with this strange director guiding her every move? . . . You've never read anything like it before—the real story of a famous actress. So be sure to get the December issue of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, on sale November 4th.

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4. GUMS . . . Pebeco checked inflammation and bleeding, toned and hardened the gums of 97% of the users, other tooth pastes of only 57%.

5. ACID MOUTH . . . Pebeco alone actually assisted in stimulating the natural flow of helpful saliva which combats the acids that start decay. Other tooth pastes brought only slight or temporary improvement in acid mouth conditions.

Why and How I Tested Twins



I chose groups of twins because their mouth conditions are apt to be identical. One twin in each pair used Pebeco twice daily for 30 days. The other twin used tooth paste A, B, C, D or E—one of the five other leading brands. I examined each pair weekly, side by side, and recorded the results. At the end of 30 days, I submitted my report, and the statements in this advertisement are in accordance with the facts. For professional information about these tests, write me at 101 Central Park West, New York City.

(Signed)

DAVID B. FREUNDLICH, D. D. S.



Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

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AND AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES**



Long research blended with the finest ingredients developed this perfectly **BALANCED** powder. Now, everything you demand of a powder is yours—in REJUVIA. Thistledown fineness, yet clings to your face. Gives you the fashionable dull, satiny glow. Never a hint of shine. Perfect for any type of skin—dry or oily. Does not clog pores. REJUVIA adds the final touch of enchanting naturalness to your make-up ensemble. Know the satisfaction of powder perfection. Try REJUVIA Mellow Finish Face Powder today—only 10c at most Woolworth Stores.

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If you are, you'll be interested in these blue prints before you go ahead: Colonial House, Italian House, each 6 rooms. Normandy House, Swiss Chalet, Modernistic House, Spanish House, each 5 rooms. Send 3 cents for each of the blue prints you want to

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WRITE FOR DETAILS

The

GEORGE WASHINGTON
23rd Street and Lexington Ave., New York City

Secrets of Hollywood's Happy Divorces

(Continued from page 33)

characters. But what characters!

Doug must have been shocked to find himself living with *Sadie Thompson*, for instance; but, later, he seemed to find her agreeable, for he took her and her phonograph to Europe on a second honeymoon. Later the reaction came. Or, perhaps, Joan couldn't stand that Parachute Jumper. But I believe with Joan that it wasn't any one performance that caused the crash; it was a repertoire.

Say what you will, this living one's characters in the home is a sure way to a mail-order decree. One simply cannot remain happily wed to all sorts of people.

IT would be jolly, though, wouldn't it, to see our aristocrats living their parts at a Pickfair dinner:

"My dear Mr. Weissmuller, will you please stop dragging the Duchess up the chandeliers? . . . And Mr. Cagney, will you kindly desist from kicking Lady Upsadaisy all about the room? . . . Oh, Miss Harlow, darling, it isn't necessary for you to disrobe in order to use the finger bowl."

And I can't conceive of a more entertaining guest than milk-bathing Empress Colbert on suddenly catching sight of the cream pitcher. Entertaining to us, yes, but what of husband Norman Foster? Mortified—that's what he'd be if he has the artistic temperament of a James Durante—covered with confusion for what his wife was not covered with.

But Miss Colbert, sage modern wife, does not permit her husband to see her in character. He has to lay down his money like the rest of us at the box-office. I mean (hastily) she doesn't permit him to catch her unawares. He must call up first. They have separate homes. This is another way of outwitting attorneys' fees—a cheap substitution for a happy divorce. I shall have more to say of this circumvention as we proceed to the ultimate boudoir.

THE most horrendous nightmare I ever had was dreaming that I awoke to find myself wed to a lady bugler sounding off reveille. A crazy, tippler's dream, you may think. But it was blissful compared to Nils Asther's rude awakening. Nils awoke to find himself married to a ladies' band!

Nils' marriage to the snugly blond Vivian Duncan was not wrecked by his characters in the home. He didn't have any to enact during their matrimony. By nature lazy, hence agreeable, Nils was too indolent for a time to overcome his Swedish accent and there were no parts for him.

It was the bride who was suddenly gripped by her professional past. Deciding she must organize a vaudeville act, Vi chose, of all things, a ladies' brass band. Day and night the bride and her band tootled oompah-oompah all over the house.

In self-defense, at the divorce trial, Miss Duncan said that Mr. Asther and his mother spoke Swedish, a language which she could suspect but not understand. For this, of course, she might be pardoned for taking refuge in music,

but hardly in saxophones and drums.

THE capsizing of the Gaynor-Peck gondola was further proof of my contention. Mr. Peck was a supervisor. Miss Gaynor is an actress.

Everyone knows that no actress ever loved a supervisor in the studio. How much more difficult, then, in the home?

And Miss Gaynor alleged that Mr. Peck carried his character to the hearthside. She said he read aloud unfavorable notices about her work. Whether this was incited by Miss Gaynor's perpetual character of wistfulness, Mr. Peck did not say. There's little a man can say in court against a lady, what with her silk stockings and everything.

In any event, if her allegation was true, and the court sided with her, Mr. Peck was fortunate to lose only his wife and, as it developed later, his job.

The penalty for reading unfavorable notices aloud in Hollywood is usually life, or, at best, serious injuries.

GLORIA SWANSON seems to have been blessed by an instinct for changing husbands. Her divorces have been signally fortuitous. She changed her type of spouse with her type of roles.

In the rough-housing comedy days she married Wally Beery.

When she assumed DeMille society roles she divorced Wally and married Herbert Somborn, Pasadena society man, polo and pinochle player.

Going to Paris to enact the historic character of Mme. Sans-Gene, Gloria doffed Herbert and assumed the Marquis de la Falaise.

With advent of the talkies and the discovery she could croon lullabys like *Mother Machree*, she married the young Irishman, Michael Farmer, and became a mother.

Of all Hollywood women, Gloria seems to have adjusted herself most happily to a madly changing world. She doesn't cling to possessions. She's almost socialistic, without being communistic.

Yet she's a good mother and wife, beloved by her children and her husbands all. Not only are her ex-husbands her friends; they are friends of one another, true comrades. If Miss Swanson could marry all the men in the world it would be a long step, I believe, toward the solution of world peace, if not Utopia.

LUNCHING with Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland a few years ago, I asked Miss Talmadge if she intended to divorce Mr. Schenck. There were rumors.

"Oh, no," said Norma, happily. "We are going to live like the Ingrams."

She referred to my friends, Rex Ingram and Alice Terry, who disturbed Hollywood for so long by living their own lives and without getting a divorce.

Alice is escorted by her legion of admirers, who change from time to time but always include Rex. And Rex has his charming friends whom Alice receives cordially, though perhaps not affectionately.

Secrets of Hollywood's Happy Divorces

"If you ever divorce me, Alice," Rex once said, fearfully, "you must promise still to work for me."

"Well, there's no point in divorcing you, then," said realistic Alice.

What mystifies Hollywood is that they remain friends without benefit of divorce. Couples in movieland only proclaim themselves friends when the judge hands out the decree.

Here again is the point I've made: characters vs. self in the home. Alice was never absorbed by the thing called art. I recall her detached observation of an actor in the Ingram company. We were seated in a car on location idly watching Rex direct the player in a scene. An assistant had helped the actor mount a horse. Another arranged his garments and refreshed his make-up. A cigarette was lighted and placed in his mouth. Rex told him to look at a girl in a doorway and, for God's sake, try to look interested.

"And they call themselves artists," mused Alice, powdering her make-up. "I hope I never get confused."

She never did. When the camera ceased grinding it was Alice herself who made faces at it, to the hilarity of all. Rex never had to face her characters in the home. Alice was, is and always will be Alice. It's comfortable to have a wife who is always the same, unbridled by ambition, unmindful of what the public expects and always ready to sit in the squeaking old rocking chair, chanting, "Mamma loves papa and papa loves mamma."

ACTING can be entertaining for a couple of hours but not forever. In Hollywood you get it all the time. You don't have to be a wife or husband to suffer. Your friends perform for you. They drop in for a cocktail and, with glazed eyes, start describing their parts.

"Let me show you—just briefly—how the fool director wanted me to play it." The act goes on. "Now—just a minute—this is the way I insisted on playing it."

Or they give imitations. Preferably burlesques of the way other actors act. You die laughing. You die, anyhow. Probably I'm unfair. I like performances short and snappy. I never could sit out one of those playthings by O'Neill. And a Hollywood marriage is often a "Strange Interlude" without time out.

There may be lawyers who argue their cases to their beloved wives each evening. There may be writers who read their stuff aloud with gestures, but all that I happen to know would crack the wife with a good Cagney to the nose if she mentioned the stuff or even dragged a magazine containing it, into the house. I know some actors must be that way, too, because their wives appear cheerful, without that strained expression of the constant audience. But the name's not legion.

I KNOW an actor who is harnessed to a devastating siren of old. She hasn't worked in pictures since Bible days, but she hasn't forgotten her triumphs.

Every morning she descends the
(Please turn to page 98)



When the bounce goes out of a boy of three

WHEN the house is strangely still . . . when the little monarch of the nursery barely picks at his dinner . . . you, mother, know that there is something *wrong!*

Childhood's commonest ailment

Often the trouble is *constipation*. True . . . a child's habits may *seem* regular, but that may not mean that his little system is cleared each day of accumulations which, through intestinal absorption, may be poisoning him.

Diet not always effective

Even though you follow the best advice on scientific feeding, your child may be suffering from constipation brought on by his being too "busy" to spare the time from his play. If he is pale, listless, has no appetite . . . he needs a good laxative.

But . . . some laxatives may do him more harm than good. Laxatives intended for adult use are often too strong for children, even in reduced doses.

Give him Fletcher's Castoria!

Fletcher's Castoria is a simple vegetable preparation which is absolutely *safe* and *sure*. It settles delicate stomachs. It does not gripe. And children love the taste of

it . . . they are not afraid to take it.

Your physician will tell you that Fletcher's Castoria contains no harmful drugs . . . *no narcotics*. It is a highly ethical remedy for constipation in children from baby age to eleven years old. Purchase a bottle of Castoria at your druggist's today. The *family size* is the economical way to buy it. And be sure to look for the signature, *Chas. H. Fletcher*, on the carton.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
for
constipation
in children

from babyhood to 11 years

MACHINES

THAT NEED COAXING



NEED 3-IN-ONE OIL

Any sewing machine needs coaxing when the working parts become dirty.

Women who sew often know this, and use 3-in-One—the oil that is blended to keep parts clean and rust-free as it lubricates. Try it; see how much easier it makes sewing! Your dealer has 3-in-One Oil in new handy cans and bottles.



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FITS BACK OF BASEBOARD OR MOULDING

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10 Cents

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Amazing invention guarantees neat, quick job. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Improve appearance of your rooms—keep all wires off floors with JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP. Economical. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.



Secrets of Hollywood's Happy Divorces

(Continued from page 97)

stairs in the grand manner and make-up of the tiger-skin epoch. The husband in the breakfast nook glances up from his paper and bursts into roars.

With a furious toss of her queenly head, the lady sits down and attacks the grapefruit. Why does he stand it? She will tell you, my dear, he reads his parts aloud to her evenings. Dutifully she applauds.

When she fails as an audience the marriage will be over, she says. Nor would she give a root-toot-toot, she adds, if she could just hook a contract. Oh, of course, she has offers—every day, my dear—but unless she can get the right part she will continue to waste her talents on him—the big ham!

I'M not saying that playing one's characters in the home is the only reason for divorce. Sometimes it's playing them in someone else's home that causes trouble.

An actor who toils the live-long day among ravishing film beauties is subjected to a white-heat of temptation that is almost more than human flesh can bear. Outside the studio, too, he is caught in an eddy of siren's adoration.

Actresses, no less, are daily grappling with bulging six-foot male temptations and, at leisure, are beckoned by passing yachts and motor cars containing the devil's minions.

Neither can be snooty; they must say "no" nicely. Oftentimes, social obligations are really business. The gossip writers see and tell. Thus the green-eyed dragons are spawned.

Ruth St. Denis says she can't see any reason why two people married to each other can't have extra-marital affairs and be happier for it. She thinks that if two people are properly adjusted to each other and to life they will even be able to discuss their ex-

traneous love experiences with each other.

Hollywood, the great laboratory, has had many such experiments. Most end in divorce, just as Ruthie's and Ted Shawn's marriage ended. You see, the extra-marital affair is liable to become more exciting than the old steady job.

HOLLYWOOD, suffering with the inferiority pox, tried for years to be conventional by declaiming that there were just as many happy homes in Hollywood as anywhere. Month after month, stories of happy Hollywood marriages appeared in magazines only to explode as you read them.

Now that celebrities throughout the world are divorcing as swiftly as those of Hollywood, and Reno is the center of one of our greatest industries, I think Hollywood should come right out and extol the virtues and joys of happy divorce. Certainly nowhere are they performed with such gallantry and touching sentiment. They become the best of friends, are seen everywhere together for the first time in months and exchange as well presents as brides and grooms.

Of course, the actual divorce ceremony is still ugly, no matter how the star may dress or act. I don't see why the happy event can't be celebrated in the Beverly-Wilshire gold ballroom with organ music or a couple of orchestras as at Ruth Roland's wedding, and afterward, a big buffet with real food, not the papier mache turkeys that were featured at one wedding.

OH, yes—I almost forgot—there are happy married couples in Hollywood, but it wouldn't be discreet to mention them because, by the time this appears, they may be the best of friends, with the judge's blessing.

Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 17)

ANN HARDING'S little five-year-old Jane is a well protected child and is always kept in the background. Very few people, outside of Ann's personal friends, know what she looks like.

And you should see her swim. She was dumped into their big swimming pool almost before she could walk, and she'll be breaking Olympic records before long, if she keeps on.

Ann, incidentally, is coming out of retirement insofar as the press is concerned. For more than a year Ann has refused to talk to reporters, thereby making many enemies among them; but now she is seeing them again and explains her long silence this way:

"I was so unhappy over some of the pictures I made that I decided

to quit at the expiration of my contract and never make another picture. If I quit I wouldn't need publicity, so I refused to give interviews," she said. "But what I thought were to be my last pictures turned out pretty well, and I've changed my mind about quitting and about interviews, too."

IT seems to me like a waste to pay Claude Rains, English star, such a lot of money to play the title role in Universal's "The Invisible Man." You hear his voice, hear him walk across the room, you see the chair seat give a little as he sits down, but you never actually see Mr. Rains. And he is the high-salaried star of the picture!

Carl Laemmle has figured out that

Hollywood Day by Day

the fans will be so thrilled over his voice, so curious to see his face, that in his next picture, in which he will be visible, he will be a riot.

SAM GOLDWYN did his bit to aid depression sufferers by hiring eighty women who were expert embroiderers, to make the brassieres for the chorus girls to wear in "Roman Scandals." And after a woman worked for six days on each brassiere, it looked to me like a waste of time, for the brassieres are practically invisible. However, even the beautiful chorus girls—and I give you my word they are the most gorgeous creatures I have ever seen—can't detract from the charm of Ruth Etting.

More than a year ago Ruth promised Eddie Cantor that she would sometime work in one of his pictures. And when you hear her sing in that picture you'll be glad she promised and gladder that she kept her promise. When she rehearsed, the whole studio stopped to listen.

HOLLYWOOD is without an answer to Ann Sten. The screen colony glories in smartness, beautiful clothes, wisecracks. Miss Sten isn't smart. She doesn't look like a pink-and-white doll. She is a bit plumpish. She makes no wisecracks. She goes to no parties. She does her acting before the camera.

Steichen, noted photographer, classes her with Joan Crawford and Katharine Cornell.

"Those three women have the most interesting faces of any women I know," Steichen, said. "One can mold their faces as though they were putty by the use of lights."

SPEAKING of photographers, one of our most avid amateurs is Norman Foster. He has used miles of film, experimenting with lighting effects, and I miss my guess if you don't hear that Norman has turned out to be a genius as a director one of these days.

Recently, on a trip to Honolulu, he experimented with under-sea photography with a home-made equipment consisting of a glass box around his tiny motion-picture camera. He inserted a long rubber tube through a hole in the bottom of a wash basin which he floated on top of the water. The other end of the tube he put in his mouth to breathe through and dived, with his camera, to a depth of twenty-five feet, where he tried to photograph a baby octopus.

"But the darned octopus slept all the time, and if I prodded him (Please turn to page 100)

WHO'D BELIEVE THEY CALLED ME SKINNY 4 MONTHS AGO!



Posed by professional model

Special QUICK WAY TO PUT POUNDS ON FAST!

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast now concentrated 7 times and iron added. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new, easy treatment that is giving thousands healthy flesh and attractive curves—in just a few weeks.

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful!

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep and untiring energy.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

Skinniness a serious danger

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases. So build up quick, before it is too late.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

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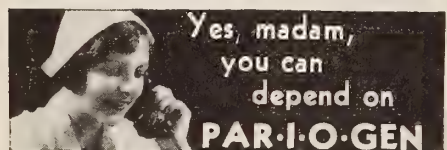
FRIENDS were puzzled to know how I could afford new shades . . . let alone smart patterns they had never seen even in expensive shades. When I revealed my secret they were startled at first . . . then thrilled. "See for yourself," I concluded, "what lovely, durable shades are possible for only 10c each" . . . Millions of women have already tried and approved Clopay Shades—the new kind of shade that won't crack, pinhole, fray or curl . . . yet sells for 10c. Clopay Shades wear wonderfully. Available in soft, plain colors and latest chintz effects no other shade has. Easy to put up, too . . . no tacks or tools. For a real thrilling experience see Clopay Shades today. Send 3c stamp for color samples. Clopay Corporation, 1215 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Name.....
Address.....

Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 99)

to wake him up, he would spit that black inky stuff out and cloud up the water. Then I couldn't do anything until the water cleared up," related Norman. "I got so I could stay under water almost twenty-five minutes, so I'm not downhearted."

GEORGE BARNES, one of Hollywood's ace cameramen and husband of Joan Blondell, refuses to sign a contract with any company so he can be free to photograph Joan's pictures wherever and whenever she works.

When Joan is loaned to other companies by the Warners, whatever company borrows her has to take George along as the cameraman. And they are mighty glad to do it. It is one way to have a happy Hollywood marriage, too. They can work and vacation together.

NOT so lucky are Bette Davis and her husband, Harmon Nelson. "Ham," as Bette calls him, is in New York fulfilling radio engagements and Bette is kept in Hollywood to make pictures.

She couldn't stand it to stay alone in their little honeymoon house, so she took a small apartment where she will live until he returns. I thought her husband was an orchestra leader and was surprised when she told me he was singing over the radio.

"Oh, Ham can do anything," she told me proudly.

LIFE is full of surprises, however, and one of the biggest ones I've had recently was when I went into the Fox Studio cafe and heard Will Rogers and Fred Stone singing cowboy songs. I was surprised they were allowed to remain, but they were cutting up to the amusement of everyone; and people just held their fingers in their ears and enjoyed their antics.

Mr. Rogers told me once that he had always wanted to sing, and after he went on the stage with his rope, saved up all his money and bought musical instruments.

"I had the swellest trunk you ever saw," he told me, "because some friends of mine had a trunk factory, but all I had in the trunk were musical instruments rattling around. I didn't have any clothes."

After listening to his cowboy tenor, I'll say he makes up in volume what he lacks in quality.

INCIDENTALLY, no matter what the wise ones think, his daughter, Mary, did get into the Fox Studio and was chosen as one of the eight beautiful girls in "My Weakness"—without the casting director's knowing who she was.

She is just as pretty and just as sweet as she can be, and now that she has proved that she could get in on her own merits, she has decided to use the name Rogers and accept a little help from her famous dad. She is playing his daughter in "There's Always Tomorrow."

MRS. LESLIE HOWARD writes they will all be back in Hollywood by October. She has been re-decorating the Howard home just outside London, England.

"I'm putting in some Hollywood touches," she wrote, "and shocking my neighbors with what they think is my bizarre taste in house furnishings."

LOUISE FAZENDA is still adding to her house. I stopped by the other day and was met by that typical Fazenda hospitality.

"Come in and see my new things," she said. The first new thing she showed me was the baby, which is a marvelous child, I should say. The second thing she showed me was a shiny white bar built across one corner of the play room. "What will you have to drink," she asked, and in nothing flat I had my size eights planted on that brass rail. "Ginger ale, coca cola or lemonade?" She offered. Well, anyway, it was cold.

"I'm having carnation trouble," she said, and then explained that she raises her own red carnations so that friend husband, Hal Wallis, can leave home every morning with a fresh one in his buttonhole.

The whole world may change but there is one thing sure: Louise will always be the same, that "same" meaning she's just grand!

DURING a very involved conversation about motor boats, Warren William suddenly clutched his hair, glanced at his wrist-watch and exclaimed, "My God! My permanent!"

I began to get a very ill feeling in the pit of my stomach, but he explained that before he was signed to work in the Ann Sten picture, "Nana," he had to promise to have a wave put in his hair.

The role called for it and just to make sure he would go through with it, it was so stipulated in his contract.

Hollywood men are beginning to understand what women go through for the sake of beauty. Paul Muni, having an exceptionally low forehead, couldn't be fitted with a wig until his hair had been shaved back an inch.

IT was fun, going to George Blackwood's housewarming. You never knew just where he would be liv-

Hollywood Day by Day

ing. George is a new contract player at First National and every time the studio took up an option, George got a raise and moved up one flight. Now he is living in a penthouse on the roof of the apartment house where he first had a tiny apartment on the second floor. Outside his little bungalow is a lawn and outdoor furniture.

Dick Powell has been having a series of house warmings, too, not because he has moved often but because the first one was such a success that we persuaded him to have one whenever he had a day off from work.

And, on account of his recent illness he hasn't had to work much. Dick says he has definitely given up the chase after Mary Brian. "There's too much competition," he explained. But Mary is building a house in Toluca Lake and that's where Dick is now living, so at least they'll be neighbors.

DICK CROMWELL was afraid he would lose his new house before it was entirely finished, things financial got so desperate with him recently.

"What with strikes, lay-offs and payments on the house it got so I looked on a dinner invitation as a business engagement," he told me.

He tells the world proudly that he is in love with Katharine DeMille, and I'll say the boy is enthusiastic. When I asked him how love affected him, he said:

"Just like a big bowl of ice cream on a hot day."

MINNA GOMBELL'S husband declares he proposed to her for eight years and then had to take her out on the desert before he could get a "yes" out of her.

"I stopped the car six miles from Yuma and 125 miles from the last town we had passed," he relates. "I told her to get out and see how deep the sand was. She did, and sunk up to her knees. Then I told her it was six miles to Yuma and a minister and a long way back. The perspiration started to drip off her nose and I won. Eight years was a long time, but she's worth it," he added gleefully.

ONE hot day recently—you know, when you Easterners are thinking about getting out your long underwear, we are still enjoying summer in California—Tallulah Bankhead and some boy friends were swimming in a plunge at the hotel where Tallulah spent her vacation. The minute they got out of the water they were uncomfortably warm, so they called a bell boy and

(Please turn to page 102)



Helen never gave them a chance to say "I Told You So"

WHEN Helen and Dick were married, people shook their heads and said, "What a flop she'll make of things! Why, I don't believe she even knows what a kitchen looks like."

Helen *didn't* know a thing about cooking but she *did* know she could learn—and that she'd be a much more successful cook if she learned through good instruction instead of the old trial and error method that costs money, time and temper.

For women like Helen, who want to cook well, Tower Magazines has a series that begins with the fundamental principles, gives directions for simple dishes, deals with food values, food selections and food budgets. This series takes into consideration your special individual needs, too.

Advanced cooks will be delighted with new ways to prepare salads, pies and pastries that don't go wrong, exciting frozen and gelatin desserts, fancy breads and party sandwiches.

Make your cooking win praises. It's good economy, too, to be a good cook.

If you want to know more about
good cooking, write to

The Food Editor

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.

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New York, N. Y.

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NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 101)

told him to bring a big pail of ice water.

When it arrived they poured it all over each other and sent the boy back for more. They kept the boy busy all afternoon, and as Talullah tips generously, the boy had a big day.

EDMUND BREESE has had a beautiful collie for fifteen years. The dog's hind legs are paralyzed and he gets around the house with difficulty, and he cannot make the stairs. Every night Mr. Breese carries him upstairs and in the morning carries him down again.

"For two years I've wanted to go to New York on a visit," Mr. Breese told me, "but the vet tells me the dog will die if I leave him for a week, so I keep postponing the trip."

LITTLE Cora Sue Collins telephoned to her agent the other day, and when he answered the phone she was crying so she couldn't talk to him. He was upset, thinking she had lost her job, and hurried over to her house only to learn that her pet goldfish had died.

And now just one more little kiddie story and I'll stop. Talking to Roland Young of pictures, I learned that he seldom sees a picture. In fact, the only ones he had seen in months were "A Bed Time Story" and "She Done Him Wrong."

"So you favor Paramount films?" I asked.

"No, no," he replied, "but it takes Baby LeRoy and Mae West to get me out."

EVERYONE got a large laugh the day when Buddy De Sylva took a terrific beating from Jack Gilbert during a hotly contested game of tennis.

"You Malibu guys aren't so hot," jeered Jack.

"We're drinkers and lovers," retorted De Sylva, "not athletes."

WINFIELD SHEEHAN, Fox executive, on a vacation, remembered his duties long enough to give a contract to a girl he met in New York. Her name is Jane Barnes; she is twenty-one years old and Sheehan wired the studio that she showed more promise than any new girl he had signed up for a long time.

Incidentally, when Mr. Sheehan calls up his feminine friends and finds them out, he always leaves word with the person who answers the telephone, that they are to say "Mike" called. . . .

Adrienne Ames has a switchboard in her beautiful Beverly Hills home, but when the Paramount Studio wanted to reach her the other day

they sent a telegram saying they had tried all day to get her but her lines were all busy and would she please come to work. . . .

Wynne Gibson appeared at the Colony Club the other night with black fingernails. . . .

Buster Crabbe gives a certain number of hours each week to the Red Cross, teaching young lifesavers how to swim. . . .

Dorothy Peterson says her prayers on her knees beside her bed every night. . . .

And it will be like old times when Evalyn Knapp gets going in "The Perils of Pauline," which Universal is making as a serial. . . .

Won't it be awful if Betty Compson really does tell all, as she threatens, in her book of her life and loves in Hollywood for the past eighteen years? . . .

Mae West is house-hunting and so is Judith Allen because her address was printed in a newspaper recently and she's been robbed twice. . . .

Because Hobart Bosworth came to California to die with a tubercular ailment years ago but got well instead, he visits sanitariums when he has time and cheers up the patients. . . .

Because Cecelia Parker kept on humming a song after she went out of the scene and it recorded on the film, Ken Maynard had to pay \$100 royalty every time she repeated the chorus. . . .

But Ken said that is what a girl would do in real life, so he paid cheerfully. . . .

"The reason everyone likes to go to fortune-tellers," says Mae Clarke, "is because a fortune-teller gives you her undivided attention. And who doesn't like to be listened to?" . . . And when Mae Clarke went back to Warners to play in another picture with Jimmy Cagney he met her at the gate and pelted her with grapefruit.

Remember the picture in which he rubbed a grapefruit all over her face?

Constance Bennett can't play tennis in the sun because it makes little blisters come all over her face. . . .

Richard Dix cleared \$34 on his chickens last month, turned around and invested in young turkeys. He expects to clean up nicely by Christmas.

Colleen Moore was discussing her latest picture, "The Power and the Glory."

"It's one of those pictures that my Chinese cook would understand," she said. "It begins at the end and works back to the beginning." . . .

And that's all. Good-bye everybody.

Tonight's the Night

(Continued from page 57)

with us at Dolores Del Rio's to see the Fall swimming races! And can Dolores swim!

The party was given by Dolores and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, for Merian C. Cooper and his bride, Dorothy Jordan, and their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney, at Dolores' Santa Monica Canyon home.

There was tennis, too, and Miriam Hopkins and King Vidor distinguished themselves at the game. They play together every day, so their skill is not to be wondered at. Miriam wore white slacks with a blue sweater. Ernst Lubitsch has taken to tennis since he came to this country, too. And, of course, Gary Cooper is both a grand swimmer and tennis player. Gary won in the swimming matches. We thought at first that Constance Bennett and Martha Sleeper were going to win the women's race, but Countess Frasso came in first.

Mary Pickford was unusually quiet. However, she is always an amusing conversationalist. She wore a gold-colored sports suit with short jacket, and a little gold cloth beret-shaped hat.

Dolores has a new floating bob, very becoming. One realizes she should never have worn her hair long. She said she had had a sort of superstitious feeling about cutting her hair, but had finally made the plunge.

"I cut off a little of it myself, just as a starter," she said. "Then I got more courage, and had the rest of it chopped. It's an odd feeling, losing a head of long hair. You feel as if you had just taken a plunge into cold water."

The guests included William Haines, George Cukor, Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Glazer (Sharon Lynn), Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna.

A buffet supper was served in the garden.

"SCRAM!"

That was a nice, hospitable greeting, wasn't it? We weren't just crashing William Beaudine's party, either, but had been duly invited.

Then we found out that the remark had been made by a bird, an Indian hill mynah, an odd creature that gets about with long hops instead of flying, and talks like a parrot.

The Beaudines were giving a party at their charming beach house at Santa Monica. We found the guests sitting about on comfortable chairs and sofas on the wide verandah and on the beach in front of the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Buster Crabbe dropped in soon after our own arrival. Mrs. Crabbe is trying to learn to cook, she says. And even though her husband did eat a rousing dinner, that's no reason, she declared, why her own cooking is a failure. Anyway, they have a cook, and if things don't turn out right when she herself tries to make Buster a favorite dish, why, there's always the professional to turn to.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall were there, and so was Bobby Vernon, and there were James Flood, the director, Ben Bard—quite lonely without his wife, Ruth Roland—and others.

(Please turn to page 104)



"Who gave you the lovely wave, Peg?"

"I did it with my own two hands . . . and Wildroot Wave Powder!"

"The powder you mix with water?"

"Why not? It's the best waveset you can buy, and it only costs 10c a pint!"



WILDROOT WAVE POWDER

Just mix with water . . . leaves no white flakes.
10c package makes a pint of heavy wave lotion.

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Tonight's the Night

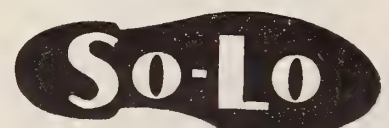
(Continued from page 103)



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"MRS. RALPH MORGAN," grinned Mrs. Frank Craven, "was upstairs with the bride for an hour, advising her against it, and telling her these Hollywood marriages don't last!"

That was a huge laugh, for the bride and groom had already been married just thirty years that day, and were having a party and repeating the ceremony as a joke. I mean Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Barlow.

But the joke turned out to be a little sad, after all. For sentiment got the best of a lot of the guests, and many were weeping (just as guests always do at weddings).

The "ceremony" was held at the home of the "bride" and "groom," a beautiful old English house in Hollywood. Following the ceremony the two principals hopped into their car, to the accompaniment of pelting rice, and with a sign on the back which read "Just Married," and took a honeymoon around the block, then came back for the wedding breakfast!

The "bride" wore green lace and a large hat and carried a corsage of Talisman roses. Mrs. Morgan, her life-long friend, was matron of honor, and wore pastel chiffon and a corsage of gardenias. Claude Gillingwater, who had been best man at the original wedding, was best man at this "repeat performance."

The service was conducted by the Reverend Doctor Arthur Wurtle of St. Thomas' Episcopal Church.

Someone suggested that, as Helen Steffi had cried the most, she should receive the first prize of ten dollars!

Belle Mitchell caught the bride's bouquet when it was tossed.

The reception committee consisted of Mesdames Edmund Breese, Frank Craven, Edward G. Robinson and Morgan Wallace.

Those present included Blythe Daly, who came with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Craven, Claudia Morgan, Ralph Morgan, Helen Bolton, Anna Q. Nilsson, William Davidson, Grant Mitchell, Warren William, Guy Kibbee, Mr. and Mrs. Frank McHugh, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason, Edmund Breese, Sam Hardy, Edna Bennett, Ned Sparks and his wife, and many others.

A BARBECUE in the moonlight, with the quiet hills in the background, and the noise of howling coyotes in the distance!

It was given by Sidney Blackmer on his birthday, at one of the "dude" ranches, and was no end of fun.

The cowboys twanged their guitars and sang their songs in the firelight, and the "chow" was barbecued beef and potatoes au gratin, though, of course, they should have been roasted in the ashes, as the cowboys cook them.

There was a dice game going near the fire, and Bryan Foy, Al Rogell, Joseph Schildkraut, and Chester Morris couldn't tear themselves away from it. And there was even a bridge and a poker game. Walter Lang and Jack Holt proved sharks at poker, while Mrs. Bryan Foy and Mrs. Al Rogell won at bridge.

THE most romantic pair in all Hollywood—Edna Best and Herbert Marshall! Do you remember how

Edna passed up a film career to be with her husband?

They're back in Hollywood, and Elizabeth Allan and her husband, William J. O'Brien, gave them a nice party the other night, the occasion being Edna's birthday.

We looked in vain, when we first arrived, for our hostess. Mr. O'Brien, a fascinating Irishman, bade us welcome. Then we found out that Miss Allan was working, and would be late.

She has all the poise of the well-bred English girl. So, when she arrived an hour later, she wasn't in the least fussed. And she did look lovely in a white piqué evening dress, long and graceful. She could stay but an hour, however, as she had an early morning call. Then she said good-night and retired.

All the Britishers naturally went into a little huddle to talk about London. These included Bramley Fletcher, Charles Laughton, Heather Angel, and Mrs. Ernest Torrence.

Heather Angel runs to picturesque dresses and picture hats. She looked stunning in a wide-brimmed hat and soft lace gown.

Most of the women wore sports clothes, Kay Francis looking especially charming in an Eleanor blue knitted suit.

Guests included Elizabeth Lonergan, Florence Desmond, Russell Gleason, Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien, Kenneth MacKenna, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lachman, Bessie Love and William Hawks, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook, Philip Lonergan, Jameson Thomas, Al Kauffman, and others.

CAN Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow be married? One suspects so.

They entertain together a great deal at Maureen's cute beach house at Santa Monica; and there, too, you will always find Father O'Donnell.

Maureen was looking well in a bright blue bathing suit the day we traveled to the beach to her party given for the Puppets, a club made up of the younger set in pictures. Everybody was out on Maureen's private beach.

"You positively must put on a bathing suit if you want to sit on the sand," commanded Maureen as each guest arrived. And so all of us found ourselves so arrayed, whether we went into the very rough ocean or not.

Tom Brown was going to bring Anita Louise (of course!), but Anita was playing in a stage play, and didn't get down until later. So Tom was dispensing his gallant favors impartially, talking to Betty Furness, Pattie Ellis and the others.

Earl Blackwell brought Elizabeth Wilson, Virginia Howard came with William Janney, and, in general, there was quite a pairing of the youngsters.

Tom Brown said he wouldn't miss seeing Anita that day for anything! It was their "seventh anniversary!" But we found out he meant they had been going together seven months!

Junior Durkin's sister, Grace and Gertrude Durkin, and Henry Wadsworth and Robert Horner were among the guests.

Maureen told us she was learning to swim under water, with Johnny

Tonight's the Night

Weissmuller teaching her the technique. "But Johnny's pictures require all sorts of swimming," she said, "so I'm struggling."

You should have seen the crush of ladies around Philip Merivale, noted stage actor, just come to the screen, at the party which Mel Brown, the director, and his wife gave in his honor!

And he's such a retiring sort of man, too; looks like a doctor or a college professor. He didn't even want to have his picture taken.

He really cut that popular young actor, Phillips Holmes, right out! And that in spite of the fact that his wife, a charming lady, and his daughter, were present.

Edward Everett Horton was there, too, and so were Kay Hammond George K. Arthur and his wife, E. E. Clive, and dozens of others.

The former Mrs. Reginald Denny was among the guests looking very pretty in a print frock and wide brimmed hat. She is running a dramatic school and enjoys the work.

I DON'T know how Carmel Myers found time and energy to manage it, but she gave a party following her opening in a play at the Pasadena Community Theater. And though she did look awfully tired, she was a wonderful hostess. Of course, her husband, Ralph Blum, the attorney, lent a lot of aid.

Carmel was charming in a white crepe gown. Her guests included Evelyn Knapp, Peggy Fears, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lachman, Jose Crespo, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sloane, Mr. and Mrs. Larry Hart, and many others.

YACHTING parties go on all the year round! The Dominos gave a most amusing one, on the "Gloria Dalton," owned by Gloria and Victor Dalton.

We went to Catalina and returned by moonlight. Mia Marvin, Maude Fulton, and Mrs. Ned Sparks went swimming, while others of us just put on bathing suits and baked in the sun. Mrs. Edward G. Robinson took movies of the crowd and also made fudge—a most energetic lady.

But it was our homecoming that was the delight. Who says Hollywood has no devoted husbands!

The husbands gathered at the Dominos Clubhouse to have dinner with their spouses, expecting the ladies at about seven-thirty. But seven-thirty came and went, and still no wives. Then, eight, nine, ten!

Edward G. Robinson by that time was taking his wife's picture from his pocket and gazing at it every five minutes. Ned Sparks lost all his jauntiness and kept running to the window every time he heard an automobile drive up. Alan Mowbray was looking at his watch constantly. Pat O'Brien talked darkly of shipwreck to Boris Karloff, and Boris' face never wore a more harried look even when he was being pursued by hellhounds in a picture.

Eleven o'clock came—still no wives. And the husbands hadn't eaten a bite.

Finally at twelve they did arrive, those errant wives.

All was sweetness and light, except
(Please turn to page 106)



Have You Started Your Recipe Library?

**Last month Tower Magazines offered
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All of these circulars are the same size, and many women are keeping them together in a leather binder for easy and frequent reference.

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A MILLION!

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Tonight's the Night

(Continued from page 105)

in the case of Ned Sparks and his wife, who didn't speak for four days!

A DRIENNE AMES' housewarming party turned out to be a house-cooling party.

The new whoopee room is beautiful. Its bar is wood painted like marble, its huge mirror at the back, its walls decorated with Venetian scenes—the most beautiful playroom in all of Hollywood.

We stayed there a while, but the Italian garden beckoned us, for there are great trees and comfortable lawn sofas and chairs and a charming swimming pool.

Lionel Barrymore brought his wife, Irene Fenwick. She said that when she was at home—she spends some time in New York every year—Lionel catches up on his sleep!

"He just digs a burrow from home to the studio," she laughed, "and doesn't go anywhere except to work."

Mrs. Barrymore looked charming in a linen sports suit, the skirt beige, the short jacket ashes-of-roses pink. She wore a small beige sailor.

Our hostess was here, there and everywhere, looking radiantly pretty in an afternoon dress of black satin skirt and white tear-drop crepe blouse. The dress was long, reaching to the ground, and was made with a low back to the waist line, revealing Miss Ames' perfectly grand tan.

Bruce Cabot was among the guests, gallant and engaging as ever. He had been wearing a blue sweater of a perfectly heavenly color, the last time I saw him, and I asked him what had become of it.

"Oh, there were so many envious remarks made about it that I had to give it away," he laughed.

We found Lionel Barrymore wandering about the house, looking at the pictures, and as he stood before a painting, showing four men—a Valesquez, I believe—his artistic musings were interrupted by Jack Oakie, who declared that the four men were the Four Marx Brothers!

Jack's mother was a guest, too—and quite as amusing and lively as her son.

We heard a bull-frog croaking from the pond, and Jack declared he thought it was Bing Crosby crooning. Bing overheard him, but grinned appreciatively.

Ralph Forbes came alone. Others included Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby), Maurice Chevalier, Jetta Goudal and Harold Grieve, Hedda Hopper, Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, Mitchell Lyson, Miriam Hopkins and Laura Hope Crews.

There was swimming in the swimming pool.

Tête-à-tête tables were set on the lawn, and at evening we all repaired to the garden for dinner. The garden was illuminated by candles in six-foot-tall candelabras, giving a gorgeous effect.

JUST the grandest bunch of youngsters compose the Puppets Club!

They were all there, too, at the Farm Party given at the club house.

The boys were dressed as farmers and the girls as milk-maids.

Milk pails and a papier mache cow, very life-like, adorned the grounds, with the cow peering in the window at the

gay doings inside the club house!

The garage was outfitted with hay and decorated with lanterns, like a barn, and there was a bar out there, where we got soda-pop and cider.

There's a lot of young romance abroad in the club, and all the guests were rather obviously paired off.

Tom Brown, of course, brought Anita Louise, but not until late, as she is working on the stage. And there were Lola Lane and Lyle Talbot—quite a something-or-other in the way of romances—and Earl Blackwell and Grace Durkin, William Janney and Gertrude Durkin, and Patricia Ellis with Robert Horner.

Mary Brian was there, and Helen Mack, who came with Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Schoedsack, Pat O'Brien and Robert Armstrong, Francis Lederer, Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason, Marion Lessing and many others.

Some baby ducks were raffled off for charity. Herbert Cavanaugh won two, proudly bearing them off home in a big crate. Lyle Talbot won two others, but having no place to keep them in his apartment except in the bath-tub, he said, he re-auctioned them off and gave the proceeds to the club.

For Your Thanksgiving Dinner

All the events of that Final Thursday in November revolve around the dinner. To give you the best assistance possible in making your Thanksgiving a success we have prepared the following circulars:

1. Thanksgiving dishes from Hollywood.
2. Thanksgiving recipes from hotel chefs.
3. Dinners at any price.
4. Table decorations for Thanksgiving.
5. Turkey and fixings.
6. Left-over Thanksgiving dishes.
7. Thanksgiving desserts.
8. Budget dishes for Thanksgiving.

If you would like copies of these circulars, send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Remember they are printed on loose leaves so that you can keep them in a loose-leaf binder.

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Sun Decks—Indoor Sea Water Swimming Pool.

Attractive American and European Plan Rates. Write

WILLIAM HAMILTON, General Manager

What Are YOUR Homemaking Problems?

Was there ever a woman who didn't have a housekeeping problem to vex her!

Maybe it's Junior rebelling at spinach... or a laundry that won't come white... or a husband clamoring for a different dessert at every meal.

What is your housekeeping problem?

Why don't you dispose of it by packing it off to Mary Marshall at Tower Magazines. She knows what home-making problems are and how to solve them... and she's very glad to help you if she possibly can. Of course, there's no charge—it's a special service for readers of Tower Magazines. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

ADDRESS

Miss Mary Marshall

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.

55 Fifth Avenue

NEW YORK, N. Y.

New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 49)

lative cast, Muni has turned in a show that can compare with "I Am a Fugitive" or his recent stage success, "Counsellor at Law."

Though Paul Muni's work shines like a beacon, all the credit is by no means his. Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee, Mary Astor and an old favorite of yours, Anna Q. Nilsson, press the star closely for honors. Margaret Lindsay, little English actress who scored a distinct hit in "The Narrow Corner," does excellently in a role that we could wish were larger; and Donald Cook, Sidney Toler and that swell little juvenile actor, David Durand, all deserve honorable mention.

When big pictures for the year are measured up, "The World Changes" must necessarily be considered. Its theme is something that is, or is going to be, a problem for all of us. The sheer excellence of its cast makes it worth while from an artistic viewpoint, also. All in all, "The World Changes" is something that you should see. Your reviewer is somewhat tempted to add, "And how!"

A CHANCE AT HEAVEN—(Radio)—Vina Delmar has written a lot of stories for the movies, but "A Chance at Heaven" came from closer to her heart than most of them. Your reviewer happens to know that Vina Delmar lived her own life something along the lines of "A Chance at Heaven."

Radio has made a pretty good film out of it. Joel McCrea and Ginger Rogers seem to be the best team that Miss Delmar has had in any of her stories. And a strong supporting cast helps to put the picture a little above the ordinary run of attractions.

Marian Nixon, who scored wonderfully in "Pilgrimage," proves that there are few people on the silver screen who can be sweeter. Laura Hope Crews dominates more than one scene. Robert McWade, who deserved more praise than he received for his fine work in "Cimarron," is excellent in support.

TOO MUCH HARMONY—(Paramount)—I don't quite know why, but I'm going to ask you to become reminiscent. Do you remember "Close Harmony," a show that introduced Jack Oakie, Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll to the movie public? It was away back in the beginning of sound pictures and came along with such as "Street Girl" and "Broadway Melody." I'll always remember it as one of the swellest shows I've ever seen. And, for some reason or other, "Too Much Harmony" brings it back to mind.

There isn't any similarity in story; it's more a question of a simple charm that both productions had. William LeBaron, who used to produce musical shows on Broadway, was in charge of the picture's production, and under his guidance, Bing Crosby, Jack Oakie, "Skeets" Gallagher, Harry Green, Lilyan Tashman and Ned Sparks work together so that a fine, sparkling, new-type musical comedy is the result.

Judith Allen, a lovely little lady whom your reviewer saw for the first

(Please turn to page 108)

How I DYE Shoes BLACK



TO DYE all colored and white shoes made of smooth leather **Black**, apply ColorShine Black Dye. Use the handy dauber that comes with the bottle—and in a jiffy the shoes are dyed permanently and beautifully. Keep them shined with ColorShine Black Creme. It's easy to keep *all* shoes smart with ColorShine; there's a dressing for every type of shoe. 10¢ for a big tube or bottle on the

hardware counter at most Woolworth stores.



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for my free directions showing how I keep all my shoes smart looking. Address: Irene Marchant, The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Dept. 111, Baltimore, Md.

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The woman who pays \$3 for her face powder, creams and lotions can get no better results than you can with Vivani Preparations in 10c sizes. This is because 10c size Vivani Preparations are made from the finest materials in the world—in one of the finest cosmetic laboratories—by expert chemists. No matter what you pay you cannot buy finer cosmetics than Vivani. If you want \$3.00 effect and yet wish to be sensibly economical, choose Vivani Face Powder, Rouge, Creams, Lotions, Brilliantine, Deodorant, Nail Preparations, Eyelash Preparations and Perfumes in generous and beautiful 10c sizes. Be sure to say—

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RETAIN THE *Natural* *Beauty* OF YOUR SKIN!



HAVE you looked at your complexion lately? Really looked at it?... Is it soft, smooth and clear? Or is it a little coarse, a little rough? Autumn days play havoc with your skin. Dry air and harsh winds exhaust its natural oils. Cause your face to become lined and old-looking. Begin today to use **OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder**. Its unique *Olive Oil* base gives the skin the moisture it needs to remain soft, firm and youthful. Yet **OUTDOOR GIRL** is fluffy-dry. It doesn't "cake" or clog the pores.

In 7 smart shades to blend with any complexion. At leading drug, department and chain stores—50c, 25c, 10c. Mail the coupon for generous samples.

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I enclose 10c to cover postage and handling. Please send me your **OUTDOOR GIRL** "Week-end Beauty Kit" containing liberal trial packages of Olive Oil Face Powder—Lightex Face Powder—Olive Oil Cream—Liquefying Cleansing Cream and Lip-and-Cheek Rouge.

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Dandruff simply ruined my hair! No remedy I tried seemed to check it. But now I simply rub my scalp before every shampoo with penetrating Campho-Phenique. Its antiseptic ingredients ended dandruff like magic. And my scalp feels wonderful; no more tightness or dryness. Use Campho-Phenique NOW if dandruff threatens your scalp. Get a bottle today—30c to 60c at any drug store, or, try the 10c size.

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Just see and feel the amazing difference in your ironings when you change from the bother and uncertainty of lump starch to Quick Elastic. It's that pulverized, complete starching and ironing mixture thousands are talking about. No sticking. No scorching. Wonderfully penetrating, it restores elasticity and that fresh new look and feel to things. Your iron fairly glides.

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THANK YOU—

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 607, KEOKUK, IOWA
Your free sample, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 107)

time, is as good as Mary Carlisle was in "College Humour." In fact, now that I come to think about it, "Too Much Harmony" reminds me of "College Humour." Kitty Kelly, who has worked in a lot of shows produced by Mr. LeBaron, wisecracks to excellent advantage, and Shirley Grey, who appeared with Richard Dix in one of his fairly recent pictures without distinguishing herself over much, also does a smart piece of work.

Taking one consideration after another, "Too Much Harmony" appears to be the kind of a picture that most people will get a great big kick out of seeing. Certainly, there are very few who will find their evening or afternoon wasted.

TORCH SINGER—(Paramount)—

Perhaps it's only fair that I caution you in advance. Claudette Colbert is in "Torch Singer," so that all's well with the world so far as your reviewer is concerned. Not only does the beautiful Colbert display the Colbert charms freely and with the graciousness that only Claudette seems to have, but Baby LeRoy, who came closer to stealing a picture from Chevalier than any one else has done or is going to do, comes back to the screen to prove that he is no mere flash in the pan, but a distinguished actor with possibly seventy years of fruitful effort ahead of him.

David Manners conducts himself with admirable restraint and Lyda Roberti does the best job she has done in movies so far as your reviewer is concerned. Paramount outdid itself on the supporting cast, for, among others, we find Ricardo Cortez and John Halliday in important roles that help the *toute ensemble* greatly.

While "Torch Singer" isn't the best picture you've ever seen, there is a certainty that you will get a good laugh or so and a pleasant evening's entertainment. Before going to the theater, your reviewer had an idea that he was going to be reminded about Libby Holman. So, for what it's worth, may he state herewith that he wasn't.

THE WAY TO LOVE—(Paramount)

Imagine Maurice Chevalier with girl trouble. That isn't the story of "The Way to Love" but it certainly is what happened while it was being made.

Ann Dvorak was the last person who was supposed to be the motive for "The Way to Love" but there were at least half a dozen others considered before she was chosen.

Apart from all that, it is a happy thing for the Chevalier fans that Paramount realized how much help Mr. Edward Everett Horton was to Maurice in "A Bedtime Story." They turn out to be even a better and smoother team in this latest effort. The story is quite a little more meaty than the usual Chevalier show, possibly due to the fact that it is co-authored by Gene Fowler, who wrote "The Great Mouthpiece."

Maurice has undoubtedly lost some of the freshness that was his in his early pictures, though this may be due entirely to the simple fact that he is no longer a novelty. Instead, he is developing a pretty method of getting

over subtle humour in a way that we all seem to like. The jokers in a Chevalier picture are twice as involved as those in any other, and "The Way to Love" is no exception. Yet it is just as effective in the theater as the slapstick efforts of the Four Marx Brothers, than whom there are none more slapstick.

Minna Gombell and Arthur Pierson, in a talented cast, deserve special mention.

SON OF KONG—(Radio)—

While Radio must have been vastly pleased with the final results of "King Kong," it also learned a lesson. "Son of Kong" is a far, far better picture from the point of view of the general public.

In "King Kong" the huge ape was a malevolent monster that spread ruin in his wake. The son of "Kong" (no mention is made of his mother) is a rather lovable brute who battles joyfully with denizens of a dead world to save the man and girl to whom he attaches himself.

The story still concerns Carl Denham and Captain Englehorn, played respectively by Robert Armstrong and Frank Reicher. Ruined by the results of "Kong's" New York escapade, the pair find themselves back in the southern Pacific and finally, back on Skull Island. Helen Mack is the girl in the case and the trick photography is smoother than it was in "King Kong."

The big climax comes when Skull Island breaks up in a terrific earthquake and vanishes beneath the sea with its huge and horrible denizens fighting furiously for their lives. Little "Kong," who is only thirty or forty feet tall this time, holds Denham aloft as the mountain top on which they stand sinks beneath the sea. It is sheer melodrama of the wildest type, but where "King Kong" was pure horror, "The Son of Kong" offers excitement and thrills with only those who deserve it meeting with their just desserts.

THE WORST WOMAN IN PARIS

—(Fox)—Fox herewith attempts to tell you how the worst woman in Paris becomes the best woman in Kansas... and then graduates into being the most misunderstood person in the whole world. The title hardly tells the story. And it is a better story than the title suggests.

Benita Hume leaves Menjou in Paris when they decide that they are frankly tired of each other. Back in America she is in a train wreck and through it meets a young teacher who is gaining national recognition. He falls in love with her and she with him, but she won't have anything to do with marriage lest the past should rear its ugly head. You say you've heard all this before?

All right! But you haven't heard what happens after that—and I'm not telling, for it's one of the most surprising twists of the year, and it builds up to an ending that is refreshingly different.

Women will get a thrill out of Benita Hume's gowns. She can wear them well... and they are well worth wearing. Harry Stevens, who plays the Kansas school teacher, comes to the screen from "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" and seems to have clicked in his second attempt. His first was in

New Pictures You Should See

"Paddy the Next Best Thing."

Monta Bell, who long ago directed "A Woman of Paris," both wrote the story and handled the direction. Jesse L. Lasky was the producer.

VOLTAIRE—(Warners)—It is rather a shame that more of us do not know more thoroughly the cynical, boyish, sometimes understandable rascal that was Voltaire. If we did, we'd understand a little more of the breadth and sheer—well, I can only say—understanding that goes into the work of George Arliss.

It is more than ten years now since he first appeared in "The Green Goddess." Ten years is a long time for a man to remain at his peak. But, enough of this. You know, as well as I know, that George Arliss is alone among his kind. If you care for the finer things in motion pictures, then an Arliss picture is an event.

Doris Kenyon, more charming than ever—and this grand person deserves every break that fate can give her—is more than just as good as "Madame Pompadour."

This film is excellent entertainment for any member of your family, particularly so for the kids. They'll like it . . . and it's educational.

MY WOMAN—(Columbia)—Helen Twelvetees arrives in a picture called "Her Man." She'd been fooling around with stardom for a year or so, but this is the show that really did the trick. Since then the Helen Twelvetees' formula was lost or, at least, mislaid. Radio did its best, at least, I hope they did, and it resulted in such films as "Panama Flo" and a couple of others equally bad.

Columbia seems to have re-discovered the formula again. In this particular case, Victor Jory, Wallace Ford and Hobart Cavanaugh do the worst they can by our Helen and the result is a pleasing piece of celluloid.

Some day it may be worth the while of King Vidor, Cecil DeMille or John Cromwell to plumb the depths to which the sufferings of Helen Twelvetees may descend. And when they do—or if they do—you'll have a picture worth going to see. She'll never win any Academy of Arts prizes, but she comes closer to the hearts of a lot of us than a host of better rated stars do.

SECOND GUESSES:

WOULDN'T it be swell if we could take credit for second guesses. I could say that "Moonlight and Pretzels" was a fine show, as most of America seems eager to prove to me. I could also announce to a palpitating world that "Melody Cruise" is something that you either like or don't like. After all, how was I to guess that?

Nevertheless, notwithstanding, and that-is-to-say, there have been a couple of shows that have turned out to be even better than I thought them to be. Of these, "Lady for a Day" is the foremost. Nothing other than actual evidence can prove to you just how much this story of Broadway holds one. I don't know whether O. Henry means anything to you—he does to me, because I try to write for a living—but O. Henry at his palmist never topped Damon Runyon and the job he did in

"Lady for a Day."

Broadway will not quickly forget. Next comes "Three Cornered Moon." I liked this show better than a little, but I had to see it again in a crowded theater before I got the real low-down on the laughs. Mary Boland is giddier than something and Claudette Colbert is still the shining star on your reviewer's horizon.

"MORNING GLORY" isn't much of a picture . . . but I'm prepared to gamble that it is one of the most important in the last four years. Not for itself, but because it shows beyond a shadow of doubt that Katharine Hepburn, no matter how much or how little further she may go, is still the greatest individual artist that the screen has recently brought to light.

AND, on second thought. . . . "Honey, Are You Making Any Money?" from "Moonlight and Pretzels," is better than good.

Vincent Youmans thinks so much of a number he has written in "Flying Down to Rio" that he wants to have Deems Taylor make the orchestration.

"The Power and the Glory" is a dramatic piece of business. Fox are talking a lot about the new "narratage" system they used in its production. They don't need to; it's a good film without any trick stuff.

AND DON'T FORGET:

"Pilgrimage," in which Henrietta Crosman finally comes into her own in an unusual story of a woman who would prefer to have her son die than marry. Marian Nixon is better than ever.

"No Marriage Ties," a story of the artificial side of advertising, with crackling dialogue and broad humor. Richard Dix and Elizabeth Allan in the lead.

"Another Language"—Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery in the best of the stories about dragon-mothers who will not give up their sons—even when the daughter-in-law's virtue is in danger.

"Bitter Sweet"—Noel Coward's famous musical comedy with an all-English cast. It was a four-star show in New York and should please anyone who still wishes charm and real value.

"Moonlight and Pretzels"—A bold and slightly bawdy musical comedy that made Broadway sit up and take notice.

"Melody Cruise"—A funny picture that needed a few more good songs to be a good musical. As it is, Charlie Ruggles makes it worth seeing.

"One Man's Journey"—Lionel Barrymore in a touching story of the life of a country doctor. It moves a little too slowly to be a great movie, but, nevertheless, with Barrymore, Joel McCrea, Dorothy Jordan and Frances Dee, it is worth seeing.

"Dinner at Eight"—The finest cast ever assembled. Whether you like the story or no, this cast should be seen to be believed. George Cukor directed a smooth and mighty movie.

"The Power and the Glory"—A dramatic treat that brings back Colleen Moore and adds another triumph to the string that Spencer Tracy has piled up for himself. A four-star movie in New York.

GRAY HAIR these days! NOT FOR ME!



"I don't have to—and I won't worry every time I spy a gray hair in my mirror. My smart friends touch up wisps of gray with FARR'S instead of trying to tuck them out of sight; FARR'S is so easy to use in the hygienic privacy of home; harmless as your lipstick, odorless, not sticky; will not rub off or interfere with curling, marcel or permanent wave; leaves the hair soft, lustrous, NATURAL, full of youthful lights and shadows women love. Youthful clothes won't offset faded hair. Keep it lovely with FARR'S. \$1.35 For Sale Everywhere.

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79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Send for FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.

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NEWS! CANARY OWNERS

The perfect food to keep your bird healthy, happy and in song. Birds crave Magic! 10c at many Woolworth, Kresge, Grant, Neisner, Murphy, McCrory stores, and Pet shops.

"MAGIC" FREE

Write for free canary book. Add 10c for a test supply of Magic.

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YOU can always depend on products advertised in Tower Magazines.

LOOK! 10¢ PACKAGE MAKES A QUART OF DELICIOUS ICE CREAM

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How rich and smooth! So easy to make the new way—with Kreemy Freeze. Simply mix one package, pour into refrigerator trays or hand freezer and freeze. Pure, wholesome, economical. Quick! Obtain a package today!

Kreemy Freeze 10¢

On sale in 5 and 10c stores or enclose 10c with

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157 N. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.

☐ French Vanilla ☐ Dutch Chocolate

Name _____
Address _____

The People's Academy

(Continued from page 61)

Hats Off! I want to sing about THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Its oodles of news, dash of humor, and interesting stories of the stars make it the most liked movie magazine. Hats off to THE NEW MOVIE!—Betty Townsend, 210 Dobson Avenue, Canton, Mississippi.

Wants American Stars: Let's give a good American star a hand once in a while and quit raving about Garbo and Dietrich. By American stars, I mean people like Barbara Stanwyck and George Bancroft, as they really act and don't just simply look mysterious or dreamy-eyed and call it acting. George Bancroft has the best voice for talkies of anyone I have seen as every word is plain, regardless of where you sit. I am tired of the mysterious Garbo or the beautiful Dietrich. You would think we didn't have any American stars the way some of them rave. Take ZaSu Pitts—I never miss a picture of hers. She is booked as a comedienne but she is one of the greatest actresses on the screen. Her beauty isn't great but her acting is superb and she makes any picture a success.—Mrs. L. Belden, 1218½—3 Avenue, Rock Island, Ill.

Good News: Every day in every way the movies are getting better and better.—J. Bordo, 2235 Jerome Street, Toledo, O.

Real and Alive: Paul Muni, in my opinion, is one of the best newest actors on the screen. He always has something new, makes you sit up and take notice, he seems *Real!*—Alive—in all the characters he portrays.—Edna McDonald, Box 131, Ashland, Pa.

We Take a Bow: It's indeed a pleasure to congratulate you for the great magazine you have given us. For the past two years I've been buying these quarter magazines which I actually regret now after seeing your NEW MOVIE. I was visiting a friend of mine when I spied a pile of NEW MOVIES in her bedroom. After questioning her for a while and briefly reading here and there, I thought NEW MOVIE was a knockout. It's so interesting and so different. I tell you I was amazed and delighted—and only ten cents! From now on it's always NEW MOVIE for me and the neighborhood. Gentlemen, you have an ardent supporter and a reader for life.—Callie Paleos, 104 Park Road, Ambridge, Pa.

hours later and I don't take back a word of it!!!—Charlotte Rosenberg, 216—3rd Ave., S. E. Apt. 2, Minneapolis, Minn.

I wonder if others appreciate such artists as Lee Tracy, Aline MacMahon and Charles Laughton? Lee Tracy impressed me greatly in his first picture. What a personality! And this Aline MacMahon—she can make you laugh and cry. Nineteen thirty-three should be her crowning year. In "If I Had a Million" the small scene showing Charles Laughton was the most human of all. His scene was so close to the average person's feelings that he won the hearts of all the audience.—Ruth MacMaken, 723 Adams St., Pequa, Ohio.

She Wants Richard: In my estimation Richard Cromwell will be one of the great actors in the days to come. Just give him some more pictures like "Tol'able David" and "Age of Consent." He's great!!!—Bette Barna, Boynton Avenue, South Hadley, Mass.

What Helen Did: I thought I had seen good acting, but after seeing Helen Hayes in "Madelon Claudet," "Arrowsmith" and "A Farewell to Arms," I realized what I thought good acting was nothing in comparison with hers.—Bette Smith, 127 So. North Carolina Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J.

Raft Rave: I'm just one of many who are simply "ga-ga" over George Raft. It isn't his good looks—nor is he especially tall—but he's got "that certain something" and it will take him far!—Mary E. Allsopp, 536 W. Market Street, Newark, N. J.

Gary's Due: May all the praises and honors come to Gary Cooper, as he so greatly deserves, after such a performance as was his in "Farwell to Arms." He was grand. The part couldn't have suited him better if it had been written for him! I don't think he has had what should have been his due in the past, for he has acting ability and is nice looking. Yet he has never reached the top. Why? Because his roles never were meant for his type. But, at last, we've found him.—Lois Herzog, 114 North Tenth Street, Griffin, Ga.

But Here You Are: All hail and three cheers for Katharine Hepburn, the girl who has once and for all exploded the theory that you have to be a "beautiful blonde" in order to succeed in Hollywood today. More power to this talented girl who will without a doubt head the list of outstanding new stars for 1933.—M. Elizabeth Crooker, 241 Shabut Street, Mankato, Minn.

Going Places: It looks as if Fredric March is going places this year. He was selected by the Academy of Motion Pictures as one of the three best actors of 1932. He received the award for his performance in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." After this picture he came through with several other hits, including "Merrily We Go To Hell," "Smilin' Through," and "Sign of the Cross." With acting ability and popularity established, he is bound to be greater.—B. Luckydo, 700 Mercer Street, Princeton, W. Va.

New Movie's Review and Forecast Bulletin Mailed Direct to You

The New Movie Magazine offers to its readers a fast, current and practical Review and Forecast Bulletin Service.

These bulletins, mailed to readers who write in for them, will give you—

1. A forecast of the forthcoming pictures, their titles, casts, plots, unusual situations, interesting news connected with the productions, and all other data of special interest about individual pictures.
2. Reviews of pictures already released previous to the current issue of The New Movie Magazine. These will give not only the opinions of the staff reviewer of this magazine, but will also include whatever information is available upon the box-office or artistic success of the pictures reviewed.
3. Changes of titles, changes of production plans, changes of casts, included in either the Bulletin itself or supplemented by a loose-leaf service.

This is a service designed specially for the constant movie-goer—in other words, the fan—who desires to have, for reference, in handy form, a complete and compact record of film production of the season, past, present and future, something particularly valuable to keep before you to plan and choose your film entertainment.

The cost of the Bulletin will be ten cents. Address your letters requesting these Bulletins to the Review and Forecast Editor, in care of The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Is Our Face Red?

Usually I praise instead of censure, but my patience is becoming exhausted with all this idiotic raving about actors and actresses who are lauded to the skies by critics in these movie publications.... Take this Hepburn creature, with her bones, and her voice, which is the most emotionless, monotonous, absolutely devoid-of-all-feeling voice I've ever heard. What, pray tell, did she do for "A Bill of Divorcement" that you or I or anyone couldn't have done equally as well? Come now, be honest, and don't let a few write-ups on her make you afraid to speak your own opinion. I could tolerate her form, if need be, but that flat, washed out Englishy voice gets my nanny.... Also, while I'm raving, whoever put such inexperienced kids as John Wayne and Marguerite Churchill in "The End of the Trail" must have been ga-ga. Why, that scenery was stupendous, superb—everything was perfect but the two leads. With Dix and Harding, Holt and Dunne or Bancroft, George O'Brien, Evelyn Brent or Stanwyck that picture would have made history.

You ask for constructive criticism. I've given my candid opinion openly. P. S. Four

What color nails at the Races?



Clothes by
Fortnum
& Mason



Natural is best with bright frocks—red, green, purple, orange.

Rose is charming with pastel, green, black and brown gowns.

Coral goes with white, pink, beige, gray, blue, brown, green frocks.



Cardinal contrasts with black, white, pastel, gray, beige, blue gowns.

Garnet is smart with brown, black, white, beige, gray, orange frocks.

Ruby (new) is such a real red red you can wear it with any costume.



ALL SHADES!

Above, left to right: Miss Frederica Vanderbilt Webb; Miss Rose O'Neil Winslow; Miss Mimi Richardson

AMONG the racing folk who are following their favorites out to Belmont and Huntington and down to Maryland and Kentucky, there may be some romantic young things who are true forever and ever to one stable's colors.

But when it comes to color in finger nails, they're all devotees of *variety*.

All shades in finger nails are "up"!

With Rose finger nails, Miss Frederica Vanderbilt Webb looks feminine even in black riding clothes. Miss Rose O'Neil Winslow makes a won-

derful showing in Coral nails and emerald green. And Miss Mimi Richardson gives a dashing performance in Ruby nails and a golden-colored English tailored wool suit and cap.

To get the right color for each frock you can follow your hunches, if you like, but if you stick to the system above, you can't lose.

And now—everybody—here's a red-hot tip—for variety in finger nails, don't give yourself the handicap of an inferior polish. Choose Cutex! Cutex never cracks, peels or blotches. Goes

on with amazing smoothness and evenness—and *stays* on until you're ready to whisk off one shade and make your entry with the next.

Cutex comes in 7 smart, lovely shades, perfected by the World's Manicure Authority. Every shade's a thoroughbred. Run fleetly to your favorite store and lead home *all* the winning Cutex colors!

For the complete manicure use Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, Polish Remover, Liquid Polish, Nail White (Pencil or Cream), Cuticle Oil or Cream and the new Hand Cream.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

CUTEX Liquid Polish

Smart . . . Inexpensive

IT TAKES
HEALTHY NERVES
TO PLAY CHAMPIONSHIP
BRIDGE!



● CONCENTRATION is impossible, says Mr. Barclay, if your nerves are jumpy. "I prefer Camels because I can smoke as many as I want without jangled nerves."

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

SHEPARD BARCLAY says: "Every bridge player can and should learn every system of contract bridge...but it takes *real* concentration to play a different system with every partner. That kind of concentration naturally involves terrific nerve strain. Personally, I find smoking a decided help to concentration. I prefer Camels... I can smoke them steadily without experiencing jangled nerves... they're always mild!"

Steady smoking brings out what a cigarette's really got. Smoke Camels yourself. Make your own comparisons. Your own experience will confirm all that Mr. Barclay says.



● ABOVE—SHEPARD BARCLAY, who in two months won twenty tournaments with twenty brand-new partners, smokes steadily while playing.

● LEFT—WHETHER YOU smoke while you play bridge or play bridge while you smoke...change to Camels—for more pleasure, for the sake of your nerves—and your bridge!

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. Leaf tobaccos for cigarettes can be bought from 5¢ a pound to \$1.00...but Camel pays the millions more that insure your enjoyment.



A
MATCHLESS
BLEND

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Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE GARBO-GILBERT REUNION

THE **New Movie**

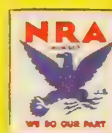
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DECEMBER

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MAGAZINE



NORMA
SHEARER

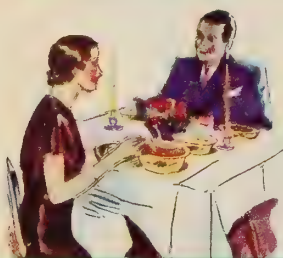
**HOW YOU CAN MAKE
GOOD IN A SCREEN TEST**

LISSA LANDI'S Romance of Two Worlds by ELSIE JANIS
POISON PENS OF HOLLYWOOD



Bake
WITH
OVENSERVE

OVENSERVE RESISTS HEAT



Serve
WITH
OVENSERVE

FROM OVEN TO TABLE



Chill
WITH
OVENSERVE

OVENSERVE RESISTS COLD



At many Woolworth Stores you will see a complete display of OvenServe service plates, casseroles, cups, saucers, bean pots, vegetable dishes and scores of other styles.

Announcing OVENSERVE

A New Triumph in Ovenware
WHICH IS ALSO LOVELY TABLEWARE

OVENSERVE

Dinner

Celery

Olives

Crab meat au gratin in individual OvenServe dishes

★ Frenched lamb chops, potatoes and peas baked in OvenServe casserole

★ Cauliflower in OvenServe baking dish

★ Tomato jelly salad on OvenServe chilled plates

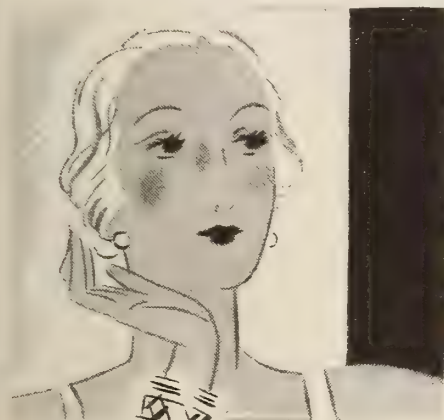
★ Chilled peach cracker crumb pie in OvenServe pie plate

Now, at last! You can cook an entire meal in dishes you will be proud to bring to the table. Chill salads and freeze dainty desserts in the very same dishes in which you will serve them. OvenServe is a brand new manufacturing process which makes dishes absolutely resistant to extremes of heat and cold. You can use them for baking, for freezing, for serving. OvenServe saves time. It saves dishes. It is a real economy, for despite its beauty and wonderful service, OvenServe is modestly priced. Try even one piece today and you will want the whole table service.



Isn't It A Shame!

PRETTY GIRL...SWELL DANCER...BUT OH! HER TEETH AND GUMS!



Mildred's eyes remind men of the stars. Mildred's brow shames the marble of Carrara. But—there's a "but" about Mildred!



Dancing with Mildred is like floating on a breeze. Mildred is graceful, vivacious, delightful. But the "but" about Mildred spoils her good times!



Men meet Mildred—are charmed—and uncharmed. First they look—and then they leave. For the "but" about Mildred is her teeth!



Either Mildred doesn't know—or doesn't care—about her gums. Mildred doesn't dream that the "pink" on her tooth brush says "Danger!"



If Mildred would only ask her dentist what to do about her teeth and tender gums! Soon, Mildred would find that Ipana and massage are the answer!



Soon enough Mildred would know that men respond to sparkling teeth just as surely as to dewy eyes and dancing grace! Mildred would hold her men!

ARE you a "Mildred"? Are your gums tender and your teeth foggy and dingy?

Your dentist knows just as much about "pink tooth brush" as the one who can help poor Mildred! He knows that "pink tooth brush" can be corrected with Ipana and gum massage. He knows that if you don't correct "pink tooth brush," your teeth may become dull

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

and ugly. He knows that you may become a victim to a gum infection as undesirable and as serious as gingivitis or Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea . . . that the soundest of your teeth may be endangered.

The foods of today are too soft to

give proper exercise to the gums. That is why Mildred's gums . . . and yours . . . tend to bleed. They are inactive.

They need massage—with Ipana.

Start today cleaning your teeth with Ipana, and each time rub a little more Ipana right into your gums. Your teeth will brighten. Your gums will soon be firm. And you'll be attractive when you smile!

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING . . . 9:00 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

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TOOTH PASTE



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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Birthday Greetings from the World

Queen Marie—otherwise Marie Dressler of the films—probably the most human, and at the same time, the most remarkable figure ever to grace the screen, has her sixty-second birthday November 9th. To honor the event, her producers, and Marie Dressler fan clubs all over the world, have arranged hundreds of birthday celebrations. Additionally, her latest picture, "The Late Christopher Bean," named her "birthday picture," will be released to celebrate that date. So, here you are—three cheers and heartiest birthday greetings to Marie from the world at large, the greatest tribute ever paid to an actress. . . . And don't fail to read the most interesting and revealing article about Marie Dressler ever written, done by the famous author and radio star reporter, Edwin C. Hill, for the January New Movie Magazine.

THE New Movie MAGAZINE

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

CATHERINE McNELIS, Publisher HUGH WEIR, Editorial Director

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DECEMBER 1933

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VERNE PORTER, Managing Editor

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**YOUR HANDS, TOO,
PLAY A LEADING ROLE!**

Screen romances are enchanting... but how much more vital is your romance! Do your hands play their role with exquisite grace and beauty? Give them a lovely complexion and they will! Keep them alluringly soft and smooth with **Hinds Honey and Almond Cream**... after exposure, after they've been in water, and always at night. Hinds isn't a thick, gummy, quick-drying "varnish" merely coating the surface. It is a delicate cream in liquid form, that penetrates deep into the pores, to heal, soften, and protect. And Hinds costs a song!



NOW IN A SMART NEW BOTTLE



GENEVIEVE TOBIN'S hands are lovely to look at, always. She keeps them exquisitely smooth and soft... as you can see here. With Chester Morris in Paramount's screen success, "Golden Harvest,"

New! Hinds Cleansing Cream, by the makers of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream... fragrant, delicate... liquefies instantly, floats out dirt!... 40c, 65c

The Literary Society Nearly Exploded ... but it wasn't from laughter



There's no doubt about it... the Literary Society liked its food about as well as its Shakespeare. And after those get-together banquets, the members were more in need of a two-mile walk than a two-hour speech.

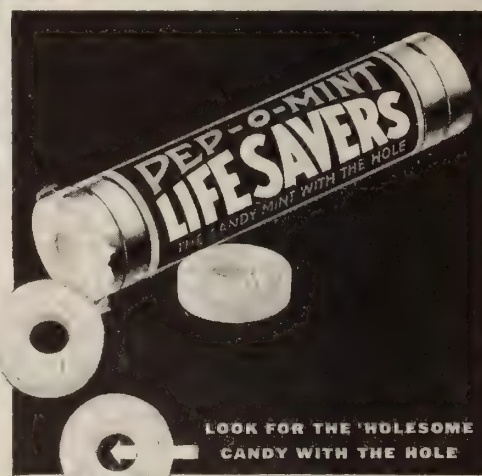
What agony could have been averted... what fidgeting, squirming and groaning could have been banished... had Life Savers been passed around after the meal!

It's really amazing how Life Savers

aid digestion. Deflate that over-stuffed feeling. Refuse to let your over-indulgences plague you. Snap you back to normal even after a dining marathon.

Acquire the Life Savers habit. Carry these intriguing mints with you always. And don't limit their use to after meals.

Life Savers are so all-fired good, so downright delicious... they provide stellar entertainment for your palate any old time!

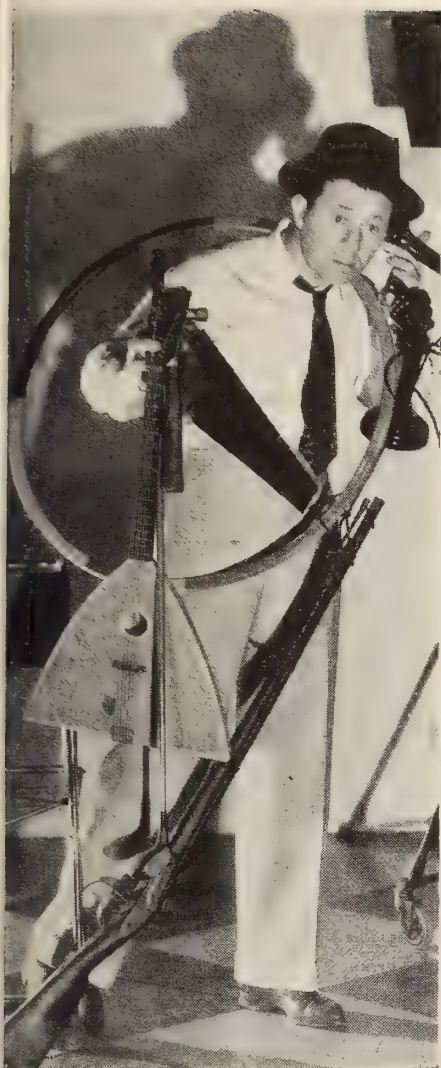


Try those sensational new taste thrillers... SPEAR-O-MINT and CRYST-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS. And remember the old Flavorites... Pep-O-mint, Wint-O-green, Cl-O-ve, Lic-O-rice, Cinn-O-mon and Vi-O-let. And Life Savers Fruit Drops, made in LEMON, ORANGE and LIME flavors.

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc., Port Chester, New York.



AFTER EATING . . . LIFE SAVERS ARE REALLY LIFE SAVERS



By NEMO

THEY'RE going to clean up the movies! You've heard that often before, but this time it means more than words. Not because of any access of virtue on the part of the producers or because of any regenerating influence. But distasteful pictures are going because powerful church groups in the United States have decided to take the most drastic action at their command to banish objectionable films from the theaters—action which is expected to establish a precedent in the history of amusement. This winter there will be a gathering of church dignitaries for a discussion of what can be done in a practical way to combat the increasing number of pictures which they believe should be banned.

The suggestion has been made that at certain stated intervals, perhaps two Sundays in each month, a list of such pictures will be read aloud from pulpits throughout the country, and the public will be urged not to patronize them. That's the plan as it stands at this writing.

HOLLYWOOD DAY BY DAY

Nemo, a famous writer, friend and intimate of the stars, Hollywood man-about-town, keeps his identity a secret. All of the famous persons in the movie capital are still guessing as to who he really is. So far, he has completely concealed his identity.....At left you see Stuart Erwin, the comedian, portraying his conception of the mysterious, modern Samuel Pepys of Hollywood.



Photo by Wide World

Tiny, blond Isabelle Jewell, stage and screen star, and the fast-talking, fast-stepping, volatile Lee Tracy. You'll see them together a great deal, going places and seeing things.

When she first appeared at the Fox studio she was known simply as Mary Howard. Then the word got out that she was really Mary, Will Rogers' daughter. Finally, Mary admitted the truth, saying she had wanted to make a place for herself without her famous father's help.

Photo by Otto Dyar

Motion picture producers have been told of this forthcoming action, and they are gravely concerned about it. They realize that there is little chance for a banned picture to make a profit.

Early this Fall all the leading producers were called together in Hollywood and told by two prominent laymen of what was in store for them. One was a well-known lawyer and the other a banker who had financed many pictures for the various producers. He has helped them to the tune of millions of dollars.

When the two speakers finished tearing the producers limb from limb (a figurative rending, of course), the affair took on the aspect of an old-time "experience" meeting. Several of the producers admitted their guilt in turning out a product that was "debauching the youth of the nation." They promised to mend their ways, a resolution that seemed

(Please turn to page 8)



Hollywood day by day

(Continued from page 7)

to have a sincere ring for the time at least.

Machinery for cleaning the screen is provided by the NRA code for the pictures. Whether it will result in actual federal censorship remains to be seen. The new movement is opposed to legal censorships of the films and it is likely that the purifying process will be in the hands of a committee operating in Hollywood under the sort of federal supervision that is provided for by the so-called New Deal.

It will be a federal censorship, in effect, no matter what it is called, and if it does not prove effective, more drastic action is expected to result.

It is not generally known, outside filmdom's bounds, but the so-called Hays code was drafted by important churchmen and was virtually forced upon the Hollywood producers. However, its operation has been regarded as more or less a joke by the producers. There is every indication that the joke has been carried far enough and filth is to be banished from the screen—or else!

JANET GAYNOR has a new hobby. She likes to have Florence Desmond, the talented English girl, give her famous Gaynor imitation. It surpasses even her mimicry of the

Just to show you one of the advantages of being a big 'un. This is Maxie Baer, on the set of "The Prizefighter and the Lady." It shows that the paws which are expected to rock Primo Carnera to sleep fit quite conveniently around not one, but six, pretty actresses. Watta man!



There are four things John Barrymore loves dearly—his wife and children, his yachting and his fishing. And here is the perennial matinee idol, heart-stopper of the century, way up in the high Sierras, fishing with Chief Ranger Townsley.

Garbo and Bankhead vocal mannerisms.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has written his first scenario and he says

that it is a good one. Paulette Goddard says it's good, too, and Paulette ought to know, as she was in on it throughout.

As has been recorded in the public prints, Charlie won't talk about it, and neither will anyone else. And you won't blame him when you learn that "City Lights," made after talkies came into being as an "old-fashioned silent," brought more money into the Chaplin coffers than any picture he ever made, even "The Kid" and "The Gold Rush."

They don't talk much about money around the little studio at Sunset and La Brea, but it is a generally accepted fact that the last Chaplin opus has grossed more than five million dollars. And five millions was a lot of money even before the big Wall Street sound effect.

But, getting back to the scenario, it's Charlie's first, because, heretofore, he has always "shot off the cuff"—which means that all his stories were doped out from day to day while shooting was in progress.

AND, talking about picture money, what do you think is the most successful picture of the past few years? Nothing but "She Done Him Wrong!" Which should prove that a college education isn't necessary, at all, or that correct grammar is not always conducive to financial success.

If they'd called it "She Did Him Wrong," the picture might have been a flop.

The most interesting fact in connection with this Paramount opus is, of course, the Mae West angle. From a person unknown to picturedom, Mae became in one jump the biggest potential money-maker of the screen, just as Marie Dressler's pictures a year or so ago made records for earnings that even surpassed those of the glamorous Garbo.

And don't imagine that Mae isn't cashing in on her unexpected success. From an unimportant pay check, Miss West goes on the payroll for something like \$100,000 per picture from now on, and there are producers who would boost that stipend to double the amount to get the
(Please turn to page 10)





LEO: "Just a minute girls while I introduce you to the public . . . friends, meet MAY ROBSON & POLLY MORAN my new M-G-M comedy team...now girls please don't fight in a public magazine!"

MAY: "It's all right Leo, we're just rehearsing a scene from our first comedy, COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN."

POLLY: "And believe me it's a pleasure to team up with May Robson. She's a grand girl and the public knows it, too."

LEO: "See you all at the picture, folks. COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN is all fun!"

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Screampie with May Robson, Polly Moran, Charles (Chic) Sale, Una Merkel, Russell Hardie and Jean Parker. Directed by Charles F. Riesner, from a story by Lawrence Johnson. Associate Producer, Harry Rapf.

Hollywood day by day

(Continued from page 8)

West signature on a contract.

In cinema financial circles it is freely stated that Mae's hit picture saved the Paramount bacon.

THE most revered couple in Hollywood are the parents of the Warner Brothers, married almost sixty years. "Pop" gets most of his fun out of previews and pinochle and carries a deck of cards in his pocket for use in emergencies. Recently "Mother" Warner appealed to her son, Jack, who heads the NRA in California, for a pinochle players' code which would compel players to put away the cards and go to bed at 1 A.M. "If something like that isn't done," declared Mother in mock complaint, "I'll just have to go to Reno."

Dick Powell has the reputation of being the best piano "faker" on the screen. It looks like the real thing, but Dick actually doesn't know one key from another.

There was a line in "Once in a Lifetime" about the producer who became famous by turning down the Vitaphone. But turning down the talkie machine was just a gesture compared with what the boss of one studio did several years ago. He fired Walt Disney because he didn't think Walt had any "good ideas."

AND while on the subject of Walt, it might interest you to learn that those Silly Symphonies in color are making more money than Mickey Mouse? Can you feature that?

And I just don't seem to be able to get my mind off'n money these days, with inflation and such-like things staring us in the face. Even in the worst slump in motion picture earnings those Technicolor cartoon stories have been making scads of dough.

And, by the way, did you ever enjoy anything more than "Three Little Pigs" or "The Pied Piper"?

Getting back to figures, it is stated that the first five Sillies made in color have done a gross business of more than a million pesos, which is a lot of yens. A little quick figuring on your private adding machine will disclose a figure of \$200,000 for each one, something like ten times as much as they cost.

Remember those ads?—"Learn to be a cartoonist and make \$50 a week"?



Photo by Wide World

(Above) Marie steps out, socially. You see her here pictured at the home of Mrs. David Gray in Santa Barbara, a lifelong friend. Shown (left to right) are Mrs. Gray, Marie herself, Milton Green and Mrs. Allen Walker.

★

(Left) If you don't believe Janet Gaynor does her own shopping, look here. She's just returning home from a trip to some Hollywood Boulevard stores. Probably toys and trinkets and books of fairy tales. One doesn't ever associate anything as mundane as potatoes and onions with Janet.

★

(Below) Evelyn Venable, Paramount newcomer, one of the new Fall army of screen recruits from whom are expected to come the stars of tomorrow.



OTHER authorities to the contrary notwithstanding, Clara Bow was not a redhead when she landed in Hollywood some years ago. (Please turn to page 12)





She signs a new code!

MIRIAM HOPKINS sets up a new code for women in her latest PARAMOUNT picture. In this new screen play her heart is large enough to give employment to two lovers instead of one... The play—NOEL COWARD'S "DESIGN FOR LIVING". Directed by ERNST LUBITSCH. The lovers—FREDRIC MARCH and GARY COOPER.



Paramount waited 12 years for this girl!

Twelve years ago, "CRADLE SONG" was produced by Eva LeGallienne. The play was so moving and brilliant that it was at once purchased for the screen. Many great actresses were considered for the leading role but none seemed suitable until "Maedchen In Uniform" brought lovely DOROTHEA WIECK to the screen. You will know why 10 million women have raved about DOROTHEA WIECK when you see her in "CRADLE SONG", A Paramount Picture directed by Mitchell Leisen.



... *Vanilla!* They can't take it, but they thought Dewey did! The FOUR MARX BROTHERS as they repel a gas attack with bicarbonate of soda in the third battle of Bull Run in "DUCK SOUP", that very funny PARAMOUNT PICTURE directed by Leo McCarey... with girls and music.

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!



(Continued from page 10)

Her hair originally was a medium shade of brown. The red came later. Maybe it was the famed California climate. Or something she ate.

IF there is any place in Hollywood which could be aptly christened "Heartbreak House," it is the building at 5444 Hollywood Boulevard. And not because the ground floor houses a funeral parlor.

The entire upper floor is the headquarters of the Motion Picture Relief Fund and every day provides its tragedies. The fund has been in existence for more than ten years, but until the last year or two its heartbreaks have been confined to more or less unimportant members of the profession. The industry is comparatively new and it has taken some time for the descent from the heights by some of the unfortunates, who, just a few years ago, were among the most widely acclaimed of the cinema celebrities and among the chief money-makers.

In one week not so long ago an observer might have encountered a half dozen persons in the fund office who would have been recognized immediately. For instance, one was a famous star and beauty who a dozen years ago was at the very top of the

first flight of stairs. Her jewels alone were worth close to a million dollars. She was as gracious as she was beautiful. Her photographs adorned a million homes. Anything she did was news. A bit more matronly, she is still a beautiful woman and she does not cry over her misfortunes. She wanted money enough to pay the storage on her furniture which was about to be seized in lieu of less than a hundred dollars' charges.

Those who passed on her case didn't talk much about it. None could trust their voices.

Then there was a once-famous character man, better known to the stage than the screen, perhaps. New York knew him as a high-powered poker player who spent his money like water. "They're just white chips," he used to say. In those days no panhandler ever left his side without a piece of change.

He wanted a slight "loan" from the fund and some assurance that he could be kept in groceries until he got his "break."

Funny thing about the old-timer, even those who have had their success in former days. They refuse to admit that they are through. They concede nothing to time. A good break will put them back where they were, or even on greater heights.

They will cite you Marie Dressler and Mae West as proof that no case is hopeless. Optimism at its peak!

Another visitor to the fund was the once-famous director whose salary check was greater than that of the President of the United States. He just wanted \$5 worth of groceries and a chance to work extra. He saw nothing in the future but hunger. He, at least knew that the parade had passed him, and he was only interested in a meager existence.

LAST year the Fund spent nearly \$200,000 to help the unfortunates of Hollywood, every cent of which was contributed by those in the industry. Nearly all the actors, directors and writers donate one-half of one per cent of their salaries each week to the Fund. It is collected by the studios each week, or rather, deducted from the checks of those who signed the Fund pledge.

Marion Davies, who has spent a fortune in private charities, is the president this year and her biggest job is to line up some of the most famous stars of the screen as contributors to the Fund. Strangely enough a number of the best known and most highly paid celebrities have

(Please turn to page 14)



(At left) One of those odd moments between scenes, when everyone is relaxed —Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, Jack Conway, the director, May Robson and Lionel Atwill during the production of "The Solitaire Man."



(Left) Mona Smith, the little girl M-G-M is pinning star hopes on. She hasn't appeared in a picture yet, but the studio is passing the word out to "look out for Mona. She's surely a comer."

*Hollywood
day by day*



(Above) Tom Keene left Western cowboy pictures and Hollywood simultaneously. Feeling his field too limited, Tom bought up his RKO contract and, though he was receiving more than six thousand fan letters a month as proof of his popularity, has started out on the legitimate stage. He expects to return to Hollywood as a straight leading man. It took courage for Tom to begin all over again.

The stamp of superlative entertainment



WALLACE BEERY, GEORGE RAFT, JACKIE COOPER in "THE BOWERY"

WALTER WINCHELL'S "BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE"

SPENCER TRACY and JACK OAKIE in "TROUBLE SHOOTER"

GEORGE ARLISS in "HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD"

CONSTANCE BENNETT in "MOULIN ROUGE"

GEORGE BANCROFT in "BLOOD MONEY"

LORETTA YOUNG in "BORN TO BE BAD"

LEE TRACY in "ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN"

ANN HARDING in "GALLANT LADY"

GEORGE ARLISS in "SENTENCED"

"THE GREAT BARNUM"

"I KNEW HER WHEN"

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS



Photo by Wide World

You've seldom seen a photograph of Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, known to theater-goers as Irene Fenwick. But here she is with her talented husband—and wearing, if you really want to know, a white satin evening gown with white ermine wrap.

Dorothy Trail, living down in Fayetteville, Arkansas, heard, over the radio, that RKO was looking for girls to appear in "Flying Down to Rio." Taking a long chance, she flew to Hollywood. This was one movie quest that wasn't in vain. She got a part.

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

(Continued from page 12)
refused to contribute. They have made the excuse of "private charities," a well-worn subterfuge.

Recently a New York newspaperman on a Hollywood vacation wrote a piece for his paper about the old Hollywood Hotel, once the center of all cinema social activities. Soon after publication of the story, the newspaper was brought to the carpet by counsel for the hotel, which objected to the inference that the once-famous caravansary had become passe.

HOLLYWOOD'S sympathy seems to be unanimously with Mary Pickford in the wreck of the Pickford-Fairbanks marital craft. History seems to be repeating itself. Just a little more than fifteen years ago the story broke of their—we'll say unconventional—amatory episode. Both principals were in New York helping Uncle Sam put over the Liberty Loan when things looked blackest in France. Fairbanks hopped on a train the day newspaper headlines announced the crash and thereafter maintained a silence that confirmed the charges of his wife that he had gone in a big way for America's Sweetheart. Mary was left holding the sack, as it were.

Nowadays they would call it being "put on the spot." And now, again,



Doug immerses himself in a deep silence while Mary tries to explain how screenland's greatest romance is writing its finish.

HAROLD TEEN, the perennial youth, is coming back to the screen again in the form of a musical comedy. It was first intended by Warner Brothers to have Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler play *Harold and Lillums*, but it seemed that they were just a wee bit ancient for the

Hollywood
day by day

parts, both apparently being over twenty-one. So it was decided to have a younger pair co-starred. Hal Leroy, the erstwhile Ziegfeld Follies juvenile hooper, is favored for *Harold* and Patricia Ellis for the girl. The silent version made five or six years ago turned Arthur Lake into a star for the time being. And, of course, you will recall that Alice White was *Lillums*.

JUST by way of keeping the subject of marriage records alive, I might announce a candidate for marital honors in Eugene Palette. You know Gene, with the big bass voice. Well, Gene is now married to his fifth spouse and although he is happy, he says that he does not want to be eliminated from the race. I was mistaken last month in crediting Eddie Sutherland, another contestant, with only three wives. He's had four—Margery Daw, Louise Brooks, Ethel Kenyon and Audrey Henderson, now awaiting a divorce.

THAT grand old Lothario, Lew Cody, still holds the record for the free-for-all movie matrimonial sweepstakes with something like nine ceremonies to his credit. I believe that several were repeats, however. At any rate, he was several wives up on Nat Goodwin when the famous old actor left for that place where they say all matches are made. Lew was legally hitched several times to Dorothy Dalton, the former Ince star, and his last spouse was the beloved Mabel Normand.

(Please turn to page 68)

(Below) Warner Baxter, tremendously popular on and off the screen, and his mother, Mrs. Jane B. Baxter, visiting the M-G-M studio. Now, all together, "Why, she looks young enough to be his wife."



IT TOOK 20 YEARS TO MAKE THIS PICTURE!

By **Edwin C. Hill**

Famous Radio Reporter



EDWIN C. HILL

Cameramen have been photographing it ever since the year 1914. I mean the last twenty years that have shaken America industrially, socially, morally, like a rending earthquake. The World War's aftermath of despair and paralysis. Scared humanity whistling in the

dark to support its courage. . . . It is well-nigh impossible to get the throbbing, tumultuous, maniacal picture in our minds unless it is visualized for us.

AND that is what the Universal people have done out in Uncle Carl Laemmle's studios in Hollywood with their colorful and thrilling "Only Yesterday"; a motion picture which is the March of the Times, accompanied by all the wild laughter and the mad cries, the jazz and the cocktails; dark followed by bursts of light, like watching the sweeping terror of a savage thunderstorm in the night. . . . It took twenty years to make that amazing, arresting and thoroughly entertaining picture of a cross-section of American life.

The all-absorbing story of a group of people who saw the Devil rise out of Hell while they played contract and drank cocktails and played at love and saw their fortunes go to ruin.

Moving and thrilling and breathlessly near to most of us, "Only Yesterday" stands out as Universal's most pretentious production since "All Quiet on the Western Front." It was built by the celebrated director, John M.

Stahl, from the book by Frederick Lewis Allen, one of the best sellers of recent years.

And in the picture is an all-star cast of extraordinary proportions and class: Margaret Sullivan, a young luminary of Hollywood whose work was so pleasing to the Universal magnates



CARL LAEMMLE, JR.



CARL LAEMMLE, SR.

that they will star her next in their "Little Man, What Now?" Then, too, there are John Boles and Billie Burke and Reginald Denny and Edna May Oliver, and a featured cast of no less than ninety-three players, whose names and ability count for something out where the palm fronds rustle and the Kliegs cast their challenging glare. And back of all the stars and starlets are no less than four thousand five hundred "extras."

A multi-starred, super-spectacle Universal calls it, with some justice, one thinks, for it is certainly one of the most effective picture dramas that has reached the screen in years, and a faithful, absorbing record of the last two decades that have swept over our United States like a hurricane. . . . "Only Yesterday." . . . It is America and the blinding, dizzying rush of the times that you will see when the lights go dim. A little of all of us in that surging parade of life!

Past, Present and Future



Margaret Sullivan, the Broadway actress of "Dinner at Eight" fame, and Billie Burke, in "Only Yesterday."

At the right: Reginald Denny as BOB.



At the left: Benita Hume as PHYLLIS EMERSON.



At extreme left: Edna May Oliver as LEONA.



John Boles as JIM EMERSON.

Right: Walter Catlett as BARNES.

Below: Onslow Stevens as BARNARD.



Above: Marie Prevost as AMY.

Edgar Norton as THE BUTLER.

Below: Noel Francis as LETITIA.



"Only Yesterday," Universal's greatest film effort since "All Quiet on the Western Front," comes to the screen with the greatest galaxy of stars, near-stars, one-time stars and stars-yet-to-be, ever assembled. It makes Margaret Sullavan a new star, heightens the popularity of John Boles, Reginald Denny and Billie Burke, and brings before you probably the longest roster of film talent ever to grace one screen. John Stahl, who made "Back Street," which "Only Yesterday" resembles in background, directs.

"**B**EAUTY CONTEST?" Certainly! Every woman in the world is entered. Your beauty, your charm, your skin are judged by every man and every woman you chance to meet.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion! It will earn for you favor and praise. And then you'll thank heaven for a soap like Camay which imparts to the feminine skin a lovely peach-bloom texture.

"The Soap of Beautiful Women is an excellent name for Camay," wrote a girl from Washington, D. C. "Every girl I know who uses Camay has a lovely clear complexion."

Beauty Contest!

**Get a Camay Complexion and
You'll be Admired Wherever You Go**

"My skin is so much fresher since I've been using Camay," said a young New Yorker. "I admit I admire myself in the glass."

**THE "GOOD TASTE TREND"
IS ALL TO CAMAY**

Try Camay yourself! Use it faithfully for one month! It's changing the soap habits of the nation! Every

day thousands and thousands of women—forsaking all other soaps—are taking up Camay.

Perfumed as if it came from Paris—smart as the newest fashion—Camay looks and smells high-priced. Yet you'll be delighted to know that it costs but a trifle. Get a supply of Camay today!



Another Beauty Contest Won! *The unforgettable thing about this girl is her lovely Camay Complexion. It wins attentions—compliments—in her daily Beauty Contest.*

Camay is the modern beauty soap—pure creamy-white and lavish of lather. Wrapped in green and yellow, fresh in Cellophane. Use it on your face and hands, and in your bath!

Co. pr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.



CAMAY

the Soap of Beautiful Women . . .



Nineteen-year-old Charlotte Henry, just five feet tall and blond, gets the coveted role of *Alice* in "Alice in Wonderland," winning over more than five thousand other aspirants. She's from Brooklyn, has had screen and stage experience and, strangely enough, didn't apply for the part.

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY OF STARS



HOOP-LA!

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Otto Dyar

Preston Foster, playing opposite the Brooklyn bonfire, Miss Clara Bow, in her second picture under her Fox contract, "Hoop-La!" His success in "The Power and the Glory" won him this coveted role. In the cast are Herbert Mandin, Minna Gombell and Richard Cromwell.



She has a personality all of her own—has Margaret Sullavan, and if you don't believe it when you see her unique performance in "Only Yesterday," Universal will be losing a big bet. But Universal isn't worried. And neither is Margaret Sullavan.

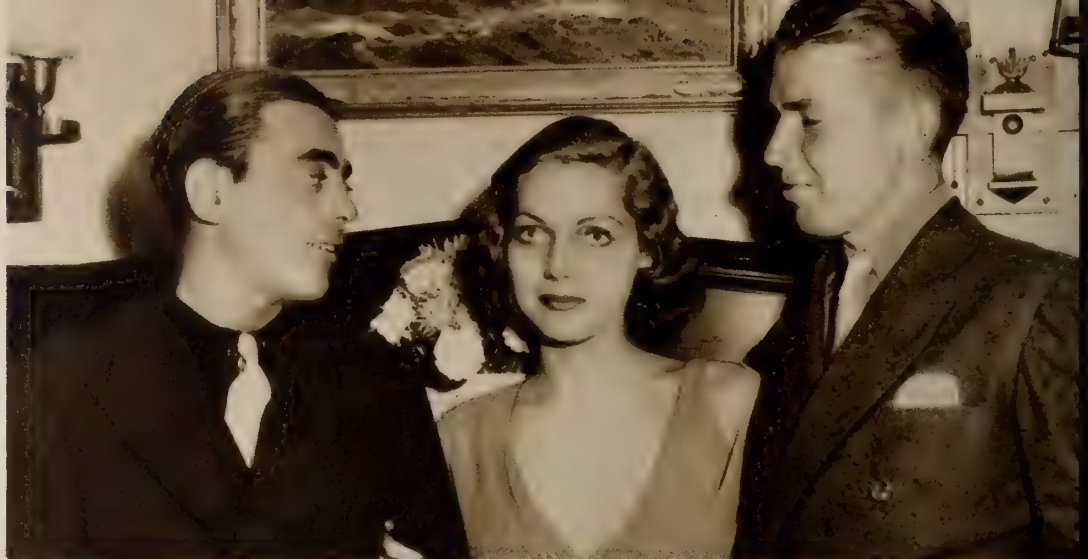
CLICKS!

Stephen Ames, wealthy young New York broker, his wife, Adrienne Ames, and Bruce Cabot, have been targets for poison pens.

Photo by Wide World

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., divorced from Joan Crawford, one of the victims of a breach-of-promise suit which was given great publicity, and which was one of the causes of his marital difficulties.

Photo by Wide World



POISON PENS

OF HOLLYWOOD

WHO? ... What? ... When? ... Where? Hollywood reeks with the eternal question mark about the eternal triangle!

In a town which recognizes more than four hundred accredited press correspondents and, in addition, is overrun by more than twice that number of writers who aspire to be recognized, it's utterly impossible for a film personality to appear in public without the news being heralded far and wide. And mere mention of the appearance is not enough. Something sensational must be written. . .

Scandal for sale? Of course, it's for sale!

To argue the origin and the blame of Hollywood's scandal plague is like arguing which came first—the chicken or the egg? If the public did not consume scandal so avidly, no newspaper or magazine would print it—and if it were never printed, the public couldn't read it and might lose its appetite for scandal.

No matter who's to blame, the star is now the victim, and he wails to high heaven that his lot is hard, indeed!

THE studio publicity departments, in Hollywood's more colorful days, welcomed, and even instigated, the sale of scandal about their stars. Then, there was not such wide-spread interest in movies and movie celebrities, and press agents faced a real problem in trying to focus public attention on their players. Trumped-up sensations, invented escapades, staged kidnappings—in short, every ruse under the sun was employed to crash the headlines.

In many cases, those early-day publicity men scored bull's-eyes. Remember the lurid legends they built up around Theda Bara? Undoubtedly they brought money into the box-office. But the headlines, after striking, proved to be boomerangs, and eventu-

ally struck back at the film industry. The Arbuckle case and the William Desmond Taylor murder were terrific blows to Hollywood, chiefly because the public had already been educated to believe Hollywood a modern Sodom.

TODAY, an entirely different state of affairs exists. Today, the whitewash is liberally applied—and more than one press agent with a flair for sensation, has discovered that his proper title should be "sup-press" agent.

Today, every star's contract contains a morality clause. The studio czars and Will Hays have ruled that dignity must be the keynote in Hollywood news stories, and the thumb is irrevocably turned down on scandal and sensation—and the scribes who seek to sell it to the public.

Unfortunately, the thumb of Mr. Hays is neither large enough nor heavy enough to cover the thousands of vents which spout Hollywood scandal. Many of the scurrilous rumors which are circulated and, too often published, are repeated in perfectly good faith. For it is very easy to believe in the sins of celebrities.

Beauty parlors and the like are breeding places for some of the most slanderous reports. A beauty operator, who, for business reasons, wishes to appear in the confidence of Jane Star, mentions to Mrs. Doe the fact that Jane, whose husband is out of town, went to the premiere of her latest picture with her leading man.

And Mrs. Doe, anxious to appear "in the know," promptly rushes to Mrs. Roe with the torrid news. And you all know how rapidly such stories grow in the telling.

By the time it reaches Mrs. Roe's cook's fourth cousin, Jane is preparing to divorce her husband in order to marry a paramour.



Fired by the recent avalanche of untruths, the stars and the studios alike have opened battle on all scandal-mongers

By JOHN BRIGHT

In this tinsel town, almost everybody wants the spotlight—and if it is not obtainable by legitimate means, any means will do. Back-fence gossips do not confine themselves to back fences, nor are women the only offenders. And Hollywood society awards its own Distinguished Service Medal to that ingenious individual whose juicy contributions hint at the greatest intimacy with Jane or Johnny Star. Can you wonder that, with such an award awaiting the scandal-monger, he frequently stoops to unadulterated invention?

Not long ago, a damaging story was printed about Constance Bennett. In discussing it—or cussing it, if you insist—she said:

"I'm surprised that any editor would print such irresponsible rumors, but I certainly am not surprised at their existence. In this rumor-cursed town, a lively reporter can find a rumor to fit any purpose. Not only I, but every other player who happens to be in the limelight, breaks all of the ten commandments daily—over the tea tables in the Brown Derby, or anywhere else where the cats of Hollywood assemble and meow."

Connie, possibly because she's the most glamorous figure on the Hollywood scene, has been hounded by scandalous attacks ever since she signed her first picture contract. She has been misquoted by sensation-seeking reporters until she can hardly be blamed if now she distrusts the press at large. However, she can console herself by reflecting that she is not the only sufferer.

LET'S examine a few of the items which have reached publication recently, in spite of the anti-scandal campaign launched by the studios. For instance:

"A young star—so young that she can't vote yet—will soon face the judge with a plea that her kid brother be restored to her. It seems that while this girl was very poor, her brother was farmed out to neighbors for adoption. Now she wants him back. It's too bad she didn't think about him during all these years."

The writer of that paragraph obviously wanted the reader to conclude that Loretta Young was meant. But the only truth in his concoction was that Loretta has a brother! The boy, back in the days before Loretta's success, became very fond of a neighboring family, and they of him. As a result, he spends a great deal of time with his friends, but he has not been adopted by them, nor has adoption ever been discussed.

Had Loretta been named in the item, she could have sued had she been so minded—and collected—for libelous defamation of character. Unfortunately, the libel laws do not protect people from anonymous attacks.

ONLY recently, stars have begun to fight back. No less than a dozen libel suits have been filed in the past year—much to the amazement and the consternation of certain editors, who apparently believed that they could print anything with perfect impunity. What's this we hear about a (Please turn to page 83)



Constance Bennett is a fighter. When she's attacked, she battles right back. "Not only I," says Connie, "but every other player who happens to be in the limelight, breaks all of the commandments daily—over the tea tables in the Brown Derby or anywhere else where the cats of Hollywood assemble and meow."

One untrue story completely changed Mae West's attitude toward the press. Previously she had been friendly, eager to oblige. She became cagy and distrustful, threatened a libel suit, and the story was retracted.

Photo by Wide World




Joan Bennett didn't waste a moment when the scandal-mongers began threatening her marital happiness. She sued—and the gossip stopped.





Spencer Tracy, the screen star, who, when he told Will Rogers he had been requested to write this article, says Will squirmed as uncomfortably as does a ten-year-old he-boy on being proudly introduced to the ladies of his mother's sewing circle as "my baby."



THE UNKNOWN WILL ROGERS

I KNOW

One of his closest friends tells you secrets about the People's Ambassador, shy, boyish, generous and immensely proud of being "just folks"

By SPENCER TRACY

THE longer and the more intimately I know Bill Rogers, the more I admire him—and the more convinced I am that much of his charm lies in his boyishness. In spite of his amazingly wide contacts with world affairs and with the men who bring them about, in many ways Bill has never "grown up."

A strange paradox—he is, at the same time, one of the best-known, and one of the least-known, men in the world. By inclination, he is a grand "mixer." By instinct, he is as retiring as a hermit.

No one ever nursed a greater horror of being lionized. This famous stage and screen star, journalist, wit and world-traveler, is shy—incurably, painfully, shy. As long as the subject under discussion is impersonal, he talks easily, brilliantly. Asked to talk about himself, he is ill-at-ease, embarrassed, eager to escape.

On several occasions, I

Widely traveled, well educated, dined by presidents, emperors and kings, star of the stage, screen and radio, Will Rogers has never "grown up."

have introduced him to some one of his fans. Invariably, at the first symptom of a personal compliment, he hung his head, grinned sheepishly and mumbled his words.

He never poses for gallery photographs and will walk blocks out of his way to dodge the unlucky studio cameraman who is ordered to get Rogers' snapshots.

When I told him that I had been requested to write this article, he squirmed as uncomfortably as does a ten-year-old he-boy on being proudly introduced to the ladies of his mother's sewing circle as "my baby."

"Aw," he muttered. "You oughtn't t' do that. You'll try t' say some nice things about me an' you'll have t' lie too much."

MAGAZINE writers complain because Bill never gives interviews. They charge that he will not talk for publication because he wants to hoard the wit which he sells in his daily newspaper comment. Ridiculous! He has no need to hoard his humor, which is not only spontaneous but inexhaustible. He refuses interviews for the same reason that a bashful kid refuses to recite before company.

He and Hollywood society are comparative strangers. On rare occasions he attends an informal party at the home of Winfield Sheehan or some other of his intimates. He shuns more formal affairs as he would the plague.

On one memorable occasion, he did accept an invitation to a typical Hollywood party—and Hollywood chuckled for weeks. The story offers a revealing clue to Rogers' character. (Please turn to page 86)



GALLANT

As one of the gallant bachelors in Paramount's "Design for Living," Gary Cooper has made one of the biggest hits of his career. Perhaps because, in real life, he's one of Hollywood's greatest "catches."

TED COOK'S

MOVIE
COOK-COOS

Our Hollywood humorist comments on the news

Drawings by the author

THIS month we place all of our unopened mail in a hamper. Then we stir hysterically with a walking stick. Now, will one of you magazine readers kindly step up and, blindfolded, extract a letter? Thank you.

The letter, postmarked Marblehead, Mass., will be opened before your very eyes and read aloud. Snip. Well, well, well—it contains a clipping from a chatter column. We shall now read the clipping aloud. It says:

"Mae West's apartment contains five sexional bookcases containing her favorite novels and plays, several of which she wrote herself. Additions to Richard Dix's family: he now has thirty-one dogs, six puppies having been born to his Great Dane. . . . Joan Bennett and Ann Sullivan, the proud mothers, meet once a week to talk about their daughters. . . ."

We need more such clippings for future reference. Kindly leer over the public prints and when you find an inspired slipographical error, send it along.

We are also compiling a dictionary, to which we this month add the following definitions:

SUPERVISOR—A gent who would rather speak his mind than use it.

CENSOR—A person who slashes a picture because of what he feels it might just as well mean.

CHARACTER ACTRESS—A lady who fights for her waist-line instead of her honor.

KAY FRANCIS rented the Vendome cafe in Hollywood and gave a barn dance—with all the guests dressed as rustics. They chased greased pigs and rode cows. At another party, the guests were asked to appear as their favorite stars. Not really, of course—because that would mean that most of the guests would come as themselves. What they did was appear as their second-best favorite stars. Almost every week someone in Hollywood throws a party at which the guests keep right on acting. The poor darlings just



We need more such clippings for future reference. Kindly leer over the public prints and, when you find an inspired slipographical error, send it along.

do not want to relax. You'd think that a clever hostess might solve the whole problem by having a party at which each guest was presented with a hand mirror—and let it go at that.

IF the orchestra leader will oblige with a little tender music, we will read you a quotation from Dr. Albert Edward Wiggin, eminent authority on human behavior:

"Does it require exceptional intelligence to become a screen star? Yes, intelligence of a very high order. Such actresses as Greta Garbo and Gloria Swanson and hosts of others have mental endowments that readily place them in the ranks of genius. They could have succeeded in many other fields of endeavor had they the passion to do so."

And by the same token, we venture to say that people in many other fields of endeavor could have succeeded in pictures—had they the passion.

Furthermore, Dr. Wiggin would be the last to deny that such stars as Greta and Gloria have endowments below the chin which are not to be ignored. Particularly, in close-ups.

Too many stars (if we must call them such)

Muff their best chances by acting too much.

BY the way, while on the subject of muffs, none other than Lee Tracy started the current Hollywood conceit of sending a lady a silk muff quilted with gardenias to wear on a grand occasion, such as the opening of a new picture at the Chinese theater—or the opening of a new public market.

And a sign on a Hollywood Boulevard marquee announced:

**SHE DONE HIM WRONG
BEHIND JURY DOORS
For 4 Days Only**

While the same theater, the week previous, advertised in lights:

**MAMA LOVES PAPA
Tonight Only**

LET us now swerve quickly from the ridiculous to the sublime, and ponder a few jeweled words as they fall from the lips of the mighty:

"Fame and money are not the great rewards for the screen actor. The actor finds his real reward in doing work that pleases the public."

—George Bancroft.

"It is so boring to be frequently reported engaged."

—Tallulah Bankhead.

"The smart young matron, who once thought of children with fear, now welcomes the idea of her fourth child."

—Samuel Goldwyn.

(Please turn to page 73)

The FACTS about My

"My happiness came to me suddenly—unexpectedly," Jean Harlow tells New Movie readers in her first exclusive story. "In the closest and dearest masculine friendship of my life, I found love."

ONCE, when I was a little girl, my grandmother said to me, "Don't ever try to find happiness, Harlean, wait for it to come to you. The more desperately you search for it, the harder it will be to find. Usually happiness comes suddenly, when you least expect it."

My grandmother was right. My happiness has come to me in just that way. In the dearest and closest masculine friendship of my life, I have found love.

A few months ago I told one of my friends, who happens to be a newspaper woman, that there was no romance, only a deep and sympathetic friendship, between Hal Rosson and me. We were talking about the romance which had been rumored, because we had been seen several times dining and dancing together. I was completely and utterly sincere when I made that statement. At that time I did not think of romance. I knew only that Hal was one of the best friends any girl could have.

I have always believed that a real and lasting love and happiness must be based on a foundation of understanding and friendship. I have heard often of "love at first sight," have had examples of it pointed out to me, but, so far as I can see, very few cases of that sort of instantaneously developed emotion have an enduring quality. If you'll look around you, you'll probably notice that most successful marriages, everywhere as well as in Hollywood, have been built on a long friendship and association.

Hal and I have worked together for a long time. We have seen each other in every possible mental condition. If ever two people knew each other's moods and thoughts, we do. Every morning as soon as I walked on the set, Hal seemed instinctively to know my frame of mind. If I were feeling low or depressed or worried about something, he invariably found an opportunity to whisper, "Brace up, honey. You'll live through it. It isn't so bad that it couldn't be worse."

The first day I ever saw Hal Rosson, was the day we made tests for "Red Headed Woman." I had heard about him, of course, and I was very glad that he was to be the chief cameraman on that picture. Hal and my stepfather, Marino Bello, had been friends and golf-mates for more than a year. Very often my father talked about Hal, but it just happened that I had never met him.

Those tests for "Red Headed Woman" were an ordeal, believe me. In the first place, it was my initial experience in wearing a wig and I felt self-conscious and strange. Then, it was my first picture under my contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and I was nerve-rackingly anxious to make good. In addition, the role was a new sort of characterization for me. After



Wide World

After their recent marriage in Yuma, Arizona, Miss Harlow and her husband, Harold G. Rosson, returned to her home in Hollywood. Their friendship began during their association in Miss Harlow's last four pictures, in the filming of which Rosson was head cameraman.

a series of hard-boiled girls, I was playing a young woman who was hard-boiled, to be sure, but who had a touch of comedy. The problem was to play her so that the audience would like her in spite of herself.

All in all, I was under a terrific nervous strain, when I walked on that big, bare stage for my first tests. The make-up department and a hairdresser were hovering around, putting touches to my wig and to my make-up. I knew that my fate lay largely in the photography. And, after I had worked for an hour

Romance and Marriage

By JEAN HARLOW

As told to Jean Packe

with Hal, I knew that I was safe in his hands.

He seemed genuinely interested. He didn't take the tests as merely one of the necessary details which must be gone through before you can get down to the actual work of making a motion picture. And he seemed to sense my inner tremblings. He refused to act serious and joked and laughed. That relieved the strain and tension.

Our friendship, which began that day, was a casual studio relationship. You grow to know people awfully well when you work with them hour after hour, day after day. They either stand the test of the wear and tear of frayed nerves and gruelling hours of work. Or they don't. Hal did. And every day, when we looked at the rushes, I was grateful to Fate for having assigned Hal and me to the same pictures. Unless you have worked on the screen, you can't understand the feeling which an actress has about the man who is photographing her. If she has confidence in him, everything is all right. He is sort of like the family physician, the curer of all photographic ills.

It was after we had finished making "Hold Your Man" that the friendship between Hal and me changed

from a studio liking into a more personal affair. My father had been urging me to play golf, telling me that it was the exercise which I needed, that it would take me out in the open air and that, if I once tried it, I would like it. I'm a naturally lazy person, I'm sorry to admit. I'd rather put on a bathing suit and lie in the sun beside my pool than be energetic or athletic.

One evening my father informed me that he had arranged a threesome for the next day, a threesome made up of Hal, himself and me. So I had my first "date" with Hal on a golf course at seven-thirty in the morning.

(Please turn to page 74)



During the filming of "Bombshell," Jean took time out, between scenes, to go high hat.



DESIGN FOR LIVING

Re-designed slightly by Herr Ernst Lubitsch himself, and with the added "Lubitsch touch," Noel Coward's smashing stage success, "Design for Living," appears as one of Paramount's most ambitious offerings of the season. Fredric March plays *Tom*, the playwright, done on the stage by Mr. Coward himself, Gary Cooper plays *George*, the artist, played on the stage by Alfred Lunt, and Miriam Hopkins is *Gilda*, played on the stage by Lynn Fontanne.



Edward Everett Horton plays *Max*, who finally marries *Gilda*, only to have her lured away again by *Tom* and *George*, and Franklin Pangborn is *Mr. Douglas*. In all fairness to Mr. Lubitsch, let us add that the various changes were made mainly to appease the censors.

One interesting speculation is how the public will accept Gary in

a type of part so completely different from anything he has ever attempted.

Pictured above, in a photograph especially posed for The New Movie Magazine, you see Freddie March, Miriam and Gary in one of the brilliantly dialogued scenes in the Paris apartment which the three occupy. At the right is Director Lubitsch, surrounded by his staff.

ELISSA LANDI'S

ROMANCE OF TWO WORLDS

WHEN the lovely Elissa landed in Hollywood, the publicity departments got her book of press notices mixed up with a copy of "Who's Who!" Instead of telling the public about her stage successes in London, they concentrated on her mother's relationship to some royal house. That was her introduction to us.

I don't know yet the real connection, because I never read the many articles about Elissa's background. I saw so many headlines and heard so much chatter about her being a countess or her mother's being one, and of how we had at last a bit of real royalty who was not visiting Mary and Doug at Pickfair, that I began rehearsing my curtsy, now gone a trifle creaky since I ceased bowing on the stage or in "the presence."

I remembered having seen her in London and liking her, but the barrage of baronial blah annoyed me. Has she come out here to act or sell family heirlooms? I thought. I'm afraid I even said to kindred cats, "We've got princesses and marquises already on the screen, but Mickey Mouse still remains the most popular star. No one asks about his antecedents."

THEN I met Elissa. She was a young Christian on the DeMille set; I was just a visiting fireman. We shook hands. She twinkled. I twinkled right back at her. Mr. DeMille beamed: "You two should be great friends. You have a lot in common."

He may have meant our mutual affection for him. Mr. DeMille, as is his habit, said a mammoth mouthful.

They were shooting night scenes. It was nearly one A. M., and they were going to continue all night. They had been doing the same thing for about a week. The Christians in "The Sign of the Cross," who were fearless under attacks of ruthless Romans, were all trembling in the throes of what California realtors label "pleasantly cool nights."

I watched Elissa find her white-bearded old father shot unto death about seven times. Never a sign of

**Real, intimate facts about the girl
the movies labeled as royalty
but who turned out to be a tomboy**

fatigue or resentment on her part, though she, as *Mercia*, was quite perfect the first time.

Due to arrow trouble, beard slipping, fake blood not flowing freely enough and father's death stance not being up to the DeMille standard, they were still killing the distinguished old Christian when I had to leave or send for my sleeping bag.

I left, but not without having several snatches of conversation with Elissa between deaths. The things we found in common on that first meeting were America and DeMille. I asked how she liked both. She had nothing but praise for each one. I found out that though, as *Mercia*, she was every inch a young Christian, as Elissa she was every half inch a cosmopolitan.

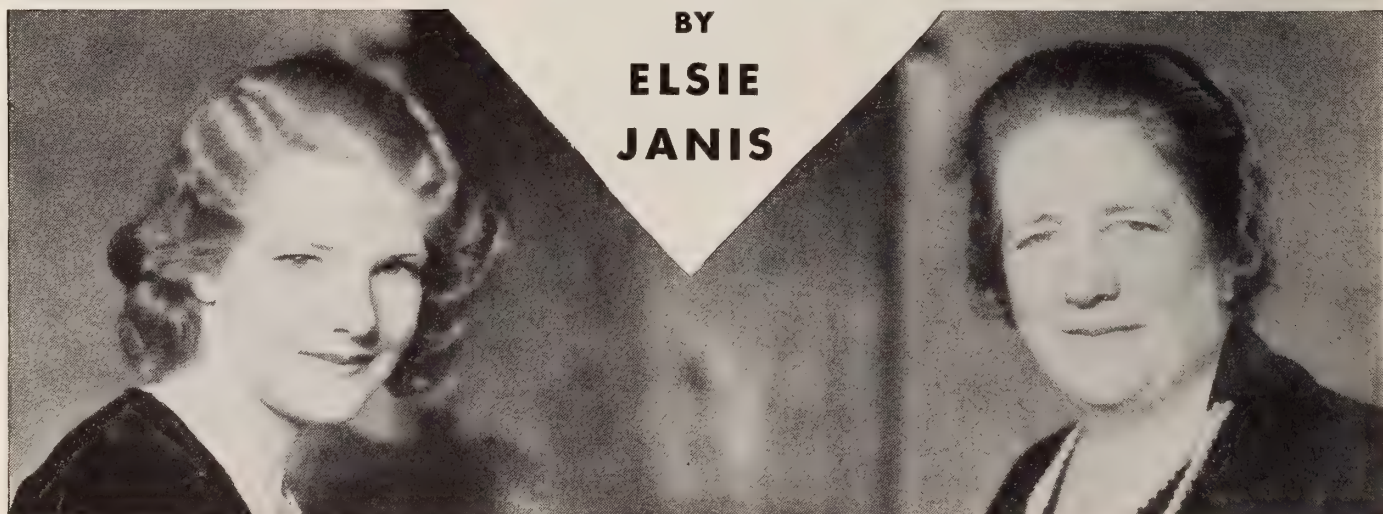
We said *au revoir*, *auf wiedersehen*, *hasta manana* and *au revedereci*. The Landi, like myself, being linguistic, we signed off with "I'll be seein' you!"

C. B. DEMILLE and sunny California are a lot alike in a way. Anyone who has ever felt the charm of them inevitably returns to bask and sometimes burn under their magnetic rays.

C. B.'s sets always look like Old Home Week. Those of his faithful standbys who are not in the picture can be found hanging around watching and waiting for that moment when he catches sight of them and greets them as if he had been waiting for their O.K. on some scene he has been directing.

Extra or star, the "hello!" retains the same note of pleasant surprise. This, I may add, is if he has been satisfied with the scene himself. If not, there is apt to be more hell than o.

Old-timers who hadn't worked for years were called



Elissa's eyes alternate between turquoise and jade, according to her mood. I saw them go violet the other night when she was talking to Caroline (the countess-mother to the publicity readers; Caroline to Elissa and her friends).



Photo by Powolny

for "The Sign of the Cross." Christian martyrs suffered; and lots of those players needed no make-up to look the part. DeMille was a veritable saviour and, though they finished by being fed to the lions, he saw to it that they had many good meals enroute to the arena.

I saw a lot of Elissa during those days when I, like the other confirmed De-Millites, was hanging around. I must admit I did more sitting than hanging, and right beside the Master. He was very keen about her acting; directed her very little. She seemed to know instinctively whether the scene had been right or not. Even before he could speak she would say, "May I do that again?"

Between scenes Elissa was more like *Peter Pan* than *Mercia*. She has a



Elissa is not a girl who drops anything; she throws things. And what she threw to the wind or the publicity department (they're somewhat synonymous) was at least six of the seven veils of bunk she'd been swathed in. Coldness, aloofness, classiness, sexlessness, literary-ness.

When they were searching for a screen star to play the part of *Antiope* in "The Warrior's Husband," I suggested Elissa Landi, and got a good laugh from all sides. "She's too lady-like," was the first reaction.

decided boyish quality which would manifest itself immediately after a scene was O.K.'d. The martyred *Mercia*'s virginal Christian robes had to cling tenaciously as (Please turn to page 95)

The TRUTH about the



NOTE: The most dramatic story in Hollywood today is not the actual story of "Queen Christina," starring Greta Garbo with John Gilbert. It is the story *behind* the make-believe plot of the Swedish Queen and her lover—the story of the screen's queen and the man who was, once, the great romance of her life. But fate, as well as temperamental differences, separated the two great idols and Greta went on to greater fame in the talkies while Gilbert knew the bitter defeat of temporary oblivion. It is sheer unadulterated drama that these two colorful and exciting figures are reunited after all these years! Hollywood thrills to it more than it has to the drama of "the best picture of the year." What thoughts passed through their minds as they once more met under the strong lights of a studio set—one a great star of today and the other a great star of yesterday, staging a comeback? What did they say to each other as they shook hands over the bridge of the years which is marked by such milestones as their lover's quarrel, Greta's success in the talkies, Gilbert's failure, his marriage to Virginia Bruce and the recent birth of their daughter?

Here is the intimate story behind a story that makes "Queen Christina" the most exciting picture of the hour to Hollywood. For obvious reasons, the

One of the thrilling scenes from "The Flesh and the Devil," the notable silent picture made when Jack Gilbert was the outstanding romantic actor in the films, and Garbo little more than unknown. "If you feel I have done you a favor now," she said to Jack recently, "I feel that you did me a favor when you, the great John Gilbert, had me play in your pictures."

article is unsigned. But it was written by a man intimately connected with both Garbo and Gilbert.

THE door to stage seven on the M-G-M lot swings open to admit a shaft of light . . . and two young men. The first is a press agent, familiar about the studio, and by his side, nervously and briskly strides a man with black hair beginning to gray

slightly at the temples. He is wearing a blue sports coat and white flannel trousers, a cigarette caught nervously between his fingers.

In the center of the darkened stage is a circle of light that is the set of Greta Garbo's "Queen Christina," and only the sound of the prop boys moving quietly about and the occasional creak of the director's chair disturbs the almost cathedral-like silence. For Garbo, the one-and-only, the queen of all Hollywood, lies in the royal bed of the movie script!

The two men pause lest they disturb the almost whispered rehearsal of a scene under way. The one in the blue jacket is desperately nervous. Every gesture betrays it. A light dew of perspiration beads his forehead.

Garbo looks up, frowns at the unexpected interruption. And then her moody, complex face breaks into a smile. Two hands are extended quickly in welcome.

Greta (in that guttural voice that is famous the world over): "Hallo! This is so nice . . . I am happy to see you . . . I . . ." Her voice trails off as though she, too, is suddenly self-conscious, ill at ease.

The man in the blue jacket swings forward, catches both her hands in his. They laugh nervously. *Not*

Written anonymously by one closely associated with both principals in Hollywood's latest real-life drama

GARBO-GILBERT Reunion



Two days later . . . and things are not going too well on the set of "Queen Christina." They have moved into a tavern set scene and it seems cold and unfriendly as though they might have sensed the presence of ghosts. Jack has not recovered his poise. Then the tension is relieved. "Let us stop and rest a moment," Garbo says. "Shall we smoke?"

What actually happened when they met after all these years, the two who had once loved—she now the queen of the movies, he unwanted as an actor?

for three years have they seen or spoken to each other! Even the technical workers are not immune to the great drama of this moment. They wander away to a respectful distance, to smoke, to talk quietly and casually together.

For John Gilbert and Greta Garbo are reunited again!

And as almost a prowling, disembodied ghost I have been present at that fateful meeting!

Then John Gilbert and his companion stride back toward Gilbert's dressing-room and Greta remains on the set in rehearsal.

THE press agent (to the almost racing blue jacketed figure beside him): "Nervous?" with a little laugh.

Gilbert: "Nervous? Scared as hell! I quaked in my boots. If I'd never put eyes on her before I couldn't have felt more like a self-

conscious frightened school boy."

The P. A.: "Do you think she's changed since . . . well, do you think she looks any different?"

Gilbert: "She never changes. She will look the same fifty years from now. She is the most unknowable, complex person in the world. I've never felt that I really knew her. Two years ago I would have sworn that she would never have permitted me to appear with her in a picture again. And yet, now, when I need help and encouragement the most . . . it is Garbo who gives it when every producer in Hollywood had turned me down as an actor.

Funny, isn't it? Crazy . . . only in Hollywood could such a thing happen."

HE strides on, his hands thrust deeply in his pockets, past that elaborate (Please turn to page 79)



The first meeting of Greta Garbo and Jack Gilbert since their romance ended years ago. It was at this meeting that Greta told Jack he had been selected as her leading man.



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Jack Freulich

You're beginning to see a lot of Mary Carlisle these days—and about time! We've all been missing her. Following her success in "Ladies Must Love," which definitely elevated June Knight to stardom, Mary is now in "Saturday's Millions," with Robert Young and Leila Hyams.

Herb Howe Recalls

The Boulevardier suggests a Big Parade of the Bad Boys and Bad Girls of the Past

NEW YORK:

THE Game of Favorites, I'm told it's called.

Putting Me on The Spot, I call it. During the month I have received three questionnaires probing my sentiments, sacred and profane, anent Hollywood brahmins. Listing favorites is a lot of fun until you think of the pals you're leaving off the list who will certainly leave you off theirs—and Christmas little more than a month away.

But I'm nothing if not daring. (Where's that bodyguard!) As a bait to my vanity, one inquisitor says he is circulating questionnaires to determine the screen favorites of the illiterati and I'm the leading illiterate. Flattered. I herewith take the stand. Shoot!

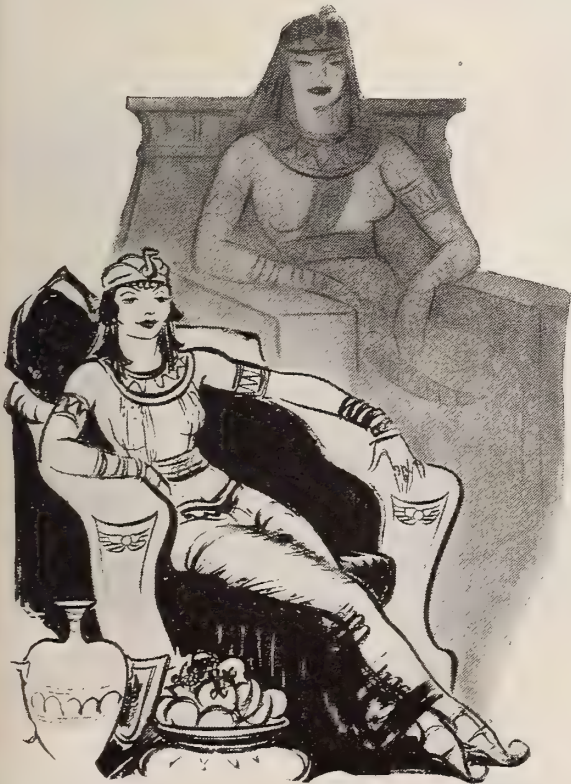
Who is your favorite actor? James Cagney—and where have you been all the time? Lee Tracy, close second.

Favorite Actress? Mae West, but on account of my religion I am allowed four (Allah is good): Mazie, Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, Greta Garbo.

Favorite Director? Herr Lubitsch.

Whom do you consider the screen's greatest artist? Whoever entertains me most. See above.

Most beautiful actress? Mary Astor—on screen.



Cleopatra is about to be revived in the person of Claudette Colbert.



Drawings by Ken Chamberlain

Mae West could do any of history's bad girls better than the bad girls themselves—Madame De Montespan, for instance.

Handsomest actor? Baby LeRoy.

Best Dressed Woman? I don't know about the dressing but Joan Crawford has the style—specially in salad dressing.

What picture affected you most? Lubitsch's "The Man I Killed," sometimes called "Lullaby," gave me the heaviest emotional hangover, if that's what you



Catherine the Great will appear as Marlene Dietrich under the wand of Von Sternberg.

mean. Course Miss West's "She Done Him Wrong" did me most in an inspirational way.

What scene is most memorable? The old Cagney corpse flopping through the door in "The Public Enemy."

Who has the most sex attraction (a) female (b) male? (a) Baby West (b) Marlene in mufti.

Which ten players do you dislike most? That's unfair—I'd have to leave out so many.

Who are the ten most charming and interesting off screen (a) women (b) men? Amazing as it may seem, I haven't met all our best people. Among those I have, I choose—

(a) Mae West, Norma Shearer, Marie Dressler, Pola Negri, Aileen Pringle, Marion Davies, Lupe Velez, Alice Terry, Madge Evans, Jeanette MacDonald.

(b) Bull Montana, Stepin (Please turn to page 77)

How You Can Make Good in a SCREEN TEST

WEARILY, W. W. Watson, screen test director at the Fox studios, dropped into a chair. His patience was exhausted. For four hours he had labored with a rather attractive blond girl, trying to bring out that elusive spark of personality which the motion picture industry is so avidly seeking. About all he had to show for his efforts was a hundred feet of film picturing a pretty girl moving nervously about, scared pink and rapidly nearing the point of tears.

"We'll take it again," he sighed. "Please," he pleaded, "please remember, my dear, that I told you to open the door first and then say your lines. Don't do both together. Put some thought into each action. Do it slowly, deliberately. Take your time. Don't jerk that knob and don't mumble your words. Speak up! Now then, once more. Camera!"

The results were no better. It seemed to me the young woman long since had passed the point of remembering anything. She was worn ragged. If I had been in her place I would have run out two hours before.

"Beautiful but dumb," was the verdict. Same old story.

I HAD heard so much about screen tests being comparable to Spanish inquisitions, dreaded even by experienced actresses, that I had induced Mr. Watson to let me sit in at one to see just how and why, if possible, such an overwhelming fear should attend them.

Stage stars, I have heard, have been known to go into hysterics in the test room, and novices often have fainted. Countless young women facing the ordeal

have gone home weak and ill to cry until daylight over frayed-out nerves.

"It's nothing more than old-fashioned stage fright," Watson explained. "Test directors try to exercise the patience of Job and work gently with the newcomers. But, unless the novices have courage and confidence and self-assurance, they tend to 'go all to pieces' when closeted with a testing crew. Their over-eagerness starts them off wrong; they begin trying to 'act'—the very thing we don't want them to do; and presently they're flustered—too flustered to follow instructions.

"That's the beginning of the end. There's no reason for it, but it's human nature, it seems, for young men and women who come here to wilt when put 'on the spot'.

"Of course, we make allowances for all this, knowing that true talent or a distinctive personality will exhibit traces of itself even through bad cases of fright. But it takes infinite patience, sometimes, to bring it out."

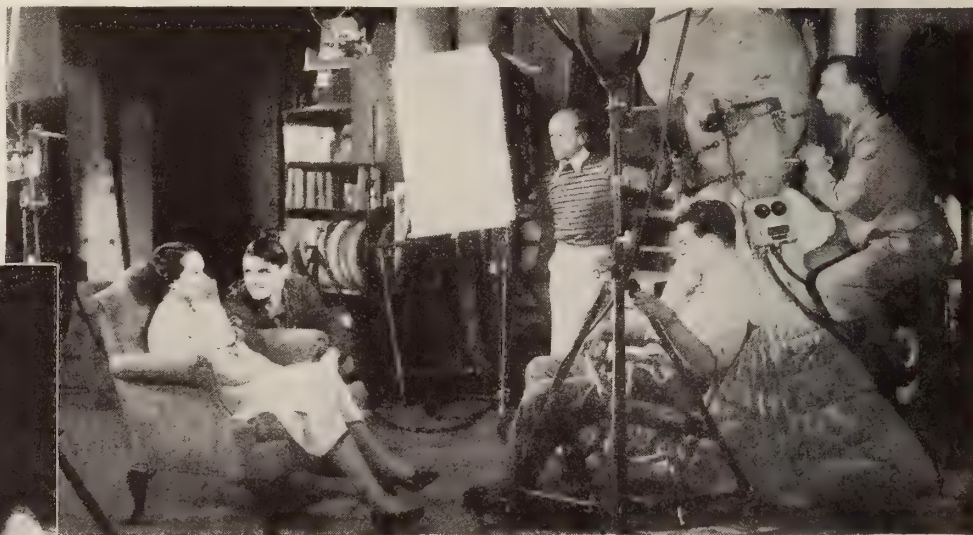
THERE are two kinds of screen tests, I found. One is for a seasoned player to ascertain whether he or she will be effective in a role or to see how they will look in certain costumes and make-up.

The other is the "acting-test," applied either to novices or to experienced players. For this a full crew is assembled, a test director given charge and an ac-

Diana Bori, a well-known New York stage actress, taking her first screen test. The test director is William Watson, of the Fox studios. The boy, making the test with Miss Bori, is Alan Livingston.

(Below)

Maxine Land, of Atlanta, Georgia, being tested at the Paramount studios for the role of *Panther Woman* in "The Island of Lost Souls." At the left is Director Earl Kenton.



**Specific instructions from the greatest experts in
the major studios** By A. L. WOOLDRIDGE

DON'T—

Wear white or loud patterns.

Make up heavily.

Depend on tricks.

Look into the camera.

Imitate.

Worry about the appearance of your teeth.

Slouch when you walk.

tual scene from a picture made. Usually a scene is selected which calls for dialogue between two or three characters. This is thoroughly learned and repeatedly rehearsed before the actual screen test is taken.

Such a test costs exactly as much as a regular scene in a picture and ranges from \$250 to \$1,000, according to the time consumed. The characters who assist in the test always are experienced players.

With a view to helping the novice understand just what will be encountered when ordered to a studio for a screen test, I "sat in" with Mr. Watson on the grilling of the aforementioned blond girl. Then I got from Eddie Elliscue, test director at RKO-Radio, Jack Foley at Universal, George Somnes at Paramount, Archie Mayo at Warner Brothers and Sam Wood at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the advice they would offer screen aspirants on "What To Do" and "What Not To Do" in a screen test.

These men have conducted most of the studio tests since the advent of sound, have been responsible for countless young men and young women getting jobs and can spot a talented person almost on sight. Collectively, here is what they say to aspirants

What to Do

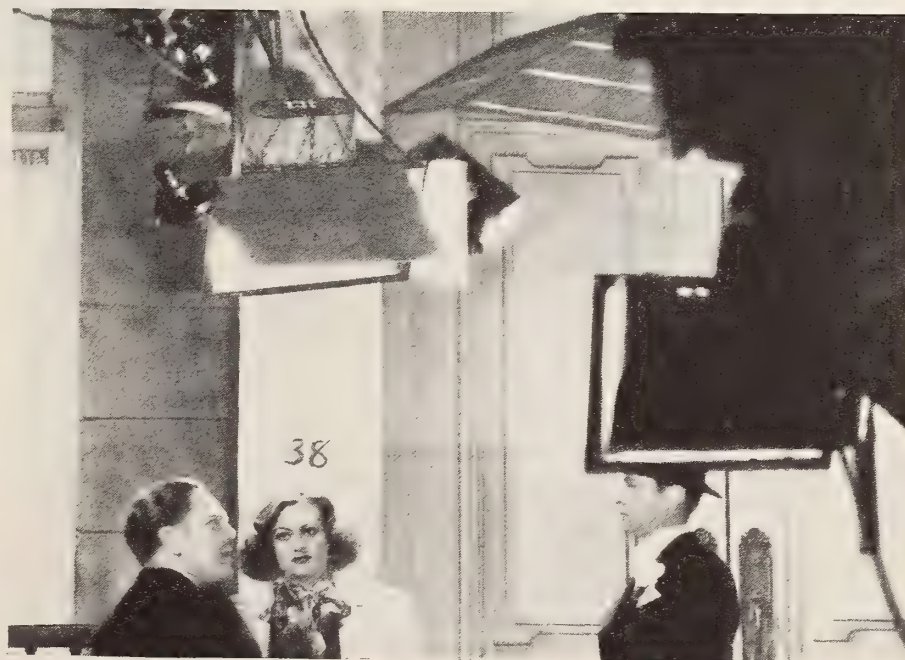
GET some stage experience, if possible, before tackling the movies. Then you have a selling point.

"Start checking on your everyday speech. See that your words are pronounced fully and distinctly, instead of slouching lazily over the consonants *t, d*, etc. Keep in mind the fact that *g* rounds out the syllable *ing*. Avoid dialects, such as the Southern method of drawling out the vowel and shortening the consonant, or the mid-Westerner's habit of hitting his consonants with a hard nasal tone.

"Make a practice of reading aloud. Experiment with your voice. Try various inflections in reading dialogue to see if you can't add color and interest.



Martha Sleeper taking a screen test before the old-time camera booth, first used in talking pictures. These have been eliminated by the noiseless cameras.



Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone undergoing a screen test, preparatory to filming "Dancing Lady," for costumes and make-up. The director of this picture is Robert Z. Leonard.

Keep in mind that you will not be reciting in your school assembly but that you presumably will be merely carrying on a conversation as with a friend.

"Rehearse, at home, 'every day business,' such as using the telephone, handling books, opening and shutting doors, serving tea, putting on gloves, lighting a cigarette. Rhythm in movement is absolutely essential if you are to become an actor or actress. Your voice may be (Please turn to page 88)

"Go Adventuring!"

**Advises Peter, the
Viking king of
Eskimo-land**

By DORIS RAND

BORED? Fed up? Tired of everything and everybody and looking for some new experience? Then read about my free-as-the-air Viking.

He's Peter Alfred Freuchen, the man who wrote "Eskimo" for M-G-M and who is now up in the northern part of the Hudson Bay country in Canada writing another epic of the North for the movies. Director Van Dyke calls Peter "the most fascinating and adventurous male I've ever met." And Jean Harlow, after one look at Peter's he-man blondness, his deep blue eyes and two hundred and forty pounds of manliness, let Peter call her "Sweetheart."

Peter is a man's man. He is rough and boisterous and gruff, and he frets at idleness. He's everything that Hollywood is not, yet Hollywood capitulated to him in a moment. Peter is not young; he is forty-seven. He is not handsome, judged by modern standards. He has a bushy, blond beard and a wooden leg and a way of calling a spade a spade that shakes the hearts of the weak.

WHEN I met Peter he was angry—mad because he didn't want to be interviewed. "Leave me alone!" he said, just like that. "Leave me alone! Go talk to your handsome movie stars. They're the ones people like to read about. I'm not even good looking. Leave me alone!"

I have a violent temper of my own. When Peter got mad, I got madder. We sat and glared at each other.

"What is the matter with you?" I asked, trying to keep the lid on my temper. "You spent twenty-seven years exploring in the Arctic. You mapped the last piece of unmapped land in the world. You gave up a medical and business career so you could be free as the Arctic winds. I want to know why? I want to know if it is possible for anyone else, bored and fed up with their ordinary life, to do the same thing?"

That soothed the savage in him. He became as tame as a cub bear and patted my back and said, "Sure, sure. O. K. Now I see what you want. You want me to tell others how to go adventuring. Well, that's easy. I'll just tell you how I did it."

HIS father was a grain and whale oil merchant in Copenhagen, Denmark. He wanted Peter to go into the business. Peter *hemmed* and *hawed* and, looking around for escape, hit upon the idea of studying to be a doctor. He knew this would please his father—and he also knew that he hadn't the slightest interest in business. As proof of the fact that he still is a poor business man, he tells how he came to sell the movie rights to his novel "Eskimo," for a little more than \$700. He was in Denmark when an agent wired him the movie offer. Immediately Peter wired back, "Sold."



Peter Alfred Freuchen, author of "Eskimo," filmed in the Arctic, in a scene from the picture with the native girl, Aba. . . . Peter, rough and boisterous and gruff, with a bushy blond beard and a wooden leg—and a way of calling a spade a spade.

Later he discovered—and he laughs at it as if it were a great joke on him—that the movie rights were re-sold to M-G-M for \$10,000.

"It serves me right," Peter says. "I should have had more sense. . . . But that's getting away from the real purpose of this story. I want you to tell it in such a way that other men and women will see how wonderful it is to get away from the stuffiness of civilization. It gives you a chance to breathe, see?"

The longer Peter talked, the more easily I saw his meaning.

While he was studying medicine and dogging the footsteps of famous hospital surgeons, he came across the case of a man who was brought back to life by a miraculous cure. He was almost dead when the doctors began to work on him. A few weeks later this man—saved by almost a miracle—was run over by a street car and killed.

"I said to myself then," said Peter to me, "'why should I save people who are going to die anyhow.' See?"

SO, having adopted this unique philosophy, Peter looked around him. Everything seemed an endless circle. People worked, they married, they had children, they got sick, they were saved, then they died, anyhow. And what had they got out of living?

Peter wanted more out of life. He gave up medicine and studied surveying. Then he got a job with an exploration expedition (*Please turn to page 76*)

Speaking of Nuts—

How about AUTHORS?

A famous film producer, writing anonymously, reveals many interesting and some cruel truths

THE editor of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE has sent me a letter received from an author as a result of my anonymous articles on the nuttiness of stars and producers in the motion picture business.

If you are a budding author with a fixed idea that you know a picture story which would simply knock 'em dead, I hope you will read this other great author's letter, because it will give you a pretty good view of yourself as we nutty producers see you. It may also strip the veil from a mystery which has puzzled you and show you why your wonderful stories have flopped.

This is his letter:

"Dear Sir: I am a nut, too. I am nutty enough to think that you would recognize the anguished cry of a kindred nut. I am nuttier than you ever dreamed of being.

"I am nutty enough to think that I have written a nutty enough original story for the screen. I am nutty enough to keep on trying to sell it to nutty (and how!) producers who always return it with the following nutty statement: 'We are herewith returning your original story UNREAD (capitals are mine). We do not consider unsolicited manuscripts, nor do we READ THEM' (capitals mine).

"I'm a nut. I have faith in those great and oft-repeated American principles of equality and opportunity for all.

"I am nutty enough to believe them. I am nutty enough to write to you, begging, beseeching, imploring, for a reading of my original (?) story. I am nutty enough to have printed the enclosed card, weeks before I read your confessions of a nutty producer.

"Won't you help a fellow nut? If you don't, I will assassinate the greatest nut in the world. The subsequent publicity will enable me to sell my nutty tale to scores of newspapers.

"Nuttily yours,

"William Soandso."

WITH his letter he enclosed a printed card which he sent to producers to whom he tried to sell his story. His card is based on the old and discarded theory of advertising that you can attract the attention of a prospective buyer by insulting him. It read this way:

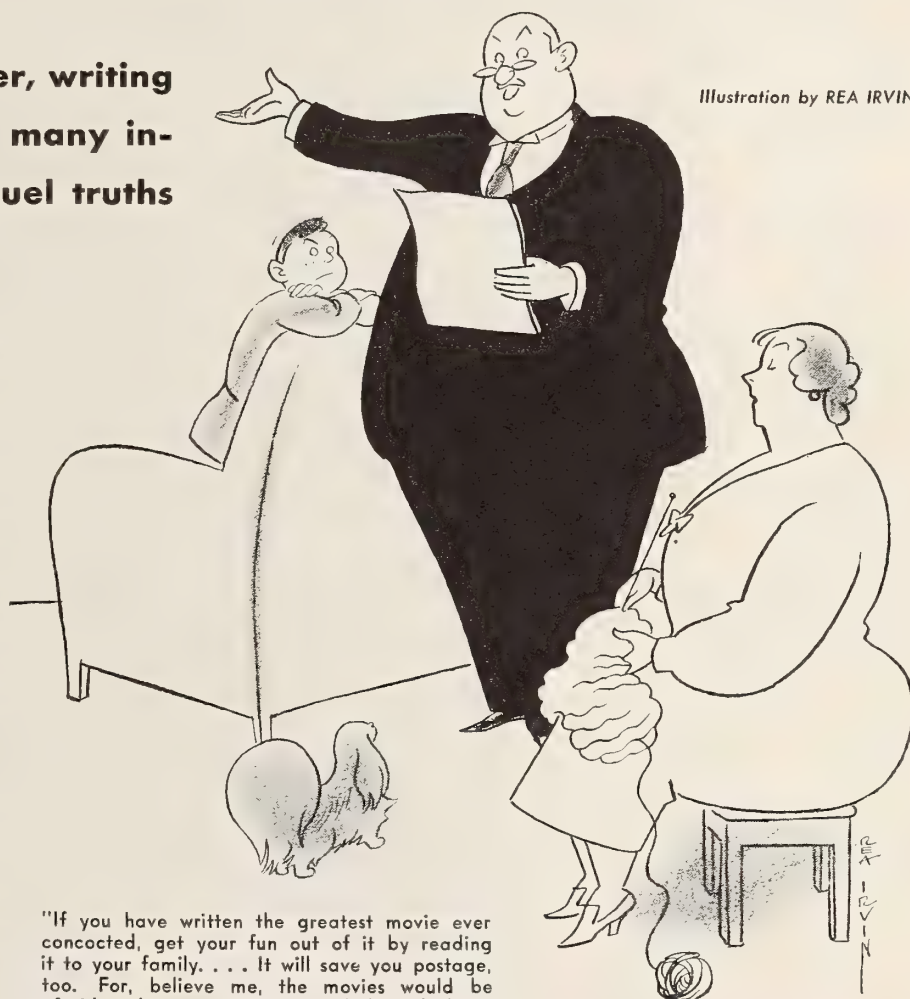


Illustration by REA IRVIN

"If you have written the greatest movie ever concocted, get your fun out of it by reading it to your family. . . . It will save you postage, too. For, believe me, the movies would be afraid to buy your epic even if they liked it."

"You, who are supposed to be persons of intellect and foresight, are returning unread a story which, if produced, will go down in the history of the motion picture industry as being EPOCHAL AND REMARKABLE.

"This original story will make a splendid vehicle for such capable actors as Emil Jannings, Jean Hersholt, Lionel Barrymore and Walter Huston.

"You motion picture producers have been raving and tearing your hair, bewailing the lack of suitable screen tales. But when an unknown author dares to hope for a fair reading of his opus, you large-headed but small-brained executives return my work unread. How can you ever discover new talent if you always rely on the old and famous?

"Give the youngsters a break. Don't have us sitting up late at night, trusting and striving, only to have our hopes and ambitions dashed to the ground by a curt refusal to read our stories.

"May I send you my original story for a reading? Please!"

Now this so exactly fits the case of so many thousands of would-be authors that it is worth answering with cold facts.

(Please turn to page 81)

Hollywood SLAVE

Continuing—the strangest confession you ever read—the real story of a famous movie star

FRITZ STRESSEMAN was, as I have said, kind. He made no objection to my going at once to the little side-street hotel where I hoped to find Travis. He even insisted on taking me there in his big black landaulet, and waiting outside while I rushed tumultuously through the deserted office and up the dark stairway to our little room.

Travis was not there. But his things were. And after a mad moment in which I envisaged him walking off a cliff or otherwise disposing of his stricken life, I began to take a more sensible view of the situation. There was something about the sight and feel and smell of the boy's great rough overcoat, as it hung there on the golden oak clothes pole, which inspired confidence in the ultimate triumph of his sanity.

Trav was hurt—but he would get over it.

"Buck up, old girl," I said to myself, in Trav's own manner. "Pull yourself together and write your boy friend a little note. Everything'll be all right before morning."

In this spirit I scribbled a hasty message, saying that I wouldn't be gone long, that I'd hurry right back to him, that I'd make it all up to him when I saw him—and more. This I pinned on his pillow; and, leaving a kiss beside it, I rushed from the room.

IT WAS one of those clean, sweet-smelling Hollywood nights. Fritz had had the top of the great car thrown back. From where we sat, as we climbed once more those steep Vine Street hills, we looked straight up into a typical Hollywood sky—a sky in which the stars can be starrier and the moon moonier than anywhere else in the world. I was almost happy. Anyway, I was grateful, grateful to Fritz for his strength and his silence. I reached over and touched his hand.

"That's all right, child," he said. "I understand."
"I know."

He understood. He had said it, and I believed it. A less understanding man would have harassed me with questions. But did he mean that he understood a woman's heart; that he understood it enough not to ask questions, not to intrude? Or did he mean something far more specific: that he understood about Trav and me being married, and about the tragedy he was causing in our young lives? Of course, if he had seen our contract, he would have known something, but not much. Names signed to vaudeville contracts are seldom vouched for by birth certificates; or by marriage certificates, either.

After all, perhaps it wasn't important. The important thing was that he chose to say nothing of the relations between Travis and me—and the inference was plain that he wished me to say nothing, too.

IT WASN'T difficult to do as this strange man wished. Perhaps it was the hypnotic spell which he seemed to exercise over me. As I look back on these bizarre experiences, I like to think it was that. It relieves me of a considerable moral responsibility to feel that this green-eyed man was indeed a Hollywood *Svengali*. Perhaps, though, I was only a silly little girl.

Anyhow, we rode thus, hand in hand, into Primrose and up Holly Drive as before; but just as we approached Odin Street, he said something staccato to the chauffeur, which caused the car to swerve sharply to the left, up steep winding grades into Cahuenga Boulevard, where, even at this time of night—it was long after midnight—the stream of traffic was continuous and luminous.

As we glided northward, the giant motor as silent as its giant owner, we shook off the long line of automobiles. As we passed in the moonlight between the Pilgrimage Cross and the Bowl, we were quite alone; and before us, with the broad avenue curving ever so slightly to the eastward, rose the gray-green outlines of Cahuenga Pass.

In the midst of all this beauty my thoughts went back again to the little hotel bedroom next to the all-night parking station, where that boy of mine was probably tossing wide-eyed, waiting for that "making up" which I had promised to him in that hurried little note. I wondered if his shoes were under the bed, where he always kicked them; if his clothes were in that dear disorder, in which he always left them; if he, too, had kissed the pillow—the other pillow, I mean—on that narrow little bed. I wondered if he had remembered to pull the bed clothes up over that broad, rebellious shoulder. And I knew that he had not.

I LOVED the beauty of the California night. The soft air had a caressing quality, as if a cool hand were passing to and fro across my fevered cheeks. And every now and then, as we came to some new vista in the moonlight, the hand would seem to grow hot and passionate—the night's hand, I mean; not Fritz's. I wished that I could forget everything else and give myself up to all this beauty and the emotions

THE PEOPLE IN THE STORY

MOLLY, the little girl from Cadiz, Ohio, virtually hypnotized into leaving the husband she adores and living a life of lies to become "the mystery woman of the screen."

TRAVIS, the husband, a young singer, touring with Molly in vaudeville, ignorant of the role in life and in films that his wife is to be required to play.

Fritz Stresseman, world-famous director and star-maker, who, glimpsing Molly in the Brown Derby, determines to make her his next great star. Traces her to the theater and immediately offers her a dazzling contract—provided she will place herself completely in his hands.



He, the Hollywood Svengali, instructed her: "You have no family. You have no friends. Only me. I will give you a new face, a new figure, a new personality."



that it caused. But since I couldn't, I wished that I could speak to Fritz Stresseman about the boy back there; about the need he had of me; about my promise to get back to him quickly, to make things up to him. But I could not. Instead, I managed to say:

"Mr. Stresseman, this is lovely—but don't we have to work?"

"They can wait."

"Who can wait, Mr. Stresseman?"

"Don't call me Mr. Stresseman. I hate it. My name is Fritz. My mother calls me Fritz, my sister calls me Fritz, you must call me Fritz?"

"Yes, F-Fritz. But who is waiting for us?"

"Nobody, nobody. Just Isadore Wentsch."

"Isadore Wentsch!" I cried, withdrawing my hand, and sitting bolt upright in my excitement. "Not the great Isadore Wentsch?"

I had recognized the name of the mighty head of the big studio where Trav and I had gone with his author friend. "Isadore Wentsch Presents"—the phrase was as well known as "F. O. B. Detroit." When I was a child, I thought Presents was his last name! I would have liked to tell that to Mr. Stress—to Fritz, but somehow I couldn't.

"Great, if you like that kind of greatness," he said, with a nonchalance that amazed me, "but he can wait."

He chuckled, all over his big body.

"It'll do him good!" he concluded again, and chuckled again, tumultuously.

Again, my mind and my heart went back to the boy in the hotel room back yonder.

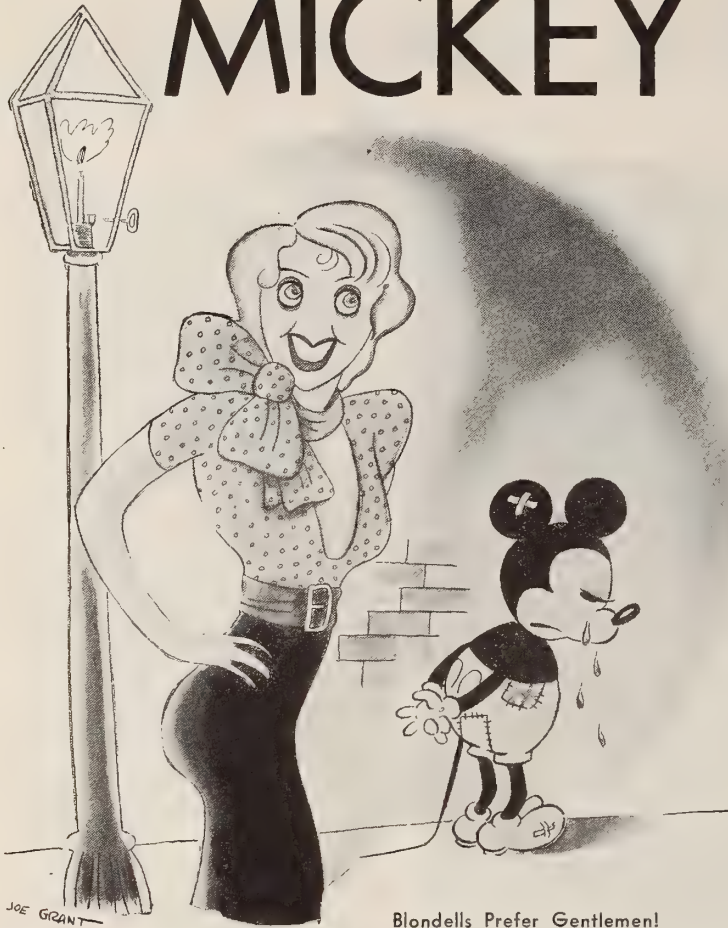
"But we have to work, don't we, Mr. Fritz?"

(Please turn to page 90)

For there I was, exposed in this brilliant whiteness, to the cruel, unfriendly eyes of these men whose appraising glance was one which might have been bestowed upon a naked Greek slave in the conqueror's market.

Illustrated by
Earl Blossom

MICKEY MOUSE'S



Blondells Prefer Gentlemen!

Wherein the world's most popular actor comments on the film news of the day

By
**MICKEY
MOUSE**

As told to
HAL HORNE

SO-O-O-O!" Ed Wynn's starring in "The Fire Chief." That certainly should ring the bell. Seems like *all* radio stars are giving the air the air for a change—and not small change, either. America's discovering Columbo in Twentieth Century pictures; Crosby's going over with a bing in "Too Much Harmony"; Jack Pearl's LIE-ing in state in "Meet the Baron"; Ruth Etting's cantoring all over the lot in "Roman Scandals."

Which proves that everybody comes to Hollywood crooner or later!

WHEN a man bites a dog, that's news! When "Dog Bites Man" it's a good idea and Hollywood loses no time making a picture of it.

Which reminds me: Charles Laughton in "Henry VIII" is a smash! Henry, the Eighth Wonder of The World!

There was a forgiving soul—always ready to bury the hatchet—in his wife's neck!

DID you read where Gary Cooper is the tallest star in pictures? Say, he's so tall he has to bend down to keep from talking over his leading lady's head. However, M-G-M claims the same honors for Primo Carnera.

Often, on a gray morning you find Primo's head above the clouds.

DID you see Paul Robeson in "Emperor Jones?" There's a picture! Wherever the Emperor reigns, the dollars pour—into the theater box-offices.

Paul Robeson is certainly putting the theaters back into the black!

RKO is already announcing "The Son of Kong." "*King Kong*" certainly proved that it pays to make a monkey of yourself.

IDA LUPINO, niece of Lupino Lane, has been put under contract by Paramount. She's the only one in the famous Lupino family that isn't an acrobat.

A lane that has no turning!

PARAMOUNT is filming "Death Takes a Holiday." *As nice a way to spend a Sunday as any!*

MAE WEST will soon be singing, "I'm No Angel!" However, Heather is, and when you see her in "Orient Express," you'll know she's arrived!

Paramount announces "We're Not Dressing." Informal, but good!

Speaking of dressing, you heard about the Hollywood star who gave so many of her friends the cold shoulder that they finally put mint sauce on it!

MIRIAM HOPKINS is to be starred by Paramount in "Ladder of Men." Things certainly are looking up. William Powell is starring in "Gentleman from San Francisco."

As usual, a lady from Los Angeles will play opposite!

DOUGLAS MONTGOMERY will appear with Dorothy Jordan in RKO's "Three Came Unarmed."

Wonder if Venus de Milo was one of them!



High-hattin'

Movie-Go-Round

WALLACE BEERY will be seen in "Viva Villa." Viva villa too, but we don't live in it any more!

JAMES CAGNEY'S next for Warner Brothers will be "The Finger Man." Many fine points in this one.

WARNERS are also doing a picture based on a comic strip. Watch for "Harold Teen," with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler. Nice Teen-work here.

UNIVERSAL'S letting nothing stand in the way of Edmund Lowe's "Bombay Mail!" The male must go through!

"WUNDER BAR," Al Jolson's starring picture for Warner Brothers, is being directed by Mervyn Le Roy. What a director! No wonder they're calling it the Mervyn Picture Business!

PARAMOUNT will soon present "All Of Me." No, that's just the name of the story. I'm still with Walt Disney—in case anyone is wondering about me!

SALLY O'NEILL'S in "We're Sitting Pretty" with Jack Haley and Jack Oakie. Give them a hand—a Queen and a couple of Jacks.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON is doing a picture on the life of Napoleon. It will be called "The Little Corporal." They expect him to be so good that right now they are seriously thinking of promoting him to a sergeant or a lieutenant.

WHEN they were shooting "The Bowery," the director, Raoul Walsh, was explaining to Wally Beery that Chuck Connors, the part that Beery plays in the picture, was a gentleman. "Sure," remarked one of the tough extras, who "knew Chuck when," "dat guy always removed his hat before bouncing a lady out on her ear."

OUT at our studio everybody's discussing the code. I asked Minnie if she approved of million dollar productions and she said she did providing, of course, they didn't cost too much.

WHEN they were talking about costs it was pointed out that sometimes a director works for days before he creates a scene. Wouldn't you think he'd control himself!

ONE of the exhibitors present claimed that many of the talkies are over the public's head, but they soon settled that matter by deciding to lower the screens.



Mickey Marxman

THE question also came up as to whether they should continue to make animal pictures. They finally decided not to, as the animals could not understand them.

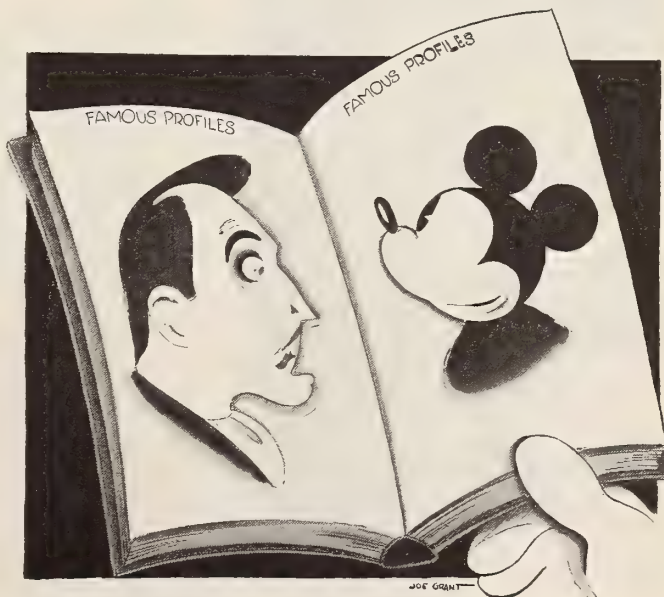
SOMEBODY said that today pictures speak for themselves, but Minnie thought that they should speak so that everybody can understand them.

ONE of the men at the meeting said that financial conditions had made some producers a little short. I think a little short is sometimes better than a full-length feature. Don't you?

METRO'S "Two Thieves" looks big. A great story! Should be selected for "The Crook of the Month" Club.

THEY'RE still talking about the masquerade party given here by Donald Ogden Stewart. Everybody came dressed as their favorite movie stars. The best impersonation was that of Chico Marx. He came dressed as Chico Marx. The likeness was remarkable.

WHICH reminds me: My next picture for Walt will be laid in the snow country. Walt says he wants me to cover myself with glory. It must be cold in them thar hills. But don't worry, I'll be back with you again next month at the same old stand. For remember: Many Are Cold But Few Are Frozen!



Profiles

NEW PICTURES You



Clara Bow and Preston Foster in a scene from "Hoopla," Clara's second picture since her return to the screen. Minna Gombell and Richard Cromwell are in it, too.



Ann Harding and Robert Young in a scene from "Beautiful," which RKO-Radio is producing. Nils Asther and Sari Maritza are also featured.



Spencer Tracy surrounded by a bevy of dancing girls on the set of "A Man's Castle," being produced by Columbia. Loretta Young is co-starred with Spencer in this thrilling drama of New York life.

PUT away the bridge table, shut off the radio, and mark "Busy" all over your engagement book for the next month. You are not going to let anything interfere with your getting to movie theaters early and often. Not when you see what is in store for you.

Theater managers know that it takes powerful magnets to draw you these autumn evenings, so months ago they started planning pictures that you just could not bear to miss, even if you have to fight your way through rain and sleet and biting wind to get to them. They corralled your favorite movie players and added radio and stage favorites. They put in music here and sinuous dancers there, added giddy humor to this one and heart-tugging drama to that. Then they commissioned their set designers and cameramen to devise the most glamorous backgrounds ever achieved by nature or artist. They called in a lot of others—costumers, trick camera and sound effect men—and defied them to do their best, but you get the idea. They set out to make pictures you just could not resist, no matter what your preferences. And it looks as if they have succeeded in a large way.

Everyone has his own ideas about what makes a picture irresistible. Sometimes it is an all-star cast such as "Dinner at Eight" has; sometimes it is just one personality like Marie Dressler or Mae West or Katharine Hepburn or Maurice Chevalier; sometimes it is the tender enchantment of

a great romance as in "Berkeley Square," and for some it is the jazz rhythm and dazzling scenes of "Foot-light Parade."

Whatever sort of pictures you like best, you will find some to delight you in this month's line-up. This is not a copy-cat season, not one when everyone is showing gangster, or young romance, or murder-mystery or night life in New York stories. They all stand out as individual attractions, not parts of a trend.

With so many and such different pictures to choose from, you will have to know a lot about each picture in order to decide whether you will find it so-so or simply marvelous.

That is where we come in. Not only have we judged the coming pictures by the record of past achievements of players, directors, authors and producers; we have been visiting the sets while the pictures were made, seeing and hearing parts of them.

There are some producers and players who sort of whistle to keep their courage up when they suspect they are making a picture that is a little feeble; they talk all the time about how marvelous it is. There are others who sense that they are participating in making a great one, and they hardly dare mention it for fear people will talk so much about it that the public will get fed up with hearing about it before it is shown, or some other company will rush to copy its best features. We have been around them so

Should See—and Why



Mae West in "I'm No Angel," her second starring picture for Paramount.

much that we can read the signs and figure out what they really mean.

From all indications there are going to be at least eight big favorites among the month's pictures, almost as many close seconds, and four outstanding pictures for those who prefer scenes of strange countries or glimpses of history to the antics of established favorites. "Emperor Jones" with Paul Robeson, the greatest of all colored singers and actors, "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth" with Charles Laughton, "S O S Iceberg" with Rod La Rocque and "Thunder Over Mexico" with a cast of natives, were not made to appeal so much to the dyed-in-the-wool movie fan who wants to see familiar faces as to the plaintive minority who are always demanding that producers give them something different.

But before going on to tell you about all these pictures in some detail, let me remind all Helen Hayes fans (and doesn't that take in almost everyone?) to see "Night Flight" because you won't be able to see her in any more pictures for a long time. She has gone back to the New York stage for a year. And in case these pictures were a little slow in getting to your local theater, let me remind you—that "The Way to Love" is your last chance to see Chevalier for a few months because he has gone to France for a visit; that "Dinner at Eight" is four or five great shows in one with John and Lionel Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, Billie Burke and Lee Tracy at their best; that "Little Women" will bring you the serene conviction that those good people of the lavender and old lace period were sweet and endearing; that "I'm No Angel" will make you

glory in ribald humor, and that "My Weakness" introduces Lilian Harvey, who reminds you of what Mary Pickford would have been like if she had gone into musical comedy, and will make you giggle every time you see a collection of little porcelain dogs in a friend's house.

If eight different people, motion-picture reviewers, veteran theater managers, or best of all, steady cash-customer fans, were to agree on the most promising of the pictures that are about to be shown, they still would not agree on the order of their importance. So, we make no pretense of getting your favorite at the top of the list. We do believe, though, that you will find your favorite picture of the month among the first few.

ROMAN SCANDALS—(United Artists-Samuel Goldwyn)—Eddie Cantor brings a vast public that chuckles over his radio programs and that rallies to his stage appearances into theaters to see his motion pictures. They know he won't let them down. Over a period of many years Sam Goldwyn has justified his reputation of being just an old spendthrift, a man who isn't

satisfied unless he gives you a lot more than you expect from any picture. Either reputation is a trying one to live up to, but they can send this picture out without any qualms.

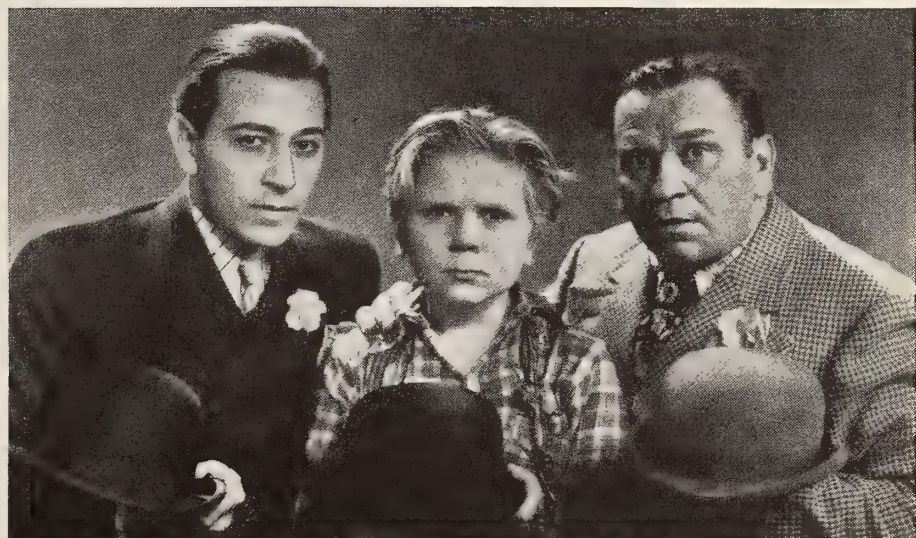
Eddie Cantor plays a bewildered sort of under-dog, as usual, who gets involved in the most spectacular adventures. He is just the poor, neglected lad who drives a grocery wagon in West Rome, Oklahoma, and people think he is not quite bright because he talks to his horse, gives food away to the poor instead of being a go-getter who demands cash down, and spends all his spare time in a museum—of all places! The marble heroes of ancient Rome are much more real to Eddie than the busybodies of West Rome.

Eddie wakes up from his day dreams among the old relics long enough to take part in a riot that breaks out



Dorothea Wieck, who became known to fans in this country through her role in "Maedchen in Uniform," a foreign-made picture, as she will appear in her first American picture, Paramount's "Cradle Song."

Wallace Ford and Dorothy Tree in Columbia's picture, "East of Fifth Avenue." It is Dorothy's first starring role.



George Raft as Steve Brodie, Wally Beery as Chuck Connors, and Jackie Cooper as Chuck's newsboy pal in the Twentieth Century production, "The Bowery."



Charles Laughton, fresh from his success in the title role of the picture, "Henry the VIII," and Carole Lombard in the Paramount production, "White Woman."

when poor people are evicted from their homes. He finds himself not only out of a job, but run out of town. You won't have any chance to feel sorry for him, though; he imagines himself in the midst of the grandeur that was Rome.

Right at this point Eddie did not have to worry about trying to act, if he ever does. He is in the Slave Market of Ancient Rome among all the prize beauties and dancers and no one, least of all Eddie, could fail to be dazzled. Before you have a chance to recover from that scene, you will be rushed along through Eddie's adventures being sold to a young aristocrat, played by David Manners, thrown into jail with a ravishing young princess, played by Gloria Stuart, and eventually getting involved in a terrific chariot race with the whole field hot in pursuit of Eddie. You can get a fair idea of what a lavish picture this is, when you realize that I have not even paused to mention that Ruth Etting is in it, and that she sings "No More Love," a song particularly suited to her talents in the Slave Market scene. Almost any other time, Ruth Etting would come first, but you will pardon my neglect, I am sure, when you double up over Eddie's amazed antics, and marvel at the beautiful dancing, girls and thrilling race.

A MAN'S CASTLE—(Columbia)— You may have wondered if there would ever be another picture as hauntingly lovely as "Seventh Heaven," another picture that would be droll and tragic, sentimental and pungent, sordid and beautiful all at the same time. And you may have wondered if, given the same chance, another girl would seem as endearing as Janet Gaynor did. From all indications Frank Borzage has found another story that touched him as deeply and made his direction inspired. Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy are the lucky couple chosen to bring this tender romance to the screen.

Loretta is just a waif who yearns for love and protection. Spencer is a ruffian with wandering feet and no ties.

Much of the action takes place in a replica of that far-famed colony along the Hudson River in New York City, that row of shacks built by the homeless from scraps of old wood and tin. Behind this miniature city where unfortunates struggle to get food and shelter rises the great menacing city of skyscrapers. And here Loretta and Spencer rise above their sordid surroundings in their awakening love for each other.

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE—(M-G-M)— The film version of this highly-successful stage operetta was made just after Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro returned from concert tours abroad. They both spent considerable time in Paris, visited the

Latin Quartier, and were captivated by the romantic charm of student life there. They had no chance to grow wistful about leaving Paris; they found themselves working on sets that brought Paris to them, in a story as romantic and delightful as any they had imagined or heard in the Quartier.

You have heard the haunting music of "The Night Was Made for Love" and "She Didn't Say Yes, She Didn't Say No" on the radio and at dances, but you haven't heard it the way they sing it! Novarro's voice is superb. Obviously Jeanette did not spend all of her time in Paris in concert halls and in the Quartier. Like all other women she acquired a Parisian wardrobe and the Parisian flair for wearing chic clothes.



Harpo, Chico and Groucho, three of the four mad Marxes, in the telephone sequence from their latest Paramount picture, "Duck Soup."



Lee Tracy as the press agent and Jean Harlow as the famous star in "Bombshell," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

ADVANCE NEWS AND VIEWS OF FORTHCOMING FILMS



W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth, perennial fun-makers, in a scene from "Tillie and Gus," the Paramount picture which is Baby Leroy's first starring vehicle.

If you have always wanted to spend a year in Paris, this picture will intensify your longing. It may make you miserable afterward, but don't miss seeing it. William K. Howard, the director who made "The Power and the Glory" and innumerable other great pictures, has caught the mood of this story so perfectly that it is like one continuous melody. Frank Morgan, Jean Hersholt, and Charles Butterworth were a big help to him.

And a clever sound technician caught the drip-drip-drip of water through the roof into tin basins, making it suggest a tune.

COUNSELOR-AT-LAW — (Universal)—Many people consider this play of Elmer Rice's as great as his "Street Scene" and Universal was so set up over getting the screen rights that they postponed production until the author could come out and watch it and they could get just the actor they wanted for the title role. Paul Muni played it on the stage, but Universal executives thought that John Barrymore was the actor for the part.

This is the story of a highly-successful New York lawyer, shrewd in untangling others' affairs, not so adroit in managing his own. The entire action takes place in three days, in and near his big, bizarre suite of offices. He saves a woman from the electric chair, fights to save a communist from jail, realizes with a shock that his wife's affections have strayed from him to another, and finds that his enemies, with damaging evidence in their hands, are seeking to have him disbarred.

Action is psychological rather than

Richard Arlen, who is rapidly becoming one of Hollywood's favorite leading men, in the title role of "Cap'n Jericho," which Paramount is now filming. Judith Allen, shown here, is his leading lady.



Jack (Vas You Dere, Sharlie) Pearl, as he appears in his first starring picture for M-G-M, which appropriately enough is titled, "Meet the Baron."



S. S. Van Dine's latest mystery thriller, "The Kennel Murder Case," is brought to the screen by Warner Brothers, with William Powell again cast as Philo Vance. The girl is Helen Vinson, a featured player whom you may see starred soon.

physical, and from the first scene the story is tense with clash of emotions. Bebe Daniels, Doris Kenyon, Thelma Todd and Melvyn Douglas give able support to the star. If you are in—
(Please turn to page 98)



You Cannot Afford To Miss Any of These

ROMAN SCANDALS

—because it is an Eddie Cantor musical with beautiful girls, boisterous comedy, thrills, and Ruth Etting singing the blues.

A MAN'S CASTLE

—because it is a poignant love story of a waif and a tough, the sort Director Borzage puts his heart in. Remember "Seventh Heaven"?

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE

—because Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro are teamed, the background is the Paris Latin Quartier, there is haunting music and a sparkling romance, too.

COUNSELOR-AT-LAW

—because John Barrymore and Bebe Daniels head the expert cast in this powerful stage success.

DESIGN FOR LIVING

—because it is one of those impudent and imprudent comedies that only Ernst Lubitsch can make.

HOOPLA

—because it not only gives Clara Bow the colorful part of a sideshow dancer, it supports her with a thrilling plot, too.

BOMBSHELL

—because Jean Harlow's gift for comedy runs riot in this expose of a movie star's private life.

MOULIN ROUGE

—because it gives you the glamour and the lowdown of theaters and night clubs, with Constance Bennett playing two roles and singing, too.



HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

When Mae Clarke sends out invitations. (Left to right, top row) Jimmy Cagney, the hostess, Sidney Blackmer, Douglas Dumbrille. Seated, left to right: Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien.

Photographed exclusively for the New Movie Magazine by Wide World

"Oh, Look Who's Here!"



George Brent and his wife, Ruth Chatterton, at the barn dance given by Kay Francis and her husband, Kenneth MacKenna.



Adolphe Menjou "the best-dressed man in the movies," and the hostess, Miss Francis, at the barn dance.



Kenneth MacKenna, the host, and John Monk Saunders, the author, and his wife, Fay Wray.

Partying around among the famous stars and starlets with **GRACE KINGSLEY**, The New Movie Magazine's Society reporter

OH, look! Kay Francis as Nita Naldi! And there's Jack Gilbert as Lionel Barrymore playing *Rasputin*! And Bill Powell as Wilton Lackaye in 'Svengali,' and Anderson Lawlor—of all people!—as *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, and Fredric March cutting up like the dickens as Harold Lloyd. Never saw Freddie cut loose before, and it seems good—and—

But Fay Wray's admiring voice trailed off in open-mouthed wonder as she saw a little Chinese lady dancing about. It was Polly Moran! And Polly dashed up to show us her synthetic fingernails.

"I'm Anna May Wong," she said, "and my fingernails cost me a dollar and a half. I've lost two already!"

We were at Donald Ogden Stewart's costume party, where famous stars impersonated other famous stars. Guests had been asked to wear the costumes of their favorites.

Fay herself came, she explained, "as my least favored actress, Fay Wray, in 'King Kong.'" But, of course, she looked lovely in that dress which was torn at all the most becoming places.

Our host was gorgeous as Nils Asther in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." Indeed, there were so many actors impersonating Nils that he would have been tremendously flattered had he been present. Unless he happened to suspect that the gentlemen, besides admiring him, also rather fancied themselves in Chinese costume!

Mrs. Stewart was lovely in elaborate colonial dress, and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn looked exquisite as the heroine in "Beau Geste."

There were two or three Harpo Marxes, while Harpo himself came as one of the *Witches of Endor*. There were six Mae Wests, four Chevaliers, three Jack Oakies, and as many Dolores Del Rios.

Bebe Daniels came as Dolores Del Rio, and Dolores came as Bebe Daniels. Lovely old Spanish custom, this courtesy, eh, what?

Lionel Barrymore should be tremendously flattered, for not only did Jack Gilbert appear as *Rasputin*, but Eddie Lowe



Polly Moran, dressed as Anna May Wong, at the costume party given by Donald Ogden Stewart, the author.



Mary Pickford came to the party as Dolores Del Rio's *Luana* in "The Bird of Paradise."



Gloria Swanson, dressed to represent Helen Hayes in "The White Sister," at the Donald Ogden Stewart party.



Joan Bennett as Jean Harlow in "Dinner at Eight."



Dolores Del Rio appeared at the party as Katharine Hepburn.



Myrna Loy looked lovely as Pola Negri in "Passion."



John Gilbert as Lionel Barrymore in "Rasputin," and Virginia Bruce (Mrs. John Gilbert) as Vilma Banky, at the Hollywood costume party given by Donald Ogden Stewart.



Fredric March and Ralph Bellamy as Clark & McCullough, and Mrs. Ralph Bellamy (Katherine Willard on the stage) as Joan Crawford as Sadie Thompson in "Rain."

played him as *Kringlein* in "Grand Hotel," Frank Morgan in another Lionel Barrymore character, while another, whose identity I did not discover, also did *Rasputin*.

Kenneth MacKenna and Tullio Carminati imitated Chevalier. John Alden Cook was Carey Grant, and Carey Grant was Jack Oakie. Other Oakies were Ivan Lebedeff (well, well, the usual evening-clothes . . . perfect!), Eddie Gouling, and one other.

Mrs. Fredric March was cute as Skippy, also Lois Wilson's character.

One of the loveliest costumes was that of Myrna Loy, as Pola Negri in "Passion." Gloria Swanson came as Helen Hayes in "The White Sister." But when Gloria danced with Buster Collier as Mickey Mouse, it was a bit of a shock, according to Harry Crocker, who was Francis Lederer in "Autumn Crocus."

Groucho Marx came in evening clothes, completely disguised! I heard him murmur, "Nobody knows me as I really am, not clowning!" And there were two or three imitators of him!

Gene Markey played Joan Bennett, his wife, in "Salomy Jane," dressed in overalls. And Sid Grauman biffed the bulls-eye as May Robson!

Mrs. Ned Griffith represented herself to be Ann Harding, and her husband wore a mustache. Asked who he was, he explained, "Oh, just a man that wears a mustache—Lowell Sherman, maybe."

Lilyan Tashman, just out of the hospital, was present, but not in costume. I never saw anyone so benefited by illness. Every time she is ill, she comes home looking better.

Zeppo Marx was "the Juveniles of 1933," with their toupees fastened here and there on his coat. Flo Desmond was Lupe Velez. Countess Frasso was Marion Davies as a chorus girl, which left the countess' legs bare. They were much admired.

Mary Pickford was Dolores Del Rio as *Luana* in "The Bird of Paradise." And so was Sandra Shaw. Carmelita Geraghty made a convincing Claudette Colbert. Jetta Goudal, in fancy costume of the French period, was daintily beautiful; she said she was Mrs. Harold Grieve as Jetta Goudal! Harold came as Tom Mix.

Bob Benchley came as Hitler. And then there was Arthur Hornblow as Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood."

There were two Marlene Dietrichs—Sharon Lynn and Mrs. Charles Payson, guest of honor, both as the German star in "The Song of Songs." Grace Moore was Mary Pickford in the colonial costume of "Secrets." Gloria Stuart was some sort of red devil



Gary Cooper as—well, we'll give you three or four guesses!

with a tail—she didn't make it clear whom she represented, so we decided it was *Mephistopheles* in "Faust." And the devil himself never had a better time than did Gloria, as she danced about with this one and that one.

Phillips Holmes was Ramon Novarro in "Old Heidelberg."

Harlan Thompson was W. C. Fields, and the gaiety of nations was added to by "the Keystone Cops" of Matt Moore, Aileen Pringle, Rupert Hughes and Mrs. Hughes. Walter Wanger was Frank Gilpin in "The Emperor Jones." Larry Hart was Bill Hart—and he took his pony right in to the bar, too.

Adrian, the stylist—well, guess! He arrived as Chic Sales. Mrs. Jack Gilbert (Virginia Bruce) was lovely in an Austrian peasant costume. She said she was Vilma Banky, "but I don't know enough German even to get along in a beer garden!"

Ruth Selwyn was a charming *Alice* of "Wonderland." One of the most striking characterizations was that of Charles Butterworth as George Arliss, with his wife as Mrs. Arliss.

It was amusing watching the different characters dancing together—Mickey Mouse and Mary Pickford; *Rasputin* with Alice in Wonderland; May Robson and a Keystone Cop; Harold Lloyd and the Red Devil.

When supper was served, Mickey Mouse (Buster Collier) pretended to steal the cheese, but was stopped by the Keystone Cops.

Aileen Pringle, as one of the Cops, decided there shouldn't be any Red Devils allowed, and tried to chase Gloria Stuart off the place. But she was stopped by the gallant Robin Hood.

YOU should just see how the movie actors can be "cut ups" when they turn loose to do it!

That barn dance Kay Francis gave at the Vendome cafe was a scream.

First, you had to go in over a high stile. You lost your dignity immediately. Then you had to be dressed like a farm hand or a milkmaid or something, which further made the stars forget themselves.

Hot dogs and wieners were served all through the evening. And Kay said she (*Please turn to page 101*)

New Movie's

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

WE ENDORSE CLAIRE TREVOR

—the clothes she wears in
"The Mad Game"—and
the way she wears them

BECAUSE

the street ensemble "smoke screen" is made of the new wide-ribbed crepe in the new and desirable shade of eel-gray that well-dressed women are choosing for autumn and winter wear

BECAUSE

of the smart high neck-line achieved by the removable jabot trimmed with black fox fur

BECAUSE

of the clever way that the jabot and bolero can be removed to reveal a smart costume for afternoon wear

BECAUSE

of the charm with which she follows the new fashion for elbow length gloves for day-time wear. Hers are made of black suede and velvet

BECAUSE

of the smart simplicity of the stitched black velvet hat. Whether you like the chin strap or not, you'll have to admit it's becoming.

Fashions on these fashion pages are shown not only to indicate what stars are wearing in the new pictures, but because they are fashion-right for well-dressed women everywhere. If you would like further information about any of the clothes or accessories or would like advice in choosing your own wardrobe, write to Mary Lane, care of The New Movie Magazine.





Sheila Terry wears a tailored shirt of white satin with an imitation tuxedo tie of black watered silk and an amusing tab at the front. It's a thoroughly feminine girl like Sheila who wears a suit and blouse like this to best advantage.



Ingenious smocking is used to give the new boat-shaped neck-line on this heavy ribbed satin blouse chosen by Sheila Terry, a featured player in "The House on 56th Street."

A necklace of wooden beads, wrapped with mercerized thread is used to give distinction to the neck-line of one of Sheila Terry's newest blouses—and there's a bracelet to match the beads.



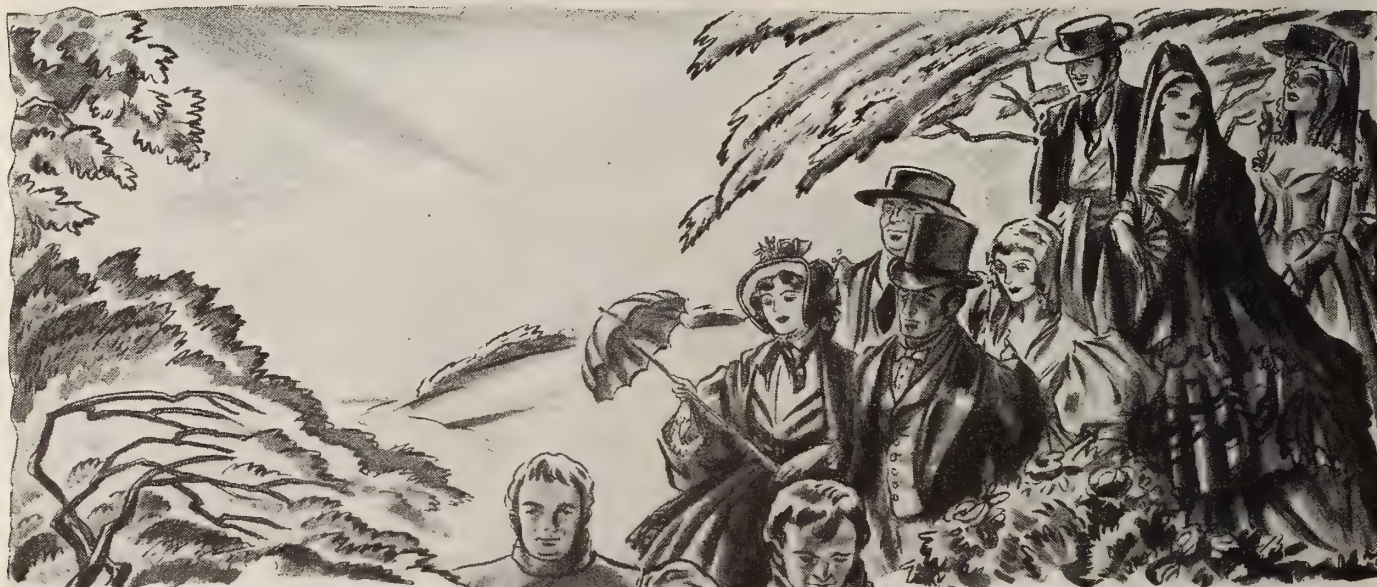


Very new and a trifle daring—this mannish blouse worn by Sally Eilers with Norman Foster in the Fox Film production of Kathleen Norris's "Walls of Gold." The striped shirt is made with starched winged linen collar, trim little necktie and buttons all down the front. And notice the padded rolls on the shoulder of the jacket. This is one of the more extreme fashions from Filmland, and may indicate a revived interest in clothes of mannish suggestion. Actually, of course, this costume adds to, rather than detracts from, Miss Eiler's feminine charm.

Just a simple white silk blouse with a comfortable informal collar and a black silk ribbon bow—but it's amazingly becoming to Norma Shearer and it's the sort of thing she wears with a well-fitting two-piece sports suit of tweed or jersey. Fashions come and fashions go, but this type of blouse with its boyish, becoming neckline possesses perennial smartness. Even though you may elect one of the more modern high throat lines for more formal occasions—for sports, campus or busy morning wear, you can't go wrong in choosing the Norma Shearer blouse.



Christmas Dinner



WHAT a party this will be! It's Mr. Leo Carillo's idea and it is something entirely new in the way of Hollywood entertaining.

He has asked his sisters and his cousins and his aunts—especially his charming little aunts of Spanish descent who have never become quite reconciled to the fact that a nephew of theirs should choose an actor's life. All the ladies will be dressed in the wide swaying skirts of a hundred years ago and some of them will wear mantillas. They and their escorts, dressed in suits and hats of the same period, will slowly make their way to the hundred-year-old Hacienda Carillo on El Ranchito de los Allisos—



the little ranch of the sycamores, the old family estate in Santa Monica Canyon, under the California Riviera. They will be led by altar boys swinging censers and real Capucine padres in their gray-brown habits.

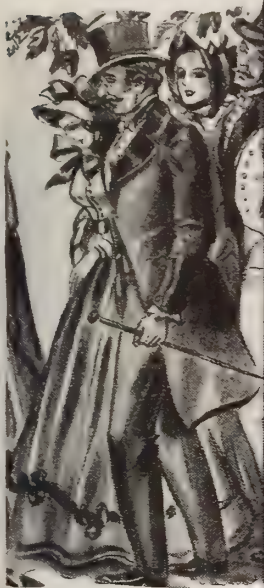
On to the patio of the hacienda they'll go where Christmas mass will be said in devout Spanish fashion. One of the padres will pull the rope that rings a bell at the top of the house and bless the home in the name of Mr. Carillo's father and mother.

After that, there will be outdoor games in the Spanish-Mexican manner, and then the Christmas dinner, but instead of roast turkey or goose, which most Americans have come to regard as essential to the season, there will be venison, done



El Ranchito de los Allisos—Little Ranch of the Sycamores, in Santa Monica Canyon, where Mr. Carillo will receive his friends on Christmas.

with Leo Carillo



Please turn to
page 85 for in-
formation about
this month's
recipe circulars.

to a turn in the old barbecue pits under the sycamore trees where Leo played as a boy.

To Mr. Carillo, the traditional holiday fare of old Mexico and southern California is more than something to eat. Enchiladas, spread with beautiful red gravy are as full of picturesque tradition as plum pudding is to an Englishman or pumpkin pie to a New Englander. But Mr. Carillo actually is an expert on the subject of Spanish-American cookery and you couldn't go to a better authority to learn how to make tortillas and frijoles. Here are some of the famous old-time dishes that will be prepared under Mr. Carillo's direction to serve as accompaniments for his venison Christmas dinner.

Tortillas

These are nothing in the world but a Mexican or southern Californian version of our own well-known pancakes. You can make them of corn meal or white flour. Here is one recipe:

1 cup corn meal mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 cup boiling water.

Stir the boiling water into the salted meal. Take

Here's a new idea for your holiday dinner— barbecued venison under the sycamores

out portions about the size of an egg and make into a thin white cake. Bake on a griddle with as little grease as possible.

Another recipe for tortillas calls for one quart of flour, one large tablespoon of lard or other shortening, one teaspoon of salt and cold water enough to make a dough of the consistency needed for biscuits. Take a bit of the dough the size of an egg and roll to form a round flat cake the size of a breakfast plate, and fry on both sides with as little grease as possible.

These tortillas are to the California-Mexican diet what bread is to most of us, and they are used in many interesting ways.

Enchiladas

These are made from tortillas. After they have been fried nicely they are dipped in hot chili sauce, one at a time, and placed on a hot plate. On one half of each tortilla you spread a mixture of meat, raisins, olives, eggs or what (*Please turn to page 75*)

The PEOPLE'S Academy

**A page of answers to
one who dared criticize
Greta Garbo**

Fay G. Du Bow, of Hartford, Conn., writing in this department of the September New Movie Magazine, said: "I have never seen any Garbo pictures and wouldn't want to. . . . I don't see anything wonderful in Greta, and I believe there are American girls just as good. Away with Greta Garbo." . . . The letters that appear on this page are only a few of those received in reply to Miss Du Bow's startling comment.



"Garbo has sheer genius. She is and ever will be considered one of the greatest actresses on the silver screen."

They're off: A fight for Garbo!

This note is in response to an unjust, catty opinion expressed of Greta Garbo. "In a frank way, I say that the writer of that opinion shows complete ignorance. She is condemning Greta before she has even seen her. How could Fay see "anything wonderful in Garbo" if she had never seen any of her pictures? Answer that!

Garbo has sheer genius. She is and ever will be considered one of the greatest actresses on the silver screen.

Hail to Greta!—Harold H. Brewer. R. F. D. No. 1, Great Barrington, Mass.

Torch-bearers: Wow! What a challenge for Garbo torch-bearers. After all, where is the need for her to show gratitude to any public responsible for her salary? The public, most assuredly, pays to see only what it cares to. If this is true, what price gratitude?

The public goes to no picture with its eyes closed, nor is the public an imbecile. Its eyes are wide open and we'll hope its mind is, too. It goes to pictures to see and be entertained; surely Garbo is worth seeing and is, without doubt, entertaining. So we do get value paid for.—Miss Hildegard M. Johnson, 1331 Belmont St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

Incoherent: I've started this letter three times and each time I've grown incoherent with rage and pity.

"Never seen GARBO!" Oh! Away with her? Never!

You don't know what you've missed, never having seen Garbo! I believe you are prejudiced by jokes—cartoons—misquotations, etc. You don't know how warmly alive and beautifully human she is. And, besides, it is the screen work of an actress that concerns us, and what she does or does not do outside is not going to blur our entertainment in a darkened movie theater. I

think producers could do much to prevent such one-sided views by having a "heart-to-heart" talk with publicity men.—Irene Murray, 675 No. Terrace Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

From Canada: This letter is directed to Fay G. Du Bow. Miss Du Bow says she has never seen a picture of Garbo and doesn't wish to because Garbo doesn't go out among the crowds and let them paw her. Garbo is naturally shy of crowds, and she is paid for her acting, not for personal appearance. . . . She also says there are Americans just as good. I'll admit there are, but who is to play foreign parts if there are not to be any foreign actresses? What American actress could play "Mata Hari," or the opera singer in "Romance." Miss Du Bow also says, "Away with Greta Garbo!" Suppose you talk for yourself, not for the millions of fans who are satisfied. Garbo

makes two pictures a year and if you are not satisfied with her, then don't see her pictures, and it certainly won't hurt her box-office draw.—George Smith, 853 Home Street, Winnipeg, Canada.

What's She to Do? Time for me to express my opinion of a self-conscious idiot who criticizes Greta Garbo. It isn't seeing her that is only wonderful; it's her human character and her acting ability that make her what she is. As to show gratitude, what is she supposed to do—fall on her hands and knees? There may be many American girls just as good, but would they show a bit of gratitude to the public responsible for their salary? Hoping to see more of Garbo, the Great.—Joan Sonnen, 2830 N. 7th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Calls Expression Stupid: On page 66 an article, "Never Seen Garbo," and signed Fay G. Du Bow, attracted my attention. This person claims to have never seen a single "Garbo" picture, but she has no use for her, anyway, etc., etc. This is about the most stupid expression of anyone I ever heard of. To think that a great artist like Greta Garbo would ever have to play to such an ignoramus. (I do wish I could see these few lines in your much admired magazine, it would do me a world of good.)—H. R. P., Evanston, Ill.

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Garbo and Asther: Just a word in defense of Greta Garbo, my favorite actress and my idea of a marvelous personage. Although many of my associates have denounced her with decidedly unflattering remarks, I remain unchanged as to my opinion of this remarkable actress. She is individual, and seems to me to be very sensitive and refined, with enough poise and personality to remain unspoiled by Hollywood society. I suggest that she again be co-starred with Nils Asther as she was in the silents of previous years, because I consider Nils Asther one of the best actors of the screen. He also seems to be more refined, more



"Stuart Erwin seems to be the only one who can speak the southern dialect properly."



"Leslie Howard approaches my ideal of a man."

sensitive, and more outstanding than other actors. I certainly would be very happy if my two favorites could again play in the same picture as in "Wild Orchids," and "The Single Standard." A 100 per cent American movie goer.—B. Drake, 56 Pembroke St., Newton, Mass.

Suggestions: Greta Garbo in "She Done Him Wrong"

Mae West in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"

Janet Gaynor in "Back Street"

Joan Crawford in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"

Clark Gable as "Frankenstein"

The writer does not like to see our stars "typed," so why not a little variety?—C. H. N., Minneapolis, Minnesota.



"Mitzi Green is the ideal actress to play Alice in 'Alice in Wonderland.'"

Which? Foreign talent and home talent, more home talent and less foreign talent. How often we hear things like that and every time I hear it I feel sorry for the person who said it, because it expresses his ignorance. Talent, like art, is too great to be bound in a nationality—neither knows a nationality for both are universal. Does the fascinating Greta captivate the hearts of her audiences because she's Swedish? Never! It is her inimitable performances and her elusive charm. We fall in love with Chevalier's art because of his engaging smile and infectious charm, not because he's French. Do we love Joan Crawford because she's an American? No, we love

her because of her individuality, her vital personality, her real, genuine acting, and the fact that she is a real trooper—she won't let anything lick her. It is Leslie Howard's intangible appeal that has won the hearts of his audience, not the fact that he is English. The duty of the producer is to give the public what they call for, and that is talent and art—nationality does not enter. Then artists are sure to make a hit for their appeal is universal.—Mildred Stucky, Moundridge, Kansas.

Although back-biting is not in my line, this is in direct response to a dollar-thought of September. The writer, never having seen that polished artist, Garbo feels that she is capable of placing a taboo on her. Her main objections seem to concern the great Greta's private life. What bearing has this on her supreme ability as an actress? Her love of solitude may be a result of timidity rather than aloofness. Who are we to inquire into the petty details of her existence? We give up our precious pennies at the box office to see her perform which she certainly does with the most melodic poise of the screen. She abandons herself and becomes the character she is portraying. A true lover of the stage will never forget the youthful, quivering passion of Greta Garbo as she answered John Barrymore in "Grand Hotel" when he called her on the phone. To judge anything fairly, one must know something about it. I should advise Miss Garbo-hater to see the finest Swedish idol and then give her opinion.—Margaret Brenman, 7 Bergen Court, Jamaica, L. I.

Words and Music: Ooooo! I'm in a coma of joy! I'm uproariously happy! I'm going to run amuck, shouting and bellowing (not to exclude the usual crazy gestures) that I have just dis-



"Katharine Hepburn is my idea of thrilling youth, brilliant acting and a girl who is always herself."

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1933 in the films.

Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards.

These letters may be addressed to either The People's Academy or to the Dollar-Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You are the judge and the jury. Write us what you think.

The medals will be given for the following:

- 1—Best all-around feature picture
- 2—Best performance (actress)
- 3—Best performance (actor)
- 4—Best musical picture
- 5—Best human interest picture
- 6—Best mystery picture
- 7—Best romance
- 8—Best comedy
- 9—Best short reel picture
- 10—Best news reel picture
- 11—Best direction
- 12—Best story

covered the one and only personification of youth,—an outstanding, delicious female who expresses and possesses youth in all its glory! And when I do this Paul Revere, (minus horse), my strange audience will be greeted with a—"Hark ye! Hark ye! The New Light of My Life has come to me to worship and adore her, and, believe me, doing this I shall now and—forever!

Hark ye!—again SHE is decidedly human! She is faultlessly true to herself and to her associates! She has an immeasurable amount of womanhood in her; and every fibre and shred of it I will find—for I love it all! "How to find?" You inquire? This way: by witnessing her forthcoming pictures; and by studying and analyzing her every gesture would be adequate, I should think. But, ah! please forgive my stupidity, for I see impatience and wonderment in your eyes to be told the name of my ideal. Very well, then; open your ears:—the her and she happens to be one Katharine Hepburn.—Eugene McKenzie, 1710 Fourteenth Ave., Altoona, Penn.

Peace: I will treasure the memory of "I Cover The Water Front," because it was the histrionic l'envoi of a great actor—may thy lovable and gentle soul rest in eternal peace, Ernest Torrence.—Mary Erwin, 513 E. Call St., Tallahassee, Fla.

Where Have They Gone? La Hepburn has certainly skyrocketed to the heights of stardom, so likewise have Bette Davis and the importations—Dorothea Wieck and Lilian Harvey. More power to them!—but I would like to see some of the little girls who have spent the better part of their lives working up to stardom get a few breaks. Little Mary Brian, Sue Carol, and Maureen O'Sullivan have passed out of the picture as far as the screen is concerned. Just what happens to them when they are discarded after the producers decide they want a "change of scenery?" The movies have taken a trend toward
(Please turn to page 104)



By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

MUSICAL pictures seem to have come to stay—this time. Only a few months ago I would have joined with the rest of the cynics who said, "They'll be overdone again, and done badly, too, just as before." Because, if you'll remember, when sound first came, everyone rushed to musicals. Many, too many, were made, and the studios, not being versed in the art of making them, made many inferior ones.

So the public turned thumbs down.

It's different now. Sound is better; the studios have learned some of the musical tricks; and producers are careful not to deluge us with any old kind of libretto and score. "42nd Street" was a smash hit. Then came "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Moonlight and Pretzels," "Adorable," and others of like excellence. Now we have "The Cat and the Fiddle," "Hollywood Party," the Myrt and Marge opus, the Fox revue, "Too Much Harmony" and a dozen others that are worth while.

FROM the new film, "Emperor Jones," we get a peach of a recorded tune by the same name. It is played for us by Victor Young and his orchestra, who certainly do a swell job. Connie Boswell does the vocal work as only Connie can. She does much toward making the record the really entertaining disc that it is.

"Dinner at Eight" is on the other side of the record, featur-

A spectacular tango dancing scene from RKO's new musical production, "Flying Down to Rio." The producers assert that this is the first time in movie history the complicated tango has been presented as a chorus routine.

ing the same artists. Although I don't think that this is up to the other side, it's well done by both the orchestra and Connie Boswell. (This is Brunswick record No. 6640.)

FROM the film, "Bitter Sweet," we next have a waltz, "I'll See You Again." It is played by Leo Reisman and his orchestra. This is above the average. Reisman does a good job of recording. I think you'll like it.

The other side is from the same picture and is also played by the same band. "If Love Were All" is the title; it's a fox trot. However, this is not up to the opposite one. I think we'll just have to accept it as a necessary evil. (This is Victor record No. 24372-B.)

"SOME of These Days," sung by Bing Crosby, is an excellent record. And, what's more, you can dance to it. Bing really swings through this, and it's the type of tune that he shines in.

Another old favorite is on the other side—"Sweet Georgia Brown"—also done up for us by Bing. In this one he has the able assistance of Isham Jones' orchestra. This all goes to make an excellent Crosby record that you shouldn't miss. (This is Brunswick record No. 6635.)

HERE is a new record of "Basin Street Blues." Louis Armstrong is responsible for it. (Please turn to page 71)

THE BIGGEST HITS OF THE MONTH

"EMPEROR JONES," fox trot—played by Victor Young and his orchestra, with Connie Boswell. (Brunswick)

"I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN," waltz—played by Leo Reisman and his orchestra. (Victor)

"SOME OF THESE DAYS," vocal—sung by Bing Crosby. (Brunswick)

"BASIN STREET BLUES," fox trot—played by Louis Armstrong and his orchestra. (Victor)



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Melbourne Spurr

Dorothy Burgess is back again—and how! Missed her, didn't you? But she's on her way up again now—"Headline Shooters," "It's Great to Be Alive," "Hold Your Man"—will you ever forget that realistic battle she and Jean Harlow staged?—"Ladies Must Love," all in rapid succession.



MAKING UP IN HOLLYWOOD

**Helen Twelvetrees tells you what every
movie star knows about the judicious
use of make-up**

By
ANN BOYD

A NEW lipstick means a new point of view on life to most women," says Helen Twelvetrees, "and I'm no exception."

It's not so much what a bit of rouge here and a dash of eye shadow there will do for your face, believes the charming young Paramount player, but what it will do for your spirits that counts.

"You may have perfect coloring and not need a bit of rouge or lipstick—though that's a rare occurrence—but you'll feel a lot better armed with your make-up."

"Of course, make-up is essential to a movie actress because the type of lights used in making pictures demands it. It's a different sort of make-up from what you would use on the street, but we've learned a lot about how to apply rouge and powder, and so on, from the studio artists."

With her light, creamy skin, golden blond hair and blue eyes, Miss Twelvetrees uses a powder shade that just matches her skin, raspberry rouge and lipstick, blue eye shadow and brown mascara. She applies her rouge lightly, so that it is just a faint, rosy blush on her cheeks, and removes all but a thin film of lipstick from her lips after rouging them. Eye shadow is blended into the lower lid and carried up obliquely to the outer edges of the eyebrows.

Joan Crawford, who gets as deep a tan as she possibly can with the aid of the California sun, uses a powder to match her skin, no rouge, a pure red lipstick applied well over the natural line, and brown eye shadow on her heavy-lidded eyes. She uses black mascara.

Red-headed Clara Bow has light skin and brown eyes. She wears a light powder, orange rouge and lipstick and a soft brown eye shadow. Her finely plucked eyebrows are penciled in dark brown.

Kay Francis matches her clear olive skin with powder and uses a bright red lipstick, rouge of the same hue and green eye shadow over her hazel eyes. Black mascara is her choice.

From Hollywood's make-up experts come these tips for difficult details:

Double chins. Try blending a bit of purplish eye shadow along the line of the underchin, then powder over it. This is for night use only, and if not applied too heavily will cast the double chin into the shadow.

Receding chin. Put a little rouge under the chin, powder the chin in a slightly lighter shade than the rest of the face.

Prominent jawbones. Use darker powder than on the rest of the face; at night rouge down over the jawbones.

Prominent nose. Use darker powder than on the rest of the face.

Dull eyes. Place a tiny dot of cream rouge at the inside corner of each eye.

Study your type; consider the color of your skin, the color of your eyes and hair, as well as your clothes, before you choose your make-up colors. Skins with yellow undertones look best when orange rouge is worn. Pinkish rouge—shades that have an admixture of blue—look best on skins with a pink undertone. The intensity of the shade is determined by the amount of yellow and pink in the skin and by the other color factors—hair, eyes and clothes.

Redheads should (*Please turn to page 72*)

**The United States of America
enjoyed better health and
had a lower deathrate during
the year 1932 and in 1933
[up to the time this message went to press]
than ever before in its history**

Keep up Momentum

WHEN you read that during many recent months, in spite of the financial depression, the American people enjoyed better health and had a lower deathrate than ever before, you may wonder why. One outstanding reason is that our people were well prepared, physically, to resist sickness.

In past decades, millions and millions of dollars were invested to prevent as well as to cure disease. They returned rich health dividends. The movement for healthier living conditions in all parts of the country had gained such momentum that temporary obstacles and difficulties failed to check its progress.

You know that the deathrate from tuberculosis has declined steadily. You know that smallpox, typhoid and diphtheria can be prevented. You hope to see the day when in this country whooping cough, measles and scarlet fever will disappear, as yellow fever and cholera did — thanks to scientific preventive methods. Scientists are faithfully working day and night for these victories.

The lower deathrate is due in no small measure to the present efficiency of hospital and nursing services that have re-

quired years in which to develop. In assuring pure water, safe milk, clean food, swept streets and proper sewerage systems your Health and Sanitation Departments did their part in making health records in 1932 and 1933.

Some of the forces upon which the health of people depends are financed by state, county and local appropriations. But many of the forces which have contributed so greatly to general welfare—the Red Cross, the Tuberculosis Associations, the Cancer Societies and others—are largely dependent upon private contributions.

Today the forward health movement has been slowed down in some localities because of reduced appropriations and smaller contributions. In certain other communities much of the official health work has stopped.

While the people of our country are working shoulder to shoulder, collectively and individually, to restore material prosperity, no greater tragedy could befall them than to sacrifice their greatest wealth — their health. If you would have increasing health and decreasing disease, keep up the power and the momentum of the health movement.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1933 M. L. I. CO.

You can make Jean Harlow's charming velvet purse and Jean Parker's colorful Granny afghan with the aid of our New Method Circulars.

Miss Parker's idea of a merry Christmas gift.



Presents from Hollywood

JEAN HARLOW sitting quietly down with scissors, thimble, needle and thread to make her own Christmas presents is something that it would be a little difficult to imagine. And you couldn't quite picture Jean Parker working away with a crochet hook and a lot of bright colored yarns to make all the squares needed for an afghan.

Yet both these young stars and many more appreciate the value of a home-made present. It's more than likely that some of them envy the girls, less busy than they, who can count on having a certain amount of time before Christmas to make their own gifts.

Miss Harlow tells us that the next best thing to giving a present that she has made herself is to have things specially made for her to give away. This year she has chosen a charming little velvet purse copied from an expensive French original. It's made of velvet and trimmed with fine beads, with a ring at the top to form a small pouch for change, powder puff or handkerchief. This year when velvet is used so much for evening gowns and wraps a small bag of this sort is sure to be appropriate.

Jean Parker chooses a Christmas gift that takes more time to make, a Granny afghan crocheted from yarns of all shades and colors, joined together with black. It's the kind of fancy work she'd like to do if she had more time.

All sorts of charming presents of the sort that any clever woman might make at home have found favor with Hollywood this year. Here are those that we think you will like the best.

De. 266 Jean Harlow's velvet purse.

De. 267 Jean Parker's afghan.

De. 268 The latest thing in buttonhole bouquets—two white flowers and two green leaves made from crochet cotton.

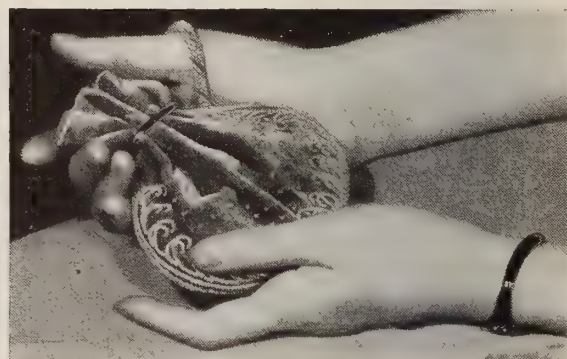
De. 269 Three unusual gift bags.

De. 270 Modern table doilies made from monks' cloth.

De. 271 A soldier's surprise bag any man would like.

De. 272 Chintz-covered gift boxes.

De. 273 One-piece play smock for baby—six months to three years.



Here's the bead-trimmed velvet purse that Miss Harlow has chosen to carry her holiday greetings.



If you would like to obtain directions for any of the popular gifts described or shown on this page, please turn to page 87.

TWO SKINS!

You have an Outer and an Under Skin

Do you know the Different Care that Each Skin Needs?

This TWO-SKIN TREATMENT Checks Wrinkles, Corrects Dryness

DID YOU KNOW that those little lines and wrinkles you hate so start in your *under* skin? . . . before they show in your *outer* skin? And there's a way to stop them from coming?

Here's how it happens:

You have an outer and an under skin. When you are young, the under skin fits the outer skin like the flesh of a ripening plum.

Then, soon something goes wrong. The tiny glands that poured out beauty oils and kept the under skin so firm and full, begin to fail. The under skin falls into little creases—those first signs of age that deepen and deepen if left uncorrected.

To *check* this condition, you must help the under skin! That is what Pond's Cold Cream is for.

An Oil Cream that Goes Deep

Pond's Cold Cream is a delicious oil-rich cream that penetrates down to the under skin! And brings it just the oils it needs. Pat it on. Your skin feels toned up right away. Because it is so light and its oils go so deep, it is a marvelous cleanser.

For the Outer Skin—a Greaseless Cream

How very different is your outer skin! This skin contains active moisture cells to guard the under skin against sun, wind, cold, dust, the dry heat of modern houses. But these elements are constantly drying out this moisture. Dryness, chapping result.

To correct this, use Pond's feather-light Vanishing Cream. Greaseless, this cream. You can have it on during the day. Leave it on all night. It contains a special ingredient that actually *restores* moisture to the outer skin. *One application* will remove roughnesses, relieve chapping!



OUTER SKIN
WHERE DRYNESS STARTS

THE
DUCHESS
DE NEMOURS,
brilliant society
beauty, uses
Pond's Two-
Skin Treatment

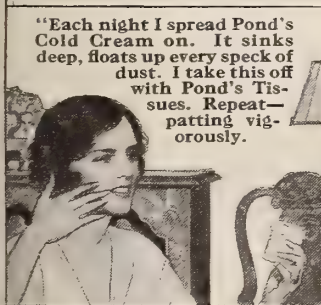
UNDER SKIN
WHERE WRINKLES START

And Pond's Vanishing Cream makes the most effective powder base.

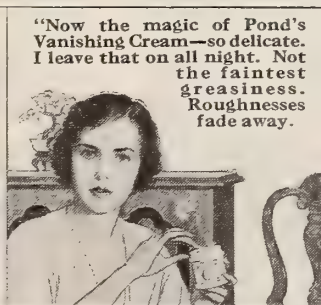
Together these two creams give your skin complete beauty care. They supply everything that *each skin* needs. Fill out the coupon and send for generous samples. In a few days, see your own skin gain in smoothness, firmness. See the little lines fade away, magically!



Lovely MRS. MORGAN BELMONT tells how she cares for her skin



"Each night I spread Pond's Cold Cream on. It sinks deep, floats up every speck of dust. I take this off with Pond's Tissues. Repeat—patting vigorously."



"Now the magic of Pond's Vanishing Cream—so delicate. I leave that on all night. Not the faintest greasiness. Roughnesses fade away."



"Morning, and in the day, another Cold Cream cleansing. Vanishing Cream next. How smooth my skin! My make-up perfect!"

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. M
127 Hudson St., New York City
I enclose 6¢ (to cover postage and packing) for
samples of Pond's Two Creams and new Face
Powder. (Check shade): Naturelle ☐ Light
Cream ☐ Rose Cream ☐ Brunette ☐ Rose
Brunette ☐ Dark Brunette ☐

Name _____
Street _____ State _____
City _____

MAIL COUPON

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TUNE IN ON THE POND'S PLAYERS EVERY FRIDAY EVENING, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND NBC NETWORK



Here is a new sort of fashion service for the New Movie Magazine reader. Mary Lane will answer your questions about fashions, beauty, and home decorating

FASHIONS

DIRECT FROM THE STARS

HOLLYWOOD approves long gloves for daytime wear.

Claire Trevor displays them in a street costume she wears in "The Mad Game" and Claudette Colbert is going to wear them with a new dull black satin daytime dress.

LOW at the back and high at the front is the verdict for evening.

THERE'S no one most fashionable style of home furnishing in Hollywood. Warner Baxter's new house will be done almost entirely in Elizabethan English style. American Colonial is as popular in Hollywood as it is anywhere else, while French, Spanish and modernistic furniture all have their admirers.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT has set the fashion for flannel slacks for bicycle riding. She wears dark blue ones with a pull-on white flannel sweater.

IT'S a big season for separate blouses—filmy lace-trimmed blouses with black velvet skirts for informal evening wear, slip-on sweater blouses with contrasting skirt for sports, knitted jumpers or tailored silk shirts with tailored suits and crepe or satin for more formal daytime wear.

THIN ribbed woolen stockings are considered very smart for street wear in cold weather. The sheerest of sheer stockings still lead for evening.

HERE, in brief, are answers to questions that have occurred more than once in this month's letter box.

Now for some of the most interesting queries:

"Is it true that the stars never wear in private life the clothes in which we see them on the screen?"

No, indeed. Many of the best known actresses choose their personal wardrobes largely from clothes that have been designed for them for screen wear. Myrna Loy, for example, has chosen for street wear this Autumn and Winter an ensemble she wore in "The Prizefighter and the Lady." The frock is of platinum gray wool eponge with a matching bolero jacket banded at the sleeves with platinum fox. Gloves, shoes and purse are all of a slightly darker shade of platinum gray—most becoming to Miss Loy's auburn hair. For formal evening wear, she is keeping for her own personal use the rough white crepe frock Adrian designed for her to wear in "Penthouse."

ARE gloves going to be worn for evening this winter? I have heard so many conflicting statements that I'd like (Please turn to page 73)



Soft pastel tones and deep cream color predominate in the boudoir of Sue Carol's charming Hollywood home.

To help readers of The New Movie Magazine choose attractive color schemes for their homes, Mary Lane has prepared a circular about the color schemes of three of the most attractive homes in Hollywood. If you would like a copy, please send your request with a stamped self-addressed envelope, to Mary Lane, care of The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Let the spool-end be your guide



Spools of thread may look alike. The only way you can tell that the thread is of the quality you know so well is to find the name J. & P. Coats or Clark's O. N. T. on the spool-end. Never take it for granted that you are getting Clark's or Coats Best Six Cord unless the spool-end tells you so. That's the one safe guide to the thread you set out to get—the thread that you, and your mother and grandmother before you, have found always dependable. Look at the spool-end. It pays to use good thread.

J. & P. COATS • CLARK'S O. N. T.



For more than a century—as today

THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD





Pals! Jackie Cooper and Tad Alexander teaching Romeo, the Eskimo boy, how to play the highly complicated game of mumble-de-peg, at the M-G-M studio.



Photo by Wide World

Tallulah Bankhead, temperamental, always doing the unexpected, sworn by as the grandest sport of them all by her most intimate friends, has the usual feminine curiosity about fortune tellers. Here she is shown with Madame Wanda, at the Hollywood Assistance League, having her palm read. Tallulah says she's prey for a palmist any time of the day or night.

(Continued from page 14)

HOLLYWOOD has a new pet fortune-teller. It just has to have one all the time, and now it is a former actress, Beatrice Ward. Just how Bee does it is a deep secret, but it is of record that she foretold the accident to Mrs. Eric von Stroheim who was badly burned in a beauty parlor explosion while getting a shampoo.

She also slipped advance info to Miriam Hopkins that she would have throat trouble while filming "Design for Living." The doctors grabbed Miriam for a throat operation before the picture was finished, just like that.

And now, all those who believe the future can be laid out for them—wait in line to find out about it from Bee.

For years, famous stars—and not a few producers—paid regular calls upon Darius, a seer who reaped a fortune in film circles. And now Miss Ward seems to be the most popular clairvoyant around here.

THAT picture Sam Goldwyn is making as Anna Sten's first starring vehicle, had better be good. When Director George Fitzmaurice

walked out on it a quarter of a million already had been expended, and it wasn't anywhere nearly finished.

It seems that Anna, who had been learning English at Sam's expense for the last year, became so proficient in the King's favorite language that she undertook to revise the dialogue. Darned clever, these Rooshens. The director was willing to concede that Anna was a swell actress, but he didn't care much for her linguistic endeavors or her views on direction, so he decided to resume his golf game—which never was any too good, anyhow.

SALLY RAND, she of the fan dance at the Century of Progress in Chicago, gave Hollywood old-timers a good laugh.

*Hollywood
day by day*

Sally used to work in pictures, Hal Roach comedies, quickies, anything. But Hollywood offered her no future, and she went back to the stage, meaning picture theaters mostly; and eventually winding up at the Chicago Fair.

There she innovated and executed a fan dance which was quite startling. The startling effect of much nudity, however, was ameliorated by the manipulation of a pair of huge fans. There was the inevitable squawk, an arrest, and then fame. Sally went into theaters between trips to the Fair grounds and broke records. And pretty soon you'll be seeing her on the screen, where she will get more money than she ever would have got had she remained in Hollywood and worn regulation attire.

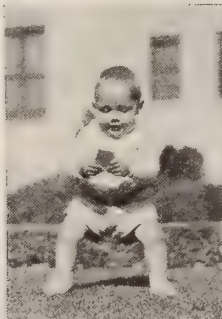
Don't be surprised if Mary Pickford's next picture comes out of a strange studio. She has confided to friends that she is fed up with making her own.



"Um-m-m-m"



"Upsy-daisy"



"I'm coming!"



"Yippee!"



"Outa my way!"



"Wheel!"

Baby Leroy, Paramount's tiny star, learning to walk. He was seen first with Maurice Chevalier in "A Bedtime Story," next in "Torch Singer" and last in "Design for Living."

**A GOOD
DINNER
or
A DULL DINNER**

What are you going to have for dinner **TONIGHT?**

**A
HEALTHFUL
DINNER
or
A BADLY BALANCED
DINNER**

**Meals are better and easier
to get if you have a
Recipe Library**

☐ **Favorite Company Dinner
Menus—10¢**

Menus, simple and elaborate, but the kind you'd always be proud to serve . . . first course dishes . . . meat recipes . . . vegetables . . . salads . . . cakes and pies with a company manner . . . popular frozen desserts.

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Fruits for breakfast in ways you'd never suspect . . . fruit dishes children like . . . fruit with meat . . . fruit salads . . . shortcakes and muffins . . . fruit pies . . . beverages . . . food value of fruits.

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Well-balanced menus and appetizing recipes that simplify cooking for a small family . . . food budget for two . . . how to order . . . what utensils you need.

☐ **Foods That Men Prefer—10¢**

Breakfast breads . . . meat and meat substitutes . . . vegetables . . . pies and pastries . . . puddings and simple desserts . . . cakes . . . confections . . . menus.

☐ **Meat At Any Price—10¢**

Recipes for all kinds of meat . . . ways of cooking cheaper cuts . . . list of low cost cuts . . . ways of using left-over meats . . . making the most of a little meat . . . using canned meats.

It isn't a bit harder. It isn't any more expensive. It's just as easy to have a really good dinner that everyone will enjoy as it is to prepare a dull, unappetizing meal—if you have your Recipe Library for new menus and recipes.

Below are listed cooking bulletins prepared by Tower Magazines. Dozens of excellent recipes to make meals zestful. Menus that are correctly balanced. These recipe bulletins are all the same size so you can bind them together for easy reference. Check the ones you want and start your Recipe Library right now.

☐ **Menus for Three Weeks—10¢**

Not a menu to plan for three weeks! They're all worked out for you. Rules for reducing and gaining . . . feeding children . . . non-acid and special diets . . . recipes.

☐ **How to Choose the Right
Dessert—10¢**

Delicious layer cakes . . . small cakes and cookies . . . favorite pies . . . ten gelatine desserts . . . inexpensive puddings . . . ice-box cakes . . . ways to use ice cream . . . ten favorite desserts . . . 100-calory portions in desserts.

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Menus and recipes for one and two-course party refreshments . . . beverages . . . party sandwiches and canapes . . . home-made pastries . . . party plans.

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Nursery and kindergarten menus . . . diets for grammar school age . . . high school diet . . . height and weight tables . . . school box lunches . . . menus.

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Muffins and breakfast breads . . . macaroni and spaghetti . . . left-over bread dishes . . . rice cookery . . . bran recipes . . . variety with breakfast cereal . . . griddle cakes and waffles . . . favorite cereal puddings.

**Use The Coupon Below
To Start Your Recipe
Library**

Rita Calhoun,
TOWER MAGAZINES, INC.
55 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me the food circulars I have checked above for my Recipe Library. I am enclosing 10c for each one I want.

Name
Address
City State

All of one mind



when it comes to a Laxative

IT used to be different! Big brother Bill, the athlete, had his "pet" laxative—and it was powerful stuff!... Dad had his... mother had hers... and the youngsters theirs.

But one by one the family began dipping into the little blue box of Ex-Lax. Now it's the family laxative!

Bill found that even for a big human, Ex-Lax was just as effective as the violent purgative he used to take.

Dad thought a little piece of chocolate was just a new-fangled idea. Now he knows different!

Mother—well, *she* realized the importance of mildness in a laxative for women.

And as for the kiddies—how they love chocolate!

All ages like a laxative that is pleasant and gentle. And Ex-Lax is just like a bit of delicious chocolate. Yet no bitter-tasting purgative was ever more effective.

So the next time *any* member of your family has to "take something"—give them Ex-Lax!

At all druggists, 10c and 25c. For free sample, write Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. B123, Box 170, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.



The MAKE-UP BOX

HEAVY fur coats and the new wool dresses are a problem to the woman who wants to be dainty at all times. But your problem is solved if you own one of the new attractive deodorant pencils. As smartly designed as a lip-stick in a silver and blue case, this new deodorant pencil will grace any purse and can accompany you wherever you go. It is easy to use and will not harm your gowns. Though we use non-perspirants frequently, excitement, nervousness and the combination of wool and fur do seem to bring on perspiration which this new handy deodorant pencil will nullify.



An attractive deodorant pencil.

MANY a young and pretty face is belied by its owner's rough and wrinkled hands. Perhaps you can't tell a woman's age by her hands, but you can judge her fastidiousness by them. With the new creams and lotions on the market there is no need for roughened, reddened hands no matter how blustery the winter winds. A cream we've had great success with comes in a white jar with a pink and silver label and the cream is pale pink, too. It's a greaseless cream and is



For beautiful hands.

quickly absorbed by the skin leaving no sticky sensation whatever. Use it just before you leave the house, every time you wash your hands and at night—and you'll be surprised by their smoothness after just a week of faithful care. It's good for roughened elbows and knees, too, and we know a girl who used it on that roughened upper arm section with grand results.

A GROUP of your favorite cosmetics is soon to come out in new jars and packages with a most attractive and bright color scheme—red-fluted bakelite caps and red and black labels. The new jars and bottles are designed in modern stream-line proportions. The honey and almond cream is ready in its new dress now and will be followed soon by cleansing cream, texture cream and toning cleanser.

AND we've just found out about a new facial cleanser which has special toning properties. Along with it comes a most unusual applicator, a little rubber fingertip mitten with short rubber bristles all over one side. You put a dab of the cream on the applicator—the bristly side, of course—and apply with light pressure in rotary, upward strokes. It tingles just a bit and leaves your skin rosy and glowing with the increased circulation. The jars are most attractive—white with blue caps and blue labels and the applicator is made of blue rubber. We found it particularly nice as a morning freshener. It's most inexpensive, too, and you'll want to try it just as soon as you possibly can. We feel sure you will enjoy using the applicator inasmuch as it is something new with which to apply cleansing cream and we all like new things.



Cleansing cream with an applicator.

A FAMOUS face powder, too, comes to us in a charming new box with a cover that snaps shut and a grand square puff with a taffeta back. Even if the powder weren't as exquisite as it is, you would want to own this peach and black powder box. The powder comes in a wide variety of shades including an evening shade that is marvelously flattering under artificial lights. You'll like the other tones, and the texture is grand—soft and smooth in the best powder tradition. It's the kind of powder every woman wants to own—and the kind of box—an ideal Christmas gift we'd say for anyone who appreciates nice things.



Salon face powder

If you would like to have some further information on all of the products described here, including names and prices, as well as other current beauty news, write to Beauty Editor, THE MAKE-UP BOX, care of Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope and a copy of the December Make-Up Box will be sent to you immediately.

Music in the Movies

(Continued from page 60)

Although Louis made a record of this a few years back, there is no resemblance between the two. Of course, the high lights consist of the trumpet work by Armstrong. When he starts jamming on that horn, it will break anyone's lease. Louis also does all the vocal work.

"Mighty River" is on the other side. It is also played by the trumpet king. This one is put to faster tempo, and you'll have no trouble dancing to it.

(This is Victor record No. 24351-B.)

DUKE ELLINGTON and his orchestra have turned out another top-notch dance record—"I'm Satisfied." It is a smooth Ellington tune and full of that tricky sax-work for which the Duke's band is noted. You'll like the vocal chorus by Ivy Anderson.

The other side is another of the Duke's own tunes also, "Jive Stomp." Here is your chance to get a record that you can dance to for a long time to come, as the Duke's stuff never gets old or cold.

(This is Brunswick record No. 6638.)

"STAY on the Right Side of the Road," played by Ray Noble and his orchestra, is worth anyone's money. These boys can certainly swing through a number; it's a treat to listen to them. This is played to a good snappy tempo. If you can keep your feet still after you put this one on, I miss my guess.

The other side is played by Jan Garber and his orchestra, and offers an agreeable contrast. "Did My Heart Beat?" is the name of this one, and Garber does an excellent job of it. Virginia Hamilton sings the vocal chorus.

(This is Victor record No. 24375-A.)

AND here is still another record of the "St. Louis Blues." Abe Lyman and his orchestra are responsible for it. You could do lots worse than listen to Abe. However, there is nothing really startling about it. If you're making a collection of "St. Louis Blues" records, you can't afford to miss it.

"Weary Blues" is on the other side. (This is Brunswick record No. 6637.)

ANOTHER fine vocal record is "Heebie Jeebies," sung by the three Keys, Bon Bon, Slim and Bob. Even aside from the vocal work, this record is worth listening to for its instrumental novelties. The piano and guitar work is plenty tricky.

"Song of the Islands," done by the same band, is on the other side. I think that you'll enjoy it equally well.

(This is Vocalion record No. 2523-B.)

EDDIE DUCHIN and his orchestra give us a swell record of "Trouble in Paradise." The piano work done by Eddie himself is refreshing and the band is hard to beat for smoothness. All in all, it's very entertaining. The vocal refrain is by Lew Sherwood, and very good, too.

On the other side we hear, "It's the Talk of the Town," also by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. Everything that I said in favor of Duchin goes for this one, too.

(This is Victor record No. 24377-A.)

"Never again!"



The story of the lady who went away and scampered right back

"I'M smarter than you," a neighbor bragged to Mrs. Scudder one day. "I get more soap for my money."

That's what started the trouble. Mrs. Scudder gave up Fels-Naptha—and did she regret it! She couldn't get her clothes nice and white the way she liked them. She missed the fresh sweetness they used to have.

"That's a poor way to save," said Mrs. Scudder. "It's wiser to get *extra* help with the wash than it is to get 'more bars.' I'm going right back to Fels-Naptha Soap!"

If you yourself have been tempted to

what a difference its *extra* help makes.

Quicker washes. Easier washes. No hard rubbing. No trace of "left-over dirt" to dim and dull your clothes. For Fels-Naptha brings two helpers to the job—good golden soap and *plenty* of naptha.

Together, they loosen the stubbornest grime. Every last bit of dirt slips out. Your clothes are so clean they're garden-fresh and snowy.

Use Fels-Naptha Soap in tub or machine—in hot, lukewarm or cool water. Soak or boil clothes with it. And if you like the sort of wash you're tempted to bury your face in, you too will say "never again" to anything except Fels-Naptha.



and
here's
the
moral



"pinch" on soap quality—get reckless just once. Spend the few added pennies that Fels-Naptha costs. And see

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. T.M.-12-35
Some women, I understand, find it a bit easier to chip Fels-Naptha into tub or machine by using one of your handy chippers instead of just an ordinary kitchen knife. I'd like to try the chipper, so I enclose 3¢ in stamps to help cover postage. Send the sample bar, too.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
(Please print name and address completely)

Making Up in Hollywood

(Continued from page 62)

always wear orange rouge, whatever their skin tone. Women with olive skins should wear pure red rouge. A brighter lipstick is called for when black or white is worn. When you wear red, choose a shade that is becoming to you, and match your lipstick to it.

Hollywood starts its make-up where it should be started—on a freshly cleansed skin. If your skin is dry and you follow your soap and water cleansing with a rich cream, allow it to stay on a few minutes and then wipe off every bit of it, finishing up with a toning lotion.

Now you are ready for foundation cream and you can have a wide choice. Some foundation creams come in skin tones as well as white and are particularly good for darker skins.

Next, apply your rouge if you use cream or liquid rouge. Rouge should not be applied, generally, below the line of the nose. The best rule to follow is to rouge in a triangle extending from a point directly below the eyes and on a level with the nose up to a point directly below the center of the eyes and on a level with the middle of the nose and then over to a point midway between the outer corner of the eyes and the hairline.

For broad cheeks keep your rouge to the center of the cheek close to the nose for daytime. At night, place it at the sides of the cheeks so it will cast them in shadow. The process is reversed on a narrow face with the rouge at the side for daytime and in the center at night.

Powder looks best if it matches the natural skin color, although a darker or lighter powder may be used successfully if the foundation cream is also darker or lighter. Start powdering low on the neck, then up the sides of the face to the forehead, then down on the nose and around the mouth. Pat on the powder; don't rub it in. A powder brush may be used to remove excess.

Dry rouge should be applied after the powder and blended into it. If your cream rouge seems too faint after powdering you can heighten the effect with dry rouge.

Apply eye shadow on the lid close to the lashes unless your eyes are deep set, when it looks better if placed closer to the eyebrows.

Lip rouge should be applied last of all, particularly if you are wearing a tight-necked dress. Whether you use a stick, paste rouge or liquid rouge, you will want to smooth it and blend it with the tip of your finger.

For a Cupid's bow effect, increase the curves of the upper lip, then take a folded bit of tissue and draw it down exactly in the center of the lip to leave a fine line through your rouge. Correspondingly, wipe off the rouge in a tiny triangle at the lower center of the lower lip.

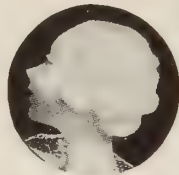
If you wish to decrease the size of your lips, use a bright lipstick, and rouge just within the natural line.

Our December Make-Up Box Circular will give you more tips on make-up, as well as news notes on the newest beauty products. Send your request with a stamped, self addressed envelope to Ann Boyd, care of the NEW MOVIE Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



"Your woolies always look so grand, Kay. Does Ivory Snow make a difference?"

"Indeed it does. Using a soap that only half-dissolves is silly when you can get an instant soap like Ivory Snow. Sit down, Susy, and learn how to wash that \$15 sweater of yours."



How to wash a sweater

1. Lay sweater on paper and cut or draw outline to show size.
2. Then, make a generous lukewarm Ivory suds. You can safely use enough SNOW to make rich, big, fluffy suds because Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap and won't hurt colors any more than pure water.
3. Don't rub. A big fluffy Ivory Snow suds saves rubbing. Cup the sweater in your hands and squeeze suds through. Two sudsings are better than one.
4. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters of the same temperature as your Snow suds. Lukewarm, mind you, *not* warm. Ivory Snow suds rinse out easily. Roll sweater in a towel for 5 minutes.
5. Lay sweater on your paper pattern and pull back gently to size. Dry it flat away from heat.

You'll thank Ivory Snow for being so pure, so quick-dissolving, so easy to rinse, when you see your CLEAN, LOVELY, FLUFFY SWEATER!

Hand-knit sweater
by Mrs. Franklin, Inc.

fluffy
Ivory
Snow
keeps
fluffy
woolens
fluffy



99 ¹/₁₀₀ % PURE

Fashions

(Continued from page 66)

to let you, and Hollywood, settle the question for me."

Usually—yes. Fay Wray has a lovely, very formal sheath gown of white satin that she wears without gloves, carrying a huge white ostrich muff instead. With a new orchid chiffon dress she has chosen for informal evening wear, she will wear purple kid gloves to match her hat, pumps and purse.

"I'd like help from Hollywood on the subject of new evening wraps. Only please don't say ermine or sable. That's out of the question."

Take it from Claudette Colbert that there's nothing lovelier than velvet to wear over your smartest evening dress. For formal wear, she has a voluminous white velvet cape that may be wrapped completely around or worn over the shoulders. Then for informal wear, she has a long swagger coat of black velvet which she wears with a beret.

And in our opinion, there isn't a better choice this season—for the woman who can afford only one evening wrap—than one of these swagger black velvet coats.

IF you have any questions about fashions in dress, furnishings, or beauty—why not let Mary Lane answer them for you from Hollywood? If you do not wish to have your question quoted on this page, let Miss Lane know. In any event, please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

Ted Cook's Cook-Coos

(Continued from page 27)

"The over-sexed picture is hateful to Hollywood and the fault lies with the public for accepting this type of offering. . . . The many-millioned audience is largely decent—more decent than the so-called intelligentsia."—Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, associate director of public relations for the Motion Picture Distributors' Association.

"There is something about the stage conducive to inferiority complexes."—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

"I would rather be out on a farm hearing people talk about a neighbor's cow than be in Hollywood."—Lina Basquette.

"Some day soon—after another picture—I am going to retire and show people how to find lasting happiness right in their own back yards."—Texas Guinan.

AND if the above straight-from-the-shoulder utterances have not brought tears to your beautiful long eyelashes, we'll flash a press agent item—

"Because her leading man, Jack Gilbert, is now married and the father of an infant child, Greta Garbo refused to pose in his embrace for a publicity still."

All of which leads us to a concluding conviction that the path to picture fame is paved with good pretensions.

The Smartest Women Use FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS



— yet they cost
ONLY 10¢

A wave of common-sense buying is sweeping the country! In beauty-aids, for example, thousands and thousands of America's smartest women are turning to Faoen. They have learned this startling fact, revealed by the scientific report of a famous Research Laboratory:—"every Faoen Beauty Aid tested, is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for \$1 or more." Yet Faoen Lip Stick, Rouge or Face Powder do not cost \$1 or more—they cost but 10¢ each in convenient sizes. It's sensible, it's smart, to use Faoen!

FAOEN PERFUMES, No. 3, 12 and 19, are captivating odeurs that have the long-lasting quality of expensive imported perfumes

● CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM
FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES



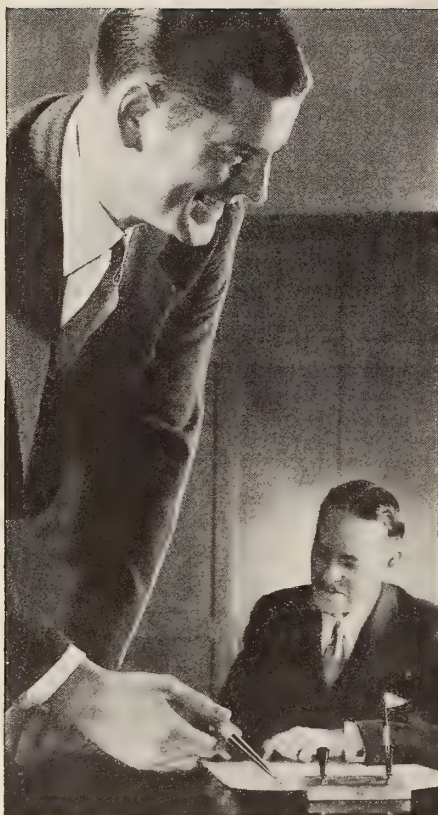
PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

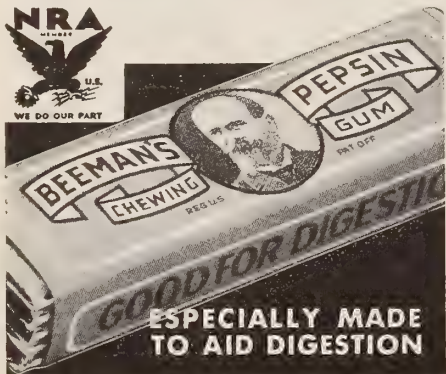
== 10¢ each at ==
F. W. Woolworth Co Stores



sign here!

And the president signs for the million dollar order! You feel equal to anything when your digestion is good. But often it isn't quite perfect — yet you don't know just what's wrong. Just something cramping your style. That's why so many chew Beeman's regularly. It helps prevent that bit of indigestion which may ruin your day, and the flavor is delicious.

Chew
**BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM**



Facts About My Marriage

(Continued from page 29)

Again Hal showed the great consideration which he possesses. In spite of the fact that he is a good golfer, he didn't become impatient with my mistakes and slowness. He had the same patience about instructing me in the art of the great American game that he had about making sure that the lights were exactly right for photographing me correctly.

After the game, he came up to the house for luncheon and met my mother. In the afternoon the four of us sat around and talked and then Hal and I swam for a while in the pool. When he left that evening we both knew that we had begun a new phase of our friendship, that we had gone beyond the mere "Hello, how are you" studio affair. But we didn't dream then that it was to develop still further. Hal says that he did. But I think he is just trying to flatter me into believing that he fell in love with me on the wide open spaces of that golf course.

After that day Hal became a frequent visitor at the house. Almost like one of the family. Dropping in casually for a swim or to go golfing with my father and me.

I wasn't going out very much at that time, I mean to public places. It was Hal who insisted that I should go dancing and see people. It was Hal who took me to the various places in Hollywood where there were good food and good music. I went out occasionally with other men, too. The newspapers reported that I was romantically interested in a half dozen different men during this time, including Hal. We used to laugh over the stories.

Then we began work on "Bombshell." After about the second week on the picture, I began to notice a subtle change in Hal's attitude toward me. At first I thought that I was imagining it. There was just a trace of a new formality in this usually free-and-easy camaraderie. And, one day, to my surprise, I found that I was feeling self-conscious with him.

One Saturday night we went to dinner and suddenly I realized that there was something more than a mere friendship between us. It is hard to explain. It was like an unexpected electric current. Every girl will know what I mean. I found myself hoping that I looked well and that Hal liked my dress. Instead of looking directly and un-self-consciously at him, I felt a strange sort of excitement when I knew that he was looking at me.

But we didn't say anything about it until we went on location to Arizona, a hurried trip to work two days on desert scenes. Mother went with us. That night we had dinner together, the three of us, in a hotel in Tucson. Suddenly, without preamble or warning, Hal and I spoke about marriage. It seemed the perfectly natural thing to talk about. Mother approved, wholeheartedly. But, when we discussed getting married the next day there in Arizona, where a three-day wait between the filing of the intention and the wedding day is not necessary, Mother suggested that we wait until the picture was finished. We agreed that she was right.

The company came back to Hollywood on Thursday and went back to work in the studio. Saturday night my mother and father and Hal and I had

a family pow-wow. We had been called to work for a short time Sunday afternoon to make the final scenes on the picture. So we planned to leave that night for Yuma where we could be quietly married without any fuss or excitement. Both Hal and I wanted to avoid, if possible, all that sort of thing.

After we had finished work Sunday afternoon, I went home and dressed. It took me an hour to decide what to wear. Usually I put on the first dress which I pick up. But that night I think I put on and took off every single outfit I possessed. I was so excited. Finally I decided on a black velvet suit with fox furs, a suit which Hal always liked.

We went to dinner. If someone should ask me what I ate, I couldn't tell them. And I've proved that a girl can keep a secret.

Hal had chartered a plane and at eleven we left for the airport. The plane was waiting for us. Never shall I forget that ride through the skies in the darkness with the necklace of little California towns beneath us. From the Yuma airport we telephoned to the judge and he was waiting for us when we reached his house.

It was a strange sensation, driving through that sleeping town. I remember thinking about that old rhyme, "Something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue." I'll never forget Hal's surprise when I told him that everything was correct, that my suit was old, my hat was new, my white gloves were a pair which I had borrowed from Mother and that the little clasp on my blouse was set with blue turquoise.

The pilot of the plane and the driver of the car, which took us from the airport to the judge's home, were the witnesses of our marriage. We ate our wedding breakfast in a funny little all-night restaurant, with a surprised and sleepy waiter serving us. Then we flew home through the dawn.

We haven't made any definite plans for the future. Knowing the motion picture business as we both do, we realize the futility of ever making plans. No one knows what is going to happen next when you're working in a studio. I do know one thing, however, and that is that I always want Hal to work with me on my pictures. Then, between films, we hope to travel. I have never traveled much and my dream is to go places and see the world with Hal.

It seems to me that when a girl can combine love and personal happiness with the work which she enjoys, she has found the answer to the problem of living. When two people belong to the same professional world and understand each other's problems and working conditions, they are well started on the road which leads to a happiness that will endure.

If someone should ask me to describe Hal, I could only say that, if I should have a son, I should want him to be exactly like Hal in every way. I can think of no better way to express my feeling for him.

We didn't search for happiness. It came to us when we least expected it. And we made it secure by that simple little ceremony at dawn in a small Arizona town.

Xmas Dinner

(Continued from page 57)

you will, adding more of the hot chili sauce. Then you fold over the other half of the tortilla, pour over more sauce and sprinkle with grated cheese.

Chili Sauce

Here is a good recipe for the chili sauce to use with tortillas:

12 chili peppers ½ cup strained to-
½ large onion mato juice
1 tablespoon flour

Remove skins and white tissue from the peppers. Soak in cold water two hours. Drain and cover with fresh water and cook slowly for an hour. Then boil rapidly 15 minutes. Take from the fire, and pour off this water which you will need later. Now with the back of a knife scrape the pulp from the pepper skins. Fry the chopped onion in a little butter, add the flour, and then the pulp from the chili peppers, the strained tomato juice and ½ cup water in which the peppers were cooked. Simmer until you have a smooth, thick sauce and season to taste with salt.

The filling for enchiladas calls for:

1 cup grated cheese 1 hard boiled egg,
1 cup stoned olives chopped fine
1 cup stoned raisins

Another Mexican recipe for enchiladas calls for:

6 tortillas ½ cup chopped
1½ cups Mexican pork, fried crisp
sauce ½ cup chopped on-
ion
½ cup grated ¼ cup chopped
cheese parsley

Salt and pepper to taste

Dip the tortillas in the hot Mexican sauce and remove to a platter. Mix the pork, cheese, onion, and parsley and spread half of each tortilla with this, fold over, pour over the sauce and serve.

Mexican Sauce

2 cups strained 1 tablespoon but-
tomato sauce ter
1 tablespoon 1 tablespoon flour
chopped onion ¼ teaspoon salt
½ sweet green pep- ½ teaspoon chili
per, chopped fine powder

Blend the butter, flour and chili sauce, melt and then add the other ingredients. Thin with stock if desired.

Frijoles

1 pint pink Mex- 2 tablespoons ba-
ican beans, soak- con fat
ed overnight ½ can tomatoes
2 onions, sliced 6 chili peppers

Cut open the peppers, cover with boiling water and boil a few moments. Then scrape off the pulp from the pepper skins. Drain the beans and boil slowly in slightly salted water until tender. Fry the onions in the bacon fat. Add the pepper pulp and tomatoes and beans and let cook until soft and tender.

THE HOLLYWOOD WAY

Even on their busiest days, screen heroines find time for special exercises. They know that this is the best way to keep their figures youthful and to prevent superfluous weight. If you would like to help in choosing special exercises that you need, write to Ann Boyd, care of the New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Calendar Fear



STEALS YOUTH, HEALTH AND BEAUTY

CALENDAR FEAR first preys upon the mind . . . then upon the body. The periodic worry of a lapse in normal feminine routine often brings on the very break which is so dreaded . . . To the average married woman this means constant tension . . . fading eagerness and youth.

But today, this threat to woman's charm and happiness can find victims only among the timid, the ignorant and careless . . . For the modern wife can learn from trustworthy authority the truth about marriage hygiene . . . She now practices correct feminine antisepsis, as long advised by the world's leading physicians, hospitals and clinics . . . She uses "Lysol" disinfectant regularly and intelligently.

"Lysol" is safe because it is *mild* . . . It contains no free caustic alkali to deaden sensitive membranes or injure tender tissues . . . as other antiseptics do. "Lysol" is used in delicate childbirth operations, when feminine tissues are

most sensitive. Surely then it is mild and gentle for regular use on these same tissues.

"Lysol" is dependable because it is *effective*. It destroys germ-life even in the presence of organic matter. Undependable compounds lose 95% of their strength in similar practical use.

Take these two decisive steps to banish womanly worries from your home.

1. Use "Lysol" according to its easy-to-follow directions. Your druggist recommends "Lysol." Your doctor approves it.
2. Write for the new "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene." You will appreciate its free professional advice by three famous women doctors. Fill out the convenient coupon now.

Let "Lysol" Guard the Family's Health

Use it in your home as protection against colds, tonsillitis, sore throat, grippe, and to disinfect after these ailments. Use it for protection and disinfection in case of children's diseases—mumps, measles, etc. Excellent for athlete's foot. Helps to heal cuts, burns, etc. Protects mother and child in operations attending childbirth. Directions on bottle.

Lysol
Disinfectant

"Lysol" is economical . . . a treatment costs less than one cent. "Lysol" is safe . . . it contains no free caustic alkali. "Lysol" is effective . . . it destroys hidden germ-life. "Lysol" has enjoyed the full confidence of the medical profession for over 40 years.



LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Dept. LO-12

Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me *free*, postpaid, copy of "Marriage Hygiene." (Check other booklets if desired.)

- ☐ Preparation for Motherhood
☐ Keeping a Healthy Home

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City _____ State _____

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—Easy as A-B-C with
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Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter-colored one



Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric



Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

On sale at drug stores and
notion counters everywhere

Tintex

COLOR REMOVER

Go Adventuring

(Continued from page 40)

when he was twenty. He went to Baffinland, that drear stretch north of Hudson Bay, and mapped it. It was the last piece of unmapped land in the world.

"I want you to say this," he begged me, "that I knew adventuring meant hardships—but I preferred hardships to a soft, dull life. I was big and strong and I wanted to spend my strength, not let it waste away."

He spent his strength—and he almost lost his life—in one of his first explorations. With a party of scientists he went to Greenland. The hardships, particularly the lack of food, killed three of the men.

"That was living," said Peter, throwing back his enormous shoulders, his eyes gleaming with remembered thrills.

He saved money and bought several whaling vessels. Whaling is an industry that takes courage and the ability to stare death in the face and laugh. Peter had both in plenty. But even that sort of adventure was not enough. He went to the northern part of Greenland where there were no white men, only Eskimos, and established a trading post.

ONE white man among two hundred and forty Eskimos—that was Peter. He was like a king. He was the *Trader Horn* of the Arctic.

Then the war broke out—and Peter, up in the northern part of Greenland, was one of the peculiar victims of that conflict. His supply ships could no longer make the trip to Greenland. For five long years he didn't see another white man.

"And," said Peter, "I determined to remain a white man, not to go native."

Gradually his supplies dwindled, until he was out of canned fruits and vegetables. He had to live, like the natives, on meat—bear meat, walrus meat, whale meat and birds. There was no bread. There was nothing left, after a while, but a few boxes of matches and some toothpaste.

"No matter how I disliked a lot of things about civilized life," said Peter, "I still retained a fondness for it. And that toothpaste was my last contact with civilization. I saved it. I brushed my teeth once a week—on Sundays—a sort of celebration. And I used only half a box of matches a year—saving the fire from day to day."

THE loneliness of Greenland, the lack of anything but casual contact with the natives, was driving Peter mad. He began to brood. Was he to be cut off from civilization forever? Was he to live and die alone? He lessened his loneliness by entering more and more into the social life of the Eskimos. Then he fell in love—with an Eskimo woman, and married her.

They had two children, both of whom are living. The daughter is attending school in Denmark. The son is like Peter; he dislikes the weakness of civilized persons. He prefers the wild life of the country where he was born, so he spends most of his time in Greenland, among his own people.

Not until 1919 did Peter get back to Denmark, taking his family with him. "Were you glad to get away?"

Peter shook his head. "Not glad," he answered, "not even eager. I had

learned to look upon the Eskimos as my own people. They are the richest people in the world—not by your standards, of course, but by mine. Their wants are few and simple. They can all be obtained at the trading posts. When an Eskimo wants something, he catches fox until he has enough skins to pay for what he desires. Wouldn't you call such people rich?"

Peter, though married, and with children, looked around for more adventure. He found it in 1921, a scientific expedition to Hudson Bay. There, in that bleak country, Peter found the last Eskimos extant who had never seen a white man.

"When the children saw me, with my beard, they thought I was a devil," he rambled on. "You see, their mothers used to put them to sleep by telling them that, if they opened their eyes, an evil spirit with a beard would get them."

Then Peter, who had been laughing loudly at being thought of as a devil, became solemn. He pointed to his wooden leg. "It was on that expedition that I became a cripple. It was that expedition which was my last—for a cripple cannot go exploring in wild country. Not in snow country, anyway."

The expedition ran short of supplies. Peter went for help. A snowstorm came up but instead of stopping to build himself a snowhouse for protection, he went on and on until he was worn out. When he decided to stop and build himself a snow shelter, the snow was too hard packed to dig—and he lay down on it, helpless. His leg and face became frostbitten.

"That is why I wear a beard today," said Peter. "Since then my face has been too tender to shave."

FROSTBITE or no, I'm glad Peter doesn't shave. With that beard he looks like a figure from a Scandinavian legend. He hasn't been affected by Hollywood nor polished to its standards. He still wears his old blue serge suit and his high-topped shoes and a blue peaked sailor's cap. And his ties are still hand knitted in beautiful greens with little red designs in them. I forgot to ask him, but I'll wager that Peter's second wife (his first wife died), an actress in Denmark, knits them.

"What do you plan to do with your life now?" I asked. "And do you believe, even though you suffered so much and became a cripple, that adventuring was worth it?"

Peter threw back his mighty head and roared a laugh that no one in Hollywood could duplicate.

"Worth it?" he shouted so that the beams in the ceiling shook. "I say to every man and woman with a spark of adventure in their souls. Give up everything. Forsake everyone. Go exploring. Get some fresh air into your spirit."

Then he became subdued. "It's nice, in Hollywood," he said wistfully. "All the beautiful, fragile women and the handsome men. I like it there, too."

So, though I didn't press Peter with questions, I took it for granted that a man may become as fed up with exploring as he may become fed up with a routine life at home.

Herb Howe Recalls

(Continued from page 37)

Fetchit, Fu Manchu Oland (I'm strong for color), Wally Beery, Baby LeRoy, Ramon Novarro, Clark Gable, Richard Cromwell, Johnny Weissmuller, Jackie the Lion.

Who do you consider Hollywood's ideal host? Bull (Salami Boy) Montana.

Ideal hostess? Aileen Pringle, if not interrupted.

Who is your favorite personality in all Hollywood? Arthur, the colored porter, at the Hotel Gilbert.

If wrecked on a desert island what ten players would you choose to be wrecked with you? Mae West.

NOW, before the razzing starts, I'd like to reply to the bird who wrote this month asking how much "that runt Cagney" pays me to mention him every month and to the convent honey who insinuates that because of my aesthetic feeling for Miss West, I musta been up to see her sometime. I regret that the closest I ever came to fanning Cagney was three tables away in the Brown Derby; and one table is my gravy reach. And the closest I ever came to Miss West is nobody's business, and I never was up to see her no time—her dressing-room is on the level. It's just we got so much in common. We both like sin and garlic.

THE Mae West craze is getting worse," writes a Hollywood pal. "That gal pulled a revolution right under their noses and Hollywood civilization has collapsed. The Norma Shearer-Ruth Chatterton age of 'refined' sophistication has given way to a rough and tumble barroom era. All the lots have gone Bowery, crowded with big cauliflowered palookas and dames with bay fronts and back porches. Even Joan Crawford, than whom there was none refinder, has had to forget it and go back to being a Dancing Loidy. . . ."

WE'RE about to witness a Big Parade of Bad Ladies from History. Also some very bad miscasting.

Marie Antoinette — The Average Woman is to win immortality through Miss Norma Shearer, who certainly isn't average . . . and altogether too smart to pull such a dumb line as "Why don't they eat cake?" My firm conception of Marie, regardless of Zweig, is The Average Hollywood Blonde.

Catherine the Great will appear as Marlene Dietrich under the wand of Von Sternberg. I can't see the svelte, slow-moving Marlene as the rapacious, regiment-loving Empress, who was reincarnated in my opinion by Pola Negri in "The Czarina." Of course, Mae West could present a swell version of the Russian Lady Lou. Mae could do any of History's Bad Girls better than the Bad Girls themselves.

Cleopatra is to be revived in the person of Claudette Colbert. I have no fault to find with the person as revealed in pasteurized form in "The Sign of the Cross," but I can't conceive of the smiling, agreeable Claudette tossing a boy friend to his death each dawning as the columnists of Cleo's day said she did. (And she never sued.) Again, my thoughts turn to naughty Pola and baddie Mae.

(Please turn to page 78)

Be Color-Smart and Money-Smart with Tintex!

These Tints and Dyes save you
● Money — bring new beauty to
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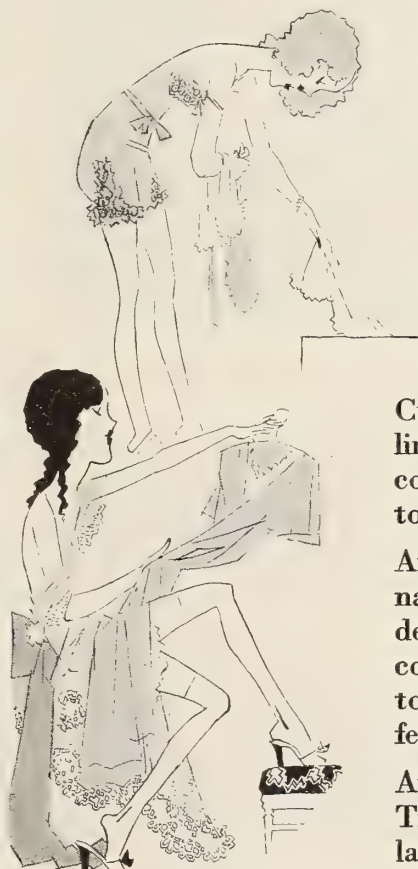


UNDERTHINGS or dresses faded? Or any other items of your wardrobe? Spend a few cents for Tintex and they're all just-like-new again!

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TINTS AND DYES

35 Fashionable Colors

ON SALE AT DRUG STORES AND NOTION COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

WHAT'S COME OVER JACK?

He looks years younger—doesn't complain or grouch around any more



The crowd always dodged when they saw Jack coming. They couldn't stand his grouchy manner—his peepless, spoil-sport attitude. Now suddenly he looks and acts like a new man. Actually he feels years younger. The secret?

It's Asthenia

(Run-down condition, usually caused by Constipation)

That's the insidious thing about Asthenia... it drags you down, slows your mind, robs you of your joys and pleasures, yet you hardly realize you're slipping.

The
**NEW
TASTELESS
WAY
TO TAKE
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Taken as directed—
one-fifth glass
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Pluto Water is
virtually tasteless.
Mild, effective—it
can be taken with-
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Would you like for once to brush the cobwebs from your eyes... be ready and eager for any task... experience all the glories of this glorious old world? Then rid yourself of Asthenia and stay rid of it. Take Pluto Water every morning for ten mornings, and see a new world in ten days!

Gentle, Effective

Don't miss a day. Take it before breakfast as recommended—one-fifth glass Pluto Water in four-fifths glass hot water—for ten straight days. Cleanse your system of every vestige of health-destroying impurities. Then you will understand why for nearly 90 years, from all over the world, people have traveled to French Lick Springs for this ten-day Pluto Water treatment. And why physicians everywhere recommend it as a mild and effective laxative—non-irritating and non-habit-forming.

Two sizes—20c and 45c—at all drug counters. Bottled and sealed at French Lick Springs Hotel, French Lick, Indiana.

**PLUTO
WATER**
America's Laxative Mineral Water

Herb Howe Recalls

(Continued from page 77)

Queen Christina of Sweden rules again as Greta Garbo. Knowing both the Queen and Greta intimately, I can say that they are sisters under the tweed—wearing brogues and breeches, running away from it all and telling everybody to go yump.

Queen Elizabeth is also getting a break as Katharine Hepburn—not as the Virgin Queen but as The Tudor Wench.

WITH a view to aiding the casting directors, Emanuel M., of Plainfield, N. J., writes to suggest:

Vilma Banky as *Louise de la Valliere*.
Marlene Dietrich as the *Venus* (of Venusberg) in "Tannhauser."

Mae West as *Madame de Montespan*.

BAD Boys of History are not to be forgotten.

Wally Beery as *Pancho Villa* will line 'em up against the wall and the box office. Now that's casting!

Charles Laughton's *Henry VIII* is something to celebrate, especially in Reno. Charlie is a sort of male Mae West. I mean he does for the Bad Boys what Mae does for the Guls. I sat through a second showing of "The Sign of the Cross," badly as those Christians bored me, just to see his *Nero* again.

HOLLYWOOD producers have always been afraid of history. Anything bordering on the educational was considered too heavy for the American public. Russian films, educational and realistic, are "propaganda." And "propaganda" is poison.

When Lubitsch's "Du Barry" was imported, the title was changed to "Passion," and his "Henry VIII" became "Deception." The movie sahibs are still a bit timorous.

Historical characters have to be sexed up. Thus we have "The Affairs of Voltaire" and "The Loves of Henry VIII." Incidentally, I went to see George Arliss in "The Affairs of Voltaire" because Voltaire happens to be my big favorite. I failed to recognize him. Maybe toward the last he did resort to senile, simian antics, though the biographies never gave me that impression.

If I hadn't seen the title of the picture I should have thought it was *Granny's Night Out*.

I CAST Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro for "The Merry Widow" because they can sing and dance and look the parts of *Widow* and *Prince*. But, evidently, the producers didn't read me that month.

At this writing Chevalier is scheduled to star in the picture. He is reported to have said a feminine star will not be necessary. Maybe he figures the *Widow* and *Prince* as a dual role and will waltz with himself. Of all my childish enthusiasms Maurice has palled most.

We are also informed that new songs and music will be written, Lehar being old-fashioned. Is there some place I can lie down? Didn't I tell you they'd want to modernize it and didn't I suggest Sir James Cagney and Lady Lou West for the *Prince* and the *Widow*? That, at least, would be the merriest

Merry Widow what ever waltzed, wouldn't it?

FRANCIS LEDERER, too, would make a great *Prince*, providing he can sing; but, apparently, that wouldn't be necessary in view of the gent selected.

"SINCE you appear to be a friend of Ramon Novarro, I am writing to ask what you think of organizing a fan club to honor him," writes Lucille B., of Cleveland. What, another one! As though there weren't enough Ramon-antics threatening and cajoling me to write more about him. I recently had a sinister letter from one Novarro clubber saying I was about to be buried unless I gave him more space. It's a Mafia, that's what it is. To think that the gentle Ramon should inspire a Black Hand! One more Novarro club and I'm going to drink a bottle of Black Narcissus.

Things I Don't Crave—

Spy stories.

Plucked eyebrows.

Women in breeches, especially from the rear.

Cartoon comedies.

Cantor comedy.

Clogging in "musicals."

Animal fights, torture and slaughter, of which there have been plenty in pictures—and we criticize Spaniards for bull fights!

NOTE to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and to General Plutarco Calles, Mexico's Great Man:

Why not investigate Hollywood producers who send companies across the line into Mexico for scenes of wild animal butchery because they are afraid of the S. P. C. A. on this side? One animal trainer, little knowing what the animals were in for, got drunk and stayed drunk during one of these orgies, too horrified by the director's bestiality toward "beasts."

And did you know that producers sometimes insist upon a "morals" clause in the contracts of the stars?

LOS ANGELES Police Commission has ruled against female impersonators in Hollywood night clubs. They're determined to make Hollywood a skirtless town. They should succeed. There are plenty of male impersonators to serve as bouncers.

I DON'T want to be altogether ominous this month, but that barnyard party given by Kay Francis for which the Hollywood kings and queens put aside their diamonds to romp as rustics, reminded me of *Marie Antoinette* and her ladies playing farmer just before starved rustics started the famous revolution.

Hollywood Deal:

"A cameraman went out with the strikers," writes a friend. "The studio told him to break with the union and come back to work and they would give him a contract. He went back. The next week they fired him. He shot himself."

The Garbo-Gilbert Reunion

(Continued from page 35)

dressings-room bungalow that was once his in the days of his million dollar contract, toward the two-room suite on Dressing-room Row.

While back on the set he has just deserted....

The director stands behind Garbo's bed, his inevitable script in hand. Well! Garbo and Gilbert are reunited! Has he changed...?

GRETA (smiling slightly): "He looks well; better than I have ever seen him. He will be marvelous in this role. Changed? There is nothing for him to change from. John Gilbert is never the same person."

BUT to these eyes of mine there is a change... in both of them. A man as sensitive and high strung as John Gilbert cannot listen for three years to the din: "He is through... he is through... he is all cleaned up as a star and an actor" without confidence-shattering humiliation. A woman cannot know the overpowering success of Garbo without gaining confidence and sureness.

For the moment, temporarily, their personalities are reversed. It is Gilbert who is shy, ill at ease. Garbo is in command of herself. When they were making their great "Flesh and the Devil" it was not that way. It was Gilbert the strong one. Garbo, the sensitive. It is not right, it is not natural this feeling on the part of Gilbert. He is behaving like a grateful pup that has had an unexpected pat of approval on the head. He cannot be his abandoned, colorful self on the screen until he is free of it.

TWO days later... and things are not going too well on the set of "Queen Christina." They have moved into a tavern scene and it seems cold and unfriendly as though they might have sensed the presence of ghosts.

It needs only a casual drift through to realize that Jack has not yet recovered his poise. He is nervous in his scenes; not quite sure of himself. So much has happened so suddenly. The birth of his daughter... the unexpected "comeback" opportunity of this role with Garbo... interviews that take much out of him because he is forced to tell and re-tell of *what happened* to that great idol, Gilbert.... There have been photographic sittings, costume fittings... millions of little things to upset him. He is nervous... they have rehearsed the scene at the tavern table many times. The rehearsals are not going so well.

Garbo is wearing a costume from the picture, a colorful affair of breeches and a wide sweeping hat with a plume on it. It is obvious she is disguised as a man. Her long-bobbed hair is swooped up under the hat in mannish severity. Suddenly, in the middle of the tedious rehearsal, she speaks:

GRETA: "Let us stop and rest a moment. Shall we smoke?"

The tension is relieved. Garbo moves casually over to a camera stool... perches herself on it. The crew is "at ease." The director yawns, stretches. Now Jack is standing beside Greta's

(Please turn to page 80)



This Little Twin used Tooth Paste "D." Stains remain, lustre dull, inflammation only slightly improved.

But this Little Twin used Pebecco. Got whiter teeth, brilliant lustre, firmer and harder gums.

Twins, Muriel and Charlotte Denenfeld, age 18, residing at 615 West 164th Street, New York

Twins test six leading Tooth Pastes PEBECO PROVES BEST

"Why not test Pebecco against the five other leading tooth pastes on twins?" we said.

"Fine!" said Dr. David B. Freundlich, leading dental authority of New York. "Twins provide the most impartial possible testing ground for tooth paste merit. Same environment. Same heredity. Hence their tooth and mouth structure is apt to be alike."

So that's what he did. Tested Pebecco and the five other leading nationally advertised tooth pastes on twins—for thirty days. One twin in each pair used Pebecco twice daily. The other used tooth paste A, B, C, D or E, (well-known brands).

Read at the right what Pebecco did in comparison with the five other tooth pastes!

Pebecco was more than twice as effective because of its basic ingredient, Potassium Chlorate. This substance is an *active agent* in assisting nature to correct acid mouth, helping to check mouth acids which cause tooth decay. It stimulates the flow of saliva, nature's own process for *keeping* the teeth sound, gums and mouth vigorous and healthy.

You can prove it, too. Try Pebecco—10-cent or 50-cent size—in your *own* mouth. You will *feel* it working for the good of your mouth and gums. And just see what it does for your teeth! Buy a tube of Pebecco today!

On These Five Vital Points Pebecco Wins!

- 1. WHITENESS**... Pebecco whitened the teeth in 98% of the cases—the five other tooth pastes in only 56%, proving Pebecco's superiority in cleaning and removing stains and discoloration.
- 2. LUSTRE**... Pebecco improved the lustre in 94% of the cases—the others in only 40%. Pebecco, in no case, made the slightest scratch upon the enamel.
- 3. FILM**... Pebecco removed mucin plaques (film) from teeth of 88% of the users—others from only 32%.
- 4. GUMS**... Pebecco checked inflammation and bleeding, toned and hardened the gums of 97% of the users, other tooth pastes of only 57%.
- 5. ACID MOUTH**... Pebecco alone—of all the well-known tooth pastes tested—actually assisted in stimulating the natural flow of helpful saliva which combats the acids that start decay. Other tooth pastes brought only slight or temporary improvement in acid mouth conditions.



Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

Why Twins and What They Proved

I chose groups of twins because their mouth conditions are apt to be identical. One twin used Pebecco twice daily for 30 days. The other, tooth paste A, B, C, D or E—one of the five other leading brands. I examined each pair weekly. At the end of 30 days, I submitted my reports, and the statements in this advertisement are in accordance with the facts. For professional information on these tests, write me at 101 Central Park West, New York.

(Signed) DAVID B. FREUNDLICH, D.D.S.

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MEN CAN TELL by the Smartness of her Make-up!

MEN compare her with other girls and find her lovelier by far! Her lips never shriek "paint". For she always uses a marvelous new kind of lipstick that brings smooth, natural color. Rich, glowing color...but not a trace of paint to make her mouth conspicuous!

A lipstick called Tangee

Other lipsticks may coat your lips with paint. But Tangee isn't paint. It's a special kind of lipstick which blends so perfectly that it looks like your own coloring! No hard lipstick line. No caking. No painted look.

In the stick, Tangee looks orange. But put it on. You'll see it change color to the one shade of blush-rose best suited to you! Actually, Tangee brings out the natural color hidden in your lips!

Use Tangee and see fresh, natural color in your lips! Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks...at any toilet goods counter.



Rouge matches lipstick
Tangee Rouge Compact changes to the one shade most natural for your type! Never causes an over-rouged look. A perfect match for Tangee Lipstick! Comes in refillable compact. Refills fit compact perfectly.



New!

SMALL SIZE 39¢

TANGEE LIPSTICK

Also in Theatrical—a deeper shade for professional use

TANGEE

World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ **SPECIAL 10c OFFER!** TG12

The George W. Luft Co. (Enclose 10¢ stamps or coin)
417 Fifth Ave., New York

Rush Miracle Make-up Set containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge and Powder.

Check
Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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The Garbo-Gilbert Reunion

(Continued from page 79)

stool. They are talking together quietly. He is trying to say something to her... apparently something he is having difficulty in phrasing. Then Greta speaks in that soft, low voice:

"I do not want to hear you say how grateful you are to me... again. Why should you be grateful to me? If you feel I have done you a favor," (she shrugs) "I feel that you did me a favor when you, the great John Gilbert, had me to play in your pictures. If I have in any way done you a good turn... this just evens the score."

JACK looks at her. Something that even ghosts can't understand is happening. With that simple little speech Greta Garbo has done far more for Jack Gilbert than give him his comeback opportunity. She has restored that spark... that fire... that self confidence that is as much a part of the real Jack Gilbert as the color of his hair and eyes. In a moment, a bare split second, it is all back again.

THE DIRECTOR: "Let's shoot it now." But even he doesn't realize what has happened until the noiseless, glass-encased camera starts turning. A colorful, exciting and dashing hero strides across that tavern set, his words ringing confidently. It is the Jack Gilbert of old, the most exciting and outrageous figure that ever cast a shadow on the screen, going through his paces and "doing his stuff" again! The scene is in the box! It is a wow!

HOW different it is! The ice of restraint so noticeable between Garbo and Gilbert is broken now. As the days of production pass, they laugh and joke just as they used to do between scenes of their silent pictures in the past.

That is Gilbert standing there before Greta's chair, giving an imitation of the way his baby daughter looked the day she was born. He puckers his face and twists his mouth. Greta laughs: "You are such a fool." She says it the way she used to say it when something the amazing Gilbert said, or did, made her laugh!

There is to be a long wait between these scenes. The carpenters are repairing something in the back of the set. The set chairs of Gilbert and Garbo are side-by-side as they sit and talk.

JACK: "Where are you living, now, Greta?"

GARBO: "Santa Monica... if you can call it *living*?"

He seems amused.

JACK: "If you are not happy the

way you live... why don't you live some other way?"

GARBO (shrugs): "I do not know any other way of living."

Ah, this is what we have been waiting for. That first intimate tete-a-tete between Gilbert and Garbo that has really been the sole purpose of all this confounded spying of mine.

Jack is curious. If Garbo is not happy in Hollywood, why did she return.

JACK (teasingly): "You know you love it here!"

GRETA: "I do not love it anywhere."

JACK: "I don't believe it! Whether you will admit it or not you are a creature of habit. You would be perfectly miserable making a picture, or doing a play, in a strange country with strange faces about you. And what's more... I think you've even begun to like the 'eternal sunshine' of California!"

Gilbert, then, like all the rest of us, is musing why Greta came back, and just like the rest of us... he didn't get a definite answer to his "Why?" It was Greta's turn to tease.

She said: "You are always asking questions... just like a reporter."

JACK: "And never getting any answers... just like the reporters!"

AND I wondered if there was ever any answer to anything Garbo did? There are those rumors that won't die that Garbo suffered severe financial reverses and that she came back for that tremendous salary of \$12,000 weekly offered her on her new contract with M-G-M. But then, tremendous money for Greta Garbo could have been obtained in any capital in the world. The city of Stockholm would no doubt have floated a bond issue to keep her had she wanted to remain.

JACK (laughing): "It must have been the sunshine that brought you back. It couldn't have been your Hollywood social life!"

GRETA (pretending to be offended): "Oh, I have social life!"

JACK: "You have?"

GRETA: "Sure! I know some musicians and two artists!"

Could it be true? Was Greta Garbo actually kidding herself? Has the queen of the screen a secret sense of humor that no one has ever suspected? It was too much for even my gift of bearing up!

It was surprise enough to find Garbo and Gilbert self-conscious and ill at ease with each other. But actually joking together—and joking about the legend of Garbo!

WHERE COLOR COUNTS

Nowhere do precise shade and color make such a difference as on a woman's face. If you want help in choosing the most becoming shades of rouge, powder and lipstick, you should have a copy of our beauty circular, Color Harmony Chart. Send your request with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Ann Boyd, care of the New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Confessions of a Movie Magnate

(Continued from page 41)

The reason why movie producers return unsolicited manuscripts unread may be summed up in two salty words—"Bitter Experience."

True, an unknown might conceivably send in a great story, but the chances (according to our experience tables) are just about 6,000 to 1 against it. It costs us a fortune to read such manuscripts in the first place, because readers have to have salaries, and the salaries have to be paid by the producers. It is far cheaper to hire an experienced author of high standing to write a story than to read thousands of manuscripts written by unknowns.

Listen to these figures and remember they are true:

Once, in our ignorance, we offered a prize—in fact, six prizes—for the best screen stories, no matter who wrote them.

We received exactly six thousand manuscripts. It took a big staff weeks to read them. We found to our amazement that over ninety per cent of them were either plagiarized or just plain ignorant.

Several thousands were actually stolen bodily from some motion picture already on the market, or from a famous stage success or a well-known book. In such cases the titles were changed but, in a few cases, the stealers did not even change the title.

We awarded six prizes to the six best stories, and they were terrible. Not one of them was fit to make into a picture, but we paid the prizes just to show good faith.

Our lawyers had fits.

They said: "This should teach you never to accept stories from unknown sources, because you can never know when they are rank plagiarisms. You might make a picture out of one of them and then discover, too late, that you had bought a stolen story. In that case you would have to turn over all your profits to the original author from whom it had been swiped."

"The only way to protect yourself from this sort of thing hereafter is to refuse to read manuscripts which come without solicitation. Return them unread. Don't open them. Treat them as you would treat dynamite."

"But," we expostulated, "that means we can never dig up new sources of story material. It means that we must cut ourselves off from dozens, possibly hundreds, of stories which are mighty good screen stuff."

"Correct!" exclaimed the lawyers. "But it also means it is the only way you can protect yourselves from charges of plagiarism. Lay off, Macduff."

SO, ever since then, we have refused to read or even open manuscripts sent in from unknowns.

Mind you, every one of these unknowns claims—and probably believes—that his story is the best one ever written. Please note that the budding author who sent his story to us with his insulting card said that his story "will go down in history as being epochal and remarkable." He admits it is great.

They all do.

It is another phenomenon, like the
(Please turn to page 82)

YOUTH'S CHARM

may be yours if you keep that schoolgirl complexion



YOU may bring romance closer . . . you may hold youth's charm and appeal as years go by, if you'll keep youth glowing in your skin. And this simple daily treatment is priceless, for it is based on youth-protecting olive and palm oils.

These oils are blended, by secret process, in the making of Palmolive, *the soap of youth*. No other blend, in all the world, is like this.

Nature's own beauty oils

Olive oil—soothing, enriching—gives Palmolive a velvety lather. This mild lather penetrates the tiny pores, freeing them of accumulations easily, leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh.

Olive oil, too, gives Palmolive that wonderfully rich, olive-green color.

Remember, into each cake of Palmolive Soap goes an abundance of olive oil, nature's greatest beauty aid.

PALMOLIVE . . .

the soap of Youth

Begin this beauty treatment

Buy three cakes today. Then start this 2-minute beauty treatment recommended by over twenty thousand beauty specialists: every morning and evening, massage a rich lather of Palmolive Soap gently into the skin with your hands; rinse with warm water, then with cold. And, after you've done that regularly for a month, see how easy it is to hold youth's charm, in spite of birthdays.



Treat COLDS in the First Stage!

Colds go thru 3 Stages and they're far Easier Relieved in the First than in the Second or Third!...

IT PAYS to know something about colds! They are a great cause of prolonged sickness and financial loss.

A cold ordinarily progresses through three stages. The first—the Dry stage, the first 24 hours. The second—the Watery Secretion stage, from 1 to 3 days. The third—the Mucous Secretion stage. The time to "nail" a cold is in the first or Dry stage. It is twice as easily relieved then.

The Wise Measure

The thing to take upon catching cold is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It stops a cold quickly because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary.

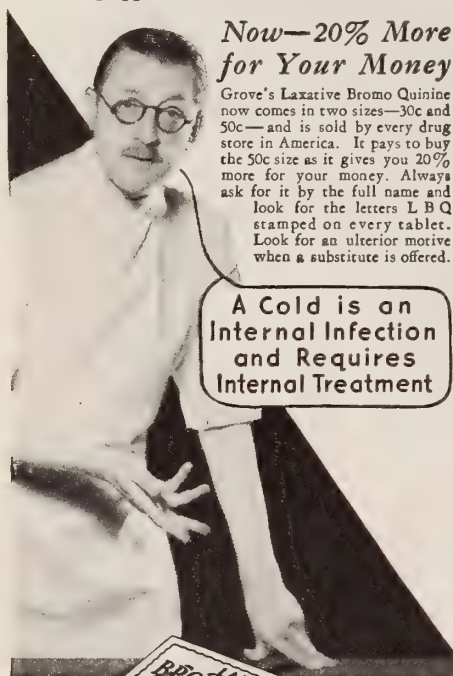
First, it opens the bowels, gently, but effectively, the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and may be freely taken with perfect safety. It is, and has been for years, the leading cold and gripe tablet of the world.

Now—20% More for Your Money

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine now comes in two sizes—30c and 50c—and is sold by every drug store in America. It pays to buy the 50c size as it gives you 20% more for your money. Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters L B Q stamped on every tablet. Look for an ulterior motive when a substitute is offered.

**A Cold is an
Internal Infection
and Requires
Internal Treatment**



**GROVE'S LAXATIVE
BROMO QUININE**

Confessions of a Movie Magnate

(Continued from page 81)

very remarkable fact that of all the millions of babies in the world, each one is the most marvelous to its own mother.

Every story is the greatest ever written, especially if it is the author's first effort. The man who fathered it or the woman who mothered it is absolutely sure that it is the smartest, the most original and has the cutest dimples. I'm not sure whether I am speaking of stories or babies, but who cares?

I TOLD you once that all the real stars are nutty. Then I tried to prove to you that the really good movie producers are nutty.

But in the case of authors, this nuttiness is not confined to the good ones. It goes for all of them. Even the story thieves who calmly steal a story from someone else are nutty enough to think they can get away with it.

One of our competitors tried years ago to teach well-known authors how to write for the screen. The idea was to bring the world-famous authors to Hollywood and teach them the movie business.

Author No. 1 turned out to be a dope fiend and had to be fired off the lot.

Author No. 2 was drunk so much of the day that he couldn't work. Out the window with him!

Author No. 3 got the idea that he would become a movie producer himself, so he stole the best star and the best director the studio had, set up his own producing business and lost all the money he had made on his best-selling books.

All were famous authors. If I dared to tell you their names, you would be amazed.

The same thing which made them best-selling authors had twisted their morals somehow. Of course, this doesn't mean that all writers of best-sellers are unmoral or immoral, but just the same I've never met one that wasn't at least a bit off his base.

The real ability to create seems to make a person lop-sided, whether he creates a great role, creates a great book or play, or even creates a great piece of art, sculpture or architecture.

BUT, as I said, when it comes to story-writing, even the amateurs have a nuttiness beyond all belief. Even those who create something not worth creating become obsessed with the belief that it is the greatest of its

kind and that any producer who turns it down is a dirty villain.

Right this minute I've got a woman waiting outside in the anteroom who has caused more trouble for movie producers than any other ten authors combined. She wants to see me or sue me, I don't know which.

About once a year she bobs up with a claim that she was the original author of some successful picture just released by one of the producing companies.

She has been thrown out of some of the nicest courts in the land, but there's no law against suing again, so she sues.

While persons of this type are loose in the land, you won't get a very sympathetic hearing from any movie producer when you send in a manuscript. He is afraid to read it, just as I am. Even if he read it and liked it, he would be afraid to produce it lest someone pop up somewhere and claim it was stolen.

SOME wise man once figured out that there are only seven themes about which a story can be constructed. With about seven million budding authors working on only seven themes, it stands to reason that two of them or two thousand of them will hit on the same basic plot.

If two of them send their stories to a producer and he buys one of them, the other is as sore as a boil and he hires a lawyer. It costs a pile of money to put up a defense against him, no matter how innocent the producer may be.

PRODUCERS are still nutty, but most of them are not nutty enough to deal with unknown authors whom they consider even nuttier.

Listen, author!

If you have written the greatest movie ever concocted, get your fun out of it by reading it to your family. They will love it. They will agree with you that the movie producers who returned it unread are just dirty dogs. They will be dead sure that the trouble with the movies comes entirely from turning down your unread epic. This will buck you up.

It will save you postage, too. For, believe me, the movies would be afraid to buy your epic even if they read it and liked it!

Between you and me, is it entirely original? Is all of it your very own idea? Honestly? On the dead level?

DON'T WE ALL?

You can hardly blame children for having their own likes and dislikes in food. Don't we all have our preferences? You will find it much easier to give children the food they should have if you will give them what they like. If you would like our food circular, "What They Like to Eat," based on a careful survey of the tastes of hundreds of children, send your request to Rita Calhoun, care of the New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Poison Pens

(Continued from page 23)

rift between Ruth Chatterton and George Brent? Can it be that George has tired of Ruth's broad A so quickly? Or is there any truth in the report that Ruth plans to throw George overboard and return to Ralph Forbes, with whom she has been seen so frequently of late?"

This choice little tid-bit was manufactured out of whole cloth. When Ruth and George returned from Europe, Ruth was taken very ill, was confined to her bed for two weeks, and George, of necessity, had to take care of their business affairs alone. The mere fact that he was seen alone started divorce rumors. When Ruth recovered, she went to Lake Arrowhead to convalesce, but was compelled to go without George because he, in the meantime, had also been taken ill. The divorce rumors gathered force!

Hollywood has never understood Ruth Chatterton—perhaps because her conduct has been too civilized for this community. Divorcing Ralph Forbes to marry George Brent, she accomplished the impossible by retaining the friendship of her ex-husband. And Ralph and George are the best of pals. They form a triumvirate which Hollywood regards with amazement—and profound, voluble suspicion. As long as Ralph Forbes is a party to this trinity, you will be regaled with insinuating stories. But don't be disturbed by them—for Ruth, George and Ralph are not.

REPORTS of marital differences and pending divorces have been showered upon almost every movie personage during the past Summer. Some were true—many were not. It became a matter of pride with the local newspapers to unearth at least one new divorce daily—after a certain reporter had "scooped the world" on the Pickford-Fairbanks separation and every rival reporter had been threatened with dismissal by his raging city desk.

The desperate competition that ensued threatened every marriage in Hollywood. No one was immune. The horrified studio heads used every means available to stop the epidemic, only to discover that it was as uncontrollable as the plague. The thing went so far as to cause Neil Hamilton to insert an advertisement in a local paper, reading:

"Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton wish to announce that they have been happily married for eleven years and that, in spite of the many rumors appearing in this and other public prints, and heard wherever true gossipers foregather, they intend to remain so for many years more."

THE tide of divorce stories culminated in a barrage of libel suits filed by Connie and Joan Bennett. (You may have heard that those Bennetts are fighting girls.)

Two New York newspapers, a Hollywood paper and even two of the usually staid dailies of London printed stories, garnished with glaring headlines, charging that Connie would divorce the Marquis de la Falaise in order to marry Gilbert Roland, her leading man. Connie was furious and promptly went to war—only to pick up a magazine and discover an article accusing her of

(Please turn to page 84)

LOVE IS *not* BLIND



EVERY CLOSE-UP IS A COMPLEXION TEST!

Does a shiny, oily nose mar both your beauty and your romance? You need worry no longer! Gone at last is the embarrassment and the heartbreak caused by Half-Hour Nose. Pompeian has created a new powder once and enjoy yourself all evening, confident of a lasting loveliness.

Pompeian is far more than a clinging powder. Smooth and fine, it gives the skin a soft new beauty, with that youthful, natural unpowdered look. Its ingredients are as high in quality and as intricate of blend as any powder sold. It has an intriguing fragrance of fine French perfume. The purity of the ingredients assures you a powder free from grit and starch, that will not enlarge the pores nor irritate the skin in any way. The Pompeian creams and rouges, famous aids to lovely complexions, are equally high in quality and just as reasonable in price. Regular large sizes are available at all drug and department stores at only 65c. Convenient 10c sizes at the better 5-and-10-cent stores.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY, INC., BLOOMFIELD, NEW JERSEY.
Sales Representatives: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & Co., Inc., New York City.

Robert Young and
Leila Hyams featured
in "Saturday's Millions"
a Universal Picture

Pompeian
**BEAUTY
POWDER**
Windblown through Silk





It's Your Lead — and Everybody's Watching

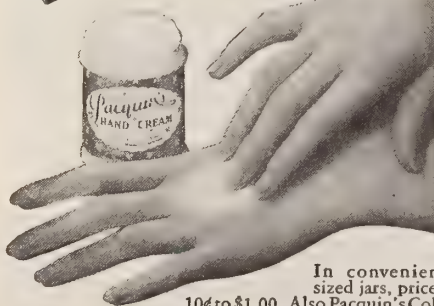
All men are susceptible to smooth white hands with an alluring feminine texture. Your hands may be short or long, thin or broad, even masculine in shape—as long as they have a clear white complexion, comparable to that of your face.

Pacquin's Hand Cream has been specially prepared to do right by your hands. More than an ordinary vanishing cream, Pacquin's contains the beneficial properties which prevent dryness and chapping. It was originally created for doctors and nurses, to counteract the effect of so much soap and water. Today, smart women everywhere use it.

Pacquin's is not an oily cream. It leaves no sticky, greasy residue on your hands. The skin absorbs it quickly and completely.

don't try to hide
your hands—use

Pacquin's



In convenient sized jars, priced 10¢ to \$1.00. Also Pacquin's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Lemon Cream, and Cleansing Cream.

Pacquin Laboratories Corporation, New York

Poison Pens

(Continued from page 83)

everything from infidelity to marrying for a title.

On the opposite page was an equally objectionable story about Joan, predicting that she could not escape divorce and resurrecting her one-time romance with John Considine.

Connie grimly prepared another libel suit, and Joan enrolled in the warfare by bringing a similar action. Both stories were manufactured entirely of rumor and scandal. It's pretty tough to face a divorce prediction with a blessed event impending—and such was the case with Joan Bennett.

WHILE blessed events are seldom scandalous—even in Hollywood—they do make grist for the rumor mill. It was extremely nice of Arline Judge to have a baby, for one editor had been reporting it for months.

One newspaper recently printed an item, stating that one of those events was forthcoming for Joan Blondell. Joan promptly telegraphed her denial.

"Shame on you," the telegram read, "for scaring me to death. You see, before George and I were married, I read in your newspaper one morning that he had given me a lovely square-cut diamond. He hadn't at the time, but four hours later, he did. However, I checked very carefully and found that you're in error this time. Shame on you."

Another newspaper had previously erred many times but never has it been so ignominiously routed as when it announced that "Jeanette MacDonald and Robert Ritchie were married" and that it would wager \$10,000 against \$5,000 it could prove it.

Jeanette read the item while sojourning in Paris and cabled her acceptance of the bet, offering at the same time to wager an additional \$5,000 that it was a bad bet. The wager was ignored.

THIS business of "marrying" celebrities for the sake of circulation is a favorite trick of the sensation-peddling reporter. Not long ago, a writer caused a terrific hullabaloo by printing an unconfirmed rumor that Mae West had been married for years to her jovial manager.

That one story completely changed Mae's attitude toward the press. Previously she had been very friendly, eager to oblige. Now, she became cagey and distrustful and for weeks threatened a Garbo act. She also threatened a libel suit, which was staved off only by a quick retraction. Retractions notwithstanding, every studio moved against that particular writer, who was an old offender, and he found himself *persona non grata* on every movie lot. Once in a while, the thumb does press down with crushing force.

Another favorite dodge of the scandal-for-sale reporter is the manufacture of a feud between prominent personalities. It is difficult to believe, but nevertheless the Gospel truth, that Connie Bennett and Gloria Swanson have never even met, let alone battled—as insisted in the countless stories printed at the time of Connie's marriage to Gloria's ex. And, incidentally, notwithstanding all the racy paragraphs you've read, Connie did not meet Henri de la Falaise until after

he had been separated from Gloria.

Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow are but slightly acquainted and could hardly be the envenomed rivals they are alleged to be. Currently Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro, working together in "The Cat and the Fiddle," are said to be bitterly regarding one another. Actually, they are the best of friends.

THAT "Ol' Debbil" Hunger is often to blame when scandal is offered for sale. Writers, like everyone else, must eat—and eating is apt to be infrequent if they're not one jump ahead of their competitors in gathering the news. Not only is there plenty of competition, but, in Hollywood, it's often necessary to anticipate news. And if a writer's anticipator is not working well, the result is named "scandal" instead of "scoop."

There are two sides to every question—but the hungry writer is prone to be content with one side, the side that he can butter! In Hollywood, news is created, anticipated, exaggerated—and denied, if need be.

The cardinal principle of newspaperdom, which demands the complete authentication of every story, does not hold in this hectic town. Here, a rumor is news, regardless of its source. An ex-servant, an ex-secretary, an ex-employee of any sort, is not cross-examined, but merely examined, for any "inside" story—the more "low-down," the better—and paid well for betraying a confidence.

People prefer to believe the worst of Hollywood. I doubt if there is in all Hollywood one well-known reporter who has not been offered repeatedly an opportunity to make "big money" by writing filmland "dirt" for scandal-mongering publications.

Because certain editors have thrown their doors wide open to Hollywood scandal, and because the public sometimes seems prone to damn its idols on flimsy testimony, blackmail has flourished here. It would be impossible to compute the vast sums which have been paid by stars as hush money. The Spanish-American War was fought on the slogan, "Remember the Maine"—Hollywood blackmail has thrived on the slogan, "Remember Arbuckle."

The blackmailer's most common program is to have some muck-raking article set up in print, strike proofs and then show it to the star.

"This is going to be printed," he says, "unless I can succeed in talking the editor, who's a pal of mine, out of it. I think I can persuade him to lay off if you will make up to him the money he's spent getting this information and having it made ready to print."

Always the editor is a "friend of mine"—and always the expenses connected with the article run into the thousands. But the star, terrified by the memory of the morality clause in his contract and the merciless judgment of the public, usually prefers to pay.

Very recently, a few stars have found sufficient courage to defy the blackmailers. Their examples have brought encouragement to the more timid and the racket is on the wane.

WHEN Hollywood, years ago, courted sensation and scandal in

Poison Pens

the effort to publicize its stars, it created a Frankenstein which has threatened, from time to time, to destroy its maker. Only through the recent thumbs-down-on-scandal stand taken by the studios, the Hays office and the better publications, have conditions been bettered.

The most insidious thing about scandal is that it never grows too stale to be resurrected. Mary Pickford is now facing a civil suit which involves her divorce from Owen Moore and her speedy marriage to Douglas Fairbanks. Joan Crawford will never live down the unfounded scandal which accompanied her divorce from Doug., Jr. Mary Miles Minter, as long as she lives, will always be the "girl in the William Desmond Taylor case."

The best antidote for scandal is frankness. Marlene Dietrich deserves a great deal of credit for the finesse with which she handled a delicate situation. When Rita Von Sternberg sued her director-husband mention was made of "another woman" in the case. Marlene forthwith made public announcement, "I am that other woman and these are the facts." Had she refused to discuss the sensational insinuations, she would have been damned for months in a deluge of innuendos, surmises and vicious rumors.

Poison pens! The only way to face them is with courage enough to silence them once and for all!

BEST CHRISTMAS DISHES

Here's a real Christmas present for you or one of your friends—this month's food circulars giving the very best recipes for holiday dishes obtained from cookery experts in all parts of the country. The circulars include:

- De. 1. First course for Christmas dinner.
- De. 2. Meats for Christmas.
- De. 3. Up-to-date stuffings.
- De. 4. Christmas dinner vegetables.
- De. 5. Christmas salads.
- De. 6. Christmas beverages.
- De. 7. Christmas desserts.
- De. 8. Candies and other sweets.

If you would like copies of these circulars, send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Remember, they are printed on loose leaves, so that you can keep them in a loose-leaf binder.



Mother, never give children a grown-up's laxative



THE welfare of your children is your first thought at waking. It is your last thought at night.

And yet, you may be doing them harm by giving them laxatives intended for adult use... laxatives often too strong for children.

Constipation affects 90% of all children

No child is immune from constipation, for one of the causes of constipation, mother, is beyond your control—the tendency to neglect nature's urgings for extra minutes of play.

The tell-tale symptoms

When your child is fallow, finicky—probably his elimination is not thorough. Give him a safe laxative—Fletcher's Castoria.

Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria is a simple vegetable preparation made especially for children... Contains no harmful drugs—NO NARCOTICS. It is gentle. It does not gripe. Children love the taste of it! Purchase a bottle at your druggist's. And be sure that the signature Chas. H. Fletcher is on the carton.

Hear ALBERT SPALDING—eminent violinist, Don Voorhees and his Orchestra, Conrad Thibault, baritone, supported by a mixed octet.

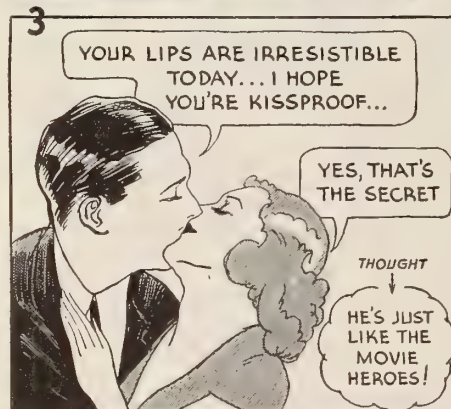
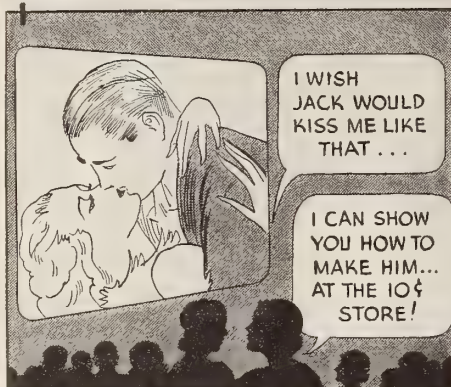
Fletcher's Castoria presents these radio artists every Wednesday evening, Columbia network—8:30 to 9:00 P. M. Eastern Standard Time.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
for
constipation
in children



from babyhood to 11 years

At last Mary Gets a "MOVIE KISS"



Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

Now you can give your lips the irresistible appeal of the lips of the movie stars and the girls in the Broadway shows! Just use the same make-up—the new **KISSPROOF Indelible Lipstick—Special Theatrical Color**. This lipstick gives an effect so alluring, indeed, that it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing-rooms of both Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! The stars could pay any price—yet, it happens, their matchless make-up costs but a few cents! See what it can do for you tonight. You can get **KISSPROOF Lipstick** in all shades—including the **Special Theatrical Color**—at any drug or department store and at the ten cent stores.

Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK

The Unknown Will Rogers

(Continued from page 25)

The host sent Bill a formal invitation and Bill responded with as formal an acceptance. He went, and worked like a Trojan entertaining the other guests. On the following morning, he sent his host a bill for \$1500 "for professional services!"

On the face of the statement, he penciled this memo:

"You did not invite Mrs. Rogers. Consequently, I can only conclude that I was invited as a professional entertainer."

The bill was paid by return mail!

BILL, by the way, always refers to Mrs. Rogers as "Mamma." He worships her and their children. He has been accused of being too indulgent a father, but no one, seeing the respect with which he is treated by his boys, can doubt that he also has been at pains to maintain his authority.

He has often been accused by Hollywood's gossips of being somewhat niggardly. Nothing could be further from the truth. In fact, knowing him as intimately as I do, I'm inclined to the conviction that he is an unusually poor business man.

Mrs. Rogers and his business manager administer practically all of his affairs. And certainly, if giving lavishly to every charity under the sun constitutes an indictment against a man's business ability, he is a veritable *Micawber*. His list of beneficiaries is endless. Organizations and individuals alike have only to hint their need and Bill's hand plunges generously into his purse.

I admire him the more because he invariably tries to keep his charities a profound secret, even from those who are receiving his aid.

For instance, here in Hollywood is a man—an invalid—who sincerely believes that he is living by virtue of a trust fund created by deceased relatives. The fact is that he is being provided for by five big-hearted conspirators, the chief of whom is Bill Rogers. They brought the man out here from the East, established him in comfortable quarters and every month send him all the money he needs. That man has never once suspected that he is living on charity. I learned of the case by accident, and I believe that, excepting the quintet of Good Samaritans, I am the only person who knows the facts.

PERHAPS you have heard that Bill received \$6,500 for each of his recent radio broadcasts. Did you also hear what he did with the money? The officers of the Salvation Army and the Red Cross could tell you, for each organization received exactly one half of the total sum! The seven broadcasts paid, in all, \$42,500. Undoubtedly Bill could have used that money.

He was even more generous when he toured the Middle West, raising money for flood relief. In every town where he spoke, he offered to match every dollar contributed by the public with a dollar of his own. And he did. To my certain knowledge, he was more than once called upon to cover donations amounting to about \$25,000.

Here in Hollywood, he has always played god-father to an army of out-at-the-elbows cowboys. They are his people, his kind of folks! Anything he

has is theirs for the asking; and it's only fair to add that they are loyal. Reverse the situation and they would be as generous with him. They love him and would go to hell to do him a favor.

BILL'S loyalty to his friends is inspiring. His loyalty to his background is amazing. He has never once forgotten, never once ceased to feel pride in, the fact that he springs from the "common people." And there, I think, you have one of the prime reasons for his greatness and for the love he has aroused in every corner of America.

He is a self-appointed champion and interpreter of the common folks, gloriously proud of his appointment. He dines with a president, week-ends with a billionaire industrial giant, chats informally with a king—and always he wears his homespun with such pride that it is dignified.

He is well-educated, yet on the stage, on the screen and in his writing, he affects a certain illiteracy. Analyze his grammatical errors for yourself, and you will discover that he uses exactly the same speech that Tom, Dick and Harry—all "common folks"—employ in their everyday conversations. Again you are face to face with Bill's one overwhelming pride. He wouldn't have Tom think his ambassador is high-hat for all the oil in Texas.

He's the same on the set, in the studio cafe, on the polo field, or at an emperor's dinner table. There's not one drop of hypocrite's blood in his body—unless you choose to consider his carelessness of speech and his scorn for social conventions affectations and hypocrisies.

I CALLED him boyish. One of the chief symptoms of his boyishness is his insatiable curiosity. Another is his enthusiasm. I've never known a man who was more interested in finding out what makes the wheels go round. I've never known anyone who could throw more enthusiasm into everything he does, into his play and into his work. Behind a rather lazy mannerism, he hides a school boy's energy.

We play polo together constantly. In years, he is the oldest man on the field. In enthusiasm and in endurance, he is the youngest. He plays polo as a fiction writer's heroic quarterback plays football for "dear Old Alma Mater."

I remember one afternoon when, during a hotly contested polo match, he took as nasty a spill as ever I've seen. We all thought he was killed. Instead, he picked himself up, insisted that he wasn't hurt, and kept on playing to score the winning goal.

He was to have played on the following day and vowed that he would, but his bruises became so painful that he could not ride. He actually cried when he told us that he wouldn't be able to play. He was afraid that he might be considered a quitter!

His physical strength is a by-word around the polo field. One day, not long after I met him, "Big Boy" Williams, who is far from puny and about twenty years his junior, tackled him for a friendly wrestling match. In a jiffy, Bill had Big Boy's shoulders pinned to the ground. I was aston-

The Unknown Will Rogers

ished, especially when everyone present assured me that Rogers had done the same thing at least a dozen times previously.

Of course, he has always kept in the pink of condition. He neither drinks nor smokes. He is not a heavy eater and he keeps regular hours. Every morning, at the crack of dawn, he is in the corrals, grooming and riding his horses, and roping calves. He could still qualify as a top hand on anyone's cattle ranch.

HIS greatest enthusiasm is aviation—as you've probably gathered from his own articles. Show him an airplane time-table, and he fairly froths at the mouth in his eagerness to be flying. Do you know that he has traveled more miles as an air passenger than any other living man? Did you know that he is now planning another world-wide air jaunt?

He has less temperament (just another word for temper, he says) on the set than any actor of my acquaintance—and, by the way, Bill never refers to himself as an actor.

He never complains when things go wrong, never tries to enforce his own ideas, although his stardom and his contract give him the right to do so. In short, he acts like anything but a Hollywood celebrity. The old myth about his refusal to work later than five o'clock in the afternoon is only a myth. He works until the director dismisses the company.

As long as I have known him, I've never heard him say one unkind word about anyone! His humor, by the way, is legitimate humor. I've never known him to play a practical joke, or even to jest, at anyone's expense—except in his newspaper column.

As a final proof of his boyishness, I cite his one rebellion against the demands of the studio executives. No one has ever been able to persuade him to kiss his leading ladies in a picture! He's too shy!

To obtain circulars described on page 64, write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or fifteen cents for all eight. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.

PARALYZED PORES

TRUE CAUSE OF
DRY OR OILY SKIN
ENLARGED PORES
AND BLACKHEADS

HER PORES SAY
I CAN'T BREATHE!
HELP! GIVE ME AIR!
I'M SUFFOCATING!

MAKE THIS TELLING TEST!

RUB YOUR finger tips over your face. Press firmly. Give particular attention to your chin, forehead, around your mouth, and the little crevices beside your nose. Now! Is your skin absolutely smooth? Or do you feel tiny bumps and rough patches? If you do, you have Paralyzed Pores.

Your Cleansing Methods Paralyze the Pores Because They Do Not Let the Skin Breathe

When you massage a heavy, waxy cold cream into your pores you fill them with a sticky mixture of grease and dirt. The mixture hardens in the pores—plugs them up—paralyzes them. Then the skin, unable to breathe, becomes dry, coarse and muddy. The clogged pores become enlarged. Blackheads and heart-breaking blemishes appear.

How to Correct Paralyzed Pores. For Complete Results Just This One Cream is Necessary

The way to banish paralyzed pores is to use a cleansing method that is founded on a scientific knowledge of the skin and its requirements. Such a method is supplied in Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

FIRST: This new cream melts the instant it touches the skin. It penetrates the pores to the bottom without enlarging them, dissolves the waxy accumulations and floats them to the surface where they are easily wiped off.

SECOND: It makes the pores so clean that fresh air rushes in and stimulates your tired skin. Thoroughly cleansed and revived, the pores naturally resume their normal size. Thus this cream corrects enlarged pores. No astringents are necessary.

THIRD: Lady Esther Cream resupplies the skin with a fine oil. That's why it

banishes dryness and the withered look of age. You can forget about your skin foods.

FOURTH: This one cream keeps the skin so soft and smooth, powder clings perfectly. You do not need vanishing creams or powder bases.

Prove to Yourself What My Cream Will Do For Your Skin

Mail coupon below to me, and by return mail I will send you a proof tube of my famous Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. Use this tube as I direct. Then look in your mirror—you'll see an amazing difference. Your face will be softer and smoother than ever before. Lady Esther, 2020 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

ACCEPT FREE OFFER

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER MAIL NOW
2020 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

How JOAN got her "MOVIE EYES"



Have the Witching Eyes of the Movie Stars Tonight

You can make your eyes wells of allure... get exactly the same effect the movie and stage stars do—*instantly!* Simply darken the lashes and brows with the wonderful make-up they use—called **DELICA-BROW**. In a few seconds **DELICA-BROW** makes your eyes look bigger, brighter... irresistible. Try it tonight. It's waterproof, too. Remember the name, **DELICA-BROW**. At all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.



DO YOU WANT TO BUILD A HOME?

Here are blue prints of special interest to home-builders:

Colonial House, 6 rooms and bath
Normandy House, 5 rooms and bath
Swiss Chalet, 5 rooms and bath
Italian House, 6 rooms, 2 baths
Modernistic with 5 rooms and bath
Spanish House, 5 rooms and bath

For each blue print that you want, send 3 cents to Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

How to Make a Screen Test

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bettered by the microphone but the camera catches every awkward movement of the limbs and body.

"Speak in a tone of voice that is low and well modulated. The microphone and amplifiers will supply required volume. Many young women have a personality that is lost on the screen because they 'freeze' or 'tighten up' when they have to remember lines. This goes for men, also. Naturalness makes scenes convincing—which is the prayer of all directors.

"If you lack nasal resonance, practice *m* and *n* sounds until you can feel their vibrations in the upper nose. If you can't feel this, maybe the nose isn't built right, or there is adenoid trouble. Words should 'focus' just behind the teeth. This makes for distinctness. Voices for the screen do not have to 'carry' as in the case of the stage. Your microphone is always just a few feet before you.

"See that your skin and nails are well groomed and your hair is in the best possible condition, dressed becomingly. The studio hair-dresser will make whatever changes will seem likely to improve its appearance.

"Come to the studio for your test without your mother or other adviser. They can be of no assistance to you and are not wanted.

"Try to be perfectly relaxed and natural in speech and manner when you face the camera and microphone.

"Move slowly and deliberately. Remember that serenity, placidity and confidence are the attributes of the well-bred lady and distinguish her from the common herd.

"Walk with dignity, the head erect, shoulders back, steps certain and well-timed. A shuffling gait and an athlete's stride are equally abominable for the screen.

"Sound as though you mean what you say. Color your tones. Inflection will give your words variety and keep your speech from being dull.

"Sound-recording experts divide motion picture players into three groups: those having three-foot voices, those having four-foot voices and those having more-than-four-foot voices. The distance describes the correct span from the lips to the microphone to attain the proper, natural voice quality. Stage actors, accustomed to speaking sufficiently loud for the man in the gallery to hear, are inclined to 'throw' their voices, which robs them of their personality. Practice talking from your diaphragm, like a singer.

"You can bring down the tone of your voice by practicing speaking in a lower key. Take deep breathing exercises to strengthen the diaphragm. John Gilbert lowered his voice two tones by ceaseless practice and was awarded the leading rôle in Garbo's "Queen Christina" thereby. The audience laughed at his squeaky voice when he made his first sound picture.

"Leave your mind open to suggestions the director will make. Otherwise he will be unable to do anything with you. Have confidence in yourself and in him. Appearing before the camera, more than on the stage, is a revelation of your dual consciousness.

"Take your time. Movement or action that is hurried becomes jerky. Work out what you are going to do

and do everything separately. Don't let gestures intrude on your speech and vice versa. Consider the cat; its every movement is relaxed, even and graceful.

"If you feel yourself getting nervous and confused, sit down and relax for a moment. The director will be glad to have you do this. Try to feel that he is working with you and not against you. He is searching for talent and is happy when he finds it."

AS to dramatic schools there is a difference of opinion. Says Mr. Elliscue:

"If a girl is financially able to take advantage of a voice culture school, by all means she should do so, making sure, of course, of the merits of the school. She will then be taught proper pitching of voice, correct pronunciation, how to control tone and inflections so that the fullest meaning is squeezed from the words and phrases she must speak."

Says Mr. Watson, of Fox Films: "It's a question. If the school teaches her modulation, pronunciation and clarity, it will be of incalculable value. A half-hour a day spent before a mirror in the seclusion of one's room practicing gestures and poise is worth while, too."

Says Jack Foley: "Dramatic schools have helped many."

On the other hand, Archie Mayo, at Warner Brothers, says vehemently: "Don't go in for elocution lessons. They'll do you more harm than good. We don't want novices to 'act.' The more they try, the worse they are."

The consensus of opinion, however, is that a good school will be a help.

WHAT NOT TO DO

"DON'T come to the studio dressed in white or loud patterns. White makes the body photograph wide. The chances are the studio will select a costume from its wardrobe department for you to wear during your test.

"Don't make up heavily. Rouge photographs black and thus may distort the contour of your face. The studio make-up man will show you.

"Don't depend on tricks, such as rolling your eyes, showing shapely legs or trying to give imitations of some widely-known star. Friends may think some of your tricks are 'cute' but they won't interest the test director.

"Don't become 'camera conscious,' which is a technical way of saying self-conscious. To become self-conscious means that you can't be yourself. Don't look into the camera. Almost everyone taking a film test has known this, yet most all will do it unless thoroughly steeled against it.

"Don't tell the make-up artist that you want to be made up to look like some certain screen player.

"Don't attempt changes in your make-up as it was applied by the artist. If it should cake, smear or streak, call his attention to it. He will right it. Don't attempt to wipe away a drop of mascara that may have dropped on your cheek. Leave that to the make-up artist, too. Don't smoke a cigarette after make-up has been applied, as it removes and smears the paint on your lips.

"Don't come in for a screen test on

How to Make a Screen Test

the morning after a night before. This is not a moral lesson, but a reminder that the bright lights will make you perspire, which will induce your make-up to smear, streak or cake.

"Don't be afraid of the test director. Ask him any question; he'll take time out to explain. Realize, if possible, that everyone present is there to aid you. Your interview got you your test but it takes courage and intelligence to pass it. Many of the stars are not beautiful but they have courage unlimited.

DON'T be conscious of the fact that your teeth are bad and wonder how they will look when the test is projected on the screen. A skilled dentist will straighten and cap them if need be. Joan Crawford, Marion Davies, Janet Gaynor, Marlene Dietrich, Clara Bow and many of the greatest screen stars have capped teeth.

"Don't apply for a screen test just because you've been told 'you're so pretty; you ought to be in pictures!' Many beautiful girls do not photograph well: mouths too wide, teeth that cause the mouth to droop or look crooked when they speak, weak chins in profile, cords in the neck, prominent chest bones, body too tall, slouchy walk, tendency to plumpness and inability to wear clothes.

"Nine out of ten noses have a tendency to look bulbous when faced straight to the camera. Many of these faults can be corrected by expert use of the camera, but a slouchy walk and inability to wear clothes are fatal.

"Don't come to Hollywood to seek work as an extra believing that this will get you a start in pictures. Extras seldom are selected for screen tests. There are around six thousand extra girls registered at the Central Casting Bureau now."

THE microphone is the great stumbling block for embryo actresses today. A good speaking voice is absolutely required. That is the reason most of the new talent is coming from the stage.

It is well-nigh impossible for an unknown girl without some stage or little theater training to come to Hollywood and get a screen test. It's almost as difficult as getting a role in a picture for one who has had no previous experience.

The studios are searching for, pleading for, crying for new talent. But they want talent, not just pretty faces or names to add to their payrolls. They want young men and young women who can act roles as they are acted on the stage. And that takes training.

Screen tests are ordered by the studio casting offices, by associate producers and by directors, but there must be a reason for each test. Someone must have seen at least a spark warranting the taking of a test. That's why the little theater work is looked upon as a most desirable first step toward screen employment.

Ability to memorize lines, just as for stage plays, is of utmost importance, too.

Mack Sennett has four reels of cut-outs taken from films in which

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"LURELESS LETTY" Becomes the Most Popular Girl at the Party!

1 I'M SO DISCOURAGED - I DON'T SEEM TO ATTRACT THE BOYS - LACK SOMETHING, I SUPPOSE

HOW SILLY! YOU'VE SIMPLY LET YOURSELF BECOME A LITTLE CARELESS ABOUT YOUR APPEARANCE YOUR HAIR ESPECIALLY!

2 WHAT CAN I DO? I DON'T WANT TO PAY \$2 FOR A FRESH WAVE EVERY TIME I HAVE A DATE!

EVER HEAR OF JO-CUR? YOU CAN WAVE YOUR HAIR YOURSELF MARVELOUSLY WITH JO-CUR - AND IT COSTS ABOUT A NICKEL! HERE, LET ME SHOW YOU RIGHT NOW...

3 IT'S JUST THE EFFECT I WANT - THE BEST WAVE I EVER HAD! AND ABOUT AS EASY AS COMBING THE HAIR!

WITH JO-CUR YOU CAN SUIT YOUR OWN PERSONALITY EXACTLY YOU LOOK MARVELOUS!

4 AT THE PARTY A FEW DAYS LATER

LETTY HAS GOT SO POPULAR LATELY A FELLOW CAN SCARCELY GET A DANCE... LOOKS LIKE A DAZZLING MOVIE STAR!

ISN'T SHE JUST RAVISHING?

THANKS TO THAT WONDERFUL JO-CUR, DEAR!

Have That "Ritzy" Fingerwave in Your Own Home Tonight

NOTHING "lures" like lovely hair! Thanks to a marvelous new French discovery, today it is totally unnecessary ever to sacrifice charm by having hair straggly and unattractive. Indeed, it happens you can have the same wonderful fingerwaves that the famous stars of the stage and movies have. Set them yourself! Try JO-CUR Waveset—today!

With the big bottle of JO-CUR, for 25c, you get 5 perfect waves—each of which might cost you \$2 or more at an expensive hairdresser's. Each lasts a full week. And fingerwaving your hair with JO-CUR is about as quick and easy as combing it!

Remember, JO-CUR is different from any other waveset known.



JO-CUR is made with a quince-seed base—not cheap gum, which makes the hair gummy and sticky. JO-CUR will not leave white flakes. If you have a permanent, JO-CUR will preserve its beauty far longer... Double your "appeal"! Express your VIVID PERSONALITY—bring out YOUR loveliness as never before—TONIGHT!

Get your bottle of JO-CUR at any drug or department store, or, in the trial size, at the 10c store.

Jo-cur
PRONOUNCED "JOKER"
WAVESET



*"Your Castile Shampoo
is a
Real Beauty Treatment
for the Hair
Congratulations
Marchands!"*

That's what women are saying about the wonderful new Castile Shampoo developed by Marchand's (makers of famous Marchand's Golden Hair Wash).

It's a Real Beauty Treatment for the Hair Because It—

1. Cleanses the scalp gently and thoroughly.
2. Does not dry out the scalp the way highly alkaline soaps do. Marchand's Castile Shampoo leaves the precious natural oils in the scalp, where they are needed.
3. Contains rich olive oil, nourishing to scalp.
4. Leaves hair exquisitely soft, easy to comb and manage.
5. Hair looks lustrous alive. The color of the hair is NOT lightened or changed in any way.
6. In perfect condition for waving or dressing.

Marchand's Castile Shampoo is the best thing you could use on children's tender scalps. Men who have dandruff or whose scalps tend to be dry should use NOTHING ELSE to wash their hair. The price is LOW.

Marchand's Castile Shampoo

If Your Druggist Hasn't Stocked It, Yet—Get by Mail

For a Regular Sized Bottle. Fill out coupon; send with 35c (covers all charges) in coins or stamps to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 19th St., New York City.

Please send me your Shampoo—35c enclosed.

Name.....
Address.....City.....State.....
Druggist.....
Address.....

How to Make a Screen Test

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players forgot—"blew-up" in the midst of scenes. Myrna Kennedy was removed from the cast of "The Song Writer" because she couldn't remember her lines and her acting did not come up to the standard shown in her screen test. Clara Bow used to take Gary Cooper to her home at night and drill him for hours in enunciation, diction and the mystery of dialogue.

Tala Birell, Roumanian actress imported by Carl Laemmle for Universal Pictures, knew only twenty-four English words when she arrived two years ago. When recently released she could speak English but not without an accent. Her pronunciation was imperfect.

The most thoroughly tested actress in Hollywood now is Anna Sten, the Russian whom Samuel Goldwyn is preparing to introduce. In Hollywood for more than fifteen months without making a public appearance, Miss Sten has been repeatedly tested for lighting, for make-up, for diction, dramatics, sound recording, for singing with an orchestra and without. She has played bits from "Mata Hari," from "They Knew What They Wanted" and from the plays of Oscar Wilde. Mr. Goldwyn wanted to feel assured she was fully prepared for her American debut before making it.

Greta Garbo spent two whole days undergoing screen tests for her current production, "Queen Christina." These were for costumes and make-up and were the most exhaustive she ever has undergone. No actress escapes.

THE voices of Helen Hayes, Ruth Chatterton and Ann Harding and, of course, Garbo, are considered the best in Hollywood. The deep, guttural tones of Garbo are hailed as an integral part of her marvelous acting. But directors do not suggest that others endeavor to imitate her. The voices of John Barrymore, Ronald Colman and

Conrad Nagel are looked upon as ideal among men.

Conrad Nagel, old-timer on the screen was considered not the type for the role he played in "Hell Divers," but he was granted the privilege of a test. In it he "bawled out" the studio executive to his heart's desire and did such a good job of appearing "hard boiled" he was assigned to the part he wanted. Ricardo Cortez did likewise to show that he could play the role of the Jewish doctor in "Symphony of Six Millions."

Frances Dee, while an "extra" girl, was pointed out in the studio commissary by Maurice Chevalier as the type for whom they had been searching to play the feminine lead in "Innocents in Paris." Frances had been rehearsing a one-act playlet to be tried out on the stage and was permitted to use lines from it in her screen test. She breezed through easily.

One of the funniest things I have encountered at any studio was at Universal—John Boles taking a screen test with one foot wired to a "prop." Accustomed to radio broadcasting, John developed a habit, it seems, of gradually edging closer and closer to the microphone, forgetting that he was in a motion picture studio and not in a radio room.

"Wire me down," he said. "It's all right with me."

And that's just what they did.

More than an even chance for success is assured the budding actor or actress under the present method of conducting tests. The biggest problem is to convince the studio that you have something which makes you worthy of a test. If you can get this far, the studio will help you with the rest.

But train your voice down to where it is soft and musical, and perfect your poise. You can't get by without it. That's what the directors say.

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"That is Fritz Stresseman's business," he answered, and fell again into silent contemplation of the night.

"I don't mean to be rude, child," he said at length, with a sudden softening of his usual brusqueness. "You are not ready, yet. You are not ready to work. You must fill your starved little soul with all this."

HE swept the countryside with a gesture which, for all its heaviness, was eloquent with feeling. He loved beauty, this strange man did, whether he found it in woman or in the moonlit hills. Perhaps—well, anyway, my heart went out to him, at least, that wee bit of my heart which was not already filled with my love for Travis Jackson.

"All right, Mr. Fritz," I said meekly. He did not reply.

"You don't mind my calling you Mr. Fritz?" I ventured.

"I don't mind." "I think I will call you that—it is more respectful."

He chuckled again. Every time he

did it, I feared he would upset the car. "Good!" he exclaimed. "That's all you have to do: respect Mr. Fritz, and do whatever he tells you."

With this not too reassuring statement, he lapsed into another of his long silences, which he broke this time with the seemingly irrelevant question:

"Where were you born?"

"Cadiz, —"

"Good! Spain!"

"No, Ohio."

The great body beside me shook once more—but this time it was not with pleasure; it was with disgust.

"Never mention that word again!"

"But, Mr. Fritz—"

"Don't Mr. Fritz me about Ohio. You're not to mention it, you understand. You're not to think it. You're not to read it if you see it in the paper. Better still, you're not to see a paper."

"I never do, Mr. Fritz," I replied, quite truthfully.

"Good! Can you speak Spanish?"

"No."

"Can you speak German?"

Hollywood Slave

"No."

"Can you speak anything?"

"English," I said, not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

"It is no good. Don't you know anything?"

"I know a little French."

"Good! You speak me a little French."

"I cannot speak it, Mr. Fritz. I just know the grammar, and can read a little."

"Ach, you Americans! But I will attend to all that. I will teach you French. You shall be a Frenchwoman. We have no great French woman star. You shall be it. No, that will never do. You will never speak French with the right accent, you American."

"But why do I have to be anything, Mr. Fritz?"

"I have it!" he exclaimed, ignoring utterly my question. "You shall not be Spanish-born. You shall not be German-born. You shall not be French-born. You shall be Stresseman-born. No one shall ever know whence you come. All they will know is that I, Fritz Stresseman, have raised you from a baby, have educated you, have trained you for the stage, have made you a great artiste. It shall be your mystery!"

"But, Mr. Fritz, they will know—"

"They will not know. You will speak French, but not good French. That is as it should be, because you are not French. You shall speak English, but not good English, because—"

"But I do speak good English, Mr. Fritz."

I WAS, as a matter of fact, rather proud of my diction. We had had an exceptionally good elocution teacher at Gower—quite the best thing we did have. I had taken prizes for my English.

"You think what you speak is English," continued this rudest of men, "but it isn't." It is American. I, a German, will teach you English, with just enough accent, you understand, so that these damned critics will say, "It is wonderful how she has mastered the English language in her few short weeks in our country."

"But, Mr. Fritz, everybody knows that I have been in this country, not a few weeks, but all my life."

"Who knows?"

"My family knows."

"You have no family. Who else? Neighbors? Friends? In that terrible place we shall not mention? You have no neighbors. You have no friends. Only Fritz Stresseman. He will teach you to be Old World, to be Continental, to be exotic, to be mystifying. He will give you a new face, a new figure, a new personality."

"But my voice, Mr. Fritz?"

"He will give you—no, he will not give you a new voice. He will teach you how to use that voice in a new way—in a way no woman on the screen has ever used her voice before—so that even your own mother will not recognize it. That catch, that sob, that what you call it, flame?"

"Torch?"

"Yes! That is it. You will torch all the time when you speak. Do you understand?"

"I'm afraid I don't, Mr. Fritz."

"In this act, you are terrible. You think you are funny. You are not

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Still...it's her Eyes

THAT MAKE HER SO COMPLETELY... SO IRRESISTIBLY...



SO RAVISHINGLY *fascinating*



Lovely figure, beautifully gowned . . poise and style . . yet, withal, just another mannequin unless her eyes express the fascinating charm of her own unique personality.

She knows well how important is the appearance of long, dark lashes, delicately shaded lids, and graceful, expressive eyebrows, to bring out all the alluring beauty and depth of expression in her eyes. Like five million other clever women, she achieves this natural-appearing loveliness quickly and easily with the famous Maybelline eye beauty aids.

Don't let pale, scanty lashes, blank-looking eyelids, and scraggly brows rob you of the glamorous beauty that can be so easily yours with these exquisite yet inexpensive Maybelline preparations.

A few simple brush strokes of Maybelline Eyelash Darkener will instantly transform your lashes into the appearance of long, dark, luxuriant fringe. Tear-proof, non-smarting, and absolutely harmless, it keeps the lashes soft and silky. Delicately shade your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow and see how the color of your eyes is deepened and intensified. Form lovely, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now behold. . .! Your eyes have become twin pools of alluring beauty, expressing your every mood with irresistible charm.

Encourage the natural growth of your lashes by applying Maybelline Eyelash Grower nightly before retiring. Stimulating and beneficial, it is, like all the Maybelline eye beauty aids, absolutely pure and harmless. Try these four effective aids to eye beauty today. They are obtainable in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores.



Black and Brown



Black and Brown



Blue, Brown, Blue-gray
Violet and Green



Colorless

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

New Discovery Takes Out Color Like Magic!

Harmless as Boiling Water

Fast colors—even jet black—can now be removed like magic, without harming fabrics in the slightest! And all through the use of an amazing product available for home use everywhere! It is known as White RIT.



You can easily take out all the old color... even black... with White RIT. It never harms the fabric. Also removes those stubborn spots and stains!



Now rinse your dress in a bright shade of New INSTANT RIT. Not a soap any more... but a new powder wafer that dyes in the rinse!



Look how RIT dyes every thread, even the seams through and through. And a special patented ingredient prevents streaking... gives you beautiful, even color.

Simply drop a White RIT wafer in boiling water, put in the goods from which you want to remove the color, stir, and in a jiffy all color will disappear. Even the water stays colorless!

Also Takes Out Spots and Stains

It's marvelous for removing mildew, yellowness caused by washing, ink spots, grass stains, rust... never harms the fabric. Diapers come out soft and snowy white, too.

Use White RIT to take old, faded color out of dresses, hosiery, underthings, curtains, draperies—any article unevenly faded, or sun-streaked.

After the color has been removed it is easy to put in any fashionable new color you like with Instant RIT.

See RIT color card with its 33 smart colors at your dealer's. White RIT and Instant RIT are on sale everywhere.

WHITE



Removes All Colors

— HARMLESSLY

GEORGE: Come home

I didn't mean the things I said. I'm sorry. My nerves were on edge. It must have been my old feet that made me say what I did. I'm a different person now—No more corns for me. I discovered *Blue-Jay. Forgive me George—come back.

*Blue-Jay—the scientific Corn Remover by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house. Pain stops instantly—Corn gone in 3 days.

Write BAUER & BLACK, Department TM12500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois, for free booklet and interesting foot exercise pictures.

Hollywood Slave

(Continued from page 91)

funny. You think you can sing a comic song. I groan. I groan when I hear you sing a comic song. But when you torch—my child, when you torch, you are the eternal flame. You always have been. You always will be. You are divine!"

Divine! The word was included among millions of others in the dictionary—even in my somewhat limited American vocabulary!—but when this man with the gleaming eyes uttered the word, it impregnated me with the feeling that I was that word itself.

THE car had been gliding along mile after mile while my companion had been outlining his fantastic scheme for my future. I had been so wrapped up in him, so bewildered by his conversation, that I had lost all sense of time or place. Occasionally, when the night breeze had swept through the car, I had glanced out at the passing scene, but I was only vaguely aware of being carried along a silver pathway right to the moon herself, only to find that her light was pale and insignificant beside the brilliance of the gleaming eyes beside me.

I was, therefore, utterly surprised when we turned once more into the circuitous narrowness of Odin Street and found ourselves again taking our headlong course to the base of the towering Dam, and up, through gracefully winding grades to the rambling hillside castle which was Fritz Stresseman's home.

There was an air of nervous activity about the house tonight. There was none of the shadowy mystery of that twilight hour. The windows blazed with lights. As we climbed the steep steps, I fancied that I could hear wheels turning and dynamos humming as they used to on nights like this in the old reservoir power house back home. Of course, it was my imagination. However, I could not escape the thought that I was entering a factory instead of a home.

The sight that met my eyes in the great studio room, where Fritz had talked to me so madly of his ideals that first day in the sunset, confirmed this impression. Where there had been beauty and shadow, there was ugliness and glare. Someone had apparently made a business of turning on lights; not soft, beautifying lights, but hard, white ones that stripped the human face of color and expression and left only the naked grotesquerie of line. In the days to come, I was to get used enough to this cruel light: in the studio, in the make-up room, in this study of Fritz Stresseman's, which he could convert by the turn of a switch into both.

WHETHER it was that I was so shaken by the experiences I had just been through, or so excited by the prospect of the experiences I was about to go through, I do not know. But even this first night, when any normal woman would have been thinking only of the devastating effect of all this glare upon her own appearance, I saw only the room itself and the strange, gnome-like creatures who peopled it. There they were, those four appraising men, who had come in turn to stand at the far end of the center aisle, and to move to the left, when I moved to

go into my torch routine; and one other, a new man, a short, fat man with hanging cheeks and glasses as shiny as his nose. And they all had hats. The first thing I noticed was that they were sitting in this beautiful room with their hats on!

God knows I should have been accustomed to the rudeness of the theatrical male. Nearly six months had I been in the theater—and not once had anyone, from house manager to call boy, so much as lifted his hat to me, or taken his cigar from the corner of his mouth, or risen when I entered the room. But there was something in the studied rudeness of these five men's gaze which exceeded anything I had so far experienced.

I said that I had lost the normal feelings of a woman. Suddenly, I found them again—not only the feelings of a woman but the feelings of a girl. I was afraid. And why shouldn't I be? For there I was exposed in this brilliant whiteness, to the cruel, unfriendly eyes of these men whose appraising glance was one which might have been bestowed upon a naked Greek slave in the conqueror's market.

Like a creature trapped, I glanced around in vain for the man whose presence I was already beginning to depend upon, whose strength I was already leaning on and without which I was nothing but a frightened, half-naked female.

In that moment of terror, I had no thought of Trav, no thought of fame, glory, or even of love. All I longed for was to have the body of that yellow-haired giant between myself and the staring eyes of those men.

Had Fritz Stresseman deserted me? Was I left here alone without his friendly help? What was it all about? Who were these men? Beasts of prey who were about to devour me?

I SOON discovered that my reactions were purely feminine. These men didn't want me any more than Stresseman had. They weren't even friendly, admiring or idealistic in their thoughts of me. They were my enemies. They begrudged me my hope of success. They wanted nothing of me—only to get rid of me.

One man rose from the big chair in which he had been lolling, his huge cigar sticking out of the side of his mouth, his derby stuck on the back of his large, bald head.

"Crazy! Crazy madman!" he shouted. "Of all the cockeyed ideas that you've ever had, Fritz Stresseman—and God knows you've had many—this one beats them all. A goddess! A mirror of beauty!"—he spat the whole vindictively in the direction of a farther corner, where upon closer inspection, I discovered Stresseman, behind one of the floodlights that were smarting my eyes. So he was there! Instantly my courage began to flow back into my frozen veins, my head instinctively went higher. He was there! I was safe!

The little fat man went on in his explosive way:

"My God, man, she's too young, a mere child. What does she know about life, about—"

"Know!" Stresseman's voice boomed out like a cannon roar. "What do you

Hollywood Slave

know about life, Isadore Wentsch? You, who traffic in dollars and cents, in dimes and nickels. Just because your women are old and worn out already from lying and cheating and grasping and grabbing, you think youth and innocence has nothing to give. Look at her, you Hebrew merchant, look at her. She is as old as the world. Look at that hair; into the depth of its blackness. It is a well in which men have thrown themselves in despair, thousands of years before you and I were born—

Like a god again, striding up and down, he was. Insignificant were the others in his presence—ignorant fools struck dumb before the magic of his thundering voice.

"I want her!" he cried. He stopped before the little man he had called Isadore. "I, Fritz Stresseman, I want her and I get her."

"Yes, yes," began the little man, in a conciliatory voice. "I know, but after all, Fritz, for another picture, maybe, but not this one. Some other time—"

"Now!" The exclamation rang out with a note of destiny.

Isadore shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands. "Listen, Fritz, you're excited tonight. Wait until tomorrow. We talk this thing over. I don't blame you, Fritz, she's beautiful, she's young—we want youth, but not in this picture. Don't let your feelings carry you away. Have some sense!"

"Sense!" It was almost a shriek. "My God! The last thing in the world that has ever been used in the making of moving pictures! I know what you're thinking, you slimy-minded rat! You think I'm in love with her, don't you? Oh, I know, all of you, that's all women ever mean to any of you. Make a picture—make a girl. Well, nobody makes this one. Understand! Only Fritz Stresseman, he makes this one. And he makes her into the woman she was ten thousand years ago!"

He stopped. "Here, Sam, you take her inside. Pierre, you put that golden gown on her. You, Paul, make her face up—leave her hair alone. And you," he turned round suddenly and looked down at me. "You will give yourself into the hands of these men. They won't harm you. They dare not! And come back into this room a goddess of ancient Egypt—a goddess in the Temple of the Sacred Cat—" His voice softened and his green eyes, cat's eyes that shine so brightly in the dark, now shining as though we were in the blackness of eternity, instead of in the harsh, glaring brightness of Klieg floodlights. He did not touch me, just gazed into my face, but my whole body felt enveloped with a physical strength as though he had indeed placed his great body all around me and the lights were all gone. We were alone, and I worshipped him!

IN a daze, I felt my body clothed, my face painted, and as in a dream, I heard the coarse voice of one of the many men who had been working on me say:

"O. K., baby, and take my advice, kid. Make it good. Fritz may be able to swing this for you, but little Isadore is obstinate. Lord knows, he's no gentleman, but he prefers blondes!"

The door was opened for me, and I walked toward it, swathed from head

(Please turn to page 94)

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Hollywood Slave

(Continued from page 93)

to foot in golden, metal cloth that seemed to keep my body from falling, as indeed I thought it would. My heart was beating, as I had seen a bird's beat when it had been caught and held in the big, strong hand of some kindly but inquisitive person. My head was clanging inside as though filled with a million bells. As I met the green eyes toward which I was walking, I seemed to hear a far-away voice say:

"It's your fire, honey. You go to it."

Every imaginable feeling rushed over my body. Waves and waves of strange sensations flowed through me. But my mind became singularly clear. It seemed as though life, itself, had come forward, clothed in some tenable form and had challenged me. That voice of Trav's, the green eyes and kindly face of Fritz Stresseman, the contemptuous verdict of Isadore and the commonplace expressions of these other men, all seemed to combine into one taunting challenge. I felt that if I didn't walk through that doorway, as I knew, now, that I had walked through doorways into sacred temples before—long, long before I was born—that I would surely die: that everything would become black forever and I would never see those green eyes again or hear the voice of my beloved.

I walked. The lights were all gone. Only a strange stone altar at the far end of the room was lit by a soft, seductive light which had just sufficient strength to illuminate the immediate space around it. A huge black cat was sitting on this altar. As I approached it, it seemed to have the body of a woman. Strange, I had thought it would have had the body of a man—a yellow-haired giant of a man. The light, instead of getting brighter, grew dimmer. I could hardly see my way at all now.

OF course, I was fainting, only I didn't know it, and neither did they. They thought it was acting!

My feet were groping slowly and the floor began to melt away. I felt no fear, only desire to fall prostrate before this shining, glistening, magnificent black cat, whom I worshipped. As I sank down, down, into the softness be-

neath my feet, I heard a voice right by my ear say:

"You win, Stresseman. You win!"

When I came to, it was noon of the following day. The sun was streaming in through casement windows into a bedroom, the like of which I had never seen before. It was not a woman's bedroom; nor was it especially a man's. It had that strange Spanish sexlessness which, I was to learn, is characteristic of so much of this California architecture.

At first, I could not imagine how I came to be in such a place. Instinctively, I reached out for Travis; reached, of course, in vain. Suddenly, it all came back to me. Not the scene in the studio the night before. That was only a dream—a beautiful dream, if circumstances were right to view it in that light; but in its relation to the grim reality of what I had done to Travis, to our love, a nightmare. The reality was what came back to me.

Of course, this must be a room in Fritz Stresseman's house. Obviously, friendly hands had put me in this great bed to recover from the emotional collapse into which my excitement had betrayed me. No one had meant me any harm. Everybody, even those gnome-like men, had, in the end, wished me well. I distinctly remembered the hoarse cry of Mr. Isadore Wentsch:

"You win, Stresseman. You win all right!"

YES, Stresseman had won. He had won the first skirmish with Travis Jackson in the long battle which, my instinct told me, these two men were destined to fight for my body and my soul. But what of my part in the seeming victory? What of my promise to the boy in the tiny hotel room? What of the boy, himself? What would come of all this?

All at once, it came to me that Travis, my lover, my beautiful young husband, might not be waiting for me in that hotel room. He might not be waiting for me at all. It was day—the next day. How could he know that I had fainted? How could he know that I had been left to myself in this

(Please turn to page 103)

COLORS THEY CHOOSE

To help you choose your new wardrobe we have obtained the color schemes shown in the new wardrobes of Hollywood stars of four different types—Claudette Colbert, Lilian Harvey, Myrna Loy and Fay Wray. If you would like a copy of this circular, please send your request with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mary Lane, care of The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Elissa Landi's Romance

(Continued from page 33)

she would stride, leap or run from the range of the camera, kidding the property man, tossing a line to an extra, or landing a slap on the back of Fredric Marcus Superbus March.

THERE is quite a resemblance between Elissa and Katharine Hepburn. One would never suspect it from the way the former was tied down on the screen prior to "The Warrior's Husband." Elissa was labeled "Royal" on arrival and got sunk in the deep purple. The Hepburn wouldn't light long enough for them to stick a label on her. She wrote her own publicity ticket.

Katharine Hepburn originated the role of *Antiope* in the stage version of "The Warrior's Husband." I never saw it, but when they were searching for a screen star to play the part, I suggested Elissa Landi and got a good laugh.

"She's too blank-blank lady-like," was the first reaction. *Antiope* had to be like a boy; she had to fight; and, above all, she had to show her legs and more. Elissa Landi would never do that.

"I'm not saying she would," I answered, "but I'm telling you as one who has been leg conscious for years, she could and no one would be disappointed."

The director was the first to agree. I think he must have seen Elissa riding bareheaded, through the passes and over the hills, as she does every morning. That "gal" astride a horse, chin up, eyes shining, bronze bob flying, could make the Greeks retreat in embarrassment, admitting that they had no word for it!

I'd like to see her do Bernard Shaw's "Joan of Arc," but then I'd like to see so many things which are not considered "Box Office Stuff" by the studios that I have not worked in one of them for over a year. Perhaps it's just as well. I didn't have to take a cut and the only conferences I attend are the birds' bathing beauty contests held daily on the rim of my swimming pool.

Walter Lang, being one of the younger directors, has no crowd of "Langsters" when he is shooting a picture, but I was in at the birth of "The Warrior's Husband" and got a great kick out of watching others watch what they called "the new Landi" wearing her armour as if she had been born in it, or handling a shield and sword with all the ease of Saint George.

After the first preview of the picture, everyone was saying, "What has happened to Landi? Walter Lang certainly brought her out. I wouldn't believe she was the same person. Boy! What a chassiss!" Headlines above criticisms read, "Landi drops her reserve!"

ELISSA is not a girl who drops anything; she throws things. And what she threw to the wind or the publicity department (they're somewhat synonymous) was at least six of the seven veils of bunk she had been swathed in. Coldness, aloofness, classiness, sexlessness, literary-ness. Maybe I'm making up some *nesses*, but, anyway, she saved that seventh veil to throw when the studio wanted her to play a poor English girl named *Smith* who marries a royal Italian duke.

(Please turn to page 96)



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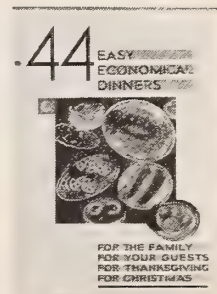
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Elissa Landi's Romance

(Continued from page 95)

I'm afraid her background gave the foreground a decided shove. You see she happened to know that such a thing couldn't happen in Italy even with the Facisti in power. I know how fatal it is to say a thing couldn't happen in a studio. The answer is "It's going to happen," and it does.

The royal Italian duke will marry plain Miss Smith with the approval of Czar Will Hayes. The Pope is not consulted, but the picture will not depend on the Italian market. It won't even pass by it. They have plenty of vegetables in their markets.

Elissa refused to take part in the Smith-ducal marriage which could only be a morganatic one outside of the talkies; and the fight was on.

Naturally she was said to have lost her head over the success of "The Warrior's Husband"; in reality, she had simply regained her self-confidence on seeing and hearing that the public liked her without the veils.

I WATCHED her become herself more and more each day during the filming of the picture. By the time it was finished I knew that any studio attempting to slap Elissa Antiope back down from the heights of emancipation was in for a battle.

The result was a draw. Elissa disappeared. I don't know what became of Miss Smith and her duke, but when I read that Fox Studios had released Elissa I was happy for all concerned. Refusing to play a role was not good. Playing it would probably have been worse. It will be interesting to see where Elissa builds her new nest.

WITH this article in mind I asked her to come to swim and lunch. If you have, by chance, followed me through the many free meals I have eaten since starting to write these friend's-eye views of the stars, you will be relieved to know that there is some food available *chez moi*.

She arrived spick and span in a chic white ensemble. The golden tan of her face in the bronze frame of her hair formed an attractive setting for the "twinklers" which alternate between turquoise and jade, according to the light, not sunlight, moonlight or even arcs, the lights from within.

When Elissa Antiope is talking about music or books or her garden, the eyes are blue. When she talks pictures, executives, or press agents they are green. I imagine they have their gray days, and I saw them go violet the other night when she was talking to Caroline (the countess-mother to the publicity readers; Caroline to Elissa and her friends). It will be a tough day for Technicolor when they try to photograph the Landi lamps.

Elissa likes my little garden, perhaps because she has such a big one. She eyed the pool which is a "quickie" compared to others in Beverly Hills.

"May I go in without a top?" she said.

"You may go in any way you like," I substituted, and we compromised on trunks. Please be assured that I have the smallest pool, but the highest hedge in these parts. If anyone can see what I wear or don't wear, I at least am unaware of scrutiny. Modesty is a form of self-consciousness anyway, sez me!

Well, we olive-oiled, and sunned and exercised and smoked and talked about everything but Elissa Antiope's emancipation. With lunch came the realization that I was actually feeding the wench and getting no information on the vital subject. I couldn't remember what it was. In the midst of the salad, I snapped into activity.

"Miss Landi, what do you think of talking pictures?"

"I try not to!" said my guest, taking the last radish. I can't give you our conversation verbatim, for several reasons, the most important being that this is an article, not a serial. We sat at lunch until tea time.

HERE are a few facts that might interest you if you are a Landi fan. And if you're not, they may rouse enthusiasm.

Although she is a composite of as many nationalities as the average Peace Pact and just about as pacific, Elissa feels that she belongs in America. From the moment she landed she has said, "This is my country." Not Austria, where Caroline came from, not England, where she was raised, not Italy, where the Landi name belongs—America, where she feels at home.

No sending back American dollars for her. She has bought a lovely estate, seven acres, up in the hills. It is among California roses that she spends at least an hour a day, snipping. Her house is filled with every sort of flower, all from her garden.

One's first visit is a sort of Cook's tour from vase to vase, for she cuts them and arranges them herself.

She will mention her horse as soon as permissible, but she won't tell you that she has a stable full of equine dependents. You see, she had horses in her other life. It does not occur to her that half the joy of possessions in her adopted country lies in being able to talk about them.

WHEN she did her disappearing act, she was very thorough. I don't believe anyone but Caroline knew where she was, and I would say that Caroline might give the sphinx lessons in the obsolete art of keeping secrets.

Elissa was seeing America. Incognito and alone, she braved the wilds of Iowa, Colorado, Ohio and other states whose names attracted her. Via plane and hired automobile, she leapt from state to state very much in the same manner that Antiope leapt over the gate on her first entrance in "The Warrior's Husband." But Elissa had no billing. Only once in six weeks was she recognized, and then she talked the village spy out of it.

She stopped when she felt like it, renting the front room in some grateful housewife's abode. She knows more about real American folks than the folks themselves know.

One thing you may have read about her is authentic. She is a novelist, and good enough to have had four books published. The first one she wrote when very young; she tabulates it as a rather heavy effort. The second, she says, was a bit mad. The third has done surprisingly well, and the fourth she really has some hope for.

Elissa writes songs and she can sing

Elissa's Landi's Romance

them, but she doesn't insist. Elissa reads palms for fun, but it's mostly her fun when she starts telling you home truths which you wish would remain at home.

ELISSA married a young Englishman several years ago, a very attractive one. He comes over to visit her, but, so far, she has not returned the call. She says he is a darling. I'm sure he is, but I can't visualize her as a married woman. I can't see her tied down to anything yet.

The minute I start giving opinions about the love life of my friends, however, they immediately do something which causes me to eat my words. Very bad for the digestion and not too helpful for the disposition; so I'll stick to the Landi's own advice. The best way to keep the marriage knot from slipping is not to talk about it too much.

I WENT to dinner with Caroline, Elissa and a group of their friends the other night. I didn't know many of the guests—they were mostly non-professionals—but I saw for the first time a friendship between mother and daughter that reminded me of the Janis girls (as my mother and I were always referred to by intimate friends), and I told Elissa so.

"You could pay me no higher compliment!" she said.

"I'm not trying to compliment you, my sweet," I answered. "I'm just telling you the truth. Will you do as much for me?"

Elissa Antiope twinkled. "Have you a filter system in your swimming pool? I'm building one, you know, and I'm not sure whether I want—"

"Good-night, Mrs. Sphinx's daughter," I said, cutting her off in the middle of the filtering system. "I hope you get snails in your rose garden!"

Try to pin her down! Try to stop Lindbergh from flying. You try, but work out your hundred-year plan first!

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R. C. AGARD • MANAGER

14 EAST 60TH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 49)

terested in watching newcomers for whom the producers have high hopes, remember the name of Isabel Jewell and watch for her in this. She is under contract to M-G-M, but they have been lending her to other companies to give her experience in a wide variety of roles. They believe that if you can make good in a Barrymore picture, you must be good. And people who have been close to this picture in the making say that the whole cast was inspired not only by his performance as the lawyer, but by the powerful story. If you are looking for light entertainment, this is not for you, but if you like tense drama, it is.

DESIGN FOR LIVING—(Paramount)—When Ernst Lubitsch saw this sly, sardonic comedy of Noel Coward's on the stage, he said he did not want to direct it for pictures. When he saw how Ben Hecht rewrote it for pictures, and learned that he could have Miriam Hopkins, Gary Cooper, Fredric March, and Edward Everett Horton for the four principal roles, he was his old self again—rarin' to go and full of ideas for subtle innuendoes. If you saw or read the play and loved it as almost all New Yorkers did, you may be shocked at some of the changes and miss some of Coward's oft-quoted lines. If you can look at it without prejudice, as an original story, you will probably think it could not have been better.

Miriam plays a commercial artist, Fredric March a young playwright, and Gary Cooper an art student. Their lives get all complicated because both men are in love with Miriam and she just can't choose between them. She doesn't help matters any by running away from Paris and her two suitors to marry Horton and live in America. Eventually she is bound to see those two fascinating and blithe young men again. Inevitably she is going to realize that she does not love her husband; she misses the gayety of their banter, and still cannot choose between them.

Women liked the play better than men did. It is such a relief for them to put themselves in the place of a heroine whose string of admirers is never menaced by some slinky siren.

HOOPLA—(Fox)—One of the best pictures made in the early days of talkies was "The Barker" and when the Fox Company looked around for a knockout vehicle for Clara Bow they realized that a new version of this play was infinitely better than any other story they could find. They have brought it up to date by making Clara a dancer at the Exposition in Chicago. There are midgets and giants, ferris wheels and barkers, all the raucous, gaudy atmosphere of a carnival, but it is the story that makes the picture thrilling. It is no mere triangle; it is a quadrangle. Preston Foster, the carnival owner, puts his sweetheart, played by Minna Gombell, second in his affections. His ambition to protect his son, played by Richard Cromwell, from following in his footsteps comes first. Minna will do anything to get him out of the way. Clara, the good-hearted young roughneck, falls in love with the son and he with her to the dismay of his father. There is a clash of de-

sires from the beginning, and fighting the daily battles of a carnival troupe does not train anyone to pull his or her punches. Even if this picture gave you nothing but Clara as Little Egypt, that sideshow would probably send you running to the theater.

BOMBSHELL—(M-G-M)—Every screen-struck girl ought to see this picture and everyone who likes to indulge in a snicker at the extravagant ways of Hollywood will revel in it. It is farce, but farce with vicious shafts of truth. Jean Harlow is a somewhat dizzy motion-picture star shoved into prominence through the efforts of her press agent played by Lee Tracy. She lives in a house that is a monument of bad taste, has a babbling drunkard of a father, played by Frank Morgan, and a no-good brother played by Ted Healy. Her affections drift from Franchot Tone, to Pat O'Brien, to Ivan Lebedeff and the latter two get into a fight that plays havoc with her furnishings. Wherever she is, there is excitement, and her blundering retinue of pets, maids, secretary, and family. The big moment comes when she decides to adopt a baby and the town buzzes with scandal. If you are sentimental about your Hollywood favorites, this might offend you, so many episodes are taken from life. Otherwise it will give you a hilarious evening.

MOULIN ROUGE—(United Artists-Twentieth Century)—This new company headed by Darryl Zanuck, who was for years in charge of making Warner Brothers pictures, is determined to act as a pacemaker for the whole industry. They have grabbed players from other companies and spared neither effort nor expense in making their pictures. They bought this French play about a notorious French actress and a song writer's wife with stage ambitions and persuaded Constance Bennett to play both roles. They brought Tullio Carminati, favorite of the New York stage, out to play in it and captured Franchot Tone for another role. After hearing Constance sing in "The Woman Spy" they had two songs written for her. Then they proceeded to gather together a troupe of chorus girls, male singers and stage hands to provide backstage atmosphere and put up some flashy night club sets. The total promises to be a fast-moving story, out-roughing Cagney at times when Constance's husband tries to put an end to her stage ambitions. There are sultry love scenes too. You may even suspect that Constance set out to show that Garbo and Dietrich and Mae West haven't a monopoly on torrid personality.

THE FIRE CHIEF—(M-G-M)—This is Ed Wynn's third try at making motion pictures, and it is going to be their loss if people stay away from it because of his old silent pictures or that "Manhattan Mary" which introduced him in talkies. Those other pictures of his just didn't quite click; in this one he promises to be the same riot of laughs that he is on the radio. The humor is of the mad Marx Brothers variety. Ed Wynn plays a simple-minded goof who is so timid that the explosion of a firecracker un-

New Pictures You Should See

nerves him. His father was fire chief and community hero, but Ed is just a quiet soul who sells hats by day and practices on his violin at night. Crooked politicians plot to elect him as alderman and then use him to promote their graft. They get Dorothy Mackaill (minus that threatened avoidupois and looking prettier than ever) to vamp him, but she feels sorry for him and tips him off to the plot. In an effort to lose the election, he carries on a maudlin campaign that gives him a chance to ride through the streets wearing those insane costumes that only Wynn can assemble. The voters fool him by electing him anyway. So to save them from their own idiocy, Dorothy gives up torch singing to become his secretary, and together she and Wynn run the city government with laughs instead of graft. If you like nonsense, this is your picture.

BEAUTIFUL—(R-K-O)—Ann Harding's big following will find her beautiful, noble, and dramatic in this one. Incidentally, it will probably bear another title by the time you see it. You can recognize it from the fact that Al Santell directed it and Nils Asther, Sari Maritza and Irving Pichel appear in her support.

Your enjoyment of the picture may depend on how many times you have seen the situation of the doctor faced with performing an operation to save an enemy. They always take the noble course. Some day someone will make a picture where a barber, or dentist, or surgeon gets an enemy in his clutches and without hesitating plunges the knife deep, chuckling meanwhile.

Don't jump to the conclusion that the whole story is a hackneyed one. It isn't. In the first place the surgeon is a woman, Ann Harding. She is called to perform an operation on Sari Maritza who has just been injured in an airplane crash. She was with Ann's husband when it happened. But Ann does not really love her husband, anyway, so it won't be an irreparable loss for her to save the beauty of her rival. It will just set her free to go back to her first love, Nils Asther, a doctor with whom she had been associated before her marriage. Expert acting has put life into less appealing stories than this, and Miss Harding, Robert Young, Irving Pichel and Nils Asther do nobly by it. Besides Ann Harding's and Sari Maritza's clothes are enough to make any woman want to see the picture.

THE MAD GAME—(Fox)—If you have been hunting all through the coming attractions for mention of a grim, robust gangster picture, here it is. Spencer Tracy is the star and that is enough to make many of us want to see it. Claire Trevor, that pretty young blonde who has been making Westerns with George O'Brien, plays a newspaper reporter who is the big moment in Spencer's life. Double-crossed by his attorney who advises him to plead guilty to a charge of evading the income tax, Spencer goes to Atlanta for five years. When he comes out the "snatch" racket, or if you haven't been thoroughly educated by gangster pictures, kidnapping, is the gangster's game. If I told you what he does to the kidnaping racket, you would resent it as much as being

told in advance who is guilty in a murder mystery. Just take my word for it that he does plenty.

THE VINEGAR TREE—(M-G-M)—Alice Brady's presence in this cast is enough guarantee of entertainment for everyone who has seen her string of successes starting with "When Ladies Meet" and going right through "Beauty for Sale." But you may be interested to know that this gives her a bigger and even more amusing part than usual. She is a blithe, vague, and pretty silly woman whose memory plays tricks on her and almost ruins the lives of the rest of the cast. Her daughter, Mary Carlisle, quarrels with her sweetheart, played by William Janney, because he accuses her of being unsophisticated. She sets out to acquire sophistication from a week-end guest in her mother's house, but her mother has delusions about the man being an old suitor of hers who had never recovered from his infatuation. Lionel Barrymore plays Alice Brady's explosive husband, and the scene where he insults all his wife's guests will long stand out in your memory as the most hilarious episode since the quarrel in "Private Lives."

Conway Tearle comes back to the screen in this picture, Earl Oxford and Jeanette Loff sing a delightful song, and little Mary Carlisle shows that she is becoming a real trouper.

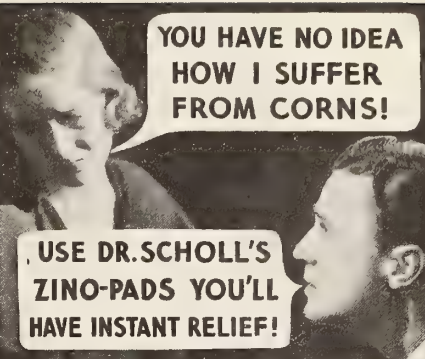
BLOOD MONEY—(United Artists-Twentieth Century)—This is another from the new producing company headed by Darryl Zanuck. It brings back George Bancroft, that old favorite, and presents Judith Anderson, one of the popular young actresses of the New York stage, on the screen for the first time. It has Frances Dee as a society woman who is a kleptomaniac, Chick Chandler as an underworld dandy who is a confirmed woman chaser, and Blossom Seeley as a night club singer.

The action in this picture is fast and furious. George Bancroft plays an underworld leader who wields great influence over politicians. Enemy gangsters seek to get rid of him, and there is one of those nerve-racking sequences where Judith coming to his rescue is in a wreck where cars are smashed, a fire plug smashed and the streets flooded with water, just as he is about to strike the dynamite that will blow him to bits.

If Twentieth Century is going to keep up this pace of crowding songs, celebrities, and thrills into their pictures, it might be a good idea for some other company to make an idyllic little romance of a country crossroads. It might be nice for a change.

AGGIE APPLEBY—(R-K-O)—This can hardly be offered as the quaint little romance demanded above, for in it William Gargan is temporarily out of the way, in jail, just because he beat up eight policemen. When he returns and finds that Charlie Farrell has supplanted himself in Wynne Gibson's affections, there is another battle. Nevertheless, this picture is one of those that has an indescribable, unpretentious air about it. Perhaps it is because of ZaSu Pitts who plays a plain-tive chambermaid in her best manner. Perhaps it is because the rich young

(Please turn to page 100)



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New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 99)

man played by Charlie Farrell accepts Wynne Gibson as worthy of him even though she has grown up amid the roughest surroundings.

Two endings have been made for this picture, and maybe the censors will have a hand in deciding which one you will see. In one the flamboyant Wynne marries Gargan who is of her own class; in the other she marries wealth and position represented by Charlie.

EAST OF FIFTH AVENUE—(Columbia)—This picture borrows the "Grand Hotel" idea of showing the interwoven lives of the people living under one roof. This time it is an old brownstone house, once part of the fashionable life of New York, now a rooming house. Romance, poverty, crime and consuming ambition touch the lives of this little group. Columbia has high hopes for Dorothy Tree, for they are co-starring her with Wallace Ford in this, the first picture she has made for them.

DANGEROUS TO WOMEN—(Universal)—This title is likely to be changed by the time they put the finishing touches on the picture and show it at your local theater, so just remember it is the one directed by Kurt Neumann in which Chester Morris, Helen Twelvetrees and the incomparable Alice White appear.

This is a prizefight story, but quite different from the usual prizefight story where the hero wins the big bout and the girl. The winning fighter loses the girl.

Chester Morris plays a fighter who comes from a small town to New York and promptly becomes so cocky that his managers walk out on him. Somewhat chastened, he goes into training for his big bout, but he suffers a knockout when the great day finally comes. There are a number of prize-ring celebrities playing small parts in this picture, and authentic training-gym atmosphere will please fight fans. For the romantic youngsters there is the never-running-smoothly love affairs of Morris and Alice White, Helen Twelvetrees and John Miljan. And for the women, there are some unusually smart clothes.

FURY OF THE JUNGLE—(Columbia)—There is a scarcity this month of rugged dramas in the wilds of the jungle, and even if there weren't, this picture would probably prove the biggest attraction to people who like to go exploring in their movies. The action takes place deep in the South American jungle at a trading post where natives come to trade skins and feathers for the baubles of the white man. Murderers, embezzlers, fugitives from justice and escaped convicts make up the population, and only stealing is a crime. The punishment for stealing is death.

Toshia Mori plays a lovely native girl, Alan Dinehart a villain who gets thrown to the crocodiles, and the cast has many favorites, among them Donald Cook, Peggy Shannon, and Dudley Digges.

TIN PANTS—(Universal)—The title of this Slim Summerville-Andy Devine comedy is almost sure to be changed, but we cannot help it. All

we can do is promise you that if you have found Slim's other pictures amusing, you will like this even better. Slim and Andy, cowhands on a dilapidated Montana ranch, suddenly inherit wealth and a medieval castle in England. They also inherit troubles, but falling in love is Slim's own idea. It is pretty hard on him because up to the time he met Leila Hyams the one great love of his life was a horse. There is a lot of humor in the gradual adjustment of the two lowly cowhands to life in a castle patrolled by sentries in ancient armor. There are tense moments when Slim foils a kidnaping plot. And then there is the horse. You won't blame Slim for loving that horse—after you've seen him.

AND DON'T FORGET

"The Late Christopher Bean" which gives Marie Dressler a much more gentle role than that of the old roustabout "Tugboat Annie." Lionel Barrymore, Beulah Bondi and Helen Mack are in it.

"The Way to Love" because it is the last chance you will have to see Chevalier in pictures for several months.

"Night Flight" an M-G-M all-star special. Helen Hayes, John Barrymore and Lionel, Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, and Robert Montgomery are all in this tragic story of aviators' risks.

"Female" a big attraction to all Ruth Chatterton fans. She plays a big business executive who takes her love affairs as lightly as any philandering male until the right man, played by her husband, George Brent, comes along.

"The World Changes," a story of the disintegration of fine pioneer stock. Paul Muni leaves the farm to run cattle, then establishes a packing house, and builds a huge fortune only to see his empire destroyed in the stock market crash. Margaret Lindsay, Mary Astor and Patricia Ellis are all victims of soft living and the family decline. Many scenes are spectacular.

"Too Much Harmony" the gayest and most tuneful of recent musical films with Bing Crosby—and such crooning—pretty girls galore, Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, Harry Green, Lilyan Tashman and Ned Sparks.

"Little Women" the Louisa M. Alcott novel filmed with tender regard for the greatly-loved characters. Katharine Hepburn once more gives a superb performance and Joan Bennett, Jean Parker and Frances Dee catch the spirit of this old, but never-forgotten story.

"Berkeley Square," a romance that sounds terribly highbrow since it presents theories about time that are worthy of Einstein, but is really the most touching of love stories, beautifully played by Leslie Howard and Heather Angel.

"I'm No Angel" another grand vehicle for Mae West. Theaters will probably be bringing this back for a second and third showing just as they did with the hit-of-the-year—"She Done Him Wrong."

"My Weakness" a delightful comedy with music, expert fooling, six of the prettiest girls you have ever seen, and Lilian Harvey the daintiest little ingenue in pictures with a gift for comedy and a sweet voice.

Oh, Look Who's Here

(Continued from page 52)

had far passed her quota, because she felt that, as a good hostess, she had to drink ginger ale every so often with guests, and ginger ale seemed to call for hot dogs and hot dogs, again, seemed to call for ginger ale. She looked cute in her farmerette make-up.

There was a big hay wagon at one side of the room, and on this the guests rested between dances. Chico Marx pretended he had pitched hay all day and was too tired to work, so he covered himself with hay, and boo'd at every girl who came near.

Then he and his brothers, Groucho and Harpo, grouped themselves and sang barber-shop harmony. Harpo has a grand baritone, and should break his rule of silence on the screen.

Kay Francis had provided a variety of farm animals. Every time you saw her she was attending a different one. First, she carried a little brown hen. The hen seemed to understand that she was being honored, and cuddled down in Kay's arms. Next she had a white duck. But he (or she) quacked out of turn, struggled to get loose, and finally covered itself with ignominy by fluttering into the punch bowl. Then Bill Powell gave it a saucer of beer, and it was declared inebriated and a disgrace to the movies.

Gloria Swanson had the most attractive make-up, dressed as a country boy with dark tan and millions of freckles. She wore overalls, bare feet and had one toe bandaged.

Husband Michael Farmer was barefoot, too.

Gloria annoyed all the other guests no end with a water pistol which she turned on everyone. Finally, in desperation, some one turned a man-sized hose on her, and she stopped long enough to dry out her clothes, which were sopping.

Almost every one there was dressed as Katharine Hepburn dresses—in blue denim overalls—but Carmel Myers decided to be different. She wore a carpenter's costume—white overalls with dozens of little pockets over the front of them, and a different tool in each pocket. But before the evening was over, she had lost every tool and hardly dared face her gardener the next morning, she said, since she had borrowed them from him.

Arthur Hornblow made the crack that there would have been more fun if there had been more fences and fewer people! Especially as, after guests had climbed over the stile, they immediately went into a huddle to watch the next crowd climb.

There were a lot of games played, including drop-the-handkerchief, puss in the corner, and crack-the-whip. And, of course, dancing.

And then there was the greased pig! Everybody tried for the honor of catching his pigship, with Clark Gable and Edmund Goulding taking some falls in the process, amid much laughter.

Finally it was dainty little Bessie Love who grabbed and held the animal!

There were old-fashioned dances, the music of a jew's-harp and comb orchestra. Jack Gilbert and Kay Francis showed themselves especially proficient in cutting pigeon wings.

Fredric March "called" the quadrilles, and if you can imagine the smart Claudette Colbert and the sophisticated

Clive Brook doing "Ladies change," "Gen'lman right," and other figures, you'll have some idea what a gay party it was.

"I'm sure it must be time to go out and milk," remarked Jack Oakie, as we peeped out and saw the sun coming up.

"Just one more hot dog—for breakfast!" yearned Gene Markey.

Whereupon, "Breakfast! Breakfast!" shrieked everybody. We all gathered about for hot dogs. But the supply had run low by that time, so some of us shared. Adrienne Ames fed Bruce Cabot part of hers. Gary Cooper gave Mrs. Dick Barthelmess a mouthful, and Robert Montgomery insisted on being noble and giving all of his to Dorothy Jordan and his wife.

The guests also included Joan Bennett, Mrs. Edmund Goulding, Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lehr, Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Joyce, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, Carmel Myers and Ralph Blum, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Jaffee, Mr. and Mrs. Zeppo Marx, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable, Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer, Jack Gilbert and Virginia Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lasky, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, Mr. and Mrs. David Selznick, Mr. and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, Florence Eldridge, Mrs. Clive Brook, Merian C. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wallace, Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur, William Powell, George Zukor, George Brent, Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, William Haines, Ernst Lubitsch, Bramwell Fletcher, Adrian, Adolphe Menjou, Edward Everett Horton, Herbert Marshall, Ricardo Cortez, Constance Bennett, Marion Davies, Gloria Stuart, Elissa Landi, Lois Wilson, Ruth Chatterton, Mary Pickford.

"SH-H-H! The guest of honor is asleep!" commented Arline Judge. She, being a mamma herself, had a right to shush us, we decided.

It was over at "Skeets" Gallagher's house. He and his wife, who used to be Pauline Mason on the stage, were giving a christening party for their tiny daughter, Pam.

"Did she cry?" we asked Skeets.

"A little," admitted Skeets, "but the preacher said that that was just because the baptism was 'taking'!"

We took a peep at the baby in her crib.

"And that bassinet," Arline remarked, "is mine! You see, it belonged to my baby, and I loaned it to Pauline so that her baby would grow up strong and healthy-like mine."

By the way, Arline admits that she wants to have another child, to keep the first one company. Preferably a girl, this time.

Our hostess, very lovely with her pale skin and big, luminous eyes, wore a black velvet princess gown with a broad, soft, white satin collar, very charming on her slim figure.

Mrs. Ruggles wore a red sports suit, short jacket, and little red hat.

Vivienne Segal looked smart in a woolen dress of brown mixed goods, showing glimpses of yellow, made plain

(Please turn to page 102)

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Oh, Look Who's Here

(Continued from page 101)

and belted in with a gaudy gold belt, and trimmed with half a dozen gold buttons. Her hat was a small brown affair that came down over one eye, and gave her a coquettish air.

"But it covers up my best eye!" wailed Vivienne. "I'm trying to sue that hatter!"

Sallie Eilers came with a man I did not know. She sticks to black since returning from Europe. She wore a black satin afternoon dress, with soft, clinging lines, rather high at the neck, and a small black hat.

Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey were there.

"Bert was throwing his money around the other night, high, wide and handsome," Bob related. "Somebody said, 'Watch out, Bert, or you'll go broke.' 'Oh, that's all right,' said Bert, 'Bob's got enough for both of us!'"

Leon Errol told us he had "been kept on ice so long in the hospital," that he didn't know if he'd ever thaw out.

Hoot Gibson was among the guests. He told us that the first thing he thought of, that time his airplane fell, was to turn off the gas!

"But I've had worse falls from horses," he grinned.

He and Sallie Eilers had quite a long chat, but we hear that there won't be any reconciliation, and that Hoot soon will wed June Gale. June, you remember, was the first to reach his side after he had fallen from his airplane at the races.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Catlett were among the guests, and Wesley Ruggles, Charlie Ruggles, Jack Oakie, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Irwin, Sidney Blackmer, Polly Moran, Mr. and Mrs. William K. Howard and many others.

Hot dogs were served, with crackers and cheese, beer, pretzels, salads, cold meats and other good things.

Jack Oakie told us that his mother had been sitting in a chair on the set, one of those canvas chairs reserved for stars and directors, and somehow had gone right over backward.

"But was she quick!" remarked Jack. "After she had picked herself up and been dusted off, she said demurely, 'Well, you see my name wasn't on that chair, and I was all upset!'"

Jack kissed Vivienne Segal, and Vivienne said she would even let him wear a sweat shirt.

YOU should have seen everybody gathering around Mae Clarke to wish her a happy birthday!

She was having a little party at her home. She looked lovely in dawn blue silk pajamas. And those earrings, necklace and bracelet! Very smart. Made of black twisted silk.

"I bought these," Mae said, "and the very next day a whole set was sent me by a friend in New York, exactly like the ones I bought."

"Oh, well," soothed Zita Johann, "you can save them up till Christmas and give them away!"

Zita wore a Schiaparelli gown, the skirt red, trimmed with white silk triangles which were embroidered on it at regular intervals, while the blouse was of white silk, with red silk triangles embroidered in the same way.

Muriel Kirkland arrived with Fred-eric Cruger. Sidney Blackmer, who is Mae's usual escort—well, it's hard

keeping up with Mae and her beaux—was among the guests. Sidney says he likes California; that "New York now looks like three o'clock of a Sunday afternoon!" What an apt description!

Gloria Foy came late. She had hurt her foot, by stubbing a toe. Yet she had soloed in her plane without ever getting a scratch!

Gloria is now married to Alan Edwards.

I was trying to write a description of Gloria's gown, but Russ Gleason put in, "Oh, well, why not describe them all as 'made of silk and trimmed with rat.' That'll make it so simple."

MARRIED twenty-seven years! They deserved to have a surprise party, did the James Gleasons, and so thought the Domino Club. And while they were about it, the members made a good job of it and took their own suppers as well as suppers for the Gleasons! It was spread out on tables on the lawn, and eaten there with much merry-making—fried chicken, sandwiches, cake, pickles, olives and salads.

Jimmie Gleason said there was enough food left over to feed his four huge dogs for a week.

"In fact," said Mrs. Gleason, "it's the nicest anniversary party we ever had, and we are planning to stay married for another year, anyway, just to see if the Dominos won't give us another one like it."

But before they set out the supper, some of the Domino members, including Maude Fulton and Mrs. Jo Breese, started a camp fire on the tennis court.

Russell Gleason received many bits of advice on how to remain as successfully married as his parents.

Sidney Blackmer came with Edna Bennett; Leon Waycoff was with Marcia Reamey; and there were Mr. and Mrs. Alan Mowbray, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Breese, Lilian Elliot Corrigan, Sarah Paddon, Belle Mitchell, Mary Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, Mae Marsh, Mr. and Mrs. Alec Francis, Mr. and Mrs. De Witt Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. Ned Sparks, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Craven, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Paul McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Morgan, Gene Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Barlow, Maude Eburne, Mr. and Mrs. Conway Tearle, and many others.

Comparing notes on length of marriage, it was found that the Ralph Morgans had been married twenty-two years, the Edmund Breeses twenty-two years, the Morgan Wallaces twenty-six years, the Charles Millers twenty-five years.

GROUPS of pretty, clever children gathered on a broad lawn! Ah, but what children! None other than children of various stars.

They were being given a party on the Domino Club lawn.

There was a tea table, and demurely presiding over it was young Ethel Barrymore, daughter of John, looking just too cute and perky for anything in a white, dotted swiss dress with pink sash, and "fluted out" skirt, not to mention a pink bow on her hair.

Mrs. Ben Piazza, wife of the M-G-M official, had charge of the arrangements. She had provided a wonderful

Oh, Look Who's Here

program, which included Chita, the chimpanzee which appeared in "Tarzan," the Gasca troupe of acrobats, a fortune teller, a puppet show. And there were a camel, two lion cubs, and a pony on which the children took rides on the tennis court.

Included among the little guests were Patricia Mowbray, Edward G. Robinson, Jr., Melba Jean Arthur, Guy Kibbee's children, Joe E. Brown's little ones, the Hal Wallis heir, Gloria Lloyd, Cora Sue Collins, and others.

LEOPOLD GODOWSKY, noted pianist, was guest of honor at a supper given by Marzine Maazel, concert pianist, and his wife, at their home in Van Nuys.

Guests included Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Jean Hersholt, Jean Hersholt, Jr.—a good-looking and ambitious youngster of around seventeen, who already has had some stage experience—Ida Koverman, Virginia Kellogg, scenario writer, Dario Rappaport, the artist, and Mrs. Rappaport, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lachman, and others.

Mrs. Robinson was all excited about the new home, built in the Tudor style, which her husband has just bought in

Beverly Hills. One room, she tells us, is to be devoted entirely to a collection of valuable paintings which her husband lately bought for her in Europe.

MUSICALS are much in favor among the movie folk these days. A pleasant one was given by Claire Adams—Claire Adams, once a Ben Hampton movie star, afterward his wife—at her Beverly Hills home.

Walter Byron was master of ceremonies.

Among the artists taking part were Baron Max Schuanessee, Oliver Hinsdale, James Isherwood, Mme. Mariska Aldrich, Louis Yeackel, Mme. Alice Whitney, and our hostess, who has a lovely voice.

Joseph Schildkraut was there with his bride of a year, a very charming and piquant blonde; and there were Theda Bara and Charles Brabin, Ray Long, Adela Rogers St. Johns, Jose Crespo, Doris Kenyon, and others.

Lew Ayres Can't See It

Almost every time Ginger Rogers works in a picture, her leading man gets a crush on her. And Lew Ayres doesn't like it a bit. But can Ginger help it?

Hollywood Slave

(Continued from page 94)

great room? How could he know anything except that I, his wife, had gone to the house of another man, and stayed there all night?

How, I wondered, had I got into this bed? What hands had undressed me? What arms had lifted me, naked as I now was, into this great, billowy bed? What tender care had arranged my things so effectively over the back of the high Spanish chair?

I still wonder.

WEAK from last night's emotional storm, I tiptoed uncertainly through the golden sunlight to the open casement. What a view it was! The hills, the valleys, the winding roads—and beyond the great cinema city, lying like a gleaming waffle on that noonday grill. There, that was Hollywood Boulevard; and somewhere—I fancied that I could see it—was the little side street, the all night parking place, the hotel with the little room.

I must go back to that room, to my Trav, to my love!

Standing, I pulled on my sheer black stockings. I was rather proud of this trick. So many of the girls I knew had to sit on a chair or even on the floor! But today I was without pride, without thought of what I was doing. I would have run out without any stockings, without any clothes at all. I wonder that I didn't! My one thought was to escape from this house which had suddenly become a prison—to escape to the man I loved.

Outside my room—I did somehow manage to pull on the little yellow frock—I did not know which way to turn. The passages were so long. They never seemed to lead anywhere. And there

was nobody in any of them—nobody in the studio, nobody anywhere. It was natural, I suppose, after a night like last night that no one should be stirring but a crazy girl like me. Still, I shivered. I felt as if I were in a tomb.

THE garage doors were open. The Stresseman cars, the big foreign-looking landaulet in which we had ridden the night before, and a low, streamline roadster of costly American make, were standing, with their great powerful-looking bodies seemingly poised as if for flight.

In that fine old state, which Fritz Stresseman had said I should never mention again, I had been taught the difference between thine and mine; and I had been taught to respect that difference; but it is strange how the precepts of one's youth fade before the insistent demands of one's necessity.

Here was I, at Sunday's high noon, marooned upon a Hollywood hill-top. It would have taken me, even if I had run for it, the better part of an hour to reach the town. In a car, I could reach it in ten short minutes.

"Let's go!" I cried, and jumped into the waiting roadster.

Put yourself in Molly's place—a creature trapped by circumstance. Will she escape? Will she find the boy she loves? What is in store for her? What wild plans has this hypnotist-director conceived for her? . . . Don't, by any chance, miss the next instalment in the January issue of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, on sale December first.



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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, published Monthly at Chicago, Ill., October 1, 1933.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. E. Flynn, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Hugh Weir, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, J. E. Flynn, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

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J. E. FLYNN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1933.

(SEAL) LAURETTA E. GANLY.

(My commission expires March 30, 1935.)

People's Academy

(Continued from page 59)

the languorous, mysterious, and S. A. types such as Dietrich, Garbo, Lombard, and Harlow. I don't know just how the rest of the fans are receiving the drastic change from the fire and hotcha pep of our old spit-fire, Clara Bow, and tempestuous Lupe Velez to the sleepy insolence of Dietrich and blasé Lombard, but I, for one, would welcome a happy medium—a sweet, sophisticated, and natural beauty. Let us hope the Wampus Baby Stars of 1933 will be the answers to the sane theater-goer's prayers.—Vivienne Keyes, 323 Jones Street, Dubuque, Iowa.

Wise Lady: I have just witnessed Marlene Dietrich's new picture "The Song of Songs." It was surely excellent—but why must our otherwise beautiful, young heroine always sink into the mire and take the easiest way out, when she might have been courageous enough to stand behind her convictions? Must beautiful women necessarily be wishy-washy and back-boneless? Now, let's have a picture in which our beautiful lady will be wiser and have more character than to let people who mean nothing to her plan her destiny, when she knows truly well what man and what sort of life she really wants.—Jane R. Arnold, 191 Clifton St., Rochester, N. Y.

Why So Old? Why, oh, why, in the name of sweet consistency do they inevitably make a screen mother or father look about forty years older than is necessary? Remember "Strange Interlude"? The parents of the youth at the time of his marriage were feeble and simply tottering about, whereas, at the most, they would only have been in their fifties. It happens every time. The dear old mother of the movie flapper must be very, very old, it seems, in order to qualify, but in looking about us these days we notice that in real life the modern mother looks but a darned few years older than the flapper.—Mrs. Mabel S. Harmer, 133 K. St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

This Trailer Business: I do not like the movie trailers that advertise the feature picture on the next program, which always say that it is "The greatest Picture of all Time!"—"A Stupendous Production!!!"—"A Heart-Throbbing Drama that You will Never Forget!!!"—"So-and-so in Her Greatest, Finest, Most Wonderful Role." I think that on the whole, the average motion picture is quite well done and there always seem to be more good movies than one has time to see. But why make movie-goers skeptical with a lot of advertising ballyhoo which finally forces us to the conclusion that if the trailer eulogizes a forthcoming production to the nth degree of blah, it is a sure sign that the picture is an outright flop.—Jean Pattison, 600 W. 189th St., New York, N. Y.

From the Classics: Why not produce pictures that will make us forget for a few hours this drab, modern world of work and care and take us back into the rosy past with the screen's gifted and glamorous stars? Why not revive our famous historical heroes and heroines in today's most popular medium of entertainment—the movies?

Some historical roles for the stars: The blond and lovely Elissa Landi

would make an appealing Mary Stuart.

Loretta Young would bring Joan of Arc to life in a tragic, sweet way.

Mae West could portray the cold, cruel and jesting Queen Elizabeth.

Doug Fairbanks, Sr., could play Marco Polo, the romantic globe-trotter of the Middle Ages.

Marlene Dietrich with her blond hair and classic features would revive Helen of Troy in a beautiful way.

Lionel Barrymore, able to give justice to any great role, would qualify as Shylock from "The Merchant of Venice."

Marian Nixon, dainty, small and bewitching, would make a Marie Antoinette to resemble the original woman in every way.—Miss Ruth Widmayer, Route 3, Box 451 A, Edgewater, Colo.

Change of Title: After seeing many of the recent film productions, I want to register a protest as emphatic as I can make it concerning the titles which have been attached to some of the current pictures. Such pictures as those entitled "Merrily We Go To Hell," "Hell Below," "Mayor of Hell," and "From Hell to Heaven," and the like are frequently the direct causes of a mother's refusal to let her children attend the movies, for which the average American child acquires a desire, I am sure. Although the scenes of the picture are in no way characteristic of the title used to designate them, an impression altogether offensive to the picture in itself is created. I believe that the screen plays are good entertainment for the kiddies, for they all appear to like them, but the names applied to them should have some limitation. In most instances the titles ascribed by the authors will produce a more enthusiastic reception from all movie-goers old and young. And—I am not alone in my complaint—others testify accordingly.—Louise E. Doty, 314 N. Chester Avenue, Indianapolis.

Which is Which? Why did they cast two girls as like as twin sisters both in looks and dress for the feminine leads in that grand piece of entertainment, "College Humor"? We were confused and annoyed trying to figure out who was who as those two cute little blond Marys—Carlisle and Kornman—had us all of a jitter. We didn't know who was making love to which and so on. Give us a blonde and a brunette next time.—J. N. C., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Her Ideal: The stars have been giving us composite pictures of their ideals, so why shouldn't the fans tell of theirs? So to start the ball rolling, here is what my ideal would be like:

The most important thing would be a real, keen, sense of humor. He must be very modern—but—a great dreamer and idealist. He must accomplish.

He must love outdoor life and understand and love horses (and ride more than well). And not be averse to a couple of Scotties and a Great Dane, or possibly Russian hound. He must be interested in travel in out-of-way places and yet love Chicago and New York!

My ideal would be a great reader and love music and take me to an opera or symphony concert tonight, and tomorrow to a musical comedy or movie

People's Academy

—and love both! He must like to have groups of friends about.

He must be interested in writing. Very much so.

My ideal would be about five years older than myself. His voice must be beautiful—like, perhaps, Leslie Howard's or Barrymore's. I prefer dark blue eyes or gray eyes. He must have a hobby of some sort.

Is there such a person? Perhaps, in real life, Leslie Howard, Ramon Navarro, George O'Brien and Noel Coward come nearest this ideal—a blend of the four is my ideal, and I haven't given up hopes!—Alice Anne Shue, 25 Brewster St., Providence, R. I.

Do You Want Her Back? Fans, is this statement true?

A well-known woman athlete recently made the statement that she was tired of seeing old faces on the screen and that a new one would be a relief. Do you agree with her? . . . A few days ago at the home of a friend I met charming Dorothy Sebastian—now Mrs. William Boyd. During the course of the afternoon we engaged in conversation. Naturally I wondered why she had not been appearing on the screen so frequently of late and she told me the reason. The producers think as the woman athlete does—that we grow tired of our old favorites and lose interest in them. Do we? I don't think so!

Many of you adored Dorothy on the screen, and all of you would, I am sure, welcome her back. Perhaps we can assist her in resuming her rightful place. Let me know by your letters to the magazine whether you truly want her back. I think fans are loyal to old favorites—but the producers may be right—let's see!—Millie Wist, 177 S. Citrus Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Are They Cheated? Why not old time honesty for a change? Movie producers spend hundreds of thousands of dollars annually—and I am moved to remark: they're being cheated.

What generation—young or old—can profit from plots based on the lives of law-breakers, confidence men, bootleggers, yeggmen, killers and what-not? Is it necessary to go to the social sewers for interesting stories?

No brook touched by cesspools can be pure; nor can any mind fed from social cesspools remain pure. Certainly mental contamination is a breeder of crime.

Yet such stories come to us month after month in a steady stream, leaving the straight, wholesome stories unscreened. It would be refreshing to have them flood screenland!—Mr. J. A. Robison, 1409 Mondamin Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

Philadelphia Speaks: It's just about time half-baked writers and directors stopped their ridiculous digs at Philadelphia. This silly and childish practice was especially noticeable in "42nd Street," in which a couple of dumb chorines complain about going to this grand old city, home town of the Liberty Bell—and Janet Gaynor! In their rare moments of thought the producers should consider that there are some two million fans here who resent having their marvelous city knocked by unoriginal, small-town writers who are too stupid to know any better.—K. L.

Greene, 357 E. Roosevelt Blvd., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Dessert too Rich: I am getting rather weary of present-day movies with so-called sophisticated love plots. Just as I get tired picking cherries and give three cheers when the cherry season is over. We have five cherry trees. It would be fun to pick from just one nice tree—but five gag me. It would be nice to have sophisticated love scenes once in a while—but all the time—no!

Boy, wouldn't I go for one of those old-time wild western pictures where the cowboys ride across miles of fields, kicking up enough dust to cover North America and shooting fifty times with a six-shooter in each hand without reloading, and killing Indians without even aiming at them. And riding roughshod through a small town, scattering the citizens right and left—just for a laugh because the gang leader's breakfast coffee was cold. Surely, with all those million-dollar casts out in dear old Hollywood, they should be able to give us a little hokum once in a while. This rich dessert they are handing us at present gets awfully tiresome. —Robert Emmett Clarke, 29803 West Lake Rd., Bay Village, Ohio.

Give us Laughter: Come on, studios. Give us more laugh pictures like "Tugboat Annie," "They Just Had To Get Married," "International House" and "The Devil's Brother." We fans are tired of that overdose of sex and gangster fare you have been handing us. Sure, we liked it when it was new, but don't you think we ever get tired of seeing our hero end up on his way to the death house? And look how we eat up sweet pictures. Janet Gaynor in "Adorable," for instance, and "State Fair." Why, we flock in droves to see this type of picture . . . Yeah, I know what you will say: "Why, look at Mae West. She is the sexiest woman who ever appeared on the shadow stage and the customers are going to see her until the S.R.O. sign is hung out." And to that I will answer: "Yeah, and there is only one Mae West." Give us the laughs and love stories and we will give you the do-me.—Wesley S. Bird, 72 W. Blake Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Where Were You? Where were the expert gush handlers and ballyhoo artists when "The Past of Mary Holmes," that grand, smashingly dramatic talkie was pushed out of the RKO factory into the cold, gray world? Driveling over some cinematic mediocrity, perhaps, or hanging onto the coat-tails of the great ones of box-office land. And along comes, practically unheralded, one of the most stirring, most unusually treated productions of the year. What human interest, what punch, what acting by this MacKellar woman! If Helen MacKellar isn't one of the most convincing character women ever to crash the talkies, there is something wrong with somebody's eyesight. But here is another reassuring fact: Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" was also apologetically presented at first. Then, suddenly, before that picture made the complete rounds somebody or other woke up.—Mary Greiner Kelly, 1402 Crown Avenue, Medford, Oregon.

(Please turn to page 106)

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People's Academy

But Can They? "I see by the papers" that Mary Howard, working in Fox pictures is Will Rogers' daughter. It seems to me that her place might be taken by some girl who really needs the money. Or is she just doing it for fun? With all those unemployed, someone with pull can always get a break. Really.—Silvie Wynne, 4742 Larchwood Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Wasted Talents! Just what effect is the modern love-making as pictured by recent talkies having on the youth of America? Have the producers and the movie-going public considered that? Are set pictures, such as "Back Street," in which the lovely heroine is a kept woman who gains our sympathy despite her unmoral existence, radically influencing our national morals? Impressionable young people see the delightfully wicked Mae West grandly rewarded for her naughtiness in "She Done Him Wrong." What will be their reaction? Popular hits of the day, such as "Red Dust," "Animal Kingdom," "Red Headed Woman" and others of the same flavor can certainly add nothing to the ideals of romance, honor, decency, and proper behavior. This type of picture has been loudly applauded and well attended, but it

seems to me that with the world full of clean and wholesome subjects from which to select picture material, the stars and producers alike are making a big mistake in wasting their talents and art on sex pictures.—Miss Audrey Ellyson, 524½ 7th Ave., S. E. Aberdeen, S. D.

Telling Us: In the modern vernacular, "I'm telling you." Too much divorce and sex, bringing both questions ever before us in a lot of the modern pictures. Why can't we bring forward more like "Cavalcade," "Smilin' Through," "Good Companions," "Farewell to Arms," "42nd Street," etc., for the young people of today? I'm asking you?—Miss Rhea S. Culp, 157 Pearson Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Reflections: Reflection at 11 P. M. over the lunch counter: "Apple pie or lemon meringue; Janet Gaynor or Marian Nixon.—Marian has a certain delicacy about her that makes other girls seem the usual thing. I hope that she takes over the roles that Janet hopes to have outgrown."

An actor I like in many roles is Ralph Morgan. He is equally satisfying. With or without beard, young or old, featured player or in an unobtrusive role among stars. In my opinion he is the most versatile screen player—greater, as is Lewis Stone—than some of the stars he supports.

Another song from Kay Francis. The deep, thrilling tones in her voice makes her singing a new experience in music for most theater patrons.

I have read that "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," bought for production, is held up by lack of story. "Kim," by Kipling, contains as much fine philosophy and a corking story. It also offers an excellent role for one of the very young actors. If well directed it would be a picture for every one—mystery, India, action, and evanescent beauty of India's highest religion. The last would satisfy the better educated.—John L. Roberts, 167 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

Cupid Speaks: Indeed, I will tell you about something I don't like! It's time someone spilled it. So—

For the love of Mike, why doesn't Gary Cooper snap out of it and wake up to the realization that Lupe Velez is the One and Only? They both have been fitting from one affair to another and nothing comes of it. I dare say oodles of fans have the same opinion as myself. If

they would put their foolish, stubborn pride aside, maybe things would come out all hunky-dory. What about it, you two!—Miss Mary Powell, Fairfax, Ga.

Wholesome Type: I'm glad to see a trend toward the return of the wholesome type of picture like "Little Women," for we certainly are fed up on sex and gangster pictures.

And, by the way, we thoroughly enjoy the breezy, newsy "Hollywood Day by Day," by Nemo. Whoever he is, he gives us the real low down on the higher-ups of filmdom. Vive Le Nemo!—R. D. Fearey, R.F.D. No. 1, Box 645, Berkeley, Cal.

Theda's Name: Apropos of your paragraph in August issue of New Movie, relating how Theda Bara got her movie name: You (or Upton Sinclair, whom you quote) did not tell the whole story. About ten years ago I met a man named Booth. He was a representative of M-G-M and said his father was a cousin of Edwin Booth. He told me that Miss Goodman's name was anagrammed from a play called "The Death Arab"—Theda (death) Bara (Arab).—E. W. Hood, Boston.

P. S. I think you are a woman—Your style of writing sounds feminine.
E. W. H.

Boost for Jackie: For genuine sincerity of purpose, honesty in interpretation and simplicity of characterization give me Jackie Cooper. Jackie lives his part. He never under acts or over acts. He acts just like the average girl or boy would. I wonder sometimes, when I see some actors and actresses rant and rave just how they get that way; certainly not from watching the reactions, to sorrow or mirth, of the average man and woman. . . . May Jackie always be just Jackie—natural, simple and honest.—Ida McPherran, 819 Emerson Street, Sheridan, Wyo.

A Smile and Tear: Thank you, NEW MOVIE, for the real, inside story of Clark Gable's fight to fame. There's a smile in it—and a tear; it reveals a woman's great, understanding heart. Josephine Dillon is to be congratulated, envied, and praised. In Clark Gable she has built first a man, then an actor and an intellect. She had him, completely, for a time, which to most women, now, would be considered sufficient reward. They forget that at the time she washed his shirts and cooked his meals there weren't many other women who knew about him or cared about him or wanted him. They must have been happy—Clark and Josephine—while it lasted, which is the most that can be said of any marriage. Through her, the world gained an actor, a new idol; through him, she had an interlude of happiness, of work, of pain, of sacrifice and suffering, that have, no doubt, made her life richer and fuller, made her a better, more understanding woman. I hope that he is sufficiently grateful, with the kind of gratitude that comes not from a full purse but from a full heart. There are some things money can never buy. I think he has had them. Only a brave woman's love and courage and faith and determination could have produced a Clark Gable. Thank you, Josephine Dillon.—Hazel Dell North, 709 First St., N. W., Fort Dodge, Iowa.

New Movie's Review and Forecast Bulletin Mailed Direct to You

The New Movie Magazine offers to its readers a fast, current and practical Review and Forecast Bulletin Service.

These bulletins, mailed to readers who write in for them, will give you—

1. A forecast of the forthcoming pictures, their titles, casts, plots, unusual situations, interesting news connected with the productions, and all other data of special interest about individual pictures.
2. Reviews of pictures already released previous to the current issue of The New Movie Magazine. These will give not only the opinions of the staff reviewer of this magazine, but will also include whatever information is available upon the box-office or artistic success of the pictures reviewed.
3. Changes of titles, changes of production plans, changes of casts, included in either the Bulletin itself or supplemented by a loose-leaf service.

This is a service designed specially for the constant movie-goer—in other words, the fan—who desires to have, for reference, in handy form, a complete and compact record of film production of the season, past, present and future, something particularly valuable to keep before you to plan and choose your film entertainment.

The cost of the Bulletin will be ten cents. Address your letters requesting these Bulletins to the Review and Forecast Editor, in care of The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



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In other years you have been urged to do your Christmas shopping early to avoid last-minute confusion, saleswomen's frazzled nerves, and late deliveries. This year you are urged to get going as early as November first for a patriotic purpose . . . to help put business back on a basis where everyone can enjoy greater prosperity . . . and the happi-

est Christmas in five years.

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So start early on your most bountiful Christmas shopping tour. More than your own dear ones will benefit from your purchases. A whole nation is ready for recovery. It's up to you women. Do your part!

CATHERINE MCNELIS

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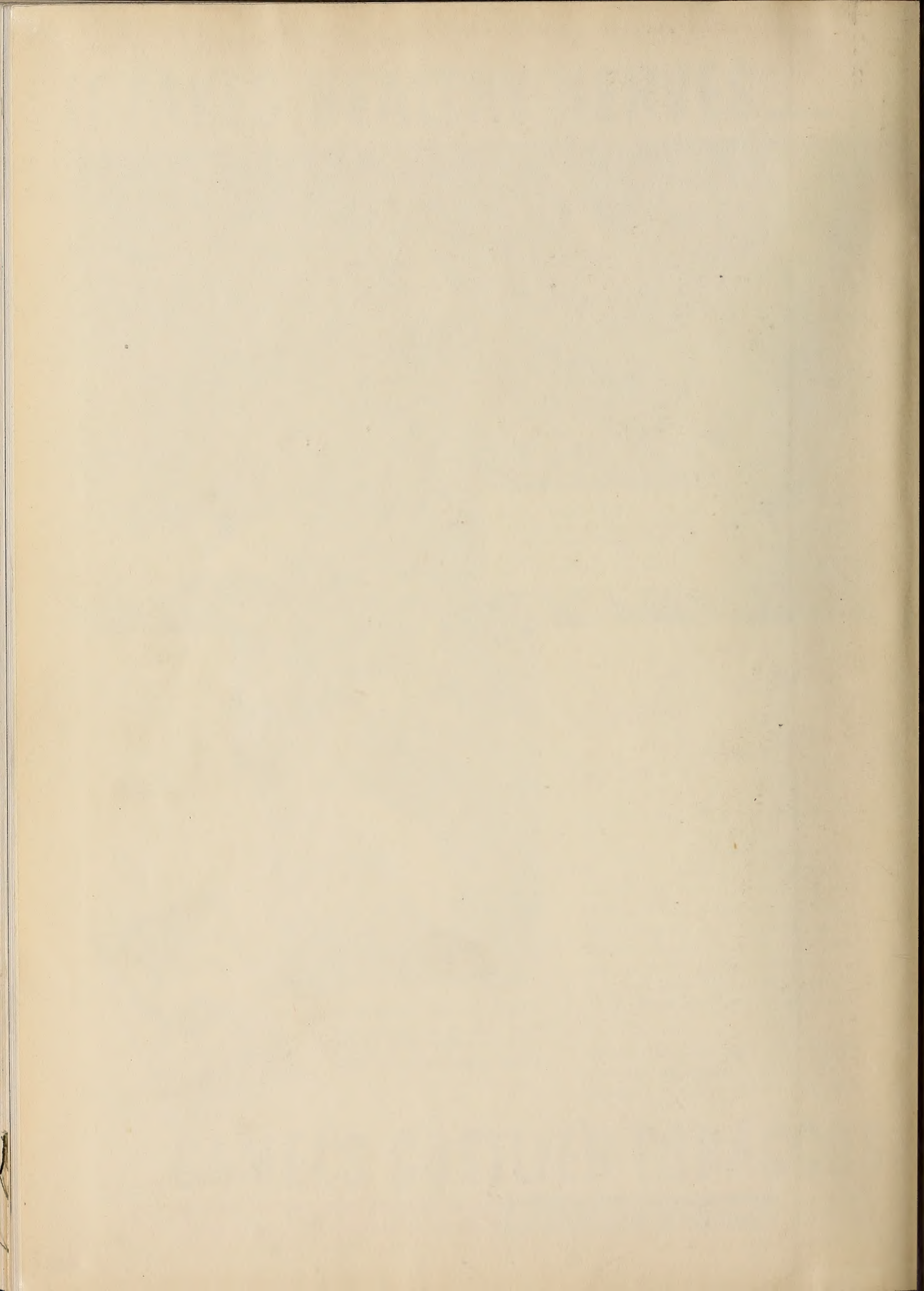
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